For Reference
Do Not Take
From the Library

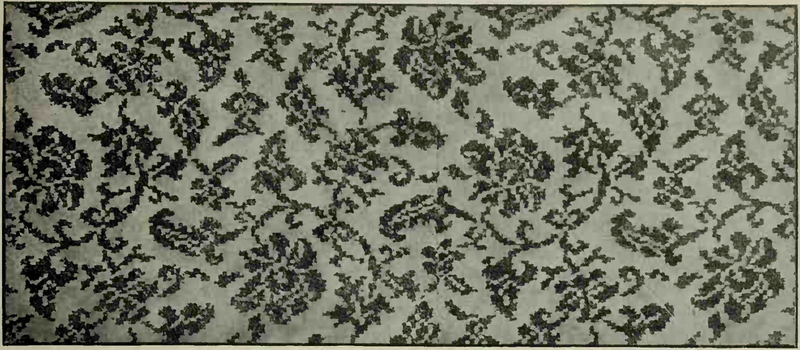
Every person who maliciously cuts, defaces, breaks or injures any book, map, chart, picture, engraving, statue, coin, model, apparatus, or other work of literature, art, mechanics or object of curiosity, deposited in any public library, gallery, museum or collection is guilty of a misdemeanor.

**Penal Code of California
1915, Section 623**

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
internet archive

http://archive.org/details/artsdecoration1213newy

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
480 Primrose Road
Burlingame, Calif. 94010



PLAIN and FIGURED CARPETS

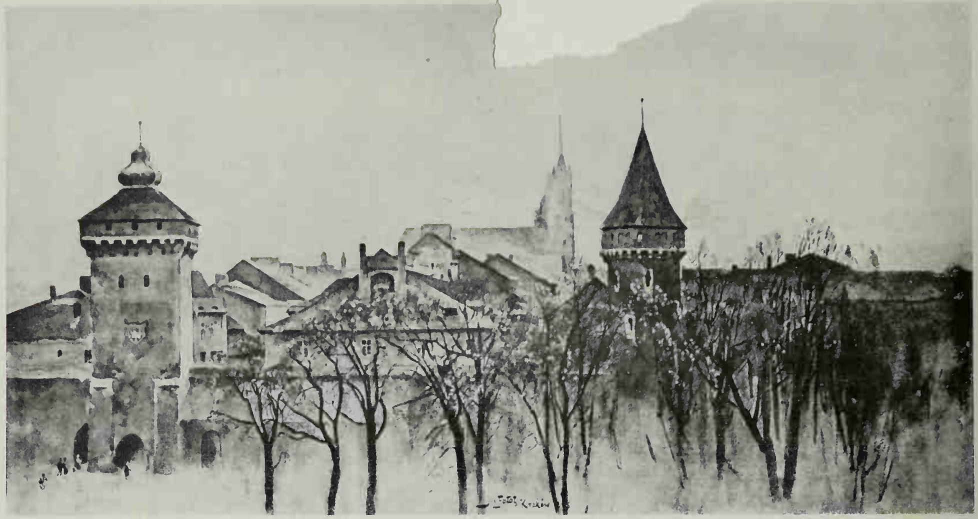
THE Floor Covering is the foundation and therefore one of the most important factors of the decorative scheme.

If the furniture, hangings and decorative objects are varied and interesting, they are set off to best advantage by a Plain Color Carpet, which also provides the necessary element of rest. If the appointments are simple in character, a Figured Carpet often supplies the decorative feature.

We are prepared to meet practically any requirement as to color, design and quality. Inquiries invited.

W. & J. SLOANE

Floor Coverings Furniture Makers
FIFTH AVENUE & FORTY-SEVENTH STREET, NEW YORK
Washington, D. C. San Francisco, Cal



"CRACOW" *Julien Falat.*

JANUARY, 1920.

CONTENTS

COVER: Landscape by Julian Rix.

FRONTISPIECE: Residence of Clyde M. Carr...... 156

ARCHITECTURE

The True Spirit of the American Country House as Shown in the Work of H. T. Lindeberg, *C. Matlock Price* 157
The Residences of
  Clyde M. Carr 160
  Thomas F. Vietor 162
  Eugene Du Pont 164
  Mrs. Lizbeth Ledyard 165
  Nelson Doubleday 166
  Paul Moore 167
  Henry C. Martin 168
  Gerald B. Lambert 169
  Henry Batterman 170
Architectural Impressions 171
The Large American House.....*Aymar Embury, II* 171

ARTS OF THE WORLD

Some Gems from the Frick Collection 174
DeWitt Lockman, Portrait Painter...*A. M. Graham* 178
Stephen Haweis, a Painter of the South Seas, *Blake-More Godwin* 179
Robert Ingersoll Aitken 184
Julian Alden Weir—An Optimist, *Hamilton Easter Field* 200

INDUSTRIAL AND APPLIED ARTS

The Artistic Triumph of American Silks........... 186

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

The Blue Bird in Music and Picture............... 187
Making American Music Accessible, *Daniel Gregory Mason* 188

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

The Harp ....*Arthur T. Brooks* 190
Jacques Delcrose and the Conquest of Rhythm, *Robert A. Parker* 192
Music Notes 219

ART IN THE NEW BOOKS

East is West 196
The Child in Art 196
An Anatomist of British Art 198

WHAT THE ART SCHOOLS ARE DOING

New Schools and New Ideas 216

EXHIBITIONS IN THE GALLERIES

The Exhibition at the Corcoran Gallery, *Hamilton Easter Field* 176
Art Old and New in the Current Shows.......... 180
The Blake Exhibition at the Grolier Club, *Willim M. Ivins, Jr.* 183
American Art in the Luxemburg 205

OTHER INTERESTING FEATURES

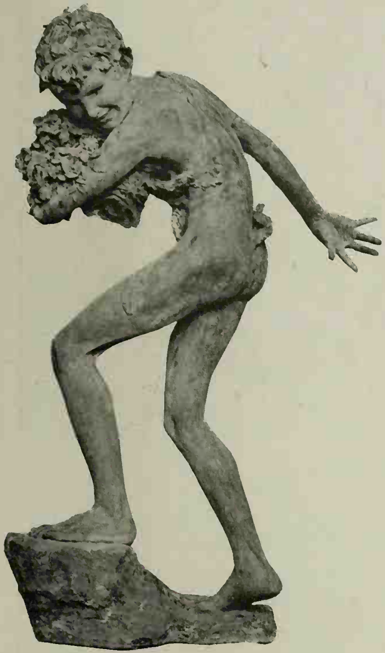
Patriots in the Arts 182
Early Indian Stone Sculptures 204
Art Blending of East and West 204
Weir's Excursion into Print Land, *Frank Weitenkampf* 208
Prizes as a Stimulant to the Poet................ 209
Americanization 209
Joys of Collecting 210
Assimulating Foreign Ideas 222
What is Done 223
Concerning Memorials to Soldiers and Sailors.... 223

ARTS & DECORATION, January, 1920. Published on the tenth of each month. Volume 12, Number 3; publication office, 470 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Hamilton Easter Field, Editor. Subscription price, $4.00 a year; single copies, 35 cents; foreign subscriptions, $1.50 additional for postage; Canadian subscriptions, $1.00 additional. Entered as second class matter at the postoffice in New York City under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyrighted 1919 by The Joseph A. Judd Publishing Company, Inc. Registered U. S. Patent Office.

TO CONTRIBUTORS—We are always glad to receive and examine manuscripts and photographs but we cannot hold ourselves responsible for them. All manuscripts and photographs must be accompanied by sufficient postage. **TO SUBSCRIBERS**—Expirations: An advance notice of expiration of your subscription will be sent you on the first of the month of date of expiration. We send an additional reminder on the fifteenth of the month if you have not responded to the first notice. By remitting promptly then, you ensure the regular receipt of the magazine. **Change of Address:** Must be received before the tenth of the month to affect the forthcoming magazine.

THE JOSEPH A. JUDD PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

470 Fourth Avenue JOSEPH A. JUDD, Pres't. New York, N. Y.



(c) 1919 Brenda Putnam

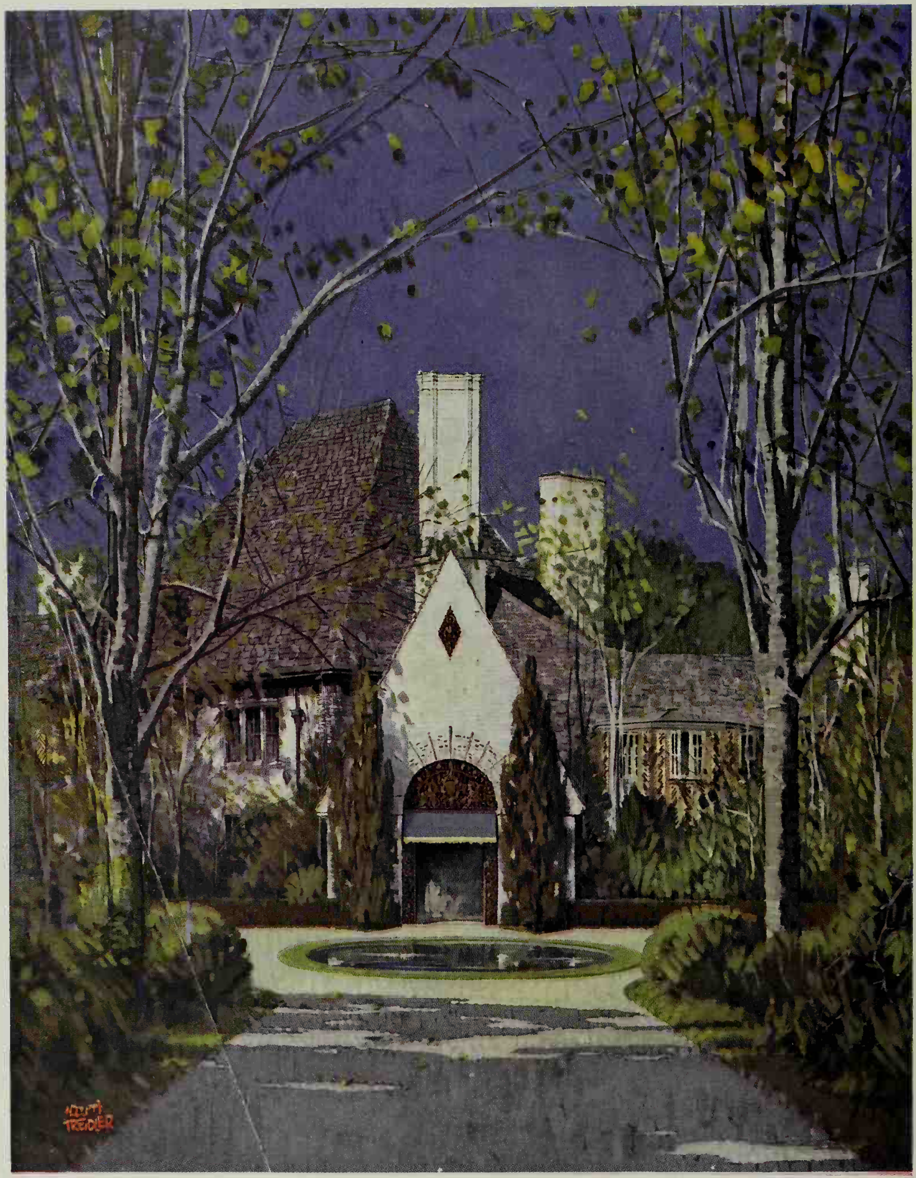
IDEALISTIC and symbolic Sculpture original and appropriate, by our prominent American Sculptors, now on show. Many objects are especially suitable for presentation to retiring officers and directors of firms, organizations and corporations. Figures and groups expressing every form of sentiment in every degree of size and cost are presented in the collection.

Correspondence is Invited and Brochure Furnished on Request.

THE GORHAM GALLERIES

FIFTH AVENUE AT 36th STREET

NEW YORK



ENTRANCE FRONT

Residence Clyde M. Carr, Lake Forest, Ill.

ARTS & DECORATION

VOLUME XII

NUMBER 3

January 20, 1920

The True Spirit of the American Country House

Some Recent Work of H. T. Lindeberg

By C. MATLACK PRICE.

THE American country house has been so many different things and so many different things have been said and written of it, that the critic, in endeavoring to deal with the subject, must perforce forget many things and dismiss many things.

In this, however, he does not by any means wish to appear autocratic (or, shall we say, "auto-critic"?), or high-handed or partisan. An old-fashioned method of bringing out the merits of a given type, or the work of a certain architect, has been the ruthless disparagement of all else—a method by no means entirely absent today from the field of politics.

In discussing the country house of today, in the United States, such a method would be neither helpful to the reader nor intelligent in itself. One important fact to recognize at the outset is that the American country house is not a type, is not any one definite thing. It is many things, just as this country is many things. There is no "typical" American landscape any more than there is any one "typical" American climate or any generally uniform manner of enjoying country life.

We find ourselves distracted at once by a variety of directions in which to look, and a variety of local conditions in every direction. Even a given locality fails to hold up to us a consistent architectural picture, since, at Newport or Bar Harbor or through the North Shore neighborhood, we may motor past an Italian villa, an English manor and a French chateau, all dwelling in proximity in a sort of unrecognized architectural *entente cordiale* upon American soil.

WHAT is the answer? Many of these have been beautifully executed (and many have not) in their several styles. They may be architecturally admirable in themselves and sources of profound satisfaction to their owners. More often, perhaps, to their owners than to their architects.

The answer that comes to the thoughtful critic, after years of study and observation of the American country house is that the justly popular country house architect is the man who has an architectural vision which can see, through the maze of "styles," the *fundamental principles* of the country house required by conditions in this country today, and, seeing these principles, possesses the architectural ability to build upon them in a vigorous, colloquial and artistic manner. He must possess, too, not only the necessary architectural personality to see and to do, but sufficiently strong and direct architectural convictions to sway his clients, and make them so happily and positively participators in his vision that the finished work is no less expressive of themselves than of the architect.

THESE, the writer puts forward, as sincere personal convictions on this complex subject of the country house. They are broad generalities, but are clearly provable, he believes, through the work of H. T. Lindeberg. These premises, then, shall proceed as methodically as may be toward a specific contact with visible proof and illustration in the recent examples of Mr. Lindeberg's work which illustrate this article.

But it is essential that we develop the initial premises definitely and positively, so that they may not become lost to sight when we enter the realm of detail.

The true spirit of the country house, then, will be apparent only in the works of the architect who sees, through all extraneous considerations, the *fundamental principles* and seeing them embodies them in his work in strong, colloquial and friendly terms. Through the resultant sincerity of the finished house, the tastes and ideals and aspirations, both of his client and himself, will stand forth.

What, then, are these *fundamentals?* They may not spring at once into the mind, because in much country house architecture they are either ignored or concealed by surface irrelevancies.

Elementally considered and categorically stated the fundamentals of the country house may be said to be: the site, the plan, the mass and contour of the house, its relation to the site (both as regards plan and mass), the materials used and the manner of their use.

BUT what of "style"? Relatively speaking, "style" is one of the least important points entering into the character of a country house, as is amply evidenced by Mr. Lindeberg's freedom from its tyranny. It is one of the least important considerations if we mean "style" as connoting the manner of some historic period—and yet this same "style" is so conspicuous in the finished result that it is commonly regarded as the most important aspect of the country house—so conspicuous that it diverts the mind from the real essentials.

To develop some degree of familiarity with these essentials, it is necessary to amplify a little the fundamentals enumerated in a paragraph above, after which we can proceed at once, and with good information, to an examination of Mr. Lindeberg's remarkable answers to the long-standing problem of the country house.

Firstly, the most should be made of the *site*. The architect should select exactly the best spot for the purpose of bringing out most forcefully, logically and pleasingly the house he is to place upon it. This selection should embrace not only the consideration of the approach, as related to the plan, its disposition of service wing, out-buildings and so forth, but also the views *from* the house and the views *of* the house.

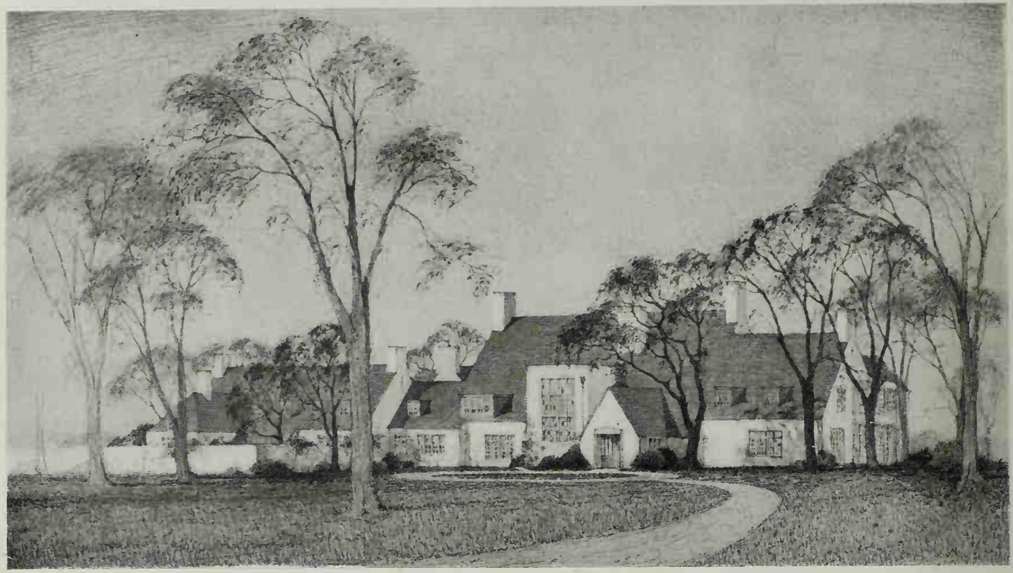
THE plan, obviously, should be in every way adequate and practical in itself, sacrificing nothing of its essential arrangement because of deference to some external consideration.

The contour of the house is essentially a pictorial consideration, and declares at once the measure of the architect's artistic and imaginative abilities. He is building a picture, not on paper or canvas, but in three dimensions—not of pigments, but of actual materials.

Here, as much as in the vision of the whole house as a picture, the architect lays down his T-square and shows to what extent he is an artist. The materials at his disposal offer an infinite variety of textures and colors and possibilities for architectural craftsmanship. The opportunity for imagination, artistry, sheer genius—and mistakes—is unlimited.

IN considering the work of Mr. Lindeberg, as evidenced in the few houses which go to make up the illustrations of this article, it is fair to take the Carr house as illustrative of many important points, many things which make Mr. Lindeberg's country houses definitely different from the usual country house. Different, specifically, from virtually all other work, which, in its general character could be taken as of the same class for purposes of comparison.

The Carr house is one which will long be conspicuous as an expression of a happy freedom of American domestic architecture from the tyranny of "style." Its style is positive and personal and entirely outside the category



PRELIMINARY SKETCH OF RESIDENCE FOR HORACE HAVEMEYER, ISLIP, L. I.

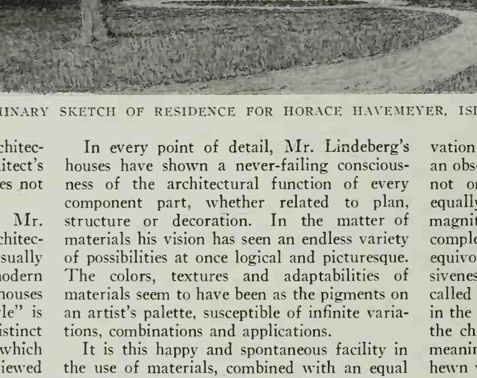
of copy-book architecture or "paper" architecture. It is a living proof of its architect's belief that departure from precedent does not need to imply architectural vagary.

From the beginning of his career, Mr. Lindeberg has evidenced his strong architectural convictions in a succession of unusually vigorous solutions of the problems of modern country house design. Nor can these houses be discussed in terms of "style" as "style" is generally understood. They have a distinct "manner" but no "style"—a manner which seems individual and varied when viewed casually, but which adheres with extraordinary consistency to certain essential traits.

This manner, so vitally inspiring in the Carr house, seems to be a direct result of a fearlessly independent spirit, which respects precedent, but is not constrained by it.

Neither a radical nor a conservative, Mr. Lindeberg has at no time seemed to have the impressive neutrality which may often characterize the man who elects to occupy a middle ground. He has made his middle ground so much more interesting than either of the opposed camps of "radical" and "conservative" in architecture that his position is unique. One would say that he had founded a school of his own were it not for the two utterly inaccurate connotations that might be had from such a statement. The man who founds a school of his own is usually an opinionated radical, which Mr. Lindeberg is not in any sense; or the idea of a "school" suggests an egotistical formulized way of doing things which would never produce so much as a chimney-pot or a window sill of one of Mr. Lindeberg's houses.

If his elusive "manner" can connote anything that can be set down in specific terms, it would be flexibility and flux—resourcefulness and imagination applied to each individual case in hand—no formula, no system, no rule—the continuous process of architectural *thinking* rather than the hard-cast result of architectural *thought.*



Preliminary Sketch of Residence for Philip D. Armour, Lake Forest, Ill. View of Entrance Front.

In every point of detail, Mr. Lindeberg's houses have shown a never-failing consciousness of the architectural function of every component part, whether related to plan, structure or decoration. In the matter of materials his vision has seen an endless variety of possibilities at once logical and picturesque. The colors, textures and adaptabilities of materials seem to have been as the pigments on an artist's palette, susceptible of infinite variations, combinations and applications.

It is this happy and spontaneous facility in the use of materials, combined with an equal facility in design which makes up a large part of that quality in Mr. Lindeberg's work which is an element far stronger, more vital and more expressive than mere "style"—if we mean by "style" the modern rendering of an historic type.

And there is yet another important observation to be made upon his use of materials—an observation of general application as regards not only his houses of moderate size, but equally as regards several houses of notable magnitude now in construction or very recently completed. Mr. Lindeberg is not in the least equivocal in his belief in the inherent expressiveness of materials which might carelessly be called "humble." He sees more real character in the rugged strength of wrought iron than in the chased magnificence of cast bronze; more meaning in rough brick, natural stone and hewn wood than in placid marble.

In turning to comparatively "rough" materials the architect finds at his disposal many expressive architectural qualities which are absent in artifically "finished" materials. He can impart, through the media of texture and color, a splendid quality of vigor in his work, and can attain as well legitimate expressions of the picturesque which are conspicuously absent where strictly conventional materials are used.

In a broader consideration than that of materials, Mr. Lindeberg has given expression to a new thought in country house architecture, or, perhaps, has interpreted a new spirit, and one which holds sound promise for the future of the country not only architecturally but sociologically.

His houses, even the largest of them, are not pretentious like the large house of ten, fifteen and twenty years ago. The day of the old "mansion" of the "wealthy" is past. The ideal of people of enlightened taste has turned away from the great formal, four-square marble edifice with columns and balustrated balconies, the un-domestic, forbidding architectural monument which looked so much more like a library, a museum or even a mausoleum than a dwelling.

The idea of the country house today—even the very large country house—is along more informal lines. It has become humanized, it tends rather to suggest the large, informal country dwellings of England. This is apparent in the drawings of the Armour house, not yet in a sufficiently advanced state of completion for the camera. Here will be a great house which will be essentially a dwelling—essentially an expression of American domesticity.

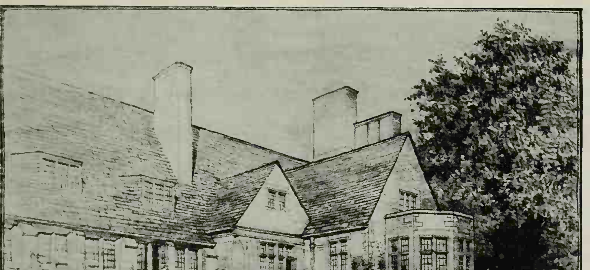
So marked and positive is the *picturesque* quality of Mr. Lindeberg's work that a sketch is as fair and accurate a presentation as an actual photograph—in the finished whole, the free colloquial use of honest rugged materials, the skillful aid of planting, the placement on the site will all be utilized to create *exactly* the picture which existed in the architect's vision before even the ground was broken. Certainly the sketches, very pleasingly rendered by Mr. W. A. Treanor, convey no thought of any picturesque quality unattainable in execution, in view of even the least evidence which can be deduced from the photographs accompanying this article.

Reverting again to the Carr house, a mention of its ingenuity of plan should form part of any critical estimate, for the plan is unusual in itself, while characteristic of the practical resourcefulness of its architect.

The plan in this case was devised to afford absolute privacy, not only to the garden front, but also to the front commanding a view of the lake. This was attained by throwing the entrance drive off at an angle and screening it with heavy planting. Another striking instance of accommodation of the house to its site is seen in the Ledyard house, lying so gracefully in a hollow of a hillside, and so perfectly a part of the picture of its immediate environment as well as of the whole countryside.

Each one of the houses illustrated at once stimulates and satisfies the imagination, and even in those which are of a relatively formal character—the Batterman and Lambert houses—there is the revelation that there are surprising and individual ways of doing conservative things. These houses are of the early American type—"Colonial" in usual parlance—but how differently they are done in detail as compared with other houses of like general type. And the Doubleday house is more than merely "Italian"—it has much of the elusive artistry of Maxfield Parrish who can suggest in his work so much of the spirit of a faraway place without committing himself as to a specific time or a specific spot on the map.

These houses stand out from among the mass of contemporary work because they are very personal and very individual. They have nothing of the usual and expected appearance of so much of our domestic architecture, for they neither follow a stereotyped and conventional concept of the problem, nor do they betray any of the uneasy vagaries too often apparent in the works of designers who are over-eagerly seeking to express "originality."

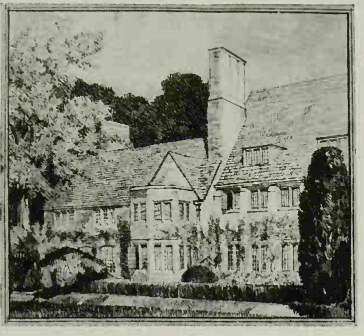


Preliminary Sketch of Residence for Philip D. Armour, Lake Forest, Ill.
View of Southeast Front.

Mere "originality" in itself, without a very sound basis of architectural sanity and architectural intelligence invariably fails to attain any results of substantial merit. Nothing is truer than that he who would essay the unconventional must possess, underlying his surface manner, an exceptionally fine knowledge and perception of the bases of convention.

In the case of architecture, the desirable conventions are not, as might be casually assumed, meticulous exactnesses in the rendering of certain historic styles, but rather a coördination of certain basic architectural essentials which have their being entirely irrespective of "style."

Chief among these is *scale,* by which the architectural mind understands more than *proportion.* Proportion is a broader consideration, and comprehends the larger relationships of the principal masses of a building, while scale deals rather with the smaller but no less potent relationships of parts. It is a question of detail, and one in which many otherwise pleasing buildings fail. Errors in the scale of details are especially unfortunate because the architectural eye, while conscious of an unfortunate lack in some respect, is unable to exactly detect the cause.



Preliminary Sketch of Residence for Philip D. Armour, Lake Forest, Ill.
View of Southwest Front.

The sense for detail—for the precise instances in which to apply it or to omit—is another architectural fundamental, and one possessed by relatively few architects.

It will be observed that the effects of Mr. Lindeberg's houses depend very little, often not at all, upon the aid of architectural ornament. And the desperate application of ornament is a device quite often employed (unsuccessfully) by some architects to "save" an otherwise weak or uninteresting design.

Ornament, as a matter of fact, is practically an absent quantity in Mr. Lindeberg's work, which is so interesting in its broader aspects that the absence of familiar and overworked decorative details is not at once noticed, conspicuous as is its absence.

Detail, sparingly used, is vastly more effective than detail lavishly used, and whether instinctively or by design, Mr. Lindeberg utilizes his real facility in this direction with the utmost restraint.

Generally speaking, artificiality has always been the bane of architecture in this country, with certain conspicuous exceptions, and a quality of the exact opposite in one of the most striking and pervasive features of the work illustrated in this article.

These houses give no sense of artificiality, but rather the feeling that each has grown naturally from whatever conditions surrounded its design. For this reason they obviously give an immediate and abiding impression of fitness, according not only with their immediate surroundings, but with the whole complexity of requirements which govern country house design.

There is an unmistakable feeling in every one of Mr. Lindeberg's houses that each, as he saw it and worked on it, was very *real* to him. His houses never give the impression of being mere realization of theories any more than they give the impression of being mere transcriptions of formulæ. They are not houses which could ever have "looked better on paper" than in execution, because the drawing for any one of these houses could only have been stages in its emergence from the architect's mind to material reality, and a very large proportion of their real quality could never be conveyed on paper at any stage of the operation which is one reason why they are reasonably safe from even passable imitation. The plagiarist would have to begin by imitating the architect's mind—a beginning at which most (and there have probably been many aspirants) have stopped.

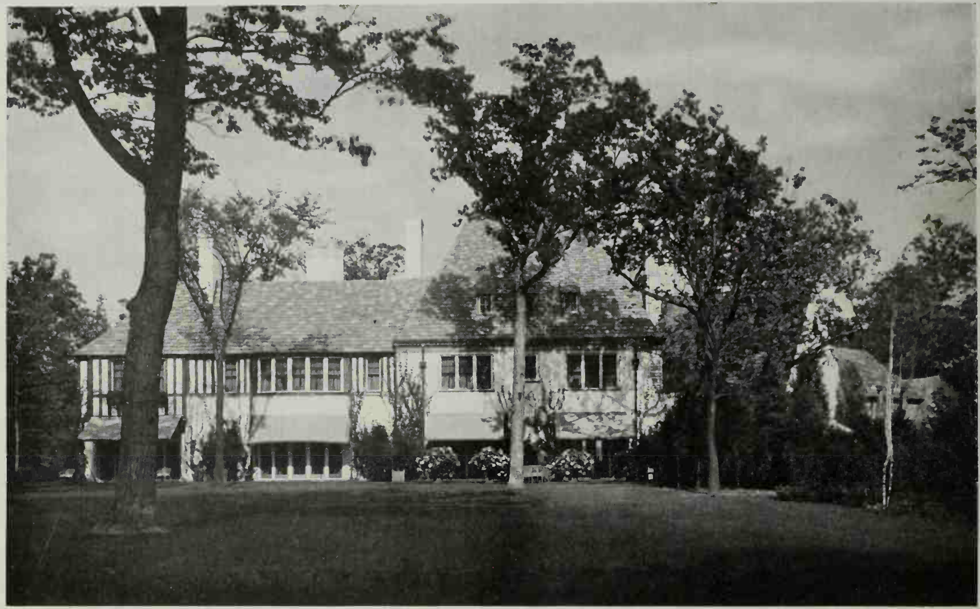
Perhaps a broad analysis of the peculiar success of Mr. Lindeberg's country houses would discover this underlying truth which, incidentally, disposes once and for all the chimera of "style." He has always made a clean-cut distinction between *means* and *end* never confusing the two.

This has kept his vision clear for the objective, for the thing which he believed to be the fundamentally and permanently desirable country house. This vision being so clear as to admit of no doubt or misdirection of effort, his mind has been free to seek, perceive and utilize the most effective means to attain it.

Much architecture in this country has gone to swell the "mediocre" class because of the uncertain vision of many architects who, although possessed of highly developed technical and even artistic ability, have set "means" before "end" or, seeing the desired end only dimly, have never attained it.

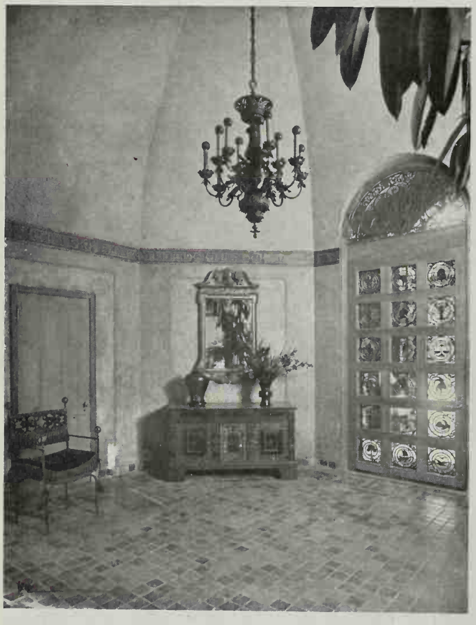
Then too, the domestic architecture of this country has been a good deal hampered by preconceived and formulized ideas of what country house architecture should be, especially in the case of work in the historic period styles. A standard still held in esteem is that of historic accuracy, when often the thought might better have been whether to employ any historic style at all.

There are many cases in which studious care has been expended, for example, upon the designing and detailing of an Italian villa, when "Italian villa" was not, as a matter of fact, the real and most intelligent answer to the problem in hand. And the case is doubly unfortunate when the result is not even a worthy rendering of the chosen style. It fails as an expression of the inherent purposes of the house, and as an exemplar of transplanted historic architecture as well.

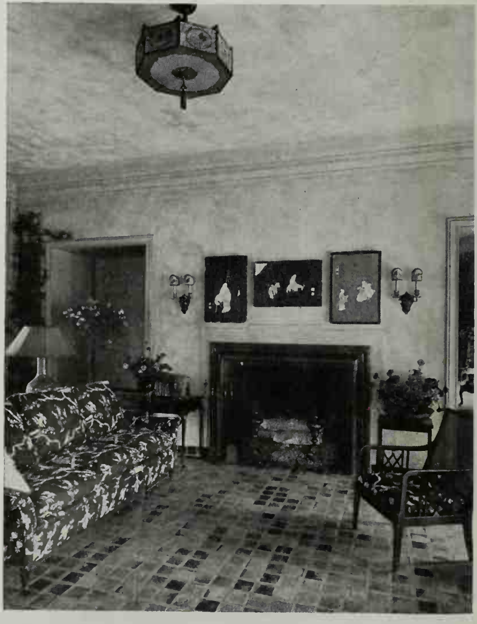


South Front.

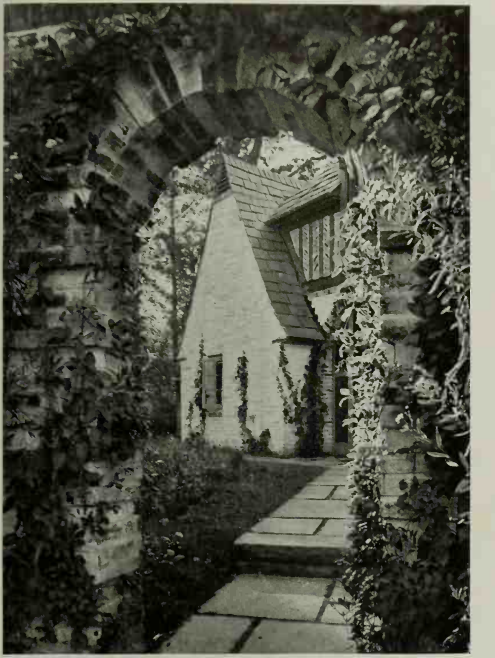
Residence of Clyde M. Carr, Lake Forest, Ill.



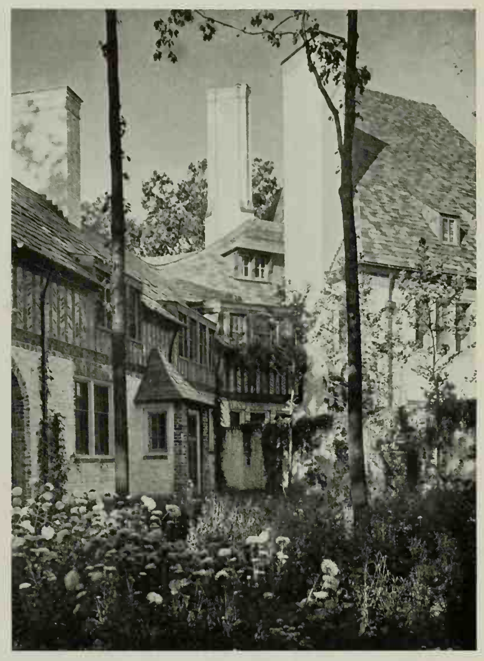
Entrance Hall.



Loggia.

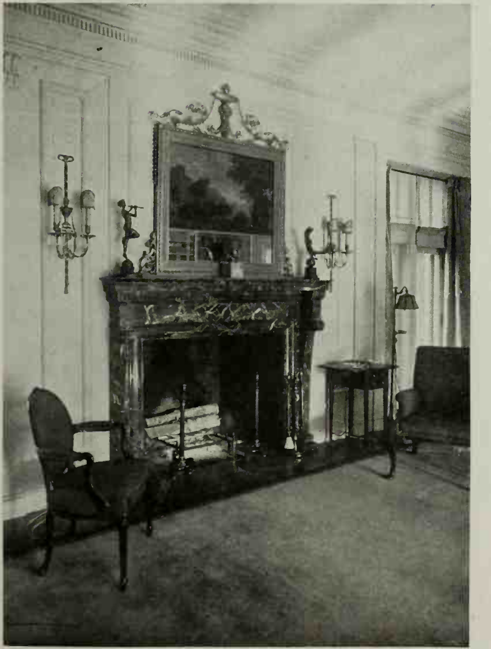


View Through Garden Wall.

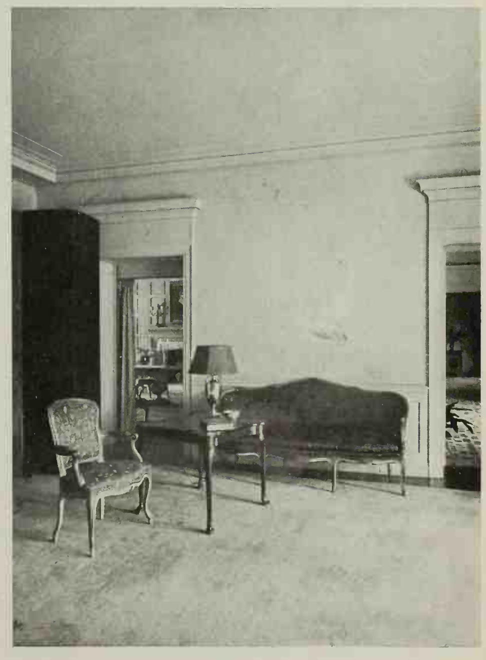


Detail of Service Yard.

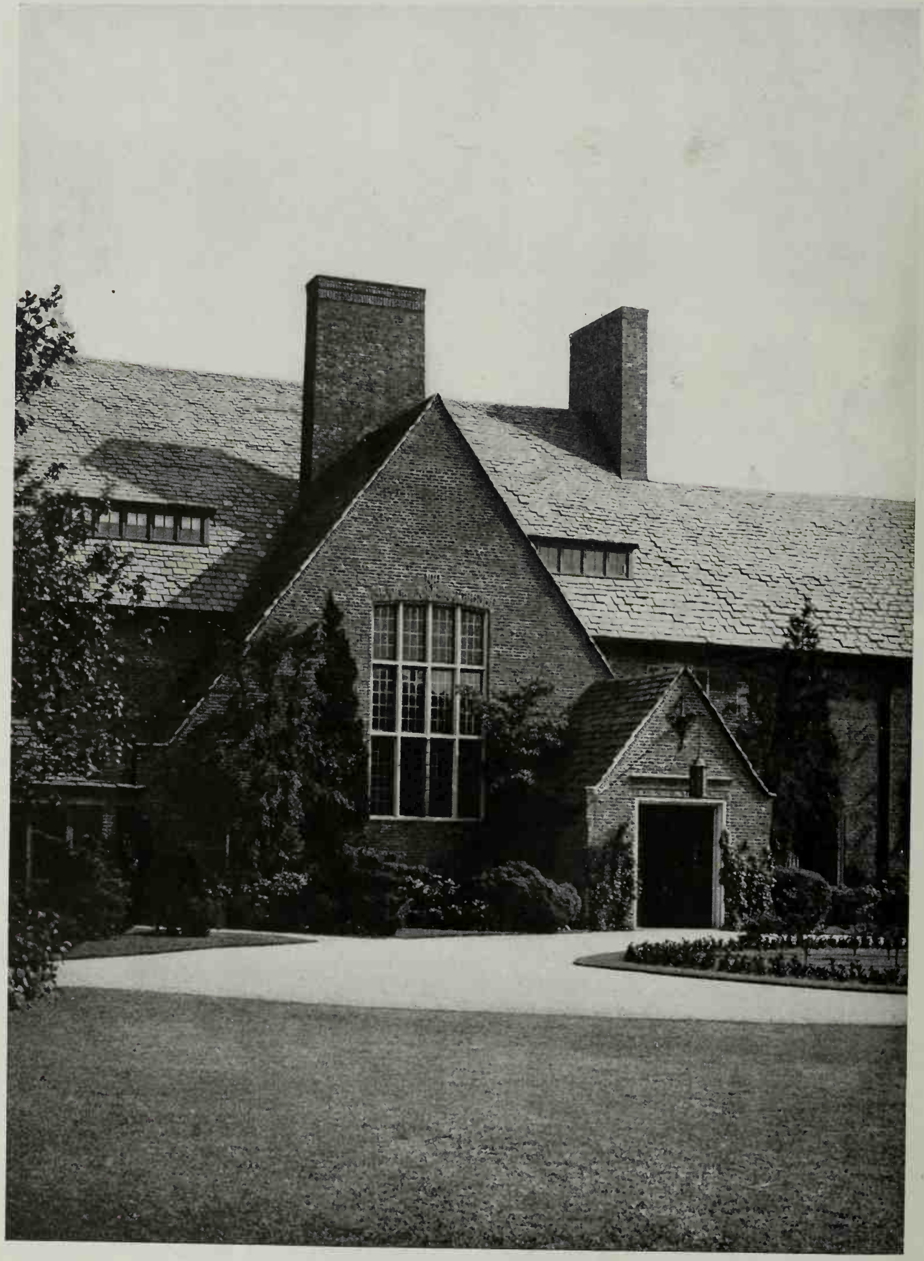
Residence of Clyde M. Carr



Mantel in Living Room.

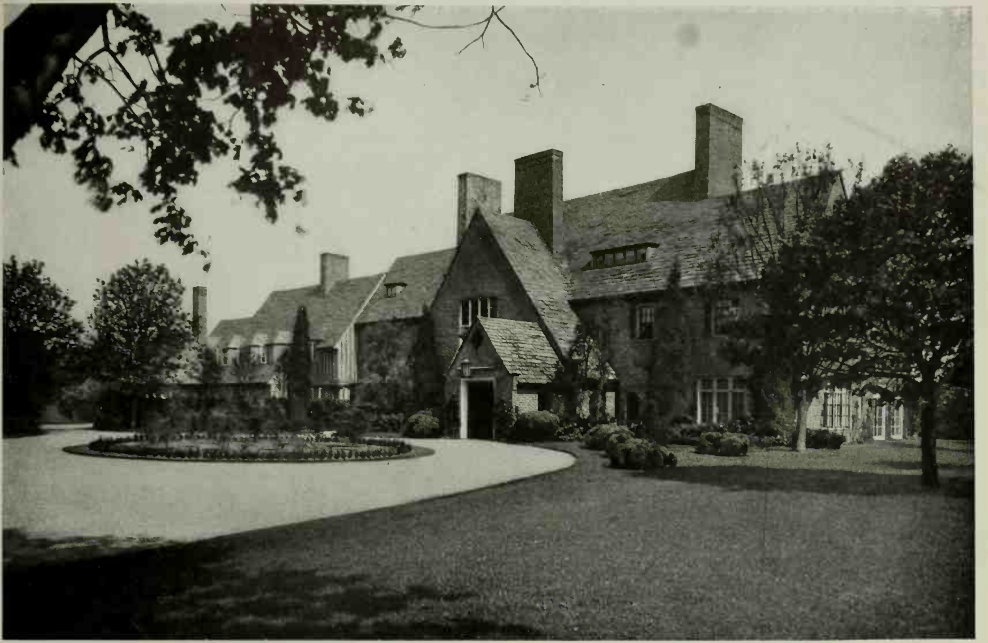


Morning Room.



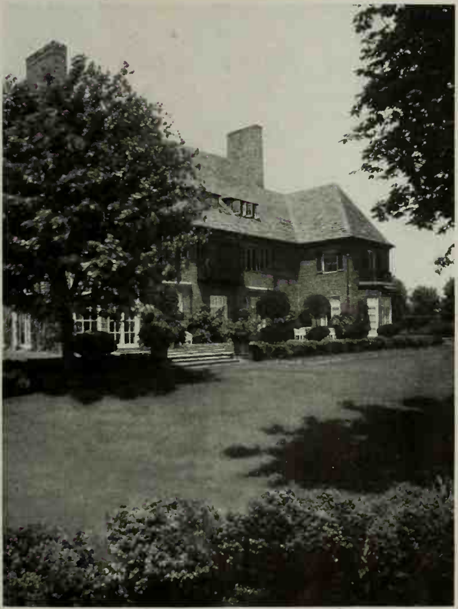
Entrance Front

Residence of Thomas F. Vietor, Rumson, N. J.

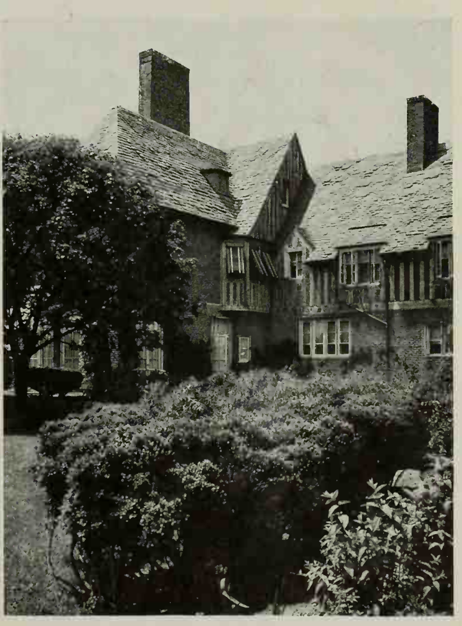


North Front.

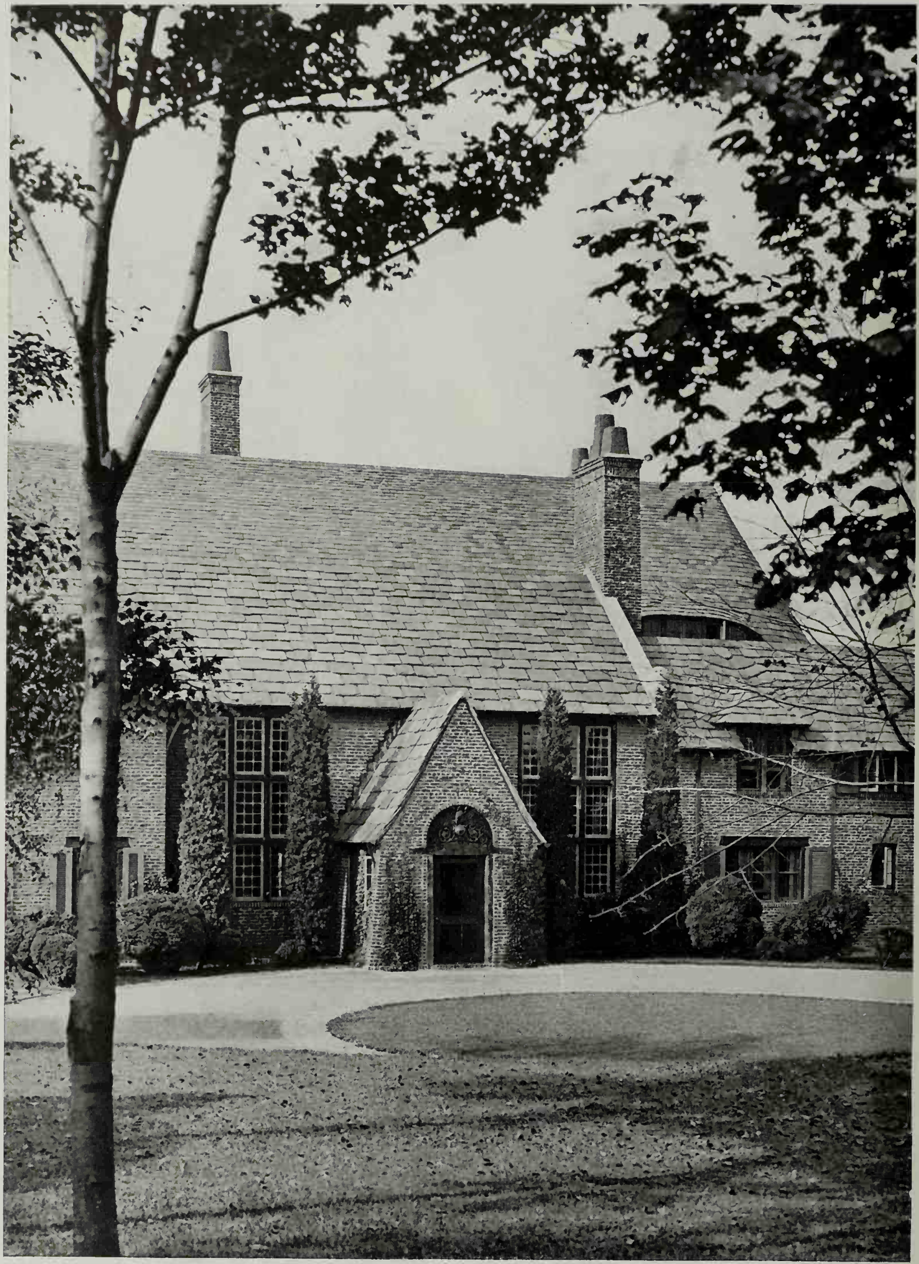
Residence of Thomas F. Vietor



South Front.

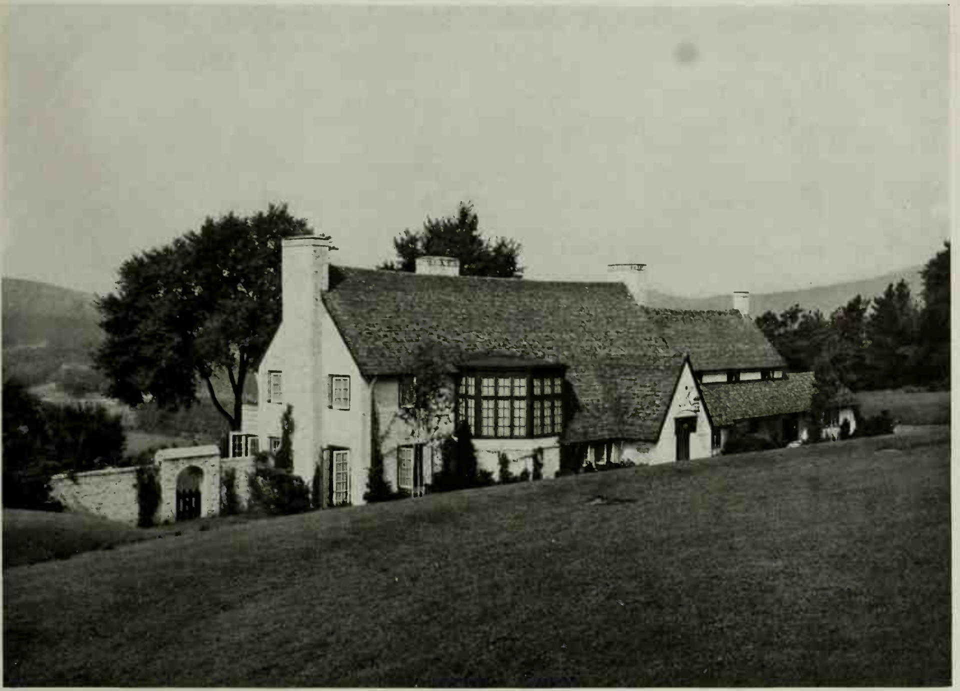


Detail of Service Wing.



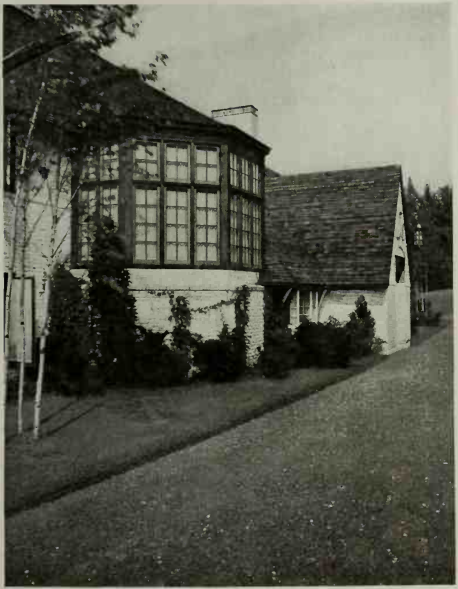
ENTRANCE FRONT.

Residence of Eugene Du Pont, Greenville, Del.

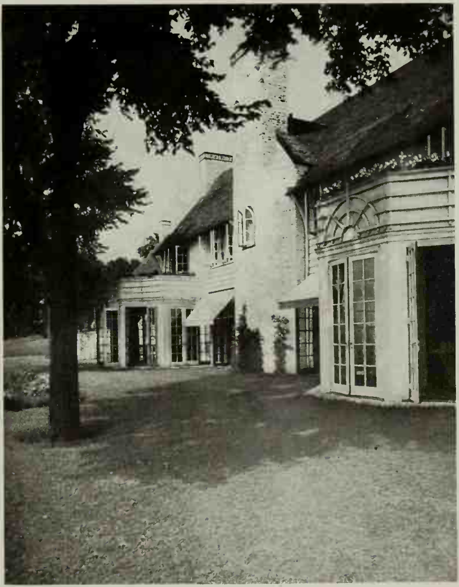


North Front.

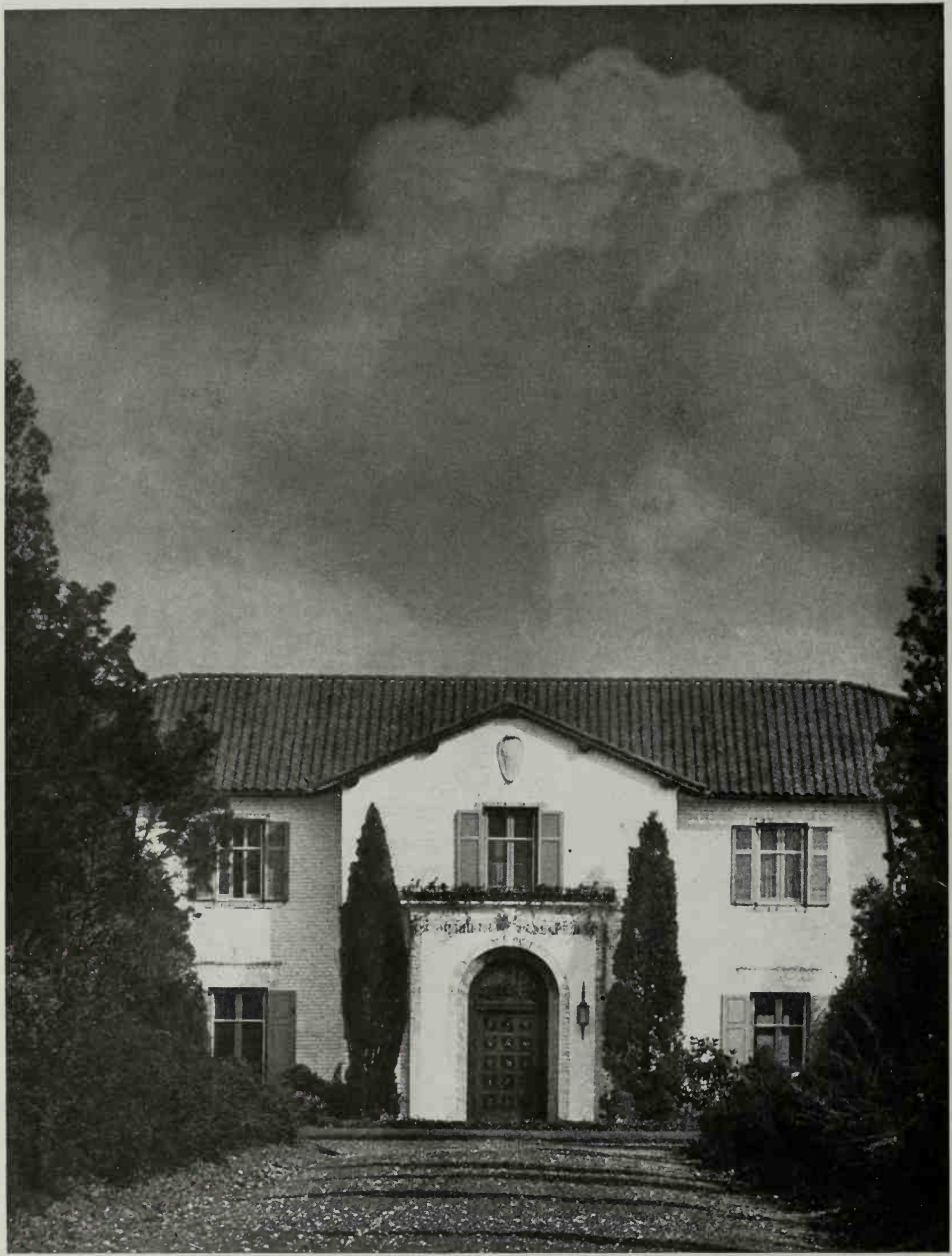
Residence of Mrs. Lizbeth Ledyard Stockbridge, Mass.



Detail of North Front.

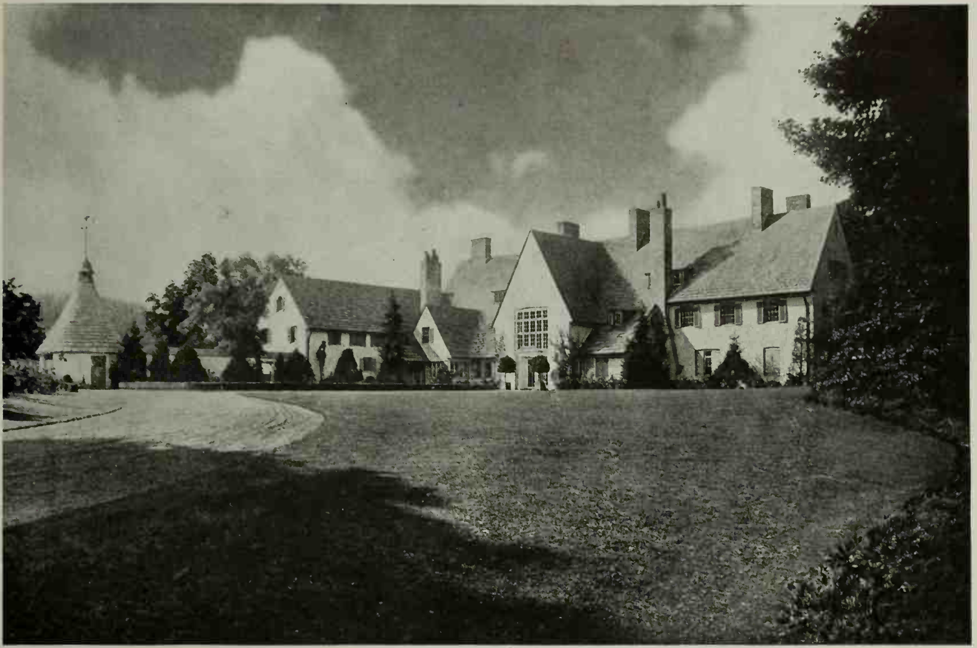


Detail of South Front.



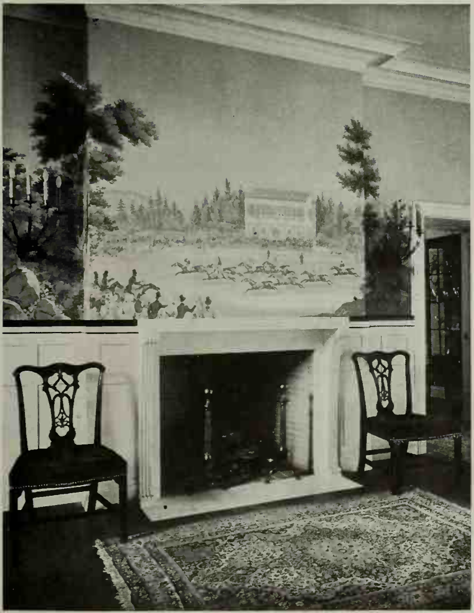
ENTRANCE FRONT.

Residence of Nelson Doubleday, Oyster Bay, L. I.

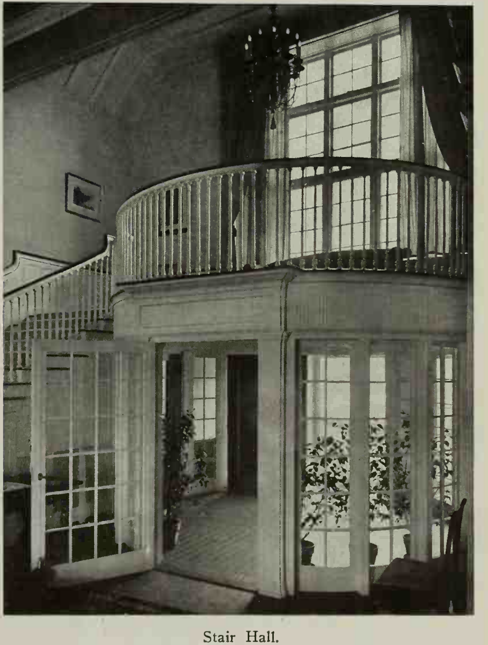


North Front

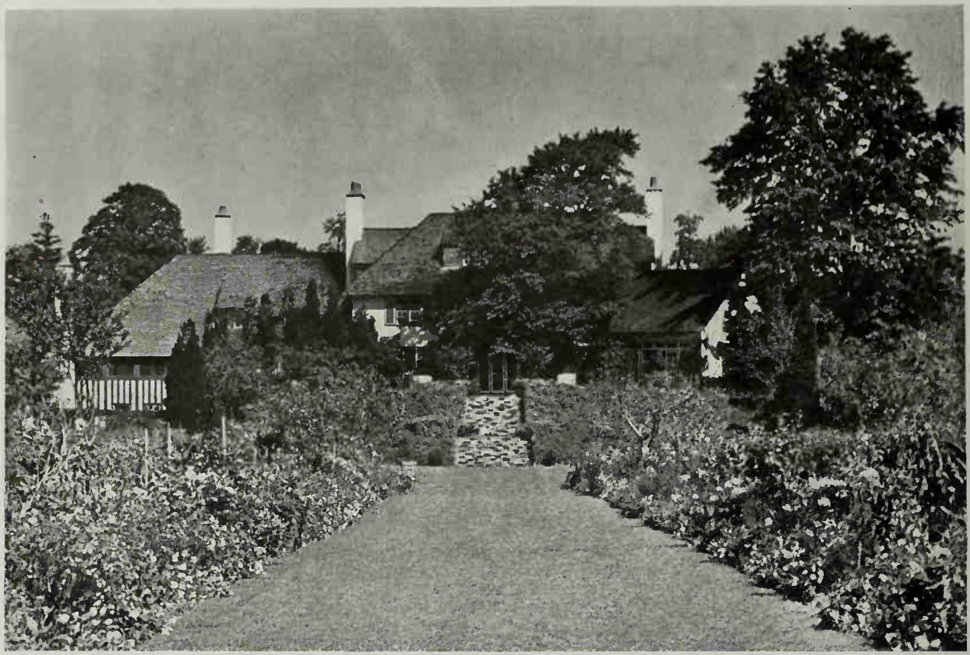
Residence of Paul Moore, Convent, N. J.



Mantel in Hall.

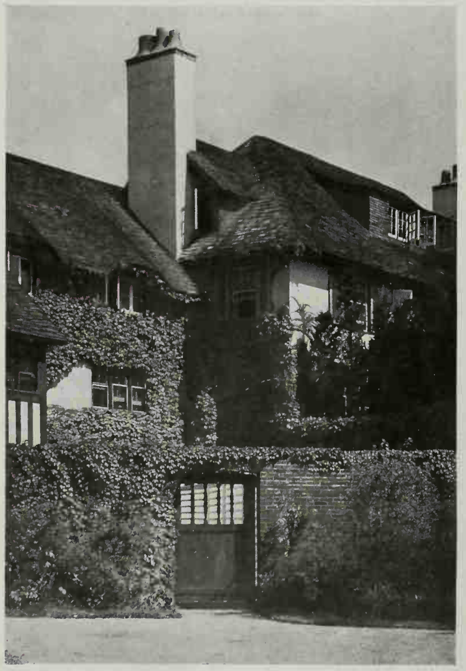


Stair Hall.

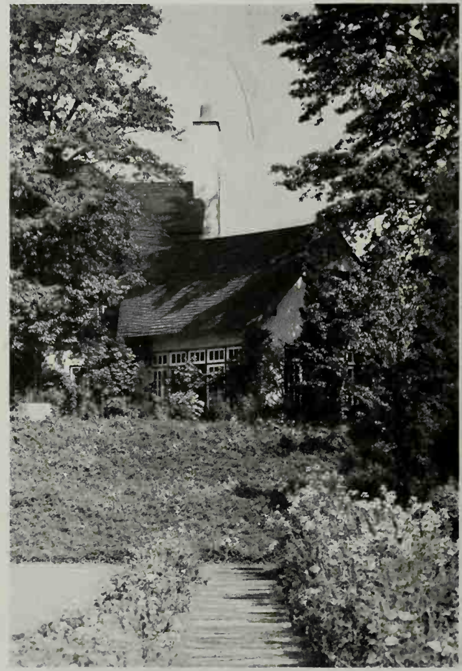


Garden Front.

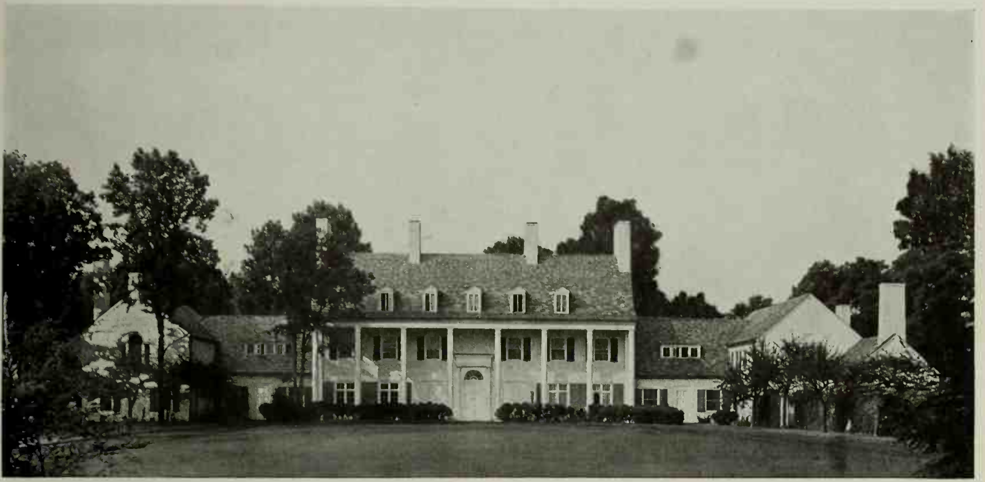
Residence of Henry C. Martin, Glen Cove, L. I.



Detail of Service Yard.

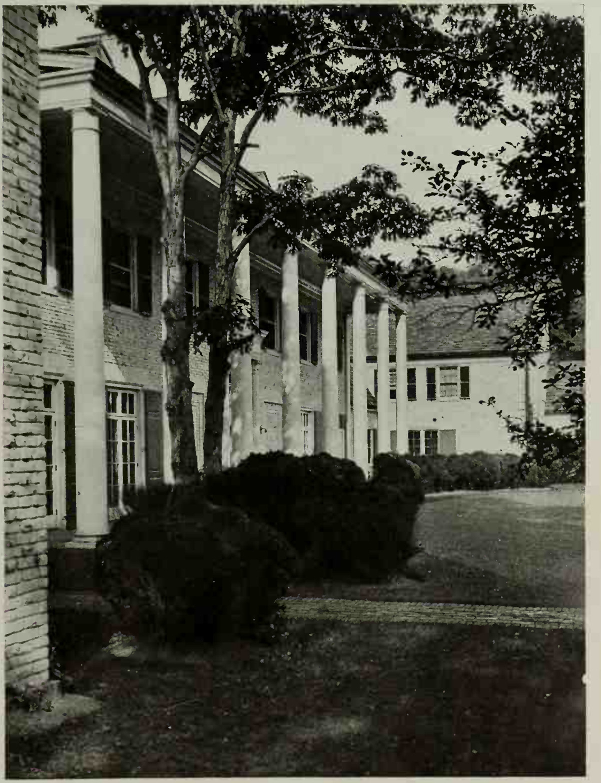


Detail of Sun Room.

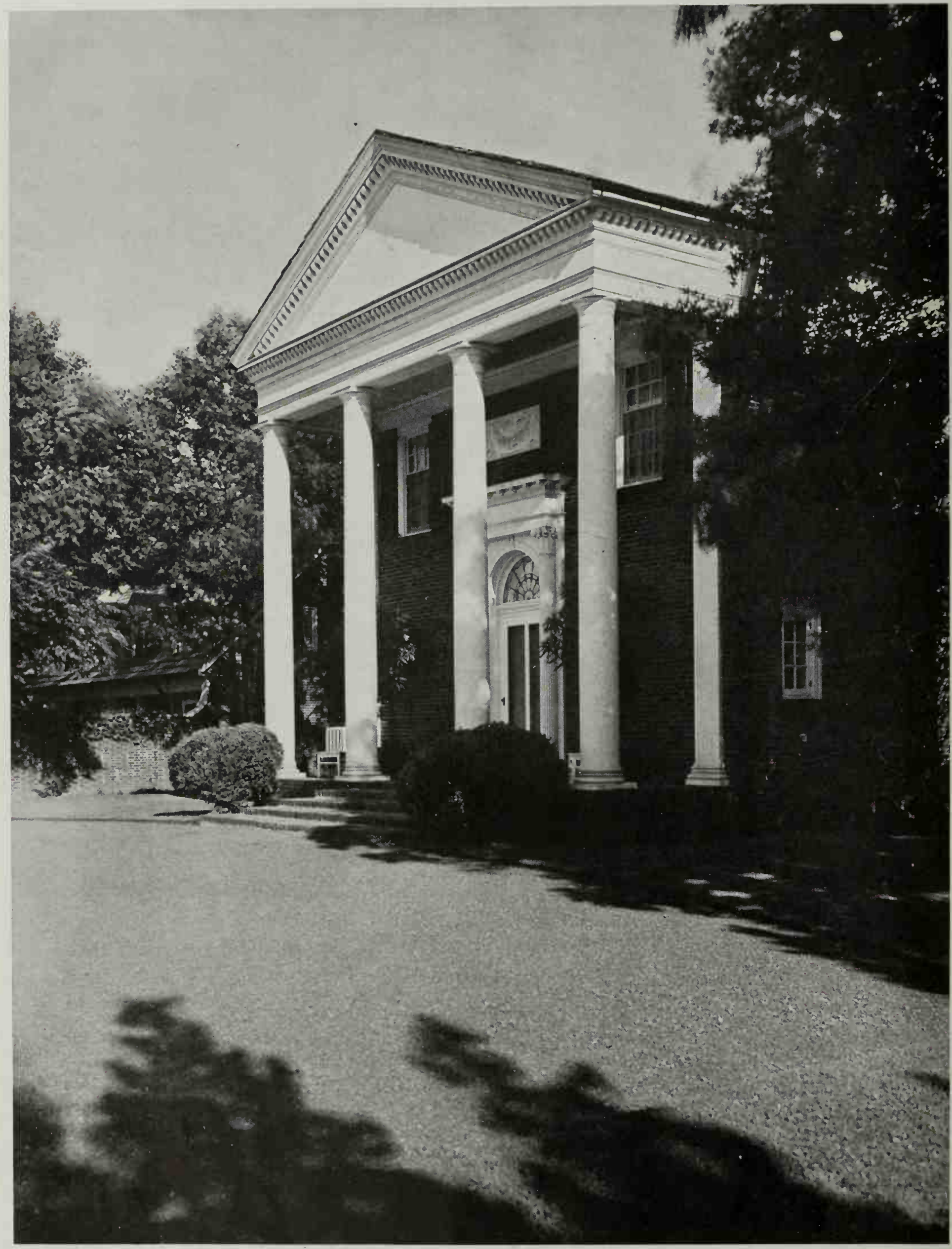


Entrance Front

Residence of Gerard B. Lambert, Princeton, N. J.



Detail of Portico.



ENTRANCE PORTICO

Residence of Henry Batterman, Mill Neck, L. I.

Chas. I. Berg, Architect.

The Allen House, Morristown, N. J.

Architectural Impressions

AYMAR EMBURY, II

Editor Department of Architecture

MR. EMBURY is one of the few men who have written on architecture who are also successful practicing architects. Besides many magazine articles, he has written "One Hundred Country Homes," "The Dutch Colonial House," "Early American Churches," "The Livable House" and "Asher Benjamin, a Reprint." A large part of his work was collected and published under the title "Country Houses by Aymar Embury II." His work has not been confined to any particular style, but he has designed successfully, following several architectural precedents without losing individuality. His taste being catholic, he is therefore an excellent man to edit the architectural department of a broad magazine of this type.

The Large American House

WHEN the Cardinal Duke of Richelieu built his country place, he regarded not at all such trifles as cost or time or labor; he built himself a town to house the workmen he had engaged, before he had gotten very far with his house. He did not worry about the selection of a picturesque site, but built his house first and then made the scenery interesting by moving hills about, opening rivers and transplanting forests. The size of his house was incredible, the cost enormous—some twenty millions of livres, the equivalent at present prices of eight or nine hundred million dollars.

Yet with all this vast expense, I venture to say that he did not think twice about the style in which his house was to be built; he simply chose what was in his day the very latest thing for potentates, regardless of all the beautiful architecture that had been before him, and regardless of whether his site required a "picturesque" or a "formal" house. His standard of living, the customs of his time, his desire to outshine his contemporaries, including the king, all tended to eliminate the question of choice of a style; for him there was but one.

Today the same set of considerations leads to a very different conclusion, and if we add one factor in our choice which concerned the Cardinal Duke not at all—the site—we find ourselves troubled with questionings at the very point where he had none—in the choice of a style. We too have standards of living, customs, and the same desire to outshine our contemporaries; yet these factors lead us nowhere, and the question as to whether we shall build an "English" or an "Italian" or a "Georgian" house, presents itself as one which must be settled as a matter of preference and not automatically. It is a curious variance in the mental attitude of our generation as compared with his, and not one to be explained by saying that we have knowledge of many styles where he was acquainted with only one, for Richelieu knew at first hand much that we know only by illustration and some things that we have only had described to us.

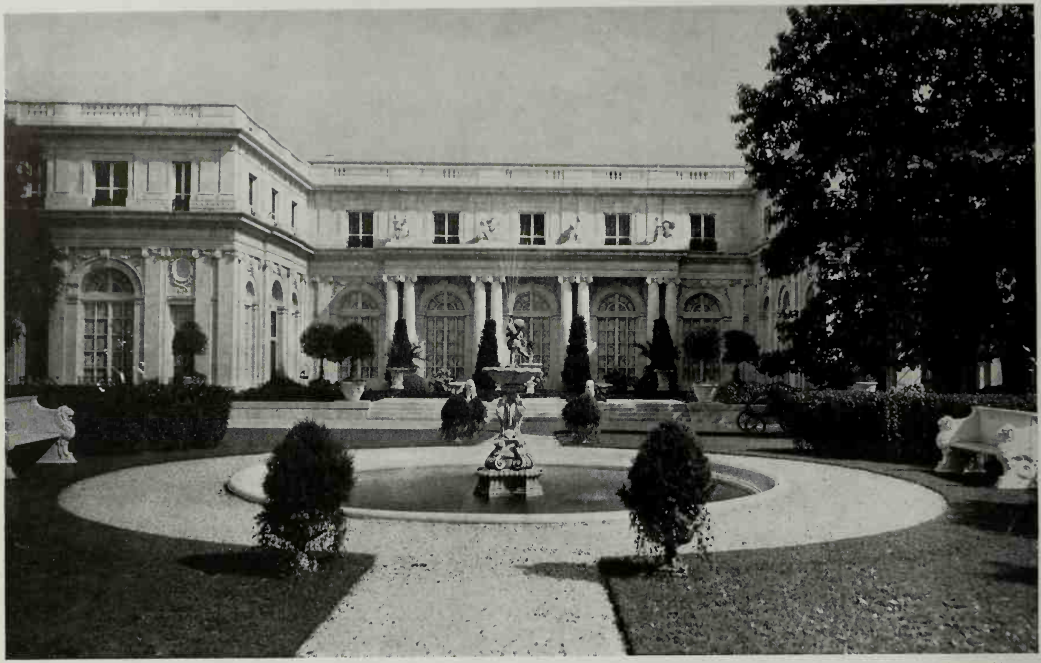
H. T. Lindeberg, Architect.

Detail, Kerr House, White Plains, N. Y.

Yet we are building every year more great houses here in America than were built in a generation in France, and while by comparison with Richelieu's they are trifling affairs (what American has six hundred servants and stabling for four hundred horses?) still many are of considerable size and are, or should be, of real architectural significance. Our smaller houses naturally follow the style set by the greater, so that their importance is not confined to their owners or even to the very wealthy class to which their owners belong, but affects the taste of the whole American people, and the physical character of the whole countryside. It is therefore of some interest to examine the present tendencies in design of our greater houses, and learn what we can as to the future of the art of architecture from them.

Unquestionably we are building as we have never built before: our houses are bigger, on the whole the architecture is better, and yet, strangely enough, never before has there been so little uniformity in opinion as to type, or so little agreement as to what constitutes appropriate architecture for a country house. Twenty or even fifteen years ago an observant architect would have said that there was a growing tendency on the part of our better architects to build for their clients copies or adaptations of houses of the late French Renaissance.

We had a whole flock of Petits Trianons; McKim, Meade & White did the fine architecture of the Oelrichs' house at Newport and Carrere & Hastings the ultra French Guggenheim house. On the other hand, Bruce Price was simultaneously building the rough stone and timber houses at Tuxedo, crude, heavy, badly detailed but powerfully designed fore-



McKim, Meade & White, Architects.

Marble House, Newport, R. I.

runners of the current English variety of country houses, and R. M. Hunt was designing "Biltmore" following the French chateaux of a type that was obsolescent in Richelieu's day. Of Georgian architecture there was none; the word even was strange to us, although "Colonial" was beginning to be used, stupidly and without comprehension for the most part, but with occasional houses that were of real quality including the Breese house at Southampton, which is perhaps the only one of this style built twenty years ago which we would care to build today.

YET the French Renaissance, which seemed destined for a while to become our national style, died in the cradle of its new Renaissance with few to mourn. Its death was natural; the style was purely exotic, an outgrowth of an exotic, unsuited by its flat roofs and enormous windows to our climate; and further, depending as it does in France upon the quality and excellence of its sculptured decoration, copied in a country where there are neither many decorative sculptors nor cheap ones, it was shorn of half of its charm. Also, as I like to think, as a nation we cannot genuinely like a work of art of so opulent a beauty: we prefer a purer, a cleaner cut loveliness.

Then followed a few years in which it seemed the Italian "villa" was to become the accepted thing for our large country houses. Charles A. Platt frequently had recourse to Italian motives in his country work, although knowing perhaps more about Italian art than any other of our architects, he handled the motives most freely, and none of his houses is exactly modeled on Italian precedent; other men, however, tried to reproduce one or another of the great Italian villas, partly perhaps to please the whims of wealthy clients fascinated by the lovely quality of old Italian work, and in general succeeded less well than in the French style. Italian, too, passed away as had the French which preceded it, although Italian furniture motives and Italian Renaissance details are still much used and have I hope come to stay; for while the brilliant color contrasts of Italian architecture seem gaudy in our clear bright air, the low roofs hold snow in winter and heat in summer, and the small windows fail to give us the air we need, so that the Italian structural masses translated to our climate not only are, but appear unsuited to our needs, still there is a variety, a richness and a vigor in the Italian decorative motives whether in furniture or in architecture that is worth our knowing and using.

During all this time knowledge and appreciation of our Colonial art had been steadily increasing; many, even a majority of the smaller houses and occasionally a big one were designed after Colonial precedent. Then we had another "revival"; this time of English work of the sixteenth century, and "Elizabethan" and "Jacobean" houses began to be the thing, modelled after the better known English manor houses, and especially after the very beautiful Compton Wynyates. With this type of work we are still experimenting.

IT is a curious condition that exists today in the design of our country houses, especially as regards the larger ones; the demand of the clients seems to be that the architects shall design for them, not a free and unrestrained expression of their requirements, but something which shall be as nearly archæologically correct as possible, not only in design but in texture and in the appearance of age. There is no denying that age does add a patina to a house that vastly increases the charm; even the broken places, the cracks and spalls add variety to the surface and are of value in softening the outlines and giving to a house that exquisite air of fitness, that sense of having grown from the soil, that is the ultimate end of the architect. Yet there is something which offends the artist and the craftsman in deliberate manufacture of imperfections, even while he believes the result will be a betterment to the house as a picture.

It is a curious fact that in the last fifteen years we have gone through a series of architectural experiments which have closely paralleled those of the Victorian era, although in different order and with far better results. The Strawberry Hill Gothic of the early Victorian period was certainly akin to our present day adaptations of Elizabethan work, the mid-Victorian period had a plague of Italian villas, and toward 1870, the mansard-roofed type of house was borrowed from French Renaissance. Colonial they knew not; it was not sufficiently removed from Victorian times to make it interesting.

I WONDER how much of our present day eclecticism is inspired by genuine—if divergent—interest in the periods we follow, and how much by rivalry in "originality" which leads our architects to hop from style to style, studiously copying the originals even to the defects. It reminds one of the story of the Chinaman who, taught by an old New England woman to make pie crust, followed her process exactly even to throwing away the second egg.

It is much as though our painters should all for a year or two paint canvases after the technique of Raffael, followed by really brilliant imitations of the methods and subjects of Gainsborough. Well, at least they would have learned to paint, a thing which many of them seem to consider unnecessary.

It is a like benefit which we can expect from our present methods in country house design. Some of us at least will learn to know architecture. We have had to make a very careful and painstaking study of old work and we will be better equipped for our work than ever before. Some appreciation of art, a diploma in architecture and vast self-confidence are not in themselves sufficient to make an architect.

Most of us can hardly fail to benefit from our present archæology.

Add to this the fact that the styles we are experimenting with at present are really suited to our needs and that we can hardly add others without reverting to those we have but just discarded or by introducing some Aztecan bungalows or Chinese manors. Our own Colonial certainly fits our needs as well today as it ever did. The Brice house at Annapolis remains one of our great triumphs in country house design, and Charles A. Platt's "Manor House" at Glen Cove is founded on the best American tradition and can hardly be excelled as an exemplar of our standards of living, so ample, dignified and simple it is. Mount Vernon has had as much influence upon American design as any other structure in the world, and it is well for us that Washington was so appreciative of fine things; the Breese house is indirectly inspired by it.

To the Italian school fewer completely successful houses can be attributed, and these are for the most part less directly derived from any single Italian villa than influenced by the Italian spirit as, for example, the fine Bartlett house at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, designed by Howard Shaw. But to the English school we owe a large proportion of our recent houses which are of unquestionable and permanent beauty. The Sabin house, illustrated in the last issue, is such a one; the Allen house at Morristown by Charles I. Berg and the Stuart Duncan house at Newport by John Russell Pope, two fine derivatives of Compton Wynyates, are not only excellent in themselves but admirably adapted to our local conditions.

McKim, Meade & White, Architects.

The Breese House, Southampton, L. I.

The Brice House, Annapolis, Md.

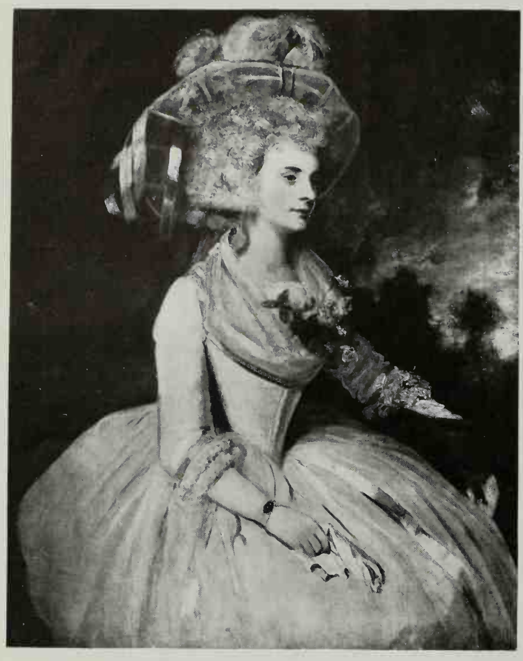
I HAVE not taken into account certain other houses not derived from the styles previously mentioned, because they are for the most part sporadic examples, although perhaps the style inaugurated more or less by Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright deserves consideration on account of the number of houses for which it was used rather than on their merit. Extreme freaks of architecture may sometimes be amusing and occasionally beautiful, but they are after all museum pieces. rather than useful objects. We have had, for example, houses which showed Spanish influence in their decorative motives and even in their masses; usually they have been derived from Spanish-Colonial architecture of Mexico and Central America, or from the few remaining buildings of Spanish origin in California and New Mexico, but occasionally they have been copied directly from Spanish originals. These houses cannot be considered very seriously on the whole; their lack of windows and their low or flat roofs render them unlivable in our conditions, and while as "stunts" they are amusing, the style is not being considered for large houses—or small ones—except in the extreme south of the United States.

We have had extremely interesting experiments in exotic styles for our large houses. I remember one adaptation from the Persian which was both lovely and comfortable in California; on the south shore of Long Island some years ago there was built a little group of houses which, following the type customary in North Africa, in a sandy and barren setting, and under the hot sun of summer were delightfully picturesque but so obviously theatrical that the precedent was never followed. We have had other examples of exotic architectures which were in themselves successful—Japanese, and Swiss, and Tyrolean and castellated copies of Rhenish fortresses—but they have got nowhere.

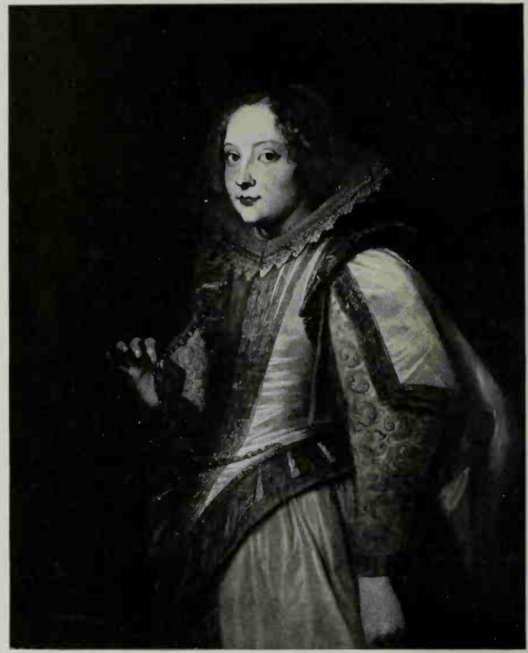
On the other hand, the architecture described as "original" and sometimes called the "style of the Western Plains," inaugurated by Sullivan, Wright, Maher and other Chicago architects, has had considerable influence on our large country houses in the Middle West, and continues to have such influence although, I believe, in a steadily lessening degree. In the hands of its originators the style was far from being without merit, but in the hands of the imitators it fell to a dull rejection of accepted formulæ, without substituting anything of value for them, and produced such monstrosities as Henry Ford's recently built house, a thing as bad in its way, and as completely lacking in comprehension of design, as is Senator Clark's so-called French Renaissance house on Fifth Avenue, and I cannot say anything worse for it. Any architectural style must, in order to be a style, conform in general to certain accepted standards of proportion: a formula is set up which is followed with some fidelity during the life of the style, and if the formula is comprehended, none of the work done in accordance with it will be entirely bad. We have used the Classic formula for two thousand years, without substantial change, and it still works.

The Gothic formula was both more intricate and less definitely fixed. We have never, as a whole, learned to use that formula with certainty, and while we can depend upon the Classic houses to be good, if designed without striving for originality and in fairly close adherence to formula (compare the uniformly high quality of Colonial work), we cannot expect our houses of mediæval origin to be for the most part of even mediocre merit. The designer has got to feel the style as well as study it. With the "style of the Western Plains" this is even more true. Personlly, I cannot look on any work of that type with any real pleasure, but I can recognize the ability and skill that lie behind the work of its originators. However, their work was so unstandardized and differed so greatly even in essentials, that no canon was set up, and the great horde of designers who followed them knew not what to do and did they knew not what. It must be remembered that it is not the few brilliant leaders who make for success in a style, but the "great horde" of their followers, and if the formulators of the style have chosen simple and easily comprehended motives and have in addition a clear conception of what they are driving at, the disciples will understand the doctrine and oftentimes surpass the teacher. H. H. Richardson was able to accomplish some very noble work, but his school produced nothing. Charles Follen McKim, a man perhaps no more able, has set an example which has produced many beautiful buildings.

IT must also be borne in mind that for a country house to be really successful the furnishings and accessories must conform to the type of the building itself. As there was no furnishing sympathetic with the French Romanesque of Richardson's work, and a Romanesque house filled with Victorian furniture was an anachronism and was felt to be one, the style has died. So with the "style of the Western Plains." Its crude and heavy detail and broad barbaric lines demanded furniture to suit. "Mission" came nearest to meeting its needs and had a brief vogue, but it was obviously frontier design and we are civilized people. Personally, I do not like to see houses too completely in the "period," but in scale, character and design, furniture must in general be that of the house it furnishes; therefore, we do not furnish English houses with Colonial furniture so that if we build our house in accordance with a style which had no usable furniture, we can never make it truly a home, and big houses as well as little ones should be that.



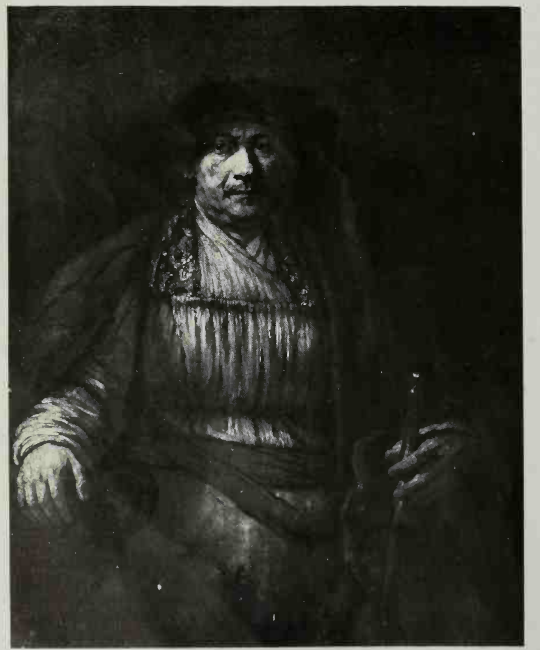
LADY SKIPWITH—*Reynolds*



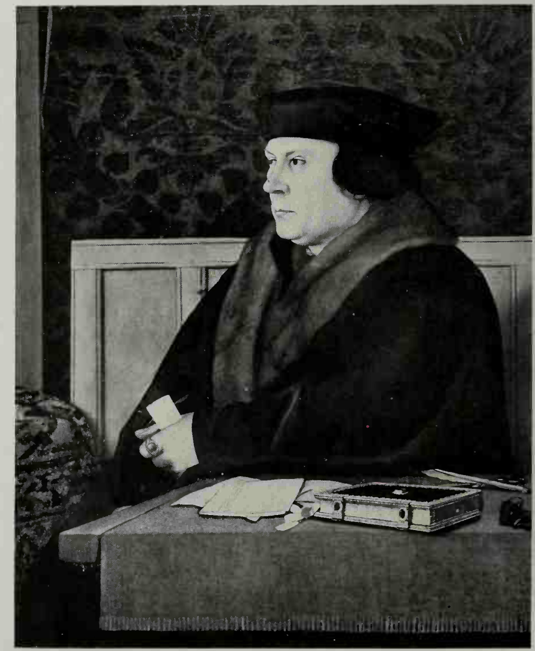
MARCHESA GIOVANNA CATTANEO— *Van Dyck*

Some Gems of the Frick Collection

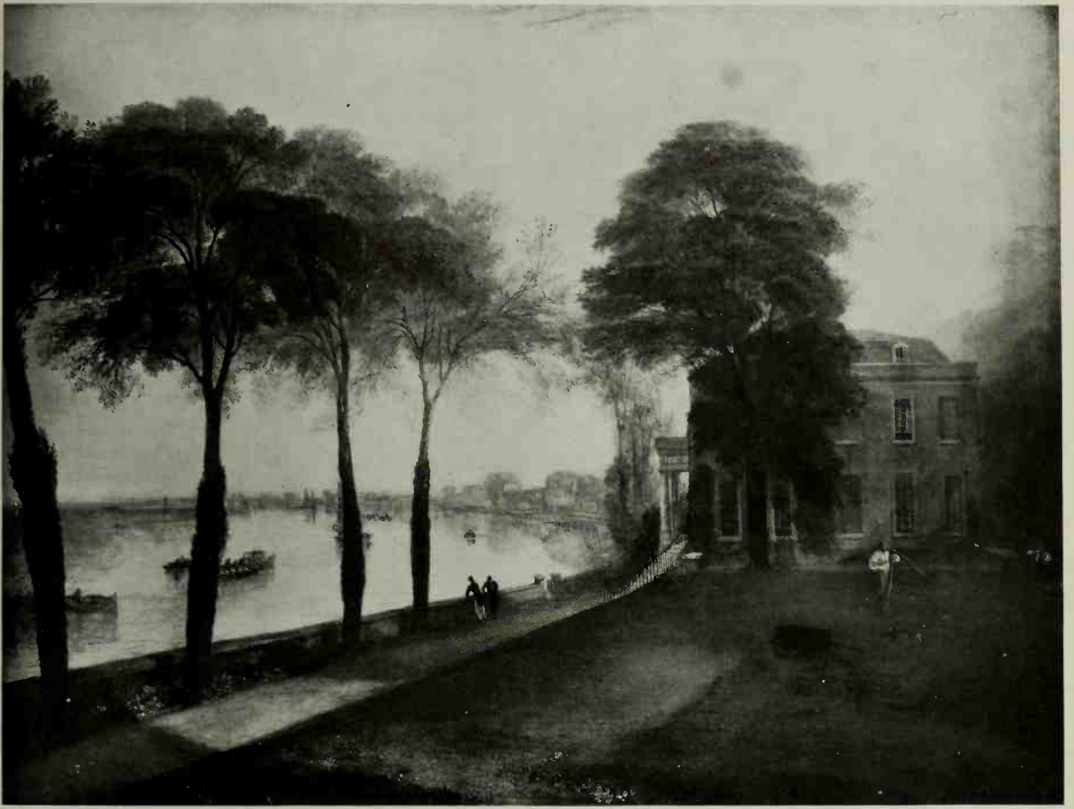
Mr. Frick's bequest of his New York home with its wonderful art treasures as a museum has brought these paintings again before the public.



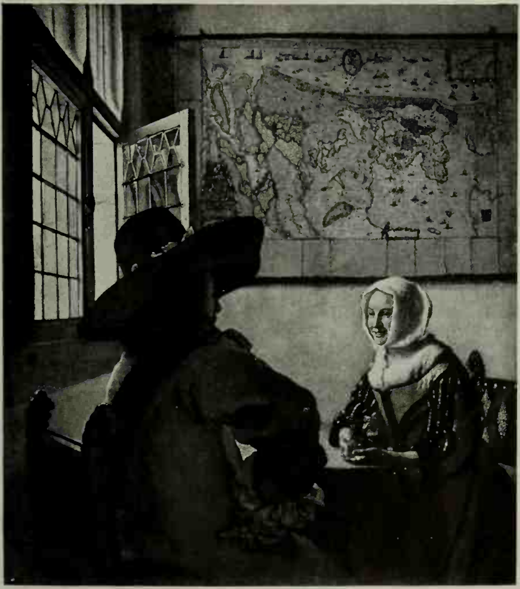
REMBRANDT SEATED WITH A STICK—*Rembrandt*

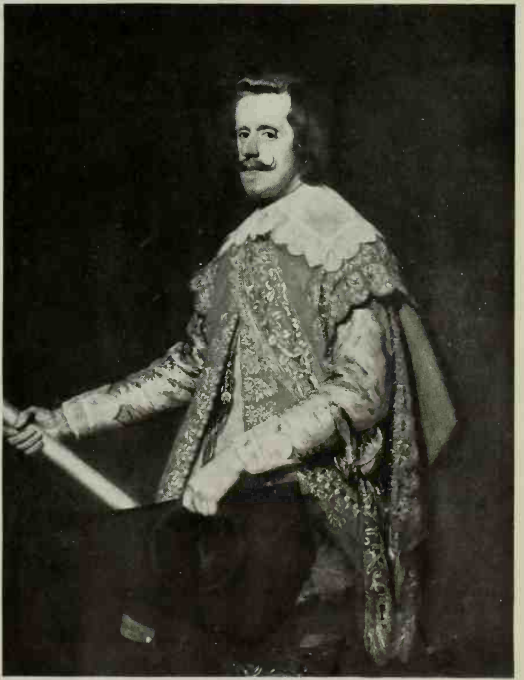


PORTRAIT OF THOMAS CROMWELL—*Holbein*



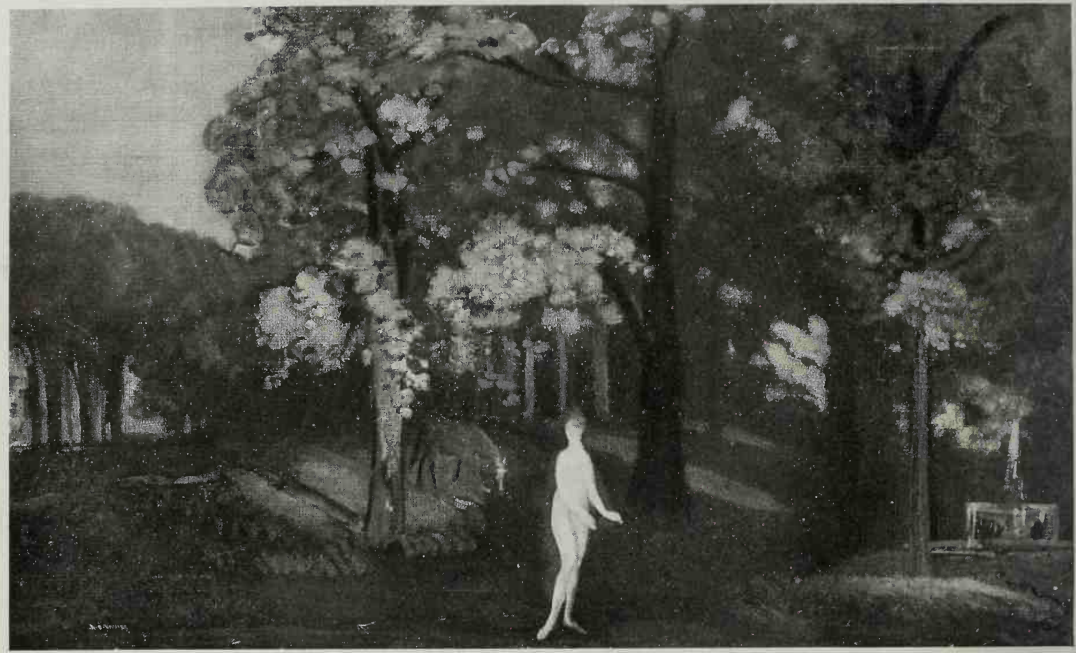
MORTLAKE TERRACE—*J. M. W. Turner*





Above—CAVALIER AND LAUGHING GIRL—*Vermeer*
Right—PHILIP THE IV—*Velasquez*

For the photographs from which these reproductions have been made thanks are due to Messrs. Knoedler and Co.



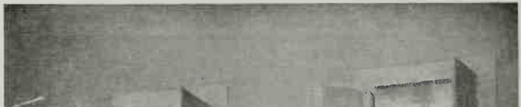
A CHERISHED SOLITUDE. By Arthur B. Davies.

The Exhibition at the Corcoran Gallery

HAMILTON EASTER FIELD.

FOR years it has interested me to know why the biennial exhibitions of modern American painting held at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington are almost universally considered to be finer than any other similar shows. I have an insatiable desire to see "the wheels go round," to understand the whys and wherefores. It has always seemed to me that the explanation must be deeper than the one usually given: "Of course a show which is given only every second year will be finer than one held once a year. Having seen "the wheels go round" I know that the reasons for the success of the shows at the Corcoran Gallery are more complex.

Let me first speak of the material rewards in which every exhibitor at the Corcoran Gallery may share. It would be folly to deny that almost every artist would prefer to send to an exhibition where he stood a fair chance to sell his work than to one where he had no chance at all. This year the sales for the first two days were over $35,000. Then there are the prizes given by ex-Senator Clark, $5,000 in all, and a prize of $200 for the most popular painting in the exhibition given at each show. As yet there has been no such gross miscarriage of justice as there was at the Academy when Charles C. Curran got the Altman prize of $1,000. This year the prizes at the Corcoran Gallery have gone to relatively conservative painters but among those who have had prizes in the past are Frieseke, Hassam, Alden Weir, Gifford Beal, Arthur B. Davies, Ernest Lawson, Breckenridge and George Luks. The National Academy would consider certain of these men as too radical to receive a reward of any kind. There is then more of a chance in prizes and in sales for the exhibitor to receive a reward for his labor at the Corcoran than elsewhere.



"THE OPEN WINDOW"
By Frank W. Benson.

Another element which makes for the success of the exhibition is the fact that there are no artists who are exempt from going before the jury because they happened to have done good work thirty years ago. There are a certain number of painters who are invited to send canvases, but it is because of present work not of past achievements. The proportion of the work exempted is not very different from that at the Academy; about one-third of the number of paintings shown. There is a great difference, however, between the effect of the two policies, for the Academy cannot hang all the paintings accepted so that every exemption leaves less wall space for the works accepted by the jury. At the Corcoran there is so much wall space that the work of the artists invited to send does not crowd out other paintings. The exhibitor can have no grievance against the system beyond the inherent objection that many of us feel against the jury system which gives verdicts which in all probability will be reversed by the judgment of posterity. It has ever been so in the past. However that may be, my feeling is that the average quality of the paintings shown at the Corcoran Gallery is raised by the paintings which have been solicited for the exhibition; the standard at the Academy is lowered by the fact that an Academician can insist on having a painting hung merely because he was elected an Academician many years ago.

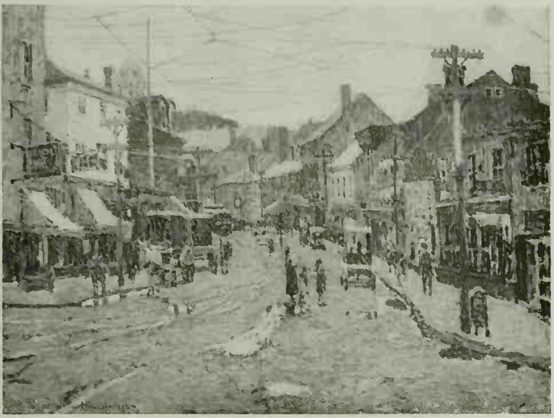
The jury is chosen by the Art Committee having charge of the Corcoran Gallery exhibitions. The Committee, being fallible, is liable to error. It has chosen this year a jury with no radical element: Willard L. Metcalf, chairman; Daniel Garber, Richard E. Miller, Lawton Parker and Charles H. Woodbury. None of these painters are sympathetic to the modernists and the last-named is especially opposed to radical art, having even spoken of the great Cézanne as a degenerate. Aside from the fact that the jury represents but one trend in painting, it is a good choice for Woodbury is from Boston, Metcalf and Miller from New York, Garber from Philadelphia and Parker from the Middle West. Miller and Parker have also lived for many years in Paris so that from the geographical standpoint the selection is an admirable one. Again, Miller and Parker are figure painters, Metcalf and Garber paint landscapes, and Woodbury, marines. Save that the jury is, in a way, reactionary, it has been well chosen.

The Corcoran Gallery has a standard and the jury is expected to live up to that standard. As I have said, the galleries are large and the institution is unwilling to have it said that any painting has been crowded out because of the invited work. The jury is therefore asked to accept all work which in its judgment is sufficiently good and the institution guarantees to hang all accepted work. Furthermore, the jury is not limited in any way. The standard of excellence seems to be that all paintings which will add honor to the artists who made them and which will reflect credit upon the Corcoran Gallery, which shows them, should be accepted.

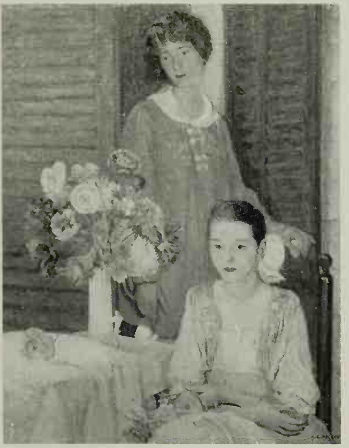
It is then the desire of the committee having charge of the exhibitions to show the best art of our epoch. If there is partial failure it is because the most original work of any epoch is not appreciated at the time by the more conservative minds. Millet, Corot, Manet, Fantin-Latour, Cézanne were not appreciated by their contemporaries. So today we shall look in vain for appreciation in official quarters of men like Henry McFee, Rockwell Kent, Max Weber or Samuel Halpert. We find the same lack of appreciation in the hanging of the paintings. The work of such artists as Arthur B. Davies and Maurice Prendergast has been consigned to the badly lighted "Central Gallery."

It is not, however, entirely to the plan adopted by the Corcoran Gallery that we are indebted for the success of these exhibitions. Back of almost every success we find a man who incarnates the idea and who through his energy brings the plan to fruition. I do not know how much of the admirable system which has been evolved by the Corcoran Gallery is due to its director, C. Powell Minnigerode, but I do know that the success of the system is largely due to his enthusiasm and tireless energy.

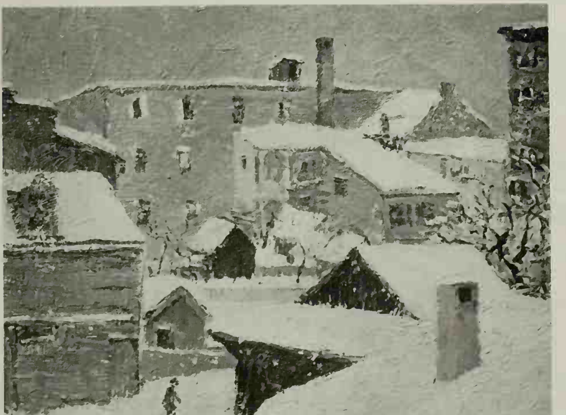
Nowhere else is American art so well shown. The lighting, the rooms themselves, and the arrangement of the paintings on the walls are ideal. It is an incomplete exposition of our modern work because of the lack of radical work but a larger proportion of that element will surely be seen at the forthcoming exhibition of the Society of Independent Artists where it will be possible to study all phases of our art.



"A NEW ENGLAND STREET"
By Félicie Waldo Howell.



"MIDSUMMER"
By George Laurence Nelson.



"HOUSE TOPS"
By Tod Lindenmuth.

In regard to the paintings in the show none has a deeper import than the "Boy and Angel" by Abbott Thayer. Technically it is not great. The paint is put on with little or no skill. But Thayer always has something to say and that is why even this canvas unfinished and unprepossessing as it is, has qualities which place it in the first rank as a work of art. Here is shown the moment in a boy's life when he must choose between a life devoted to self-sacrifice for the good of humanity and a life of pleasure. The form of an angel stands beside him, perhaps in the guise of his mother, and he decides to consecrate his life to good works. It is rare to find such concentration of emotion in a modern work of art.

George Laurence Nelson has a sense of color arrangement which is not common. In "Midsummer" he has built up a composition of greens, whites which are never crude, delicate shades of ivory, pink and violet. "The Open Window," by Frank W. Benson, which was awarded the First William A. Clark Prize, is one of the most beautiful of modern interiors. It is not cold which so many such paintings are. It has not the force of a Halpert but it has subtlety and that is quite as important. Hidden in the Central Gallery is a little landscape by Tod Lindenmuth, "House Tops." The subject is common-place but the canvas has distinction. A painter who can invest even these roofs with a veil of poetry has a rare quality of mind. The "New England Street," by Felicie Waldo Howell, has this same feeling for distinction.

Among the more interesting walls is the wall opposite the main staircase. In the center, in the place of honor, is hung Sargent's Portrait of John D. Rockefeller. On all sides in these days one hears that Mr. Sargent has lost his grasp on his art, that he no longer paints with the freedom and nerve which characterizes his work of twenty years ago. This portrait may not be as fine as his very best work, but it is surely above the average of the time when he was supposed to be making his masterpieces. It is a very searching portrait and reveals the inner life of the sitter. Flanking this, are two beautiful Chinese landscapes by Frederick Clay Bartlett, and beyond, a winter-scene by Gardner Symons and a still-life by Hugh H. Breckenridge.

George Luks has two strong portraits; one of Otis Skinner, the actor, the other a Polish officer, which, unfortunately, is hung in the badly-lighted "Central Gallery."

The exhibition is so good that any one interested in relatively conservative modern art who can go to Washington will feel amply repaid.

De Witt Lockman, Portrait Painter

De Witt Lockman is one of the leading portrait painters in America, and as the painter of America's beautiful women holds a dominating position,

WITH characteristic brevity and natural modesty, De Witt Lockman is reticent in regard to information regarding his career as a painter. Thorough in all things, he knows drawing, composition, and anatomy perfectly, but more important than these is his insight into character and his power to analyze and portray the life of his subject. It is difficult to coldly discuss all his essential characteristics, yet we find in every instance he expresses the conception of his subject in breadth of vision and intuition with a direct simplicity and dignity. The strength of his art is reached by the elimination of the non-essential.

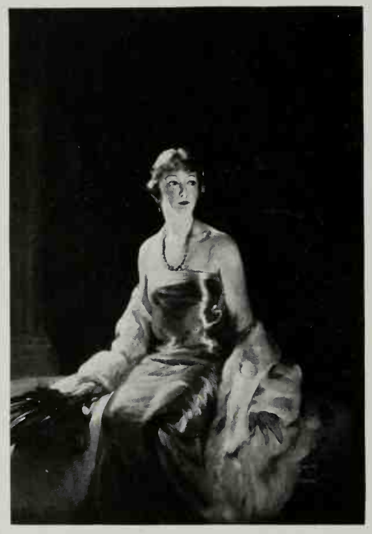
His color is applied with a preconceived scheme as a harmonious whole with an unusually fine decorative quality expressing all he intended, but held in check enough to still excite the interest of the beholder. The colors are rich in tone and value. He employs in his paintings materials of the finest and most luxurious quality, the folds of which fall in deepest shadows and reflect the glorious light. Among the numerous examples from his hand we find a great variety of subjects, all differing in composition and in the selection of color scheme, never failing in each instance to lend themselves to the subject with suitable adaptation, and never failing to show a broad and decisive brush work.

The center portrait illustrated is one exemplifying this luxury of color and commends our highest praise. It represents a woman of distinction who wears her frock of gold with dignity and is set off to advantage before the deep purple velvet curtain. In her hand she carries a green fan—this adds a finishing touch to the exquisite color scheme.

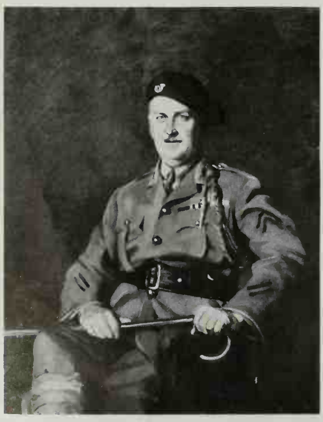
The other picture is of an aristocratic woman wearing soft flowing materials light in quality and tone; showing Mr. Lockman's favorite decorative treatment exquisitely handled. Truly in her he has given us an example of a woman beautiful to look upon and one who holds our admiration.

The portrait of Mr. Pell is an example of strong and characteristic work and is another direct and masterfully handled painting which will bear comparison and hold its own among the best portraits shown in recent years.

His pictures are imbued with a voluminous light, which is not caused by outer transient effects, but springs from a deeper source understood and elaborated by the inner conception of the artist's mind. His handling of the figure, with space left in canvas to give it a setting is a creditable feature in his pictures.



PORTRAIT OF MRS. W.



PORTRAIT OF MR. STEPEN PELL.

After an intimate penetrating study of his brilliant art, we may regard De Witt Lockman as one of the foremost painters in America. We see in his portraits most promising subjects, young women, slender and attractive, which under his hand preserve their characteristics executed with brush work possessing qualities of distinction all his own. The majority of his delightful paintings are those of women chosen from the "born to the purple" type, and these are painted with rare delicacy, reverence, continuity and intellectual honesty, all lending themselves to the decorative in treatment. This opens a new chapter in the painting of beautiful and aristocratic American women, exalting her effeminacy and placing her upon a pedestal among the women in art for all time.

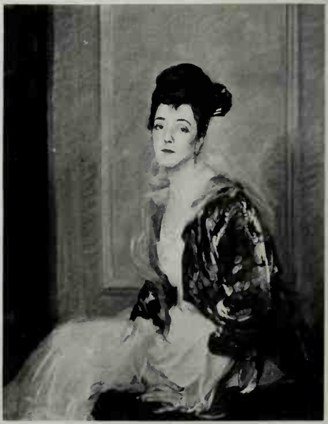
Whether the subject chosen is either a man or a woman he gives us an insight into the things which lie behind, reproducing them with sufficient power of selection to portray the inner psychological character unique to each individual. His pictures leave an imperishable trace in our memory, not only because our eye has measured it, but from the emotion it has communicated in us.

His art is the outcome of an ambition born in the youthful brain of twelve years. It was in the early contemplation of nature in his solitary childhood amidst her influences that his mind was opened to her beauty. In his hours of freedom among the treasures of art with which he was surrounded he learned and painted, and has always painted since. Among these early paintings are many surprises bearing witness to a comprehension of art unique for a mind so young. Those who knew De Witt Lockman in his youth remember him as the most expansive of natures, a youth alive like his paintings and as energetic as his brush. And so from these early beginnings emerged the illustrious painter we know today, showing how deeply ingrained was his talent.

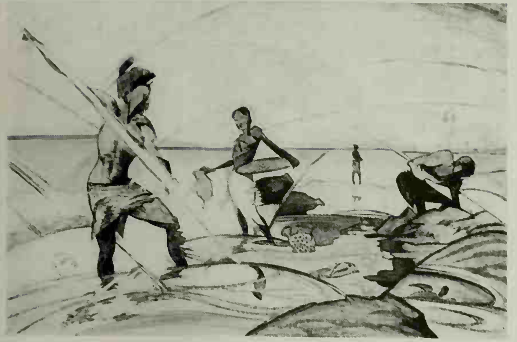
He continued his studies under able masters, traveled extensively and lived abroad, and out of it evolved a style distinctly his own. His paintings always hold a prominent place in America's exhibits of art and are a leading feature wherever shown. They have been awarded numerous prizes at various times. One of the prominent portrait painters in America, his work is known here and abroad, standing always in the foremost rank.

He is a man, grave, smiling, thoughtful, with a shade of sadness and of mirth. He walks straight with energetic step, and greets you with a firm hand and steady gaze from eyes betraying his artist's soul, humbly and enlightened by intimate association with nature. His whole life has been one of research and study. A comparatively young man, with a life expressed in his labor, the love of which is untiring, he opens his studio door with a thrill but leaves it often in discouragement, not having yet arrived at the end of what he can do.

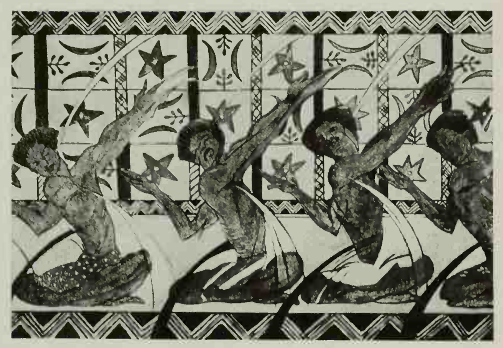
All students of art may take a leaf from his notebook and follow his singleness of purpose, sincerity and fidelity to the great truths of nature, and follow art for art's sake and achieve what they set out to do. Words of praise for an artist's work fade with years—but the works, themselves, live on defying the wear of time, standing as testimony to the artist himself, and to the ideals for which he struggled and gave his best. Lockman's art already bears evidence which will endure.



PORTRAIT OF MME. R.



"SPEARING FISH ON THE REEF."



"ROTARY MOVEMENT, VAKAMOLOLO."

Stephen Haweis
A Painter of the South Seas

BLAKE-MORE GODWIN.

Curator of the Toledo Museum of Art.

THERE is being shown this season for the first time at many of the leading museums of the country, including those at Toledo, Worcester, Toronto, Providence, Detroit, St. Louis, Chicago and Minneapolis, an exhibition of the work of a very remarkable man who, though British by birth and possessing a home in Italy, has become an American by choice. Although, as he has said, "his work is its own and sole justification," a brief explanation and appreciation will help many over the barrier to understanding and will serve as an introduction to others who will delight in his works as in a new emotional experience.

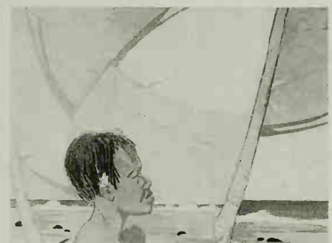
Stephen Haweis was educated at Westminster School, London, and at Peterhouse, Cambridge, after which he went to Paris, studying there under Alphonse Mucha. He did much photographic work for Rodin, by whom he was introduced to Eugene Carrière, whose pupil he became. Through Rodin he also met the great Belgian sculptor and painter, Constantin Meunier. Other artists, Charles Morice, Whistler and Charles Conder among them, influenced his work. He exhibited at the Salon of the Champs de Mars for many years, at the Salon D'Automne from its beginnning and was a member of the Salon des Independants. Tiring of only speaking the language that others had spoken before, he sought a new form of expression and to begin his quest made a trip in 1913 to the South Seas, where experiences would be entirely new to him and subject-matter hardly touched, for only Gauguin at Tahiti and John La Farge in one visit to the Fijis, have ever dipped into the vast store of material and neither of them had the aims of Haweis.

Civilization has persisted for so long and man has always been so busy expressing his thoughts that perhaps there is very little new to say, yet one may at least express old thoughts in a new form. So it was this dissatisfaction in re-telling the old story that induced Haweis to become a wanderer. He chose the South Seas partly because they had attracted him from his earliest youth. With his departure for the South Seas the first phase of his art came to an end.

On arriving in the islands, he retained for a time the dialect of his first artistic language, but soon passed through a brief transition which may be seen in some of his oil paintings.

In the native Fijian dance, the Vakamololo, he found his first new inspiration, and to that may be traced the future developments in his art. In any pictorial presentation of this ceremony, the essentials are the movement and rhythm. Adequately to represent them he first attempted to adapt the Indian custom of multiplying limbs to indicate motion. The multiplication is especially apparent in "Rotary Movement, Vakamololo," where we feel the swing of the arms and the sway of the bodies. In "War Meke" he has been very successful in depicting the measured, heavy tread of the fighting men. The entire Vakamololo series is a group of sketches for friezes. The repetition and rhythm found in them are equally necessary for a proper representation of the subject and for a well composed and balanced frieze.

From the multiplication of limbs he progressed to a system of broken lines, his theory being that by their use together with the arbitrary curves already noticed, a better effect of motion was produced without undue distortion of the figures. His object, "the expression of the inexpressible," as it has been called, or the attempt to show change of position, light and color in one picture, has forced him into the ranks of the modernists, and his works have been classed as cubistic, though in their simplicity and economy they show slight traces of Post-Impressionism and are still allied to the older schools by the desire for pure beauty of color and design. But, above all, they are distinctly individual, and so can hardly be attached to any school.



"A TONGAN BOY."

To this later Fijian period belong the paintings of "A Togan Boy" and "Spearing Fish on the Reef." It is a well known fact that lines, curves and angles suggest motion. The ancient Greek artist did not hesitate to distort the figure of the "Nike of Achermos" to suggest flight through the air, and his success in his justification. Mr. Haweis has gone further and used these arbitrary curves and lines to give the impression that is received by a person in motion viewing figures and objects at rest. He has not hesitated to let us see below the surface of the sea. He says: "If a man spearing fish can see the quarry scudding beneath the water, it is not a great stretch of imagination to tolerate the convention of putting them in view. No primitive or uncivilized man would hesitate for a moment or fail to understand it. It should not therefore present any difficulty to a cultivated mind."

The drawings of the Fijian period, representing heads of natives and native chiefs, are of admirable quality, and give evidence of the sound technical training which he had received, as well as his ability to express racial characteristics with a few simple strokes of his pencil. They give further promise to that furnished by his early paintings of the success which he might achieve along more convenional lines than those which he has chosen to follow.

After a year spent in the South Seas, Haweis arrived at San Francisco and proceeded to New York by way of Panama, where he worked up his sketches into finished paintings. Having been refused for service in the British army in 1914, he went to the Bahamas and there found an even more fertile field from which to reap subjects peculiarly

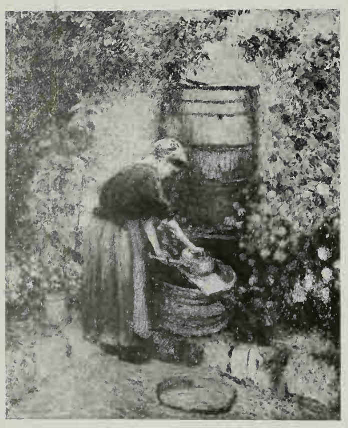
(*Continued on Page 206*).

Art Old and New in the Current Shows

HAMILTON EASTER FIELD.

THIS has been a month with three great losses in the world of art: Henry C. Frick, whose generous gift to the city of New York exceeds in value the Wallace Collection in London; Renoir, the greatest of contemporary artists; and J. Alden Weir, the best beloved of our American painters. It would be difficult to over-estimate the importance of the Frick legacy, the artistic value of the work of Renoir or the absolute sincerity and kindness of Mr. Weri.

The figure of Auguste Renoir is one of the most heroic of modern times. Almost universally accepted as the greatest living painter, his old age has been one which every artist would have envied, had it not been for his intense physical sufferings. Confined to his studio at Cagnes on the Viviera, seated in a wheeled chair, his joints so swollen that he could hardly hold his brushes, he painted on with indomitable courage and unfailing patience. It was the triumph of spirit over body, of soul over matter. His eyes hardly failed him and at the close of his life he was painting the most joyous paintings of our times, canvases which are like the flowers of the fields in their beauty. It was the apotheosis of a wonderful life, so rich, so full, so varied. Titian, alone of the great painters, had so glorious an achievement in his old age.

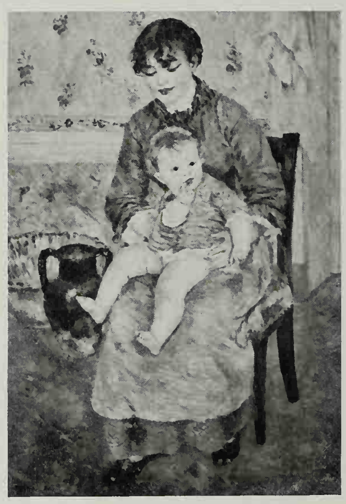


"LAVEUSE"—*Pissarro*
(At the Durand-Ruel Gallery).

What of his work, especially of his more recent work? Flower-studies, landscapes, nudes? They are as wine which has reached its prime, as women who have been through great suffering and have triumphed over all grief and sorrow, as full-blown roses, as fragrant summer nights. They are beautiful in themselves, still more beautiful in their power of suggestion. Words must fail. Silent wonder, worship of the great spirit of beauty which has become incarnate in these works is alone appropriate. While in Northern France beauty has been suffering such martyrdom that we have despaired, Renoir has been showing us that art can not die, that hope and joy are as immortal as beauty itself. We have been passing through the shadow of death and if, even there, we have found joy and loveliness it is largely because of the heroic example of Auguste Renoir.

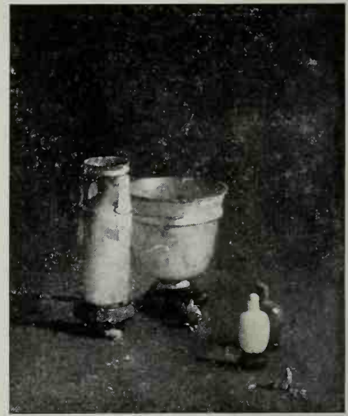
In a sense Renoir was not a pioneer. He was a belated artist of the eighteenth century, adopting the discoveries of our epoch to give a new beauty to the spirit of a past age. His art, the final expression of the spirit of Fragonard, is the beauty of complete fruition. Beyond Renoir no man will ever go. It is even doubtful if Renoir could have brought his art to a greater perfection had he lived. In so far as it is possible with mortal things, the art of Renoir is perfect.

IT is many years since a small exhibition has been more significant than the little show held at the De Zayas Gallery during November. Not only were the paintings of great merit, but the arrangement of the show was an innovation of importance. The De Zayas Gallery has concrete walls which have been left the natural color of the concrete. There are no door-frames and the doors are Persian doors of the thirteenth century set directly into the cement. The paintings were hung on the concrete background without frames, a wooden strip tacked along hiding any irregularities in the edge of the canvas which otherwise would have been disturbing. The paintings were by the great Frenchman of the close of the last century; but they were small paitings not the imposing master-pieces which we think of when the names of the great are mentioned. That, together with the admirable way in which the paintings were shown, gave the exhibition an intimate charm apart from that of any other show. One would have expected a Puvis de Chavannes to look well on the neutral gray of concrete, but it was a complete surprise that the quality of the blacks in the three portraits by Courbet should be enhanced by such a background. The most delicate graduations of tone in these dark paintings were felt more strongly than would have been possible had the pictures been shown in heavy gilded frames. The Manet shown was the "Servante de bocks." The story of how it came to be painted is interesting. Manet had been greatly impressed by the grace with which waitresses in the cafes passed round the glasses of beer, handling several at a time, and placing them on the tables with the manner of those who have been born to serve beer. He asked one of the most expert to pose for him. She explained that it would never do to go to his studio without a chaperon, and brought with her a great hulking fellow in a blue blouse who expected to be paid for his time also. It seemed hardly worth while to pay for two models without using them both and so the chaperon was also immortalized as a customer who is being served. I knew the painting well, yet it was a revelation of its absolute beauty to see it against the gray concrete wall. The best background for paintings would seem to be not the red velvet of twenty years ago nor the damask silk of the homes of the rich of today; it is, rather, a rough gray wall upon which the paintings may be hung without frames. This innovation of De Zayas simplifies conditions both for the artist and for the collector. It should help to bring beauty within the reach of those whose income is small.



"JEVNE MERE"—*Renoir.*
(At Metropolitan Museum).

THE French Republic has sent over an exhibit of modern French art. We have not been informed how the work was chosen but whatever the means used the result is not altogether satisfactory. French art must have undergone far-reaching changes in the last ten years but there are no signs of these changes in the show at the Metropolitan. Here and there we may obtain hints at to what the changes must have been. The painting by Louis Charlot, reactionary but which is probably a very natural reaction against the chaos of the last few years. We have had a surfeit of color, or lifht, or brilliancy. We may tire of the Cadmiums and Madders of Renoir and ma yagain delight in the iron earth pigments used by David and Ingres. The art of Louis Charlot is a return to the earth pigments and the blacks which Renoir discarded. His work is delightful, which does not mean that I waver my allegiance to Renoir.

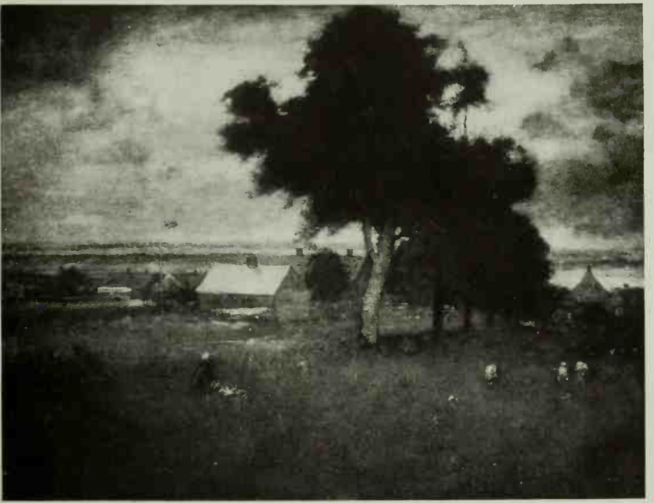


"STILL LIFE"—*Emil Carlsen.*
(At the Macbeth Galleries).

There are two fine Renoirs of the Middle Period at the exhibition. They have been shown before but it is always good to see such paintings again. The Georges d'Espagnat is a lovely bit of color quite in the Renoir tradition but the work is shallow where Renoir is profound. Paul Signac has a painting of a sea-port with shipping. It is a delightful bit of Impressionism. Signac is at heart a realist, a realist who is using every means at his disposal to render the effect of a landscape. There seems to be little choice of subject, little composition, and yet his work delights through its absolute beauty which Signac probably would consider an unimportant by-product of his art.

The Claude Monet which is shown does not illustrate the most modern tendencies in French art for it dates from the early seventies. There is nothing in art which appeals to me much more than an early Monet. His early landscapes and figure-pieces seem to me to be quite perfect in their way.

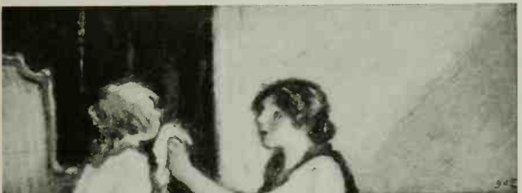
Besnard's portrait of Cardinal Mercier will be one of the centers of interest at the show. Whatever Besnard does will always attract attention. He is not a tall man yet he impresses one with his physical presence. His entrance into a room is dramatic. It is as if the wind blew open the door and the wintry blast came in. His portrait of Cardinal Mercier is melodramatic. There has been a great deal of melodrama in the life of Cardinal Mercier but it came from the outward circumstances of his life, not from the character of the man himself. In the portrait by Besnard the contrast is not felt between the simplicity of the man and the dramatic events of his life. The portrait gives but half the story.



SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK.—*George Inness.*
(At the Ainslee Galleries).

COTTET uses black for its psychological value, in order to render the dramatic intensity of the lives of the fisher folk of Brittanny. Strange to say, in the painting which he exhibits at the Metropolitan he has replaced his black with a deep blue which has not the same dramatic force. Simon still uses black but with him it is purely for its decorative value. It throws into relief his lights and his warm tones. Black, with Simon, never gives a feeling of gloom for it is used to heighten the effect of the more joyous colors of his pallet.

There are two old sayings which apply to this exhibition: the first is that you should not look a gift-horse in the mouth and the other is that half a loaf is better than no bread. The French Republic has sent to us an exhibit of modern art which is one of the best shows New York has seen for several years. It would be unfair to the great men who are not represented if it were not explained that the exhibition is but half a loaf.



YOUNG MOTHER AND DAUGHTER—*Georges d'Espagnat.*
(At the Metropolitan Museum).

THE exhibition of the Academy of Design is not even half a loaf. As if to emphasize that the show is very barren in masterpieces, they awarded the Altman gold medal to a painting which with variations has been floating around town for several years. The title varied far more than did the picture. The variation at the Academy is called: "The Top of the World." The jury tried to atone for this gross miscarriage of justice by awarding the second Altman prize to Gifford Beal for his painting: "Palmy Days." It is a picture of the pier at one of the little Hudson River towns with one of the "Greyhounds of the Hudson" tied to the dock. The West Shore Railroad takes most of the traffic today but in the "Palmy Days" all the youth of the town were at the wharf when the steamboat came in and the youth wore the picturesque costumes which play so important a rôle in Gifford Beal's painting. It was the vision of beauty which Gifford Beal suggests. Why the romance of it all is gone is a mystery but gone it most certainly is. The other two prizes went to Walter McEwen for the well-painted portrait of himself and to Emil Carlsen for the decorative marine, "Surf at Shagon."

Among so many paintings it is difficult to pick out two or three which deserve especial mention. If there were an absolute masterpiece in the exhibition it would be relatively simple but there is none. "The North Shore," by Howard Giles, can be taken as a type of the best paintings in the show. It is perhaps the most vigorous landscape, yet it loses greatly when seen from the further side of the gallery. The painting seems bold, the colors, strong and full of life. Yet there is need of more boldness and more vigorous color if it is to hold its own when seen from a distance. It is invariably a sign of weakness if a painting does not hold up when seen from fifty or sixty feet away. Some of the Holbein portraits so finished that with a magnifying glass you can see the pores of the skin, each painted with its light and shade, lose nothing when seen from a distance of half a city block.

AT the Ainslee Gallery there is an exhibition of thirty paintings by George Inness, which cannot fail, I feel, to increase his reputation. There is an attraction to this gallery which in form is merely a home. At such galleries the paintings make the appeal which they will in the average dwelling-house or apartment and there is not the danger that the picture will lose its charm when it is brought home. This exhibition of landscapes by George Inness, which includes his early work, will last into the spring.

ANOTHER gallery which has all the charm of a home is that of the Whitney Studio Club. During December there was held at the gallery an exhibition of flower studies by Nan Watson, drawings and etchings by Mahonri Young and water colors and wood-carvings by Herm Linding. The paintings of flowers by Mrs. Watson have charm of arrangement and beauty of color. Mahonri Young is at his best, and his best is very good. in his interpretations of the Indian life of our Southwestern States. Herm Linding has talent but his work has less to hold the attention than that of the other two artists.

There have been several interesting shows at Knoedler's during the past month. Under the direction of Mrs. Sterner there was held an exhibition of water-colors by modern painters. Childe Hassam and "Pop" Hart; Harold Sterner, son, and Albert Sterner, father; Renoir and Pissaro; these and two early Winslow Homer water-colors were the backbone of a fine show. Then there was an exhibition of Mexican paintings in tempera by Adolfo Best, who paints as a lover of line and color, not in the least as a moralist. Muirhead Bone is one of the world's greatest etchers and the Knoedlers have had an exhibition of his work more complete than any I have ever seen. Frequently an artist loses when a large collection of his works is shown. Muirhead Bone will surely gain in reputation through this show of his work. He does not repeat himself, but has in his art the diversity of nature.

(*Continued on page* 215)

T. COLEMAN DU PONT.

Beside his large gifts to Boston "Tech," and of the State-long highway to Delaware, through his creation of the beautiful Equitable Building, Mr. DuPont has again shown what a practical patronage of the arts can mean.

JOHN NORTH WILLYS.

Already known in European art circles as one of the wisest of judges of art, Mr. Willys has quietly assembled a collection of old paintings that make him notable as an art lover rather than as a manufacturer.

GEORGE DU PONT PRATT.

Trustee of Pratt Institute of Brooklyn, deeply interested in the Boy Scouts of America and all other great uplift movements, Mr. Pratt is an art lover and collector of keen perception, a photograhper of first rank.

Patriots in the Arts

Men and Women who are notable Patrons of the Arts in America

MRS. ALBERT STERNER.

Discoverer and sponsor of new talents in art, Mrs. Sterner not only is an interpreter of new artists, but is cicerone for beginners in art patronage and wife of the well-known painter.

WILLIAM EMERSON.

Collector of art, expert on housing, Mr. Emerson is the new head of the department of architecture of Boston "Tech" and director of Construction for the American Red Cross.

Photo. Aimé Dupont.

BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF.

Poetess, essayist and editor, known to society as Mrs. Alfred Wagstaff, this busy woman is a classical scholar of note, a patron of all the arts and a wise collector in every field.

W. FRANK PURDY.

President of the Art Alliance of America, a member of the American Federation of Arts, and manager of the Gorham Galleries, Mr. Purdy is a dynamic force in American art.

DAVID SCULL BISPHAM.

Baritone, foremost of our lyric artists, Mr. Bispham is the sponsor of the Society of American Singers and champion of American music and American vocalists.

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH.

Master of our newest art, the "Movies," creator of "screen" symphonies in beauty, Mr. Griffith has become a patron of all the arts through his close study of filming.

The Blake Exhibition at the Grolier Club

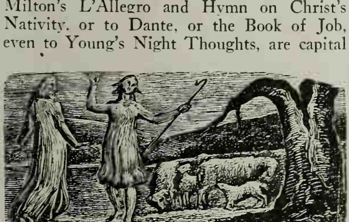
WILLIAM M. IVINS, JR.
Curator of Prints, Metropolitan Museum of Art.

THE exhibition of work by William Blake, open to the public at the Grolier Club, 47 East 60th Street, from December 5th to January 10th, affords such an opportunity as has never before been given to study the books, prints, drawings and watercolors of this great English artist. Not even in England has there ever been such an assemblage of his work within the walls of one gallery, and unless one sees and studies it one can have no idea either of the richness or the extent of his performance.

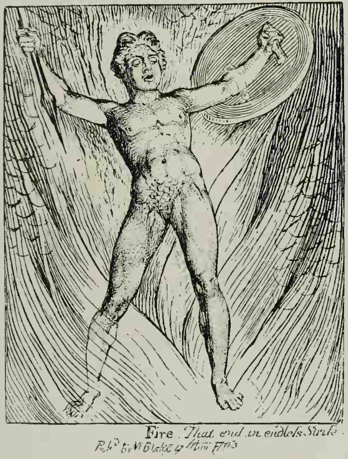
English art has run predominantly in three grooves: portraiture, topography and genre, in each of which it has produced much charming and, on occasion, admirable work. Really, each of these three is but an aspect of the British Portrait—the Lord and his Lady, their dwellings, farms and fields, and the manner and costumes of those who live and work in them—the art of a comfortably situated, rather self-satisfied, not too mentally busy people that has taken proper pride in its wives and daughters, its crops, and its workmen, and has lived to see their memory perpetuated. Somehow it all bears a very strong likeness to the contents of the old family album—Aunt Jane, Uncle Thomas and Cousin Sue in their Sunday best. The occasional efforts to get away from the "family," however startling they may have appeared to their contemporaries, however weird and queer, have only resulted in adding a few more most typical portraits to the album—the differences at most but those of attire, the idiosyncracies mainly sartorial.

Blake did get away from the album—the only English artist to do so—and just because of this his life was spent in poverty and distress, and his reputation, though he is now more than ninety years dead, has but recently, and only through the slow growth of public opinion, become that of the greatest and most imaginative of all English painters and draughtsmen.

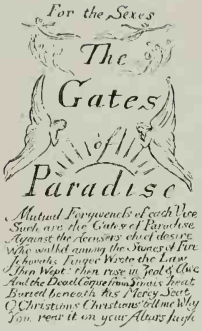
Michael Angelo wrote some great sonnets, and Blake some great lyrics—but aside from these two, no considerable artists have been imaginative and great writers. Blake's mind was equally at home with words and with pigments, and it is permissible to doubt whether he was very strictly differentiated between the two; either was a vehicle for the transmission of ideas, and in each he used the same symbolism. To this doubtless is due more than anything else his long route to celebrity; he put into his pictures, not a balance sheet of prosperity, acreage, good-living and well-being, but exactly the things to which Englishmen had long been accustomed in verbal imagery, and the world found the pictures incomprehensible although it had long since accepted the words. The watercolor illustrations to Milton's L'Allegro and Hymn on Christ's Nativity, or to Dante, or the Book of Job, even to Young's Night Thoughts, are capital instances of this. Nothing quite so literal in the way of illustration had been done since Dürer in the Apocalypse has made St. John eat the little book. There was too much thought and too little bourgeois bank book in his work, and of course that has made it difficult to understand. Except to the simple and direct-minded who knew what they liked and had the courage to stand up for it. And as usual in the long run they win out.



Almost without exception the English artist has been an artificer working either on command or with a keen eye to his audience, their habits of mind and of body, and he has been careful neither to say nor to do anything which should in any way give rise to questioning or introspection. He has made wares to sell, and the market must not be interfered with. "Give 'em what they like" his motto, his every effort has been one of flattery. But Blake would have none of this; in the expressive slang phrase, he gave them a piece of his mind, and in so doing he not only told them something but made a record of a mind such as no other English artist, and few enough of other breeds, have ever left behind them. And the ultimate value of drawings, prints and paintings, aside from their merely quaint and decorative use about the house, is pretty nearly commensurate with the amount of a man's mind that has been put into them.


Fire. That end in endless Strife.
Pubd by W Blake 17 May 1793

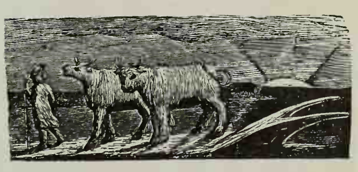
Born in London in 1757, the son of a hosier in moderate circumstances, William Blake was remarkably precocious, drawing well and writing not uninteresting verse at a very early age. When ten years old he attended a drawing school kept by a Mr. Pars in the Strand, the Royal Academy having yet to be founded. When he was fourteen he was apprenticed to James Basire, the official engraver to the Royal Society and the Society of Antiques, from whom he acquired not only technique but views about engraving which were to stay by him throughout his life. For Basire he spent much time drawing and engraving Gothic monuments in the older London churches. In 1778 he was enrolled a pupil in the schools of the Royal Academy.

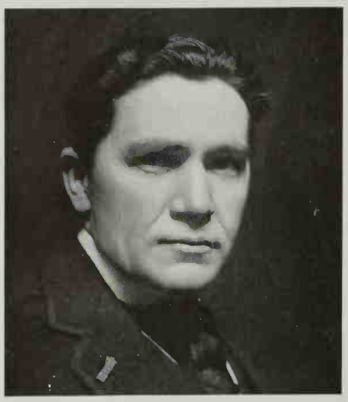

For the Sexes
The Gates of Paradise
Mutual Forgiveness of each Vice
Such are the Gates of Paradise
Against the Accusers chief desire
Who walked among the Stones of Fire
Jehovahs Finger Wrote the Law
Then Wept! then rose in Zeal & Awe
And the Dead Corpse from Sinais heat
Buried beneath his Mercy Seat
O Christians Christians! tell me Why
You rear it on your Altars high

Four years later he married Catherine Boucher, who, it is said, could neither read nor write at the time of the marriage. In 1784 he set up as printseller and engraver in partnership with James Parker, with whom he stayed about three years. In 1787 his brother Robert, to whom he was singularly devoted, died, and to the shock of his bereavement and the serious meditation by which it was followed, may perhaps be traced much of what later were to become Blake's most marked characteristics. From this time on his life was a long desperate struggle against poverty and lack of appreciation, which, notwithstanding the forbearance and ever ready kindness of a number of very true friends, was to continue until his death in 1827.

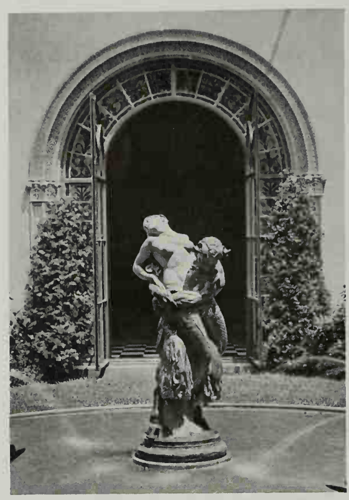
His first great work appeared in 1787, in which year he produced the celebrated "Songs of Innocence," in 1794 to be followed by the "Songs of Experience" two works which he then consolidated into one. It is doubtful whether there ever were more remarkable first editions of a great book of poetry than these, for while in the case of almost every other volume of verse ever published the reader and student normally desires the last and best printed editions he can procure, here the true import and beauty of the lines are only truly appreciable in the copies which Blake himself issued, because they are as much pictures as verse, the two being inextricably combined on the wonderful pages he wrote, engraved and colored. Too poor to have his lines set up in the normal way he engraved them on little copper plates which Mrs. Blake bought with more than half of the "two-and-six" which was all the money they had in the world. It is doubtful whether until the end of his life he printed or sold more than forty or fifty copies of the book (after assiduous work, Mr. John Sampson was able to get trace of but twenty odd). He made them only on order, and so he colored each according to the price paid by the purchaser, they vary from plain impressions in sanguine to the most highly elaborate and beautifully finished

(*Continued on page 218*)

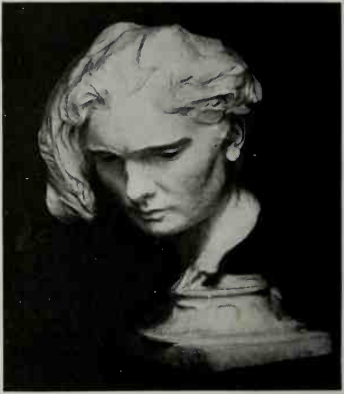




ROBERT I. AITKEN, N. A.



FOUNTAIN IN THE COURT OF RESIDENCE OF ISAAC GUGGENHEIM, ESQ.



"MEDITATION."

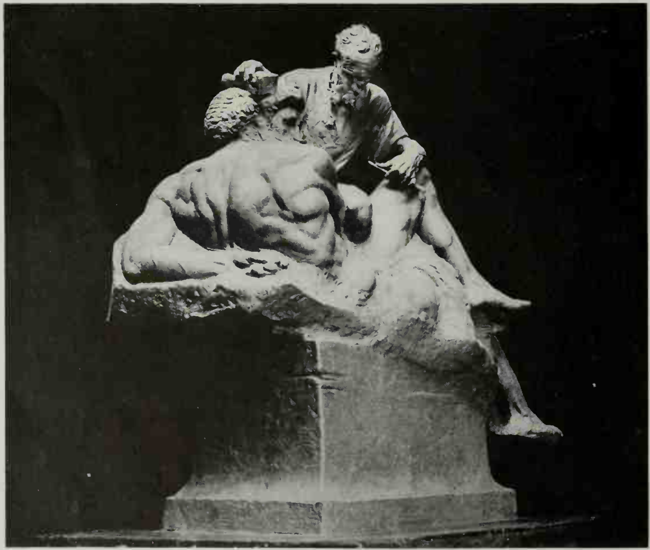
Robert Ingersoll Aitken

The work of Robert Ingersoll Aitken has by gradual recognition taken its place among the foremost sculpture of the world, and placed its creator in the rank of a master.

IN a modest studio, on the west side of Manhattan, void of luxury, but flooded with light, there works, surrounded by his studies, a sculptor, who though young in years is old in experience and well known both in this country and abroad.

Robert Ingersoll Aitken was born in San Francisco, May 8, 1878. He was educated in this country, but studied art in America and France. Of sturdy aspect, physically broad and strong, capable of tender and sudden emotions, he is a coolly correct gentleman of rare distinction, possessing lofty qualities of mind.

Wisely he has arranged his life in his own fashion, and in such sort that nothing disturbs him from his art. He modestly refrains from notoriety. His work takes its place independently of the artist's reticence, and its recognition is an acknowledgment of his ever prominence.



"MICHAEL ANGELO AT WORK UPON HIS STATUE OF GIULIANO DE MEDICI."

Aitken believes that the essence of sculpture is correctness, accomplished with a direct tool, which creates a feeling of spontaneous decision, and sets forth a dramatic quality of unusual excellence. This is a distinctive feature of his art. He approaches his subject with arduous study and honesty, and with a passion which carries it to a great height. They are always forceful human works of a forceful genius. He is an American, with America's art and interests at heart, keenly alive to every important feature reflecting upon the history of his land.

In his works he depicts the vital characteristics of America's powerful manhood, and pictures for us new visions of its history and industry.

His subjects are men of vigorous strength, full of action, and handled with such broad treatment that they convey the spirit of magnitude.

Among his more important accomplishments are the McKinley Monument, in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, and busts of many prominent men; "The Fountain of the Earth" and "The Fair Elements" at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

It is impossible to estimate an artist at his proper value without knowing the length and breadth of his work. Aitken has gradually evolved proofs of his perpetual effort. In them is read the sincerity and wonderful determination of a man who leaves nothing to chance, who never loses sight of nature, and who takes no account of time when he once starts to carry a work to the pitch of perfection he desires.

Different in every way the three works here illustrated are filled with dynamic strength. There is sensed in all that curious, uncanny feeling that they are not only alive but about to move. And, besides, each portrayed study seems to be thinking. Indeed in "Meditation" there is intense brooding thought, while in the "Michael Angelo" not only thought is sensed, but that physical fury which is said to have always possessed that great master while he labored.

This is art, but it is art that carries in it the splendid evidence of a mind excellently trained and of a sensitiveness highly developed through years of preparation which every sincere artist must give. Such sincerity coupled with imagination, deep feeling and an exquisite taste, is responsible for these superb works, of which American art lovers may well be proud.

CRICHTON BROS.

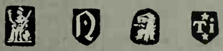
of London

GOLDSMITHS and SILVERSMITHS

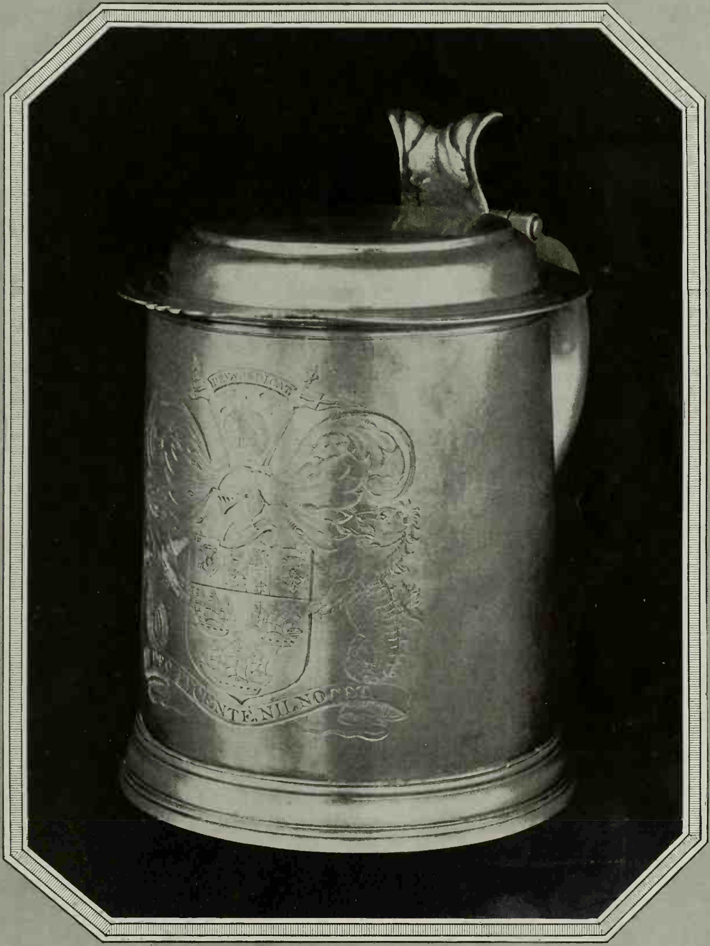
BY APPOINTMENT
TO THEIR MAJESTIES
THE KING AND QUEEN

In New York: 636, Fifth Avenue
In Chicago: 622, S. Michigan Avenue
In London: 22, Old Bond Street

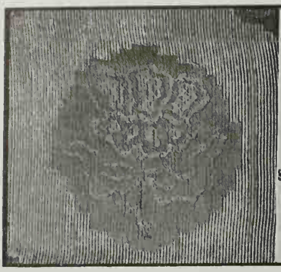
A VERY FINE QUEEN ANNE SILVER TANKARD ENGRAVED WITH THE FULL ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE OLD EAST INDIA COMPANY. THIS IS ONE OF THE FINEST TANKARDS OF THIS PERIOD SEEN FOR YEARS AND WAS MADE IN LONDON IN 1708 BY ROBERT TIMBRELL



THE ABOVE HALL MARKS APPEAR ON THE TANKARD



RARE and EXQUISITE PIECES OF OLD ENGLISH SILVER made by the famous silversmiths of the Queen Anne and Georgian periods are on exhibition in our Galleries.

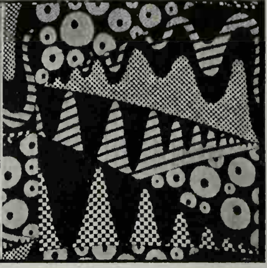


"Jacquard San-Ta-Si."

"Paulette Chiffon."

"Chippendale Print."

"Brocaded Cinderella."



"Syn-Sa-Ni Jacquard."

The Artistic Triumph of American Silks

SILK weaving, that ancient of the arts, has reached within the confines of our own American shores a greater degree of all-around perfection than ever before has been achieved. Our artists have faced their problem on a huge scale, they have designed and built their structure to withstand the ravages of criticism and of all general wear and tear, to the end that the result of their untiring efforts stands before us today—one to be wondered at as it is to be admired.

If one stops to realize that, when the war started, America had no stand at all as a silk manufacturing nation, one begins to perceive the rapid strides that have been made and the magnitude of the thing that has been accomplished. When importation suddenly ceased and women were forced, over night as it were, to buy only American silks, there was great consternation in fashionable circles. The home-woven product was not at all popular from any standpoint and what were we to do without all the lovely foreign stuffs that had, by long usage and satisfaction, become the rightful possessions of women wearers? The situation seemed hopeless.

Now, after but five short years have passed, America is not only producing her own irreproachable silken fabrics, but so completely have the tables turned that she is actually sending them abroad so that the Parisian designers may use them in fashioning their far-famed creations. A strip of modest, American silk takes a trip across the water, sojourns for a brief time in gay Paris and returns transformed into a gown wonderful to behold—a balanced composition of American and French art. This is, indeed, a novel state of affairs and one of which we can, in all humility, be justly proud.

In order to accomplish this feat of manufacturing art it has been necessary for those engaged in the making of silk in this country to assemble large staffs of trained artists and artisans. Not only have they had to gather these groups together but they also have had to train them in the matter of efficient production commensurate with unsettled and sometimes tragic labor conditions.

IT used to be said about America and any artistic production of this character that we could not do thus and so on account of high labor costs, inartistic backgrounds of education, etc. But quantity production in this as in many other branches of manufacture, has been refined and perfected until today we are in the strategic position of giving demonstrations of how it can be done. In other words, we are leading the world, and each day we are developing greater perfection in the matter of silk weaving, keeping visions ever more glorious before our excited eyes.

So great is the radical change that has come over this American silk situation, that women today are proud to wear the materials that are characteristic of their own country. It took no propaganda for citizenship to achieve this marvel. It was the worth of the material itself that did the deed. And those among our women who do not know that the handsome brocades, the delicate chiffons, and the heavy drapery silks they wear are American to their souls, may be astonished to learn that these, more beautiful than foreign fabrics, grew from the conceptions of their own artist citizens and were woven in mills right around the corner.

WHEN America in her silk weaving childhood looked into the problem of collecting designs for the silks that she contemplated printing she know not where to turn her gaze. Any number of designers were loose about the country but their innate abilities were suffering keenly from a total lack of knowledge about the processes of printing, die making, stamping, etc. First of all these aspiring artists and designers had to be hunted out and educated and it was right here that the Art Alliance of America stepped in to do an invaluable service in helping to disseminate the necessary information. It was not long before designers were bringing forward patterns strong in originality and in American feeling. To be sure they went to the museums and to their antique fabrics for their inspiration but, fortunately, in this connection they had at their disposal treasures hard to equal.

After the designs have been assembled in each season, then the Art Alliance invites all American silk weavers and manufacturers to an exhibition where they may see displayed the results of the work of the American designers. There they are privileged to buy the patterns, or to criticise them or to offer suggestions for greater perfection in days to come.

Many of these American patterns on printed silks and chiffons have met with astonishing success. As fast as they can be produced and put upon the market they are gobbled up by those women who are hungry to appear in anything so artistically satisfying. The soft tones of the printed chiffons are particularly desirable and as for the intricately woven metal brocades and brocaded chiffons, nothing of the kind more marvelous has been achieved in any country at any time. We are living through an era of notable silk design, some of the specimens of which will be sure to live on for years to come.

ONCE, some years ago, an importation of Martin silks, designed by Poiret, created such a stir among appreciators of this sort of thing that they were the talk of the town. Pilgrimages were made to the counters where they were on sale and those fortunate enough and wealthy enough to be able to purchase a yard or two were envied by hosts of their longing neighbors. Now, with wonder, those same admirers may behold silks printed in America, many of which compare most favorably with those of a former day—and they can more readily achieve the ownership of these new silks which are lower in price than the imported ones—even though we still hear surreptitious groans at present prices. Really, however, they are surprisingly low in price considering the art and the craftsmanship shown in their manufacture.

After all, it is the weaving of silk which has been so admirably perfected in this country. Where once the manufacturer confined his efforts to the simplest of silks and satins, now he indulges his art in all sorts of intricate weaves. There is one sort of silk that has the same threads of the same color woven most interestingly into blocks, one of which shimmers in one way and the other in quite the opposite way. Then there is another variety of weave which shows little Turkish towel humps of silk on one side—these in a light shade of some color—and on the opposite side there appears a plain, satiny surface of the same color in a darker shade. It is ever a question in the mind of the costume designer which side shall be used for the right side, for each is as beautiful as the other and the result of the mental controversy is often a subtle combination of back and front, as it were.

SOME of these new weaves are known as "Jaquards." In them the two tones of one color have been so elaborately combined that we see motifs repeated over the surface of the silk and all worked out as a matter of clever weaving. Others of the new silks are woven with a quite open mesh, some of the threads being knotted and some plain so that the effect of the material is of something soft and pliable, not to be rivalled in the matter of beautiful draping on gowns.

Then there are the chiffons and Georgettes andi ndestrucible voiles printed in the loveliest of hues and tones. One technically uneducated is quite bewildered when asked to contemplate the vast number of colors that have been used and the involved manner in which the printing is done. The bare truth remains, in spite of surrounding details, that never before have we been confronted with such perfection in the matter of soft and silky fabrics and that we, having been given this new standard of art in dress, cannot help but allow our imaginations to wander on indefinitely into ways that will make of us American women beauties in spite of ourselves.

Dyes that were once so unspeakable when the word American was tacked to them—they, too, have been piling up some of this new standard of perfection until they leave nothing to be desired. In the way of sparkling color they hold their own, and we are told that they have developed, along with this

(*Continued on page* 220)

"The Blue Bird" in Music and Picture

The World-Premiere of a New Maeterlinck Opera Evokes Varied Critical Comment

ONE might write a little essay on a certain condescension toward Maurice Maeterlinck. Despite the réclame which greeted the world-premiere at the Metropolitan last month of "The Blue Bird" as an opera, our critics could not, seemingly resurrect their earlier enthusiasm for the Belgain mystic. Nevertheless, our critics forget the tremendous power of suggestion that Maurice Maeterlinck possesses, the power, one might venture, to visualize a philosophy that is as tenuous and esoteric, in this materialistic, realistic, pragmatic Occident of ours, as that of Plotinus and the neo-Platonists. His is a philosophy that appeals to the eye, if not the intellect. "Pelléas et Mélisande" is a series of suggestive pictures. It is just this visual quality that Debussy so poetically translated into music. It is this quality that has stimulated other composers to create operas out of the Maeterlinck plays. It was this quality that the great Octave Mirbeau discovered in the early work of Maeterlinck, when he introduced him in somewhat grandiloquent fashion Maeterlinck was not, as Mirbeau shrewdly as "the Belgian Shakespeare," which, of course, knew. But it meant the launching of Maeterlinck upon a world-career.

In creating an opera out of "The Blue Bird," Albert Wolff has not proved to be a second Debussy. Debussy really outshone Materlinck. But Mr. Wolff is not an "original." He has avoided, to follow the opinion of the veteran James Huneker, the merely big in the grotesque, the melodramatic. He has sought for simplicity but only to be at times merely frivolous. His phrases are choppy, they have no distinction. A skilled music-taker, he scores with taste and he writes better for massed voices than solo. He has not abused the leading motive—that obsession of young composers—and only once does he show his scholastic learning in a short breathed fugato. He quotes from masterpieces with admirable uconsciousness. That Gluck air, "J'ai perdu mon Eurydice" at an end is effective. Doubtless it was a trick of the subconscious. So decrees Mr. Huneker.

Furthermore: "Mr. Wolff is not precisely an eclectic composer, as is, for example, Saint-Saëns. Eclecticism is a euphemism for lack of originality. The Wolff music is cast in such a limited, commonplace mould that therefore it would be complimenting the composer to describe him as an eclectic. He leans on Massenet, and echoes of Wagner are occasionally overheard." But the absence of melody is the chiefest defect of the opera. Tyltyl asserts that there is no death. He ought to have said that where there is no melody there is death, in the musical sense. The solitary song allotted to Tyltyl is hardly inspiring, the violin solo, a Reverie, will never challenge the meditation in "Thais." Throughout the composer employs a system of free tonal speech, but it proves monotonous in color and figuration. We had expected more rhythmic variety. There are no harmonic surprises, nor are there any freakish efforts. All is colorless; all is as mild as mother's milk.

ALBERT WOLFF.

AS an opera "The Blue Bird" makes its strongest appeal to the eye. It was one of those operas that should be seen rather than heard. In this respect it is of the contemporary school—for the eye rather than the ear. It was artist rather than composer who was the star of the evening. Boris Anisfeld is the alchemist in color who provided these magnificent settings. There were a trifle too Russian to suit the taste of Mr. Huneker. But the discriminating Pitts Sanborn became art critic for the nonce and wrote in the *Globe* a splendid tribute to Mr. Anisfeld imaginative visualization of the Maeterlinck masterpiece: "Boris Anisfeld is not a world première, but any production for which he provides scenery commands respectful attention for that, if for no other, reason. Three of the scenes in the Metropolitan's admirable Boris Godounoff production are from the brush of Mr. Anisfeld. The scenery for that production was bought outright from the Paris Opéra some nine years ago. Last winter Mr. Anisfeld provided all the scenery for the Metropolitan's "La Reine Fiammette." Marvelously beautiful scenery it is. I wonder if it will ever be on view again! La Reine Fiammette is not included in the Metropolitan repertory for this season."

BORIS ANISFELD

The seven sets are all imaginative, decorative, unmistakably the work of a master. The Palace of Night, with its inky columns and mounting doors of luminous green, is perhaps the most beautiful, the most Maeterlinckian. But the Garden of Happiness is as delightful in its way. A child might lie down in a jungle of fern and so look up into the wonders of the forest. Only there might have been a little less of visceral suggestion in the vegetable convolutions.

However, that the production at the Metropolitan falls short of doing complete justice to the Anisfeld scenic designs and the Anisfeld scenic designs and the Anisfeld costumes (which, alas! are followed only in part) the curious can see for themselves by studying what Mr. Anisfeld intended in the designs on exhibition later at the Kingore Galleries. The shortcomings at the Metropolitan are due in part to the inevitable difficulty of realizing fully an artist's intentions through the necessarily restricted medium of stage settings, and in part to the defects in the lighting. One need not be a technical expert to see that both in the light scenes and in the dark scenes, as represented at the Metropolitan, the lighting on the stage is not sufficiently concentrated.

Concerning the activities of Boris Anisfeld as a scenic decorator but little is known in America. In 1908, with the collaboration of Golovin, he designed the scenery for Boris Godounof. In 1909, in conjunction with Golovin and Rerikh, he designed the setting of Ivan the Terrible for a Paris theatre. Later in 1911 he created Sadko at the Chatelet in Paris which was repeated afterwards at the Imperial Maryinsky Theatre, Petrograd, for which production he also designed the costumes. Then followed Islamey, the Seven Daughters of the Ghost King, the Preludes, Egyptian Nights, Les Sylphides and other similar productions.

MR. HUNEKER thinks there is a certain monotony in Anisfeld's great pictures for the new opera. He thinks there is too much sameness in his pictures of "The Blue Bird." In the Palace of Night Anisfeld grazes the haunting mystery of the scene, but as a whole he violently exaggerates his forms and colors. There are tropical exteriors that evoke horrid anatomical plates, sanguinary, bulbous, pathogenic. His vegetation is colossal, monstrous, as well it might be in childish dreams, but it has the effect of dwarfing both music and characters. Cactus plants with tufted tree

(*Continued on page* 200)

MAETERLINCK TODAY.

Making American Music Accessible

"*Boosting*" *the American Composer*

DANIEL GREGORY MASON.

"IF I knew that a man was coming to my house," says Thoreau in *Walden*, "with the conscious design of doing me good, I should run for my life." That is the way the American composer is inclined to feel nowadays. There is something terrifying about being made the object of a movement, or, as it is now called, a "drive"; and one blinks at being suddenly dragged into glaring daylight after a long period of complete and, in some ways, wholesome obscurity. One may remember Emerson's word, truer now even than when he wrote it: "Forewarned that the vice of the times and the country is an excessive pretension, let us seek the shade, and find wisdom in neglect"; and this friendly shade, this independence-giving neglect may seem to one the kind of blessings that brighten as they take their flight. The absurdity, too, of subjecting art, the value of which resides entirely in its quality, to quantitative influences such as "propaganda," votes, prizes, may amuse for a while, but disgusts when it begins to blur distinctions, compound standards better to be ignored than to be boomed! "Bach did not happen," points out Mr. Arthur Whiting, in his pitiless way, "because the Ladies' Monday Musical of Eisenach joined with the Chromatic Club of Weimar and the G Clefs of Cöthen in passing resolutions, first, that, compositions of native composers should be heard with more interest; and, second, that these societies hereby pledge themselves to prefer the domestic output to the imported Italian product; and, third, that they hereby censure that snobbishness which believes in the superiority of foreign music." We have, perhaps, had too much "intervention" and too little "watchful waiting."

ENRICHING THE SOIL.

We may well be on our guard then against all schemes to secure audiences for the American composer by legislative enactment, or to make listening to American composition a sort of tax on the privilege of being an American. This side of the matter can hardly be too often or too strongly stated, in view of the harm likely to be done by well meant but inept attempts to "railroad through" American music. Yet there is another side that also deserves consideration. While a composer, if he be wise, will leave his obscurity, not without regret, he will never, if he be in earnest, hesitate to leave it; for art is communication and his art will always be incomplete until it has been received and understood, not by his friends and relatives but by an impersonal public. And as for the public, it too will desire such a relation; for while chauvinism is folly, and interest in our native art just because it is ours is natural and entirely legitimate, and worth cultivating even at the expense of considerable boredom at times. In short, that a considerable volume of American made music should be produced and heard. Most of it will be ephemeral; some of it may survive; but unless it is written, played and listened to there will be little chance for something better gradually to emerge. An American travelling in Europe is likely to be especially struck with the amount of this free experimentation that goes on there. In Paris, for instance, you can go all winter to the concerts of the Société Nationale and the Société Musicale Indépendante, and hear new works of French and other composers being tried out. Most of them, of course, are indescribably dull; it gives one a new admiration for French intellectual curiocity and *esprit de corps* that it can survive such ordeals; but once in a long time there emerges a masterpiece.

Courtesy Musical Courier.

JOHN ALDEN CARPENTER.

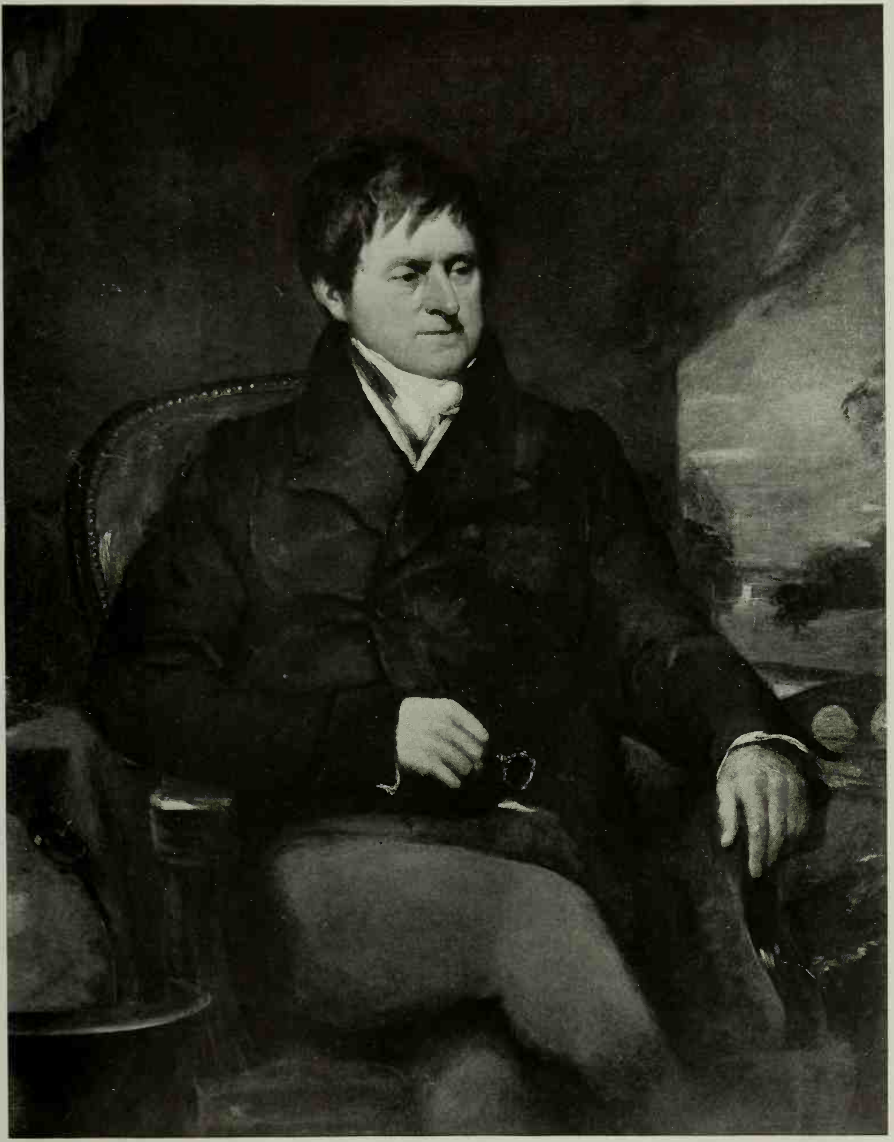
ARTISTIC CURIOSITY.

Here at home we have little of this insatiable Gallic curiosity. More passionate likes and dislikes about so impersonal a thing as art that drive a Frenchman to violent gesticulation, shouting, hissing, profanity, and sometimes duels, inspire in the average Anglo-Saxon a sense of superiority that is, perhaps oftener than he suspects, an unconscious effort to compensate himself for losing so much fun. We incline rather to the "safe and sane." Let a symphony, symphonic poem, or string quartet be only imported through the usual channels, endorsed as correct by the European public, and we will listen to it patiently and with a sense of done duty and freedom from sin, but hardly presuming to ask ourselves whether we like it or not, still less why. But expect us to listen to the lucubrations of Tom, Dick and Harry, our own brothers and cousins, and we feel our dignity as concert-goers is impugned. Would you have us behave as if a concert were a baseball game? One is sometimes tempted to retort that if audiences only would behave a little more that way our native music might begin to show something of the vitality of the national game.

A FIRST STEP.

Perhaps one reason why they do not is that the music of our composers, at least in the serious forms, has hitherto been with difficulty accessible. Piano music and songs are almost too easily published, but he is a brave publisher who can look a string-quartet in the eye. Yet good string quartets have been written by Americans and circulated in manuscript until the paper or the composer's patience wore out. We may hail, therefore, as a step towards a better status for our chamber music, the recent foundation of a society for the publication of American music, which states in its prospectus that it is its object, not "to coddle the American composer nor to make access to the public easy for music that is technically crude, barren of inspiration, or forgetful of artistic ideals," but "to widen and deepen interest in the layer forms of good concert music by American composers." That this aim will really be maintained we are encouraged to hope by the high standing of the members of the jury who will decide what shall be published: Georges Barrére, Harold Bauer, Adolfo Betti, George W. Chadwick, Rubin Goldmark, Hugo Kortschak, Frederick A. Stock and Deems Taylor. Mr. John Alden Carpenter is president of the society, and subscriptions, five dollars a year, entitling the subscriber to receive a copy of each publication, may be sent to the secretary, Mr. William B. Tuthill, 185 Madison Avenue, New York. It may be added that while com-

(*Continued on page* 222)



Portrait of John Penn
by
JOHN HOPPNER, R. A.

on view at

M. Knoedler & Co.

556 Fifth Avenue
Near 46th Street
New York

NOTE: John Penn was the eldest son of Thomas and Lady Juliana Penn, and grandson of William Penn; born Feb. 22, 1760; died, unmarried, June 21, 1834.

The Harp

ARTHUR T. BROOKS.

ALL the world read of the visit of the Prince of Wales to the Metropolitan Opera, during his whirlwind five days' stay in New York. Very few knew, however, of a little side trip taken by the musical members of his party to a harp shrine in the heart of the bustling city. Here a morning of musical delight was spent away from the ceaseless whirl of sightseeing, toastings and pleasures in what one of the party characterized "the finest harp room in the world."

After inspecting many of the old harps, Lord and Lady Brittain, both members of the Prince's party and patrons of the harp, tested the modern instruments. These ranged from the small Irish harp, so excellent an aid to the parlor vocalist and as an instrument for children, to most approved double-action concert type with its 47 strings and superb resonance that almost equals that of the piano. But the instrument that won all hearts, as Lady Brittain swept its strings, was the famous $10,000 Louis XV. harp, so chaste in workmanship and so remarkable in tone as to be called the finest harp in the world.

It is a far cry from this beautiful Louis XV. model to the great Egyptian harp of the 12th and 13th centuries B. C., ornamented with jewels and inlaid with pearl and costly woods. Although it stood seven feet in height the instrument of thirty centuries ago possessed but eighteen bass and tenor strings, and lacked the front pillar, which in the modern harp allows of a far greater tension, and a consequently broader and stronger tone. The old instrument of the Pharoahs, giving forth its music in low, sweet tones, was a diatonic instrument suitable, indeed, to the music of that day, but never to the almost infinite variety of music of which any of the more modern harps are capable.

Miss Mildred Dilling, one of the younger American harpists, is a mistress of this wonderful instrument.

It must not be thought that all the Egyptian and Babylonian harps were as large or as finely decorated as the great harp just mentioned. The instrument most widely used was a small hand harp with but few strings, easily carried and used in ensemble in religious and patriotic ritual, and as an accompaniment to the voice in the chants and melodies of that ancient day.

Mme. Yvonne de Treville, the American coloratura soprano accompanies herself on the harp in her recitals of period songs.

It is of interest to know that in some recent excavations Egyptian harps have been discovered with some of the strings still intact; these giving forth distinct musical sounds, when lightly touched, after a silence of over three thousand years.

People have been stirred by harp music from the dawn of history. Not alone the Egyptian and Babylonian but the entire history of the ancient Hebrews is interwoven with melodies of the harp. What a stirring chapter in harp music is the Bible. And what history it has made in Ireland—that land whose people so love its music as to use the harp as the emblem of their country. What stirring days in old Tara's halls it helped to make and what battles it helped to win when swept by the impassioned hands of the "Minstrel Boys." Volumes have been written on the Irish harp and harpers alone.

Many changes in style and shape of this ancient instrument have come with the passing years. Always there has been an effort to gain in purity of tone and strength of expression, as may be witnessed in the great Irish "Dalway" harp of fifty-two strings or the smaller war harp with two brass strings for each note. But its attainment was never realized until 1810 when Sebastian Erard, a Frenchman, perfected the double action. Four score years before, a Bavarian, one Hochbrucker, had perfected the single action which, by pressing a pedal, raised the pitch a semitone and allowed the use of both hands in playing. In earlier days if a different pitch were required it was necessary to cease playing with one hand and press the strings, thus getting greater tension and the required result. Erard's patent, by pressing the pedal partway, raised the pitch a semitone; further pressure raising the pitch a full tone. This paved the way for the twentieth century instrument.

The strictly modern harp dates back only fifteen or twenty years and is as much in advance of Erard's instrument as his was of the old Irish, Welsh, English or other styles. And this, like a number of other good things musical, is the product of this country.

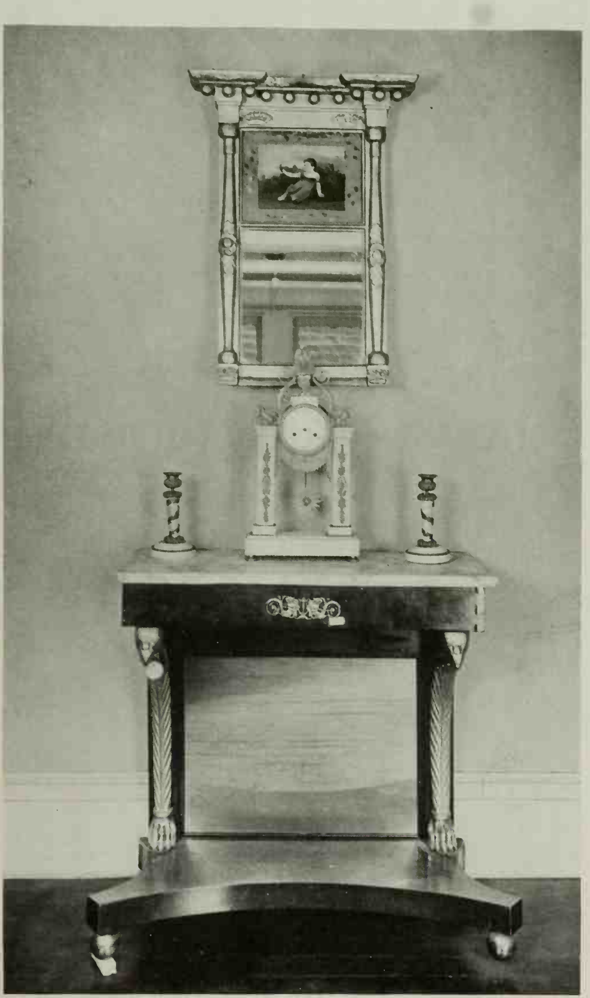
Just as the patent of Erard had a considerable effect upon the revival of harp music in the British Isles and on the Continnnt, this modern "harp of the West" has developed harping on this side of the Atlantic; its glory and musical utility increasing as the years roll on, until in some not far distant day America shall be known as the leading nation of harps and harpists.

For many a year the paucity of music written exclusively for the harp was a serious defect. In these days this has been overcome not only by good harp scores, but more so by improvements to the instrument itself which allow the playing of any pianoforte score. In the seventeen great symphony orchestras in the United States the harp has played an increasing part. In the hundreds of orchestras of lesser excellence, two or three arpeggios on the harp give the entire orchestra a harp atmosphere.

As no one can fully glory in Irish

(*Continued on page* 202)

This American built, "Louis XV." harp is the last word in harp construction and beauty.



In the Galleries of Emil Feffercorn may be found furniture of wide variety in point of period style, accompanied by antiques of guaranteed authenticity and reproductions of the utmost faithfulness. Rare tapestries, mirrors, sconces, porcelains and other decorative objects are here in subtle charm and profusion.

Mr. Feffercorn will be pleased to make appointments for consultation with out-of-town clients.

EMIL FEFFERCORN
126 and 128 EAST *28th* STREET
NEW YORK CITY

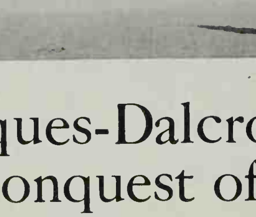
Jacques-Dalcroze and the Conquest of Rhythm

The Discovery of Eurythmics and Its Importance for the Youth of America

SO common is the current misconception concerning the methods of Jacques-Dalcroze—that it is barefoot or so-called Classical dancing—that it is our duty to inform ourselves concerning the advantages of rhythm in art as in everyday life. No: Eurythmics is not dancing. It is not allied to flimsy draperies or Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." It is no excuse for the exposure of sweet young things in scanty draperies risking pneumonia by "galumphing" across the green of Long Island country estates. It is not a fad. It is not mere educational frippery. The keynote of the Dalcroze system, we venture, would in the last analysis be reduced to this: Coördination. But this is not enough. Coördination is the pet catchword of our day. We aim for coördination of the arts (the basis of Yvette Guilbert's art and instruction); our modern psychologists aim at the coördination of our mental faculties. Systems of physical education have given up the mere mechanical production of muscle, the development of brute strength, for physical synthesis or coördination. Mr. Mathias Alexander's "Man's Supreme Inheritance" was a suggestive and stimulating presentation of a system of conscious muscular control and coördination, but it failed to suggest the practical and educational application of his theory.

The great virtue of Dalcroze's system is its immense practicality, its adaptability to every community and all schools. It develops the sound mind in the sound body. Unlike the old fashioned "psysical culture" it does not develp the body at the expense of the mind, or separately from mental training. Monotonous calisthenics with a tiresome routine of "exercises" failed to hold the interest of the child. By the coördination of music, rhythm, pantomine and gymnastics the interest of the pupil is sure to be aroused.

The system of Eurythmics, originated by M. Jacques-Dalcroze, does not claim to offer a final solution for the problem of education. It does claim, however, that the pupil's mind and physical development keep pace, and so he acquires the admirable habit of coördination of mind and of body. Concentration, quick thinking and will power—all the things which the so-called memory courses claim to develop—are developed "painlessly," as it were, by this method. Where the pupil's interest is engaged his attention does not have to be forced and that his attention is actively engaged no one can doubt who has ever watched a lesson in Eurythmics.



It is impossible to set forth in detail the progress of how the child gains control of his body, how his mental powers are developed by memory work, quick thinking and concentration, and how the fundamentals of music are brought within his grasp by actual realization of rhythm through motion. It is possible to touch on each phase of the development ever so lightly.

Possibly in no country in the world is the craving for rhythm more marked than it is in America. The presence of a piano or organ in such a large percentage of American homes—often bought on the instalment plan—surely indicates a hunger for music which is as yet unsatisfied. The normal child hates "practising" and loathes the daily two hours at the piano because while he may be eager to acquire the necessary skill with which to play, he is decidedly bored by the method through which skill must be acquired.

Taking first, then, the musical side of the work, the first lessons deal with the value of notes and the pupils learn to walk to the music, taking normal steps for quarter notes, running steps for eighth notes, a step and a bend for half notes, and so on with a definite movement to represent the value of each note. He then learns how to express musical phrases, staccato notes, crescendo and decrescendo, and musical expression in many forms; he studies syncopation and counterpoint and their equivalent in bodily motion. The tempo he beats with his arms precisely as the conductor of an orchestra does and all the arm gestures are in straight lines—there are no little fingers quirked out at an angle that our Victorian ancestors thought the essence of grace.

As to bodily movement and control the Dalcroze method merely attempts to free the individual from the repressions and restraints which modern living imposes. It is not an attempt to teach grace, should any one believe such a thing possible. Above all the plastic side of the work is not training in dancing. There is nothing that will so thoroughly try the patience of a Dalcroze student or teacher than to be accused of studying or teaching "barefoot dancing"—whatever branch of the terpsichorean art barefoot dancing may be. Of course, by teaching the fundamentals of musical rhythm and developing the natural instinct for bodily rhythm, it is considered by many an excellent preparation for a dancer, but it is primarily a training in coördination, a simultaneous development of body and mind that should, in a normally responsive pupil, bring out all his potentialities, increase his poise and offer a tangible working basis for harmonious living.

The physical training given Dalcroze pupils is suc-

Olde Stonesfield Roofs

The above Olde Stonesfield roof on this Colonial residence of G. B. Lambert at Princeton, N. J., is totally different in its handling from the one at the right. Still both are unmistakably Olde Stonesfield.
H. T. Lindeberg, Architect.

This glimpse of the C. M. Carr residence at Lake Forest, Ill., gives but a suggestion of the gradations, variations and subtle color effects of its Olde Stonesfield Roof. Still you do feel that no other roof could be quite so acceptable.
H. T. Lindeberg, Architect.

How Olde Stonesfield Roofs Differ From All Others

FIRST and foremost, they are of English origin. Not that the materials or the craftsmen who lay them out now, come from "England," but that the ideas for their design and treatment do.

They originated in that famous old English Cotswold district, for centuries known for its wonderful old stone houses. Houses that are crowned with roofs that make you think of tapestries woven in stone.

Each house had its own individual roof treatment as best befitted the building itself. In truth, each roof was all laid out on the ground, stone overlapping stone, just as it was to be in place. Then it was carried up piece by piece and pegged into place by pins of oak.

The thicker pieces, just as they came from the nearby stonefields, were placed at the bottom, and the thinner ones, on up to the ridge. Which fact accounts for the term *"Gradated* Roofs." Aside from the varying thickness, the stones were all sorts of sizes, shapes and color *gradations.*

So you see those old roofer craftsmen had several distinct features working to their advantage in making their roofs, not alone water proof and everlasting, but possessing an indescribable charm all their own.

Studying with infinite pains the work of these men, we have for a number of years been furnishing in this country Olde Stonesfield Roofs. Roofs rare in charm and distinct in their individuality. Roofs designed each in particular relation to the particular building for which it is intended.

Such then, are Olde Stonesfield Roofs. Photographs showing close up detail treatments, as well as those showing the effect in general, you are welcome to. Any facts you may desire, do not hesitate to seek from us. At your suggestion, we will gladly send one of our chief designers to talk with you.

The John D. Emack Co.

Home Office
116 So. 16th Street, Philadelphia

Branch Office
58 Vanderbilt Avenue, N.Y.

cessful largely because it seldom fails to engage and hold the pupil's rapt attention. First of all he learns to walk correctly throwing the weight of the body forward and so helping himself along instead of holding himself back by keeping his weight back. He learns to run, jump, fall, breathe, relax, and contract—in short, he learns all the normal movements of the body. Because such movements are always made to musical accompaniment and because they are related to musical construction, the student, whether or not he has musical training, is interested and so his bodily movements are made without that dulling consciousness of doing something that is good for him. The child who raises each leg fifteen times morning and night to promote a sound digestion is no nearer his object, if it bores him (and how can it fail to?) than the child committed to fifteen lines of Virgil daily is nearer to appreciation of the Classics.

So far as the pupil's mental development through Dalcroze Curythmics is concerned, he is compelled to think quickly because if he fails to do so he will have his toe trodden upon or will find himself the sole pupil with arms upraised when all other arms are down. He must develop a reliable memory because he is given an order which must be carried out through, perhaps, sixteen measures requiring four or eight changes of movement; and he must concentrate if he is to understand what is required of him by the teacher. As he marches around the hall to the improvisations of his teacher, he must remember his bodily poise—shoulders well back and spine straight without that deplorable kink at the back of the waistline that throws the stomach out in front; he must remember how to walk using all the foot muscles to propel him forward and walking from the hip with the body weight forward; and while remembering these things, he must move rhythmically to the music realizing in motion the musical rhythms which he hears. At one demonstration a Dalcroze teacher beat two with his head, three with one arm, four with the other and walked five with his feet. That is, oc course, a "stunt," but it is interesting because it shows how far the method may carry one towards simultaneous bodily and mental control.

Educators have long deplored the lack of coördination in our methods of teaching, especially in secondary school work, where the pupil usually has a different teacher for each different subject. In one class he studies the history of a period; in another he may study its literature; and in a third he may study the geography of the various countries whose literature and history he studies in his other classes. But it is the exceptional pupil who can contrive out of the mass of facts offered him to so arrange and assort them that his view of any one decade is panoramic—so that he knows, for example, that while one event was taking place in one country, other events were taking place in another. He has no power to coördinate the information he collects.

The Dalcroze method coördinates all its training. There are no unrelated facts or theories in the method. It grew directly from one inspiration and its development took in first this phase and then that necessary to the achievement of its object. The progress of the pupil follows this course:

First: He learns musical appreciation by bodily experience and studies the note values, tempo and all that constitutes elementary rhythmic training.

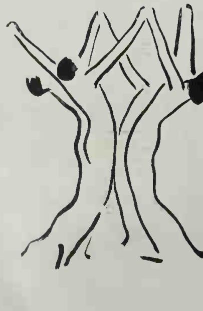
Second: He begins ear-training and goes on to more detailed musical study through corporal expression.

Third: He begins the actual study of an instrument.

Fourth: He begins to improvise on that instrument and for that purpose begins the study of practical harmony.

Fifth: He studies form and analyzes in his rhythmic work the musical difficulties of his instrumental studies.

To sum up: In a normal pupil the Dalcroze method will develop the natural instinct for musical and bodily rhythm; it will teach him quick bodily response and mental and physical coördination; it will improve his memory, strengthen his confidence, eliminate self-consciousness and train his ear to hear more readily, his eye to see more quickly and his mind to react more promptly and accurately. Best of all, he can trace this development in himself; he will know why he has developed, just how certain principles have worked through him and he can apply the knowledge to his own life.



Students of this method do not sacrifice any part of their education to Dalcroze work, but have taken it along with their other studies. It is so that M. Jacques-Dalcroze believes it should be taught—as an adjunct to other studies. He says: "The effect of rhythmic training on the curriculum and life of a school is like that of a hot water heating system which spreads an equal warmth through all parts of a building. Teachers of other subjects will find that such training provides them with pupils more responsive, more elastic and of more character than they otherwise would be. . . . From many years' experience of music teaching I have gradually produced a method which gives a child musical experience instead of musical knowledge."

What makes us dance? Music. It has that power of inducing the consciousness, that there is a secret connection and intercommunication between nature and humanity, and by the freedom of motion awakened we respond to the call of the wild—and flutter with the strain, as it stirs our senses.

The style of music is distinguished and its value appraised not only by the pleasure to be derived from it, and the sorrow awakened by it, but also by the effect it produces upon the character. Most people who have musical sense recognize that there is a distinct moral effect of good and bad upon the character, as a response to the tones of music.

Such dancing as here outlined cannot concern itself with distinctly social entertainments and problems of diversion for amateur self-advancement. It is a most successful and important form of physical development bringing the body into graceful movements unconsciously and in a happy frame of mind reflecting a physological effect upon the mind and its development.

The new form of dance inspired by Dalcroze rejects the ugly, the abnormal and adheres to the idealistic and pure naturalism. One feels the joyousness of life in all dancing, but in this springing free spirit of music we live in the "spirit of dance" and motion. An intoxicating, unbounded joy inspires us and we are lifted like deer gracefully bounding in mid-air.

All Faience and Tile Work
Together with the Fireplace Furnishings
COUNTRY HOUSE, CLYDE M. CARR, LAKE FOREST, ILL.
H. T. LINDEBERG, ARCHITECT
from
WM. H. JACKSON COMPANY
2 WEST 47TH STREET, NEW YORK
CHICAGO: 746 S. MICHIGAN BLVD.

HODGSON *Portable* HOUSES

House Hunting Made Easy

WITHIN the pages of the Hodgson catalog are descriptions of all styles of Portable Houses ready for you to enjoy. Just pick the one that suits you and order it—no tiresome running about to this place and that looking at impossible houses or at pleasing houses at impossible prices.

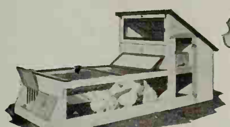
There are simple little cottages and bungalows or bigger homes up to 10 rooms. Also play houses, bird houses, dog houses, poultry houses, churches, barracks and garages. Sections shipped painted ready to set up and bolt together.
Skilled workmen not necessary.

Oregon pine and red cedar—seasoned, strong, and lasting, go into Hodgson Portable Houses.

Immediate ordering is essential if you wish the order filled in reasonable time. Send for the catalog today.

E. F. HODGSON CO.,
Room 270, 71-73 Federal St., Boston, Mass.
6 East 39th Street, New York

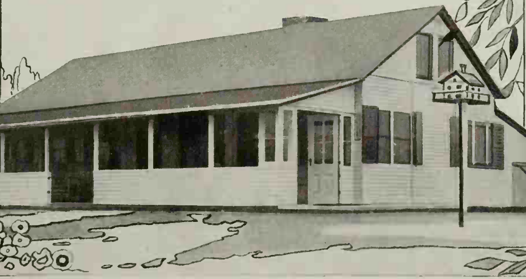
Play House


Poultry House

Dog Kennel

Screen House

Tent House

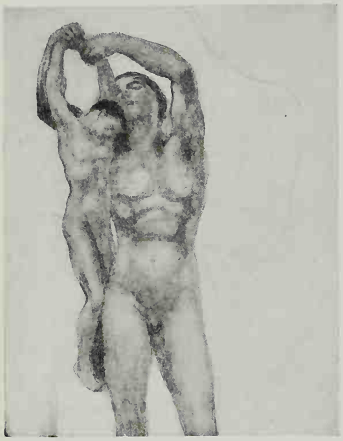


Art in the New Books

East is West

TWENTY DRAWINGS by KAHLIL GIBRAN. With an introductory essay by Alice Raphael. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

"I KNOW of no one else in whom drawing and poetry are so linked together as to make him a new Blake." It was the great Rodin himself who paid this tribute to the art of the Syrian-American Kahlil Gibran. Mr. Gibran, as Miss Raphael suggests in her reverent introduction to the present handsome volume of drawings, blends successfully the art of the poet and the painter.



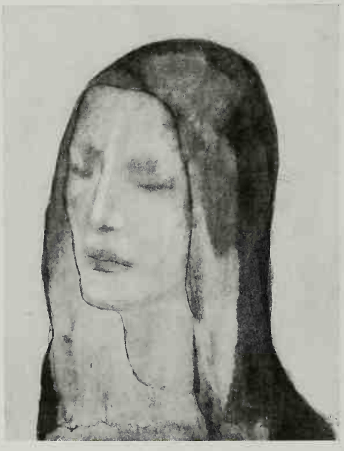
"UPLIFTED."

In the technique of the West, he gives us something of the mystic poetry of the East. He is a modern in the sense that he attempts to depict, in the terms of spiritual beauty, the struggle between the old and the new. He attempts to synthesize the Classical and the Romantic spirit in art. To follow the account of Miss Raphael: he has surrendered his position as a leader in the world of the Near East in order to bring the tradition and the genius of the Arabic people to the attention of our eclectic and cosmopolitan world.

"It is at this dividing line of East and West, of the symbolist and the ideationist, that the work of Kahlil Gibran presents itself as an arresting type in our conception of painting. He has accepted both the tradition of form and the inner meaning of the idea, and he exhibits both a new type of work and another method of approach to fundamental truths.

"The qualities of the East and the West are blended in him with a singular felicity of expression, so that while he is the symbolist in the true sense of the word, he is not affixed to traditional expression, as he would be if he were creating in the manner of the East; and though he narrates a story as definitely as any pre-Raphaelite, it is without any fanfare of historical circumstances or any of the accompaniment of symbolic accessories. In his art there is no conflict whether the idea shall prevail over the emotion or whether emotion shall sway the thought, because both are so equally established that we are not conscious of one or the other as dominant. They co-exist in harmony and the result is an expression of sheer beauty in which thought and feeling are equally blended. . . ."

The drawings presented in the present volume are mostly in wash and at times are strongly suggestive of the drawings in watercolor by Gibran's master, Auguste Rodin. At times also there is obvious the influence of the great Leonardo and Michelangelo. His studies of movement are akin to those of the latter genius. In fact, one feels in gazing upon these imaginative visions of the twentieth century Gibran that the romantic masters of Occidental art have perhaps been a deeper influence upon his mind than any of the philosophies of the East. Of these influences none has been more intense than the art and the imagination of Rodin. The very titles—"Towards the Infinite," "The Greater Self," "Innermost" and "The Great Aloneness" convey the essentially mystic and romantic color of Mr. Gibran's vision. Miss Raphael, in her introduction, ventures in the coming renaissance of the arts in America, "Gibran will occupy a similar position to that of Giotto and Ghirlandaio in relation to the Italian Golden Age. . . . To Gibran, human life is divine. The body reflects and represents the spirit, and art arises out of the interplay between the inner and the outer world."



"VEILED FACE."

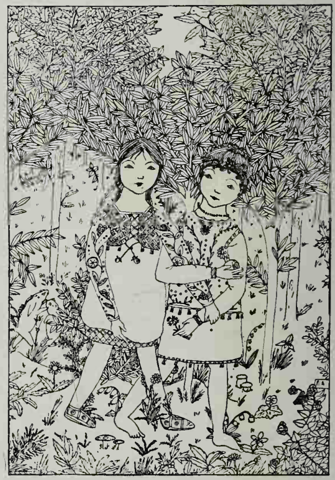
The Child in Art

FLORA: A Book of Drawings with Illustrative Poems by WALTER DE LA MARE. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

NOW that the mystery of Daisy Ashford has been cleared up, and Miss Ashford herself, a charming though mature Miss Ashford, has appeared in person before a London audience, let us turn our attention to this new child of art, Pamela Bianco. Little Miss Bianco, we read, is twelve. Her remarkable talent for decorative imageray and poetic invention drew crowds last spring to the Leicester Galleries in London, and aroused the interest of the most fastidious critics. Now Pamela's book of drawings reproduces for us the best examples of her art and is illustrated in just the right spirit by the exquisite poems of Walter de la Mare. It has been a most sagacious and happy selection of an "illustrator," and makes this book by the little sister of Aubrey Beardsley a thing to possess and to cherish.

Let us not be unfair to Pamela by comparing her work too closely to that of nine-year-old Miss Ashford. There is a vast difference. Pamela at 12 has lost much of the naïveté of Daisy. She is a most sophisticated child. She is a very wise child. That economy of means, that deft handling of the pen, that strength and power and subtlety of line—all indicate the precocious prodigy rather than the unadulterated exuberance of the child mind as it expresses itself in "The Young Visiters," or the drawings of Romano Dazzi. No less an authority than the great John Sargent, Miss Bianco's publishers confide, has said that these drawings reveal as certain a genius as that shown in the first sonata of Beethoven, written when he was eleven years of age. However, we have not quite made up our mind that this little volume is "worthy of a place beside Botticelli, Pietro della Francesca, Giotto and some few other examples of primitive inspiration," as the publishers suggest. But it is not absolutely necessary to drag in the names of the great ones to appreciate this charming, precious and precocious talent.

It is a curious phase of the art and writing of children, which happily we are coming more and more to delight in and appreciate, that it is not as "original" as it appears on the surface. It is not primitive, not naïf, not crude—at least those examples that are put forth for the public. Mr. Stieglitz, Mr. Coady, the Bureau of Educational Experiments, and a number of others, have exhibited in this country interesting collections of drawings and paintings by children. These drawings are of quite a different character from Pamela's. One cannot admit that they were less interesting. But the interest they aroused was a different interest—rather, one is inclined to think, a more legitimate interest in an art that is more truly an expression of the child mind.



"BABES IN THE WOODS."

Romano Dazzi's drawings were "derived" primarily from the hectic unnatural world of the "movies." Daisy Ashford's fiction—in no derogatory sense—was also derived. Daisy, we are almost certain, acquired at an early age the dreadful vice of reading fiction and beautifully and charmingly distorted it in her reflection of it. Pamela Bianco is more mysterious. She reflects the pre-Raphaelites. In some drawings the technique of Beardsley is skilfully adapted. Had she studied the

(*Continued on page* 198)

Hand carved suite designed and executed by us, finished in pastel shades on antique gray ground—consisting of twin beds, dresser, hanging mirror, vanity, somnoe, bench and side chair.

A. Lowenbein's Sons, Inc.

13 EAST 47th ST., NEW YORK

For Sixty Years this Firm has Designed and Executed

ORIGINAL DECORATIVE INTERIORS

meeting in distinctive forms, the social and home requirements of the most discriminating clientele.
Especial designing of furniture, draperies, etc.

ANTIQUE CHIPPENDALE MIRROR

John H. Hutaff inc.

Decorations
Furniture

Hangings
Antiques

101 Park Ave at 40th St. New York

Art in the New Books

(*Continued from page* 194)

drawings of Alastair? In others this child seems even to have caught up with the Post-Impressionists of a few years ago—there is no slight suggestion of Fergusson and Anne Estelle Rice. Personally, we prefer the primitive Pamela.

It is in no spirit of derogation that we try to determine her artistic ancestors. It is rather to suggest the importance of the artistic and literary environment in which our young children grow up. We know now that children mirror this environment in their pictures and stories more than they reflect real life. They are not realists. They are not objective. Rather they are subjective and imitative. It is therefore of the greatest importance that the art they look at and the pictures and books that they unconsciously absorb and in a sense re-create should be neither tawdry nor cheap.

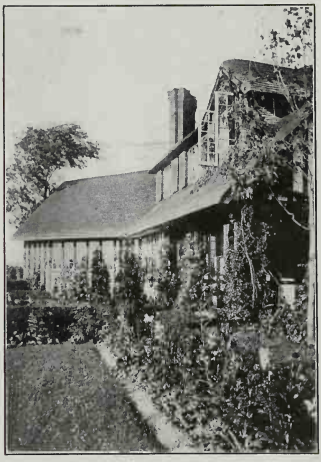
An Anatomist of British Art

THE CALIPH'S DESIGN. By WYNDHAM LEWIS. London: *The Egoist.*

As an anatomist, even as an executioner of modern art in England, Wyndham Lewis exhibits no little destructive and critical power. Indeed, one discriminating critic of this new pamphlet declares that it is one of the most brilliant criticisms of art that has appeared in England in the past generation. It has the fault of being a superb but an irresponsible display of fireworks. The author's recent excursion into the field of fiction, with his novel "Tarr," exhibited in no uncertain fashion his lack of creative power. But this should not prevent our enjoyment of his powers of stringent criticism. Wyndham Lewis is sick of the diletanteism of art in England, both in painting and in architecture. The architect, he claims, is forced to produce bric-à-brac on a large scale. The energy of the painter finds no outlet but in the petty dimensions of his canvas. "The energy at present pent up in the canvas . . . must be released and used in the general life of the community. And from thence, from the life outside, it will come back and enrich the studio. . . . You must get painting, sculpture and design out of the studio and into life somehow or other if you are not going to see this new vitality dessicated in a pocket of inorganic experimentation." We think everyone, not merely in England, but in this country as well, will agree with these pertinent words. But then to look at Mr. Lewis' designs for "Timon of Athens" is to doubt whether instead of getting art out of the studio, he has not got the studio out of art. But it would not be just to Mr. Lewis' criticism to apply it to his own efforts. Laymen and not a few of our own serious artists will agree with his slashing characterization of the ordinary artist—the artist who is unwilling or unable to contribute his share of talent to the upbuilding of industry, commerce, or civilization: "He gushes about everything he sees. He is enraptured at the curious clumsy print found on the lodging-house wall; at the beauty of cheap china ornaments, a stupid chair, a staring, mean, pretentious little seaside house. When with anybody, he will titter or blink or faintly giggle when his attention is drawn to such a winning and lovely object. I am, you will perceive, drawing a picture of the English variety of art man. The most frequently used epithet will be jolly for the beautiful, and its pursuit will be invariably described as fun. So we have before us, all said and done, a very playful fellow indeed, who quite enters into the spirit of this amusing life, and who is as true a sportsman as any red-coated squire; only for the pursuit of jolly little objects like stuffed birds, apples, or plates, areas of decayed wallpaper, and the form of game that he wishes rather smirkingly and naughtily to devour, he must be as cunning, languid and untidy as his distinguished brother sportsman is alert, hearty and colored like a letter-box. For stalking a stuffed bird you have, in the first place, to be a little bit dead yourself."

Luckily for us this is not a type that is indigenous to America, but it is a good warning for those laymen and collectors who think that everything in the way of "art" should be imported.

Wyndham Lewis insists that designers must design something that is actually to be made, that is not merely going to remain an "interesting" design. The artist, he claims, must express the universal in terms of the particular, the word in the flesh, the dream in the fact. Expression and vitality are the great essentials in art. Another fallacy for this vigorous critic, is that there is a difference between art and nature. Nature is an artist. These are provocative, stimulating pages—a parade of possibilities.



HOUSE AT YONKERS, N. Y.
Designed by Mr. H. T. Lindeberg, New York

If you want to know just how casements can be made most satisfactory for the building you plan, write us for The Casement Window Handbook.

Practical Considerations of the English Casement Window

It requires little exposition to point out the importance of the part played by out-swung casements in this charming and typical example of Mr. Lindeberg's work.

Even in less harmonious and perfect settings the "wide-flung casement" is a thing of subtle, inviting picturesqueness.

It is fortunate for lovers of the casement that we have overcome the screening problem which at one time limited its use in America. In the house here illustrated, the casements are all as convenient and practical as they are artistic.

They are all operated entirely from inside the screens by our "BULL-DOG" adjusters. They are quickly swung to any position desired and held there securely locked against the strongest winds.

The Casement Hardware Co.

7 So. Clinton St. Chicago, U. S. A.

BRASS HALL SETTEE
with gold embroidery on antique Red Velvet

H. F. Huber & Co.
13 East 40th St.
New York

Furniture
Draperies

Decorations
Antiques

AMERICAN ENCAUSTIC TILING COMPANY
LIMITED
16 EAST 40TH STREET
NEW YORK

ARCHITECTURAL FAIENCE
TILES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

OFFICES
NEW YORK-CHICAGO-ST LOUIS
ZANESVILLE, OHIO
MAURER, N. J.-LOS ANGELES, CAL

WORKS
CENTRAL PLANT-ZANESVILLE, OHIO
WEST COAST PLANT-LOS ANGELES, CAL
EAST COAST PLANT-MAURER, N. J

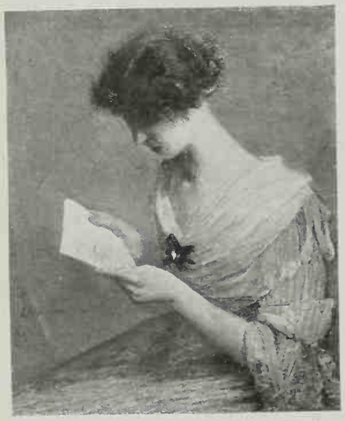
Julian Alden Weir: An Optimist

HAMILTON EASTER FIELD.

THE late J. Alden Weir was born at West Point, August 30, 1852, the son of Prof. Robert W. Weir, a genre and historical painter who was teaching drawing at the Military Academy. Alden Weir studied under his father and later under Cérome in Paris. He has been identified with the National Academy since 1895, and was its president from 1915 to 1917. He died at his New York home from heart disease, December 8th, 1919.

In the death of J. Alden Weir, America has lost its most beloved artist. Weir was so beloved because he was never seeking his own advantage but ever working for others. He was easy of access, courteous, democratic in thought and in manners. Weir was absolutely tactful in all he said, frank, open in his criticism, yet tempering the wind to the shorn lamb. Here was a man absolutely unassuming who impressed one as only great men can.

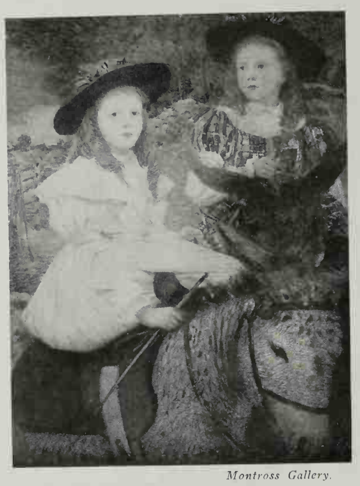
Some years ago we were talking of art when he suddenly asked: "What do you think about Cezanne?" I explained to Weir as well as I could my feeling about Cezanne's art, that his vision was far beyond his power of expression, which faltered at times. "He is as a clumsy peasant who has seen far beyond the men about him but who is unable to find the exact word with which to describe his vision. He is, in a measure, like our own Walt Whitman." "Now you have told me the first thing about Cezanne which I can understand. I feel a certain pathos in his work, the pathos of the man who has much to say and has not the easy flow of speech. His work is very suggestive, I like that side of it. But I cannot tell you how they antagonize me when they say that Cezanne is the only painter who has ever lived and rubbish like that. I do not object to Cezanne but I do object to his followers."



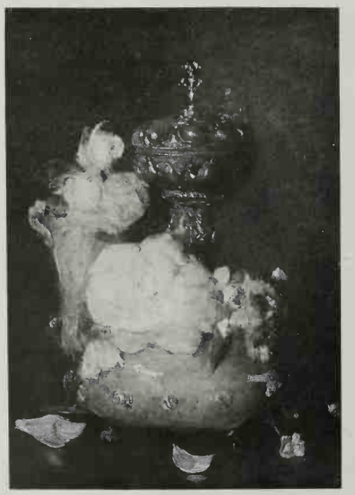
Macbeth Gallery.
THE LETTER.

Alden Weir wished to understand what the younger men were doing. His sympathies were with the young. He would readily have understood the phrase of Puvis de Chavannes: *"Place aux jeunes!"* To have been cut off from the friendship of the younger painters would have been to him a great sorrow. At his funeral one of the impressive features was the presence of many young artists.

At the Metzgar sale of Japanese prints held last April 1 was surprised to see Alden Weir in the audience for I had supposed he was too ill to go out. The room was crowded. Mr. Weir had an aisle seat, well up forward. Feeling that I might never see him again, I went and stood in the aisle, my arm resting on his shoulder. As he had remained a member of the Society of Independent Artists, notwithstanding that he had nothing to exhibit, I told him how grateful we were for his support. Then I told him what a joy it was to see him out again and lastly how much we all loved him. Julian Alden Weir was not merely a talented, earnest painter; he was the most beloved artist in America.

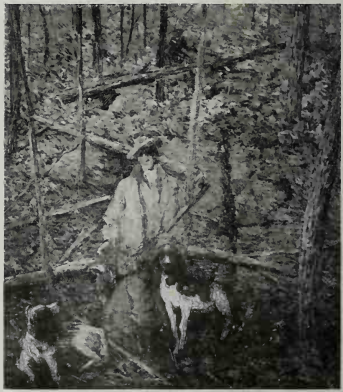


Montross Gallery.
THE DONKEY RIDE.



Macbeth Gallery.
STILL LIFE ROSES.

The art of Alden Weir was the reflection of the man. It is not the work of a painter like Albert Ryder, who was as a man who has discovered gold in a field and who does not believe that gold can ever be found elsewhere. Indeed, Weir held to the opposite faith; he believed that gold could be found anywhere. He had within him a profound feeling for the Classical art of the Renaissance. Deep as the feeling was he allowed it to be buried beneath his admiration for more modern art. Classical art, if it is not worshipped blindly, is an invaluable source of inspiration. Weir, as a young man, drank at this source. There is an etching of a nude boy which he made in the early eighties which shows how strong the influence of Holbein and Dürer must have been at that time. In it there is a careful searching after form, a desire to render in line all the individuality of the model, combined with a fine sense of decoration. This etching is a thing apart from the rest of Weir's work. It could not have been done if Weir had not been at the time a passionate lover of form and an enthusiastic admirer of the Renaissance. Why the side of Weir's nature, which is revealed by the etching, should have later become dormant would be difficult to know. Had it not the entire course of his art would have been different. He lost his intense passion for form as all other Americans have done and the result is that Weir's painting is frequently careless. At its best it is very beautiful, but it is not always at its best. The love for form, so characteristic of the work of Piero della Francesca, is almost unfelt in the work of Weir, save in this single etching. Yet here the love of form is intense.



Montross Gallery.
IN THE WOODS.

The talent of Alden Weir is not an easy one to analyze. In no direction is it preeminent; it is rather in its balance that it stands out as one of the most marked of our time. In the landscape which has been reproduced I can perhaps explain what I mean. There is a figure in the foreground which a painter like Monet would have subordinated completely to the landscape. In the work of certain earlier painters the figure would have dominated the landscape. Weir took the middle course. He appreciated that there is nothing so interesting to man as man. He recognized that man will demand a fuller realization in a figure than he will in a landscape, he felt that to a certain extent man is justified in this attitude. Therefore he painted the figure with more attention than he did the trees and, yet in tonal values the figure in no way takes a prominent position in the

(*Continued on page 202*)

MISS SWIFT

11 EAST 55TH STREET
NEW YORK

INTERIOR
DECORATIONS

FURNITURE, HANGINGS,
MATERIALS, WALL AND
FLOOR COVERINGS

MANTEL ORNAMENTS,
DECORATIVE PAINTINGS

SPECIALTIES IN BOUDOIR
FURNISHINGS, LAMPS,
SHADES AND MIRRORS

ALBERT HERTER, *President*

The HERTER LOOMS Inc.

GOTHIC TAPESTRY, DESIGNED AND WOVEN BY THE HERTER LOOMS

Weavers on hand looms of tapestries for churches, public buildings and residences : : Manufacturers of hand-woven textiles for walls, floor coverings, upholstery and curtains from samples submitted.

Manufacturers of LAMPS and SHADES
Antiques
INTERIOR DECORATORS

251 Post Street
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

841 Madison Avenue
NEW YORK CITY

Residence of Gerard Lambert, Princeton, N. J.
Brick walls finished with Cabot's Old Virginia White
H. T. Lindeberg, Architect, New York

Cabot's
Old Virginia White

The Cool, Brilliant "Whitewash-White"
for
Wood, Brick, Stone, Stucco or Concrete

Leading architects are getting remarkable results by using Old Virginia White upon brick, stone and stucco, as well as wood. It gives an instant effect of well-groomed old age, and the brilliant, cool, whitewash-white has a softness of texture that is not at all "painty" — and it costs much less than paint. Old Virginia Tints give pastel effects.

Cabot's
Creosote Stains

For Mottled Roof Effects

Picturesque combinations in mottled sea-greens, grays, tile-reds and blended colors can be produced by using our Special Stains; and in far greater variety and beauty than is possible in slate, tile or imitation shingles.

Full information sent on request.

Samuel Cabot, Inc.,
Man'f'g Chemists, 14 Oliver St., Boston, Mass.
1133 Broadway, N. Y. 24 W. Kinzie St., Chicago

Residence of Mrs. Ledyard, Stockbridge, Mass.
Stained with Cabot's Creosote Stains
H. T. Lindeberg, Architect, New York

The Harp

(*Continued from page* 190)

wit who has not kissed the Blarney Stone, so the music lover cannot have attained the pinnacle of musical enjoyment until he has heard some of our great harpists. To listen to Carlis Salzèdo, in harp ensemble, the most artistic of musical instrument combinations; Salvatore de Stephonas, of New York, the great soloist; Tremonte of the Chicago orchestra; Annie Louise David and Mildred Dilling both of New York, whose harp witchery is so well known, and Mrs. Dorothy Johnson Baseler, the leading harpist in Philadelphia, with her ensemble of fourteen women, in gradations from little women of ten years to those whose hair is delicately frosted by the hand of time, is to realize that,

"The harp is dual natured:
Heaven and earth
Are parents of its birth."

Though admiring the harp and longing to gain its musical confidence many have nevertheless been deterred from that realization by thinking it is a difficult instrument. This is entirely erroneous. It is really easier to learn than the piano; far less annoying to others while learning; and for those slender of purse but cultured of soul, within reach both as to price of instrument and lessons.

It is a significant and delightful fact that rapid strides are being made toward our country's becoming the foremost nation musically, as it has become in many other spheres of art and service. Fully one hundred per cent. more children are studying music today than ten years ago. And the increase is not alone in piano study but in the study of orchestral instruments—the harp, the violin. the flute, etc. And young harpists are forging to the fore as may be noted especially in Anna Welsh, protegee of Madame David, and Mary Miller, protege of Salzèdo. These young artists are both in their teens but for some little time have been in constant demand for chamber music and recitals.

In mediæval days, by Royal decree, harping became the only music at the English court, while in Wales its accomplishment was a pre-requisite to the claim of nobility. The beauty of the harp alone attracts many devotees, and indeed what instrument is more decorative? Society has always given it its cachet. Marie Antoinette spent many happy days over it within that intimate family circle that included her young brother-in-law, Count d' Artois, who also played upon it. Josephine passed many hours with her harp at Malmaison where it still lends the music room its chief interest.

Among Americans, Mrs. Dahlgren, of Philadelphia and New York, handles the harp with masterly skill. Madame Yvonne de Treville, the American soprano, is also mistress of it, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who took up its study after her fiftieth birthday, came to finally to write music for it.

Three hundred harpists of reputation, both native and foreign, make their home with us. Already there are whispers of a national harp association which in the near future may crystallize into fact. It is not too much to prophecy that the harp, having contributed so much to the earliest music of both the East and the West will attain its highest development in and make its largest contribution to this newer land, the future home of the greatest of harps and most skillful of harpists.

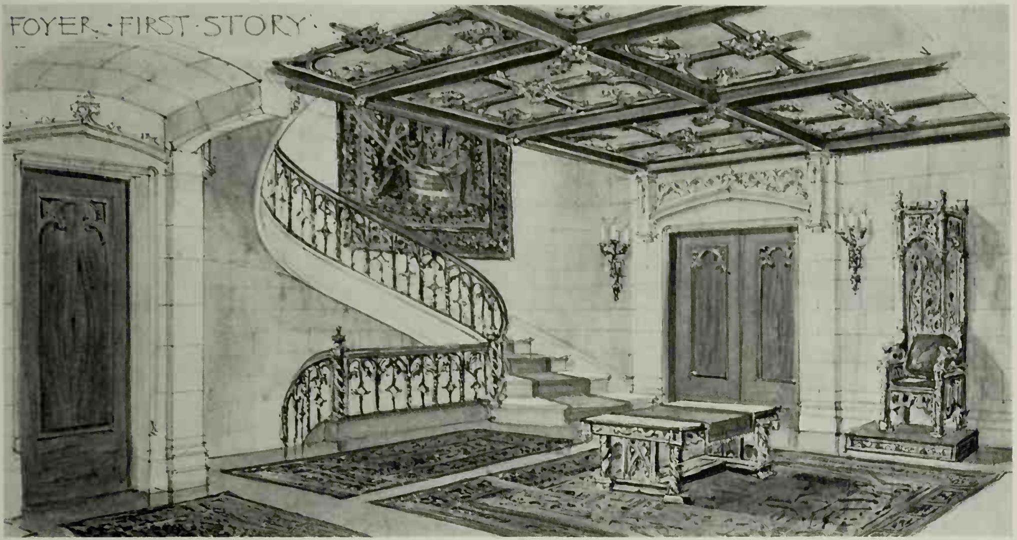
Julian Alden Weir

(*Continued from page* 200)

painting. It is a compromise between two antagonistic points of view a compromise which showed the breadth and sanity of Weir's character.

Weir then is not a fanatic and those who believe in fanaticism will never wholly like the painting of J. Alden Weir. It too frequently follows the middle of the road between two opposing schools of painting. Again this is shown in "The Donkey Ride" in which he has painted his children. In it Weir has invested the children with the charm which only the parent sees, yet he has made a work of art.

In his portraits of women we find the same characteristics. They have the effect of the English portraits of the Eighteenth Century and yet they are of our time, of our land. They are essentially eclectric, the product of a man ready to sacrifice any one quality in order to make the whole satisfactory. The trouble with this course is that it leads often to an art which lacks spontaneity. Certain of Weir's canvasses do lack this quality. There are others which in spite of the fine balance of the man, have the fire of youth; they will live.



Photograph of colored sketch recently submitted to Architect.

Marshall Bull Studio
33 West 46th Street
New York City

Decoration
Mural
Paintings

Hangings
Furniture
Antiques

MR. SCHANZLIN IS PLEASED TO HAVE HAD THE OPPORTUNITY OF RENDERING ROOFING SERVICE FOR THE COUNTRY HOUSES DESIGNED BY MR. H. T. LINDEBERG REPRODUCED IN THIS ISSUE OF ARTS & DECORATION

VANDERBILT —— 6481
156 E 45TH STREET
NEW YORK

HERMAN E. SCHANZLIN
INCORPORATED
ROOFERS

WATTERSON LOWE CO.

CONSULTING

DECORATORS

ANNOUNCE THAT THEY
ARE NOW SETTLED
IN THEIR
PERMANENT ADDRESS
AT

42 WEST 48TH ST.
NEW YORK CITY

APPOINTMENT
BY
TELEPHONE

FORMERLY OF
HERTER LOOMS
AND
HAMPTON SHOPS

Chinese Chippendale Settee in Mahogany
Old Brocade Covering

THE Connoisseur in Antiques will find in the collection of LA PLACE many pieces of unusual interest and genuine origin.

Originals of period furniture, hangings, curios, tapestries, vases, and hand-wrought metal works of art.

LA PLACE
405 Madison Avenue
NEW YORK

Early Indian Stone Sculptures

THE Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass., has recently acquired, through the gift of Dr. Denman W. Ross, a fine example illustrating the characteristics of the school of Gandhara, with its fusion of Eastern and Western art elements. This is a head representing Buddha; it is less than life size and in almost perfect preservation. The proportions are correct, the features delicate and finely chiselled.

"It is remarkable that the earliest known figures of the Buddha nevertheless belong to this abundant art of Gandhara. In earlier Buddhist art of the first three centuries B. C. the figure of Gautama is missing, alike in the scenes depicting his life and as a cult object; his presence is indicated only by symbols. In Gandhara art, however, developed under the patronage of Indo-Scythian kings and due in part to a tradition and to craftsmen brought from Western Asia, there appear innumerable Hellenistic formulæ; it is, so to say, a branch of provincial Roman art adapted to the purposes of Buddhist edification. Certain of the figures and many details are closely modelled on Western prototypes; and this is so conspicuous that many writers, notably M. Foucher, speak of a Greek origin of the Buddha image. In fact, however, this suggestion can only be true in a very limited (technical) sense; it is true in part for the archæologist, but not for the artist or psychologist. If Gandhara sculpture represents the beginning of an iconography it even more surely represents the *end* of an art. What is *the* Buddha image, which has been justly spoken of as 'one of the great artistic inspirations of the world'? it is the figure of a seated yogi, without possessions or desires, and with attention inwardly directed to experience the highest station of Being (or non-Being) 'where both sensations and ideas have ceased to be.' The conception is adequately realized in a figure such as that of the Great Buddha in Samadhi at Anuradhapura. In such a figure there is nothing that is not essentially Indian. It is a misuse of knowledge to allow the fact of Indo-Hellenistic art to obscure our consciousness of this reality."

Art Blending of East and West

OSCAR B. JACOBSON, Director of School of Fine Arts, the University of Oklahoma, is a man who has lived through the gradual development and studied the rapid strides of civilization as it ploughed forward with amazing rapidity in its great industrial and commercial progress and after years of discouragement sees before the West the dawning of a glorious day brought about through its art interest. Speaking through the American Magazine of Art, Mr. Jacobson, says:

"While developing the great natural resources and amassing fortunes the Oklahoman has unfortunately not had time to devote his energies to art. We have no public Art Gallery, and although perfectly appointed in every other way, the vast majority of exquisite homes of the rich who can well afford it are without paintings ard usually without appropriate landscape gardening. And how can we expect anything else when so few of them are "to the manner born." The art situation is not yet what one would desire, nor what we hope that it will be in the future, when people have grown used to their wealth. The lack of historical background and tradition in art constitutes a most serious handicap and it is a condition that grew out of life on the frontier. The majority of the prosperous people of today who could well afford the best art can give grew up in an environment almost entirely devoid of anything artistic and as a result they seem to lack that "sixth sense" of true æsthetic appreciation. This is not altogether true in music, which perhaps makes a more elemental appeal. People out in Oklahoma do appreciate music and high-class musical talent is always sure of a hearty welcome and an appreciative audience.

However, I do not wish to create the impression that the art situation is hopeless. Quite the contrary. The fact that a dozen or so more or less talented painters are now living and working in Oklahoma speaks fair for the infant State. These are beginning to have an influence and there is much to indicate that wealthy Oklahoma will before very long be considered an art loving commonwealth.

These State artists have lately organized themselves into an association for mutual encouragement and to keep up, if possible, certain standards of excellence in the exhibitions. This association is also active in bringing to Oklahoma the work of artists of other States. The women's clubs are paving the way by encouraging art study in the public schools; all the Normal schools and the State University have art departments usually with well trained art teachers in charge. The University had before the war some exhibition of note almost every month and they were well attended.

Picked students from all credited high schools come to the Uni-

(*Continued on page* 213)

American Art in the Luxembourg

JUST as we are going to press the revelations about the way the French authorities, who govern with strong hands the Luxembourg, have been coming out, at first mere rumors, each day gaining in detail, finally facts. Paintings which had been solicited by the American Committee for the Luxembourg were rejected by the French authorities. The exhibition as hung was an emasculated show with the radical element left out. It was no longer representatives of modern American art. The French Exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum has passed through a process of emasculation ever more drastic. Such things should not be.

The editor of Arts & Decoration has interviewed a number of representative artists, among others Louis Bouché, Leon Kroll, James Earle Fraser, John Sloan, Childe Hassam, George Luke, Eugene Speicher, Bernard Gussow, Ernest Lawson, Robert Henri, Robert Laurent, Charles Sheeler, George Bellows and others. All were united in their protest against the injustice of the proceeding. It is noteworthy that those whose work was hung at the Luxembourg were not less vehement in their protest than those who had suffered directly from the injustice.

Max Weber, a member of the American Art Committee for the Luxembourg Museum exhibition, has made the following statement:

About a year ago the French Government invited the American artists to hold an exhibition in the gallery of the Luxembourg Museum. A committee was chosen in America, of which Mr. Coffin was appointed president and Mr. Rosen general secretary by Mr. Cortot, representing the French Government. This exhibition was understood to be representative of all phases of American art. The pictures for this exhibition were chosen and unanimously voted upon by the entire committee, at which meeting it was understood that the exhibition as chosen was fixed and final. This exhibition was held in Paris in the months of October and November, 1919, and only recently through private channels, it was learned that the pictures representing the ultra-modernists were not hung. These rumors were verified at a meeting of the entire committee of the Exhibition of American Art at the Luxembourg Museum in Paris, Wednesday, Dec. 31. Six of the artists whose work was not hung sent to me the following letter of protest:

"My Dear Mr. Weber:

"We, the undersigned, have learned, with utter amazement and indignation, that the Luxembourg Museum did not hang the paintings which had been invited and unanimously approved of by the entire committee.

"Still more were we amazed to learn that your own picture was similarly rejected — and you a member of that very committee!

"To the committee, formally, we find ourselves unable, by rules of courtesy, to make any answer except by silence.

"To you personally, however, we can address ourselves and express our utmost scorn and condemnation of the treatment that has been accorded by the Luxembourg authorities to American paintings which were officially invited and approved of by a representative and duly appointed American Art Committee.

"We equally condemn the supine attitude of the Paris representatives of this committee. They were faced by the alternative of either agreeing to the elimination of these pictures or of having no exhibition at all. They took the easy and less honorable course.

"As a matter of simple courtesy to the American committee every one of the pictures, under the circumstances, should have been hung without a whisper of disapproval.

"As it is, not only has your committee been scronfully overruled, but the French authorities have dealt an insulting blow (fortunately a very effectual one) to the modern art movemnt in America, which is attempting to free itself from the bonds of convention and thus give freer art expression to modern life and times.

"No doubt, in course of time, we will hear from your committee. We feel, however, that you ought to know our sentiments and we so give them to you. Very cordially,

"Bernard Gussow.
"William Zorach.
"Louis Bouche.
"Alfred H. Maurer.
"Joseph Stella.
"Henry L. McFee.

From private sources we have learned that the other painters whose work was not hung are Charles Sheeler and Andrew Dasburg. There is a rumor that there were paintings hung which had not been invited by the American Committee.

It is needless to add that Arts & Decoration feels that the most elemental principles of justice have been outraged. It is not through such methods that French painters will win their way into American homes.

The date for closing the list of members of the Society of Independent Arts is February 1, 1920. All artists who send their dues ($10) to A. S. Baylinson, 1947 Broadway, New York, are entitled to exhibit work at the annual exhibition which opens at the Waldorf-Astoria in March.

G. W. Richardson & Son

Established 1812

Interior Decorators

Antique Furniture and Reproductions

753 Fifth Avenue, at 58th Street

New York

Also at Auburn and Syracuse, N. Y.

MILCH *Galleries*

"SUNSET" *by Ralph A. Blakelock*

AMERICAN PAINTINGS

and SCULPTURE

ETCHINGS and
MEZZOTINTS

New illustrated booklet "Art Notes" sent on request

108 West Fifty-Seventh Street, New York
Adjoining Lotos Club

One of a pair of Old Spanish Arm Chairs in Walnut and Gold

C. VICTOR TWISS COMPANY
HENRY F. BULTITUDE, ASSOCIATE

14 EAST 50th STREET
NEW YORK

INTERIOR DECORATORS
Panelled Rooms
Furniture—Draperies
Old Residences Remodelled

CHICAGO
Fine Arts Building

DARNLEY *Inc.*
DECORATIVE OBJECTS
FOR THE
TOWN OR COUNTRY HOUSE
34 EAST 48TH STREET NEW YORK

RETZEL
500 Madison Ave.
Corner of 52nd Street

Specializes
in
Decorative Screens

Unusually smart incised and colored glass framed mirrors

Telephone Plaza 8961

The Blue Bird

(*Continued from page* 187)

tops, birds that look like pterodactyls, and a cemetery that changes to Klingsor's garden would have been made more comprehensible by the music of Rimsky-Korsakoff. In this production the decorative scale is not in harmony with the fable, while the bold, primal tints rudely assault the eyes. Again the Maeterlinckian atmosphere is missing, because of a faulty optique.

Mr. Aldrich of the *Times* is more enthusiastic. The decorations are the happiest feature of the new production, which now becomes, after the brilliant premiere last month, a regular and outstanding feature of the Metropolitan's repertoire. Mr. Aldrich found that these vivid decorations revealed an imaginative power, a poetic sense, a feeling for color and design that have realized the poet's vision. Notable is the hall of the Palace of the Night, of what the poet wished to be "austere, rigid, metallic and sepulchral magnificence," in "black marble, gold and ebony." The color is darkly harmonious; yet here, as in a number of other places, a false note of color is introduced by the use of a mauve pink light and a pink costume of a similar sort of shade at a point where it does some harm. The climax of this scene is the opening of the forbidden door upon the smiling, sunlit garden with its fantastic flights of bluebirds. Again the grandiose note is struck in the immense halls of the Kingdom of the Future, "infinite perspectives of sapphire columns supporting turquoise vaults"; here, too, an effect of climax is reached in the opening of the great door at the back, showing opalescent clouds above a great galley standing with sails set ready to sail earthward. The calmer landscape mood of the cottage under the great tree in the Land of Memory, picturesquely unreal, at first hidden by the mists; the rich fantasy of unknown vegetation in the Garden of Happiness; the heavy drooping of great gray-green firs over the cemetery, are equally artistic and equally in the spirit of the poet's feigning.

MR. HENDERSON of the *Sun* characterizes the Russian decorator as a wizard whose wand has called into existence magic scenes and costumes. Comparing the opera as a whole with the triumph of Claude Debussy with "Pelléas et Mélisande." Mr. Henderson is lead to remark:

"When Debussy set Pélleas et Mélisande he was happy in his poem, for dark and dreary as the tale is it none the less is heavy with the throbs of human tragedy, and the musician created for it an interpretation perfectly in accord with the drama and its literary style. In L'Oiseau Bleu we seek in vain for such an intimate and fecund union of the arts of drama and music.

"Mysterious figures moving through mellifluous mazes of musical inconsequence, a pageant of the melancholy dead chanting in lifeless monotones their wearisome explanations of themselves and the semi-spiritualistic philosophy by which they are surrounded constitute but a sorry opera. The eye and not the ear is the chief medium of communication between the stage and the spectator.

"A strange procession of Dantesque marionettes, weaving futile arms in impotent gestures, rubbing shoulders with dancing creatures clad in garments familiar to the ballet from time immemorial and with leaping children awkwardly imitating the capers of the adult dancer, but all grouped in picturesque order and lighted with the cunning of the electrician, are among the chief and challenging features of this smybolic show. These rather than the music cling to the memory."

Mr. Henry T. Finck, who has probably heard more operas than any other music critic of his generation, was also forced by the gorgeousness of the spectacle to become art critic for the occasion and to pay his respects rather to Mr. Anisfeld as a musician in color and line than the illustrator in music, as indeed Mr. Wolff has been characterized.

THE Land of Memory, where the children visit their dead grandparents and little brothers and sisters, was represented by a sunny, flowered cottage, where the dear memories lived. The fog in this set was the most beautiful part of it. White and thick, the soft curtains hung, giving a Japanese effect of cloud and trees before it cleared away to reveal the pleasant dwelling place. The cemetery also profited by this same fog curtain, and behind it changed to a garden of enchantment. In the Garden of Happiness, with its baby ballet, Boris Anisfeld showed fertile invention in giving a third garden full of sunshine and charm which did not in the least resemble the othera two. The little "happinesses of childhood" and the more solemn "joys" presented a lovely picture as they grouped themselves adoringly around Light. The small children, trimmed with flowers, added a singularly dainty touch to this picture.

"The Palace of Night and the Kingdom of the Future were the finest pictures of the seven, so far as background was concerned. Both were beautified by high pillars which reached from stage to proscenium arch, but the contrast was all the more striking because the foundation was the same. Night's palace had pillars of black marble, doors of green bronze, the one at the back an imposingly designed portal behind which were hidden dozens of blue birds, a beautiful sight when Tyltyl unlocked it with an appropriately huge key. Nigh's stars, the fragrance of the flowers, dew and other night charms had appeared as a beautiful bit of ballet—the word doesn't fit but there is no other—before the final climax when the many false blue birds appear and succeed in concealing the real one, who is hanging on a moonbeam too high to be reached.

"Jade and lapis-lazuli, azurite and malachite columns, a crystal hung ceiling, gates of opal, and against this color a great group of children, tiny and large, and of guardians, all in pale blue—this is the Kingrom of the Future. No wonder the babies, though seemingly eager to be 'next,' dreaded to leave this paradise of color for an uncertain earthly residence, even at the call of the mother voices. Here again the wee ones were the chief charm of the picture. Even the dazzling crystals, the beautiful pillars, the great globe of lapis-lazuli paled before their appealing sweetness. Of course, blue is the prevailing tint in all the stage settings. Hereafter will 'having the blues' signify that one is bubbling over with joy?"

Stephen Haweis

(Continued from Page 182).

fitted to his manner. In the clear shallow waters of the sea gardens where grow coral, sea fans and sponges, and where live fish of many varieties, the secrets of the sea are revealed in their most brilliant coloring to him who will observe them through the glass bottom boat or bucket. Though the colors are low in tone even in the pale, clear "White Waters" near Nassau, the impression gained from them is of a brilliancy irreproducible in man-made pigments, except in the hands of a master.

The Sea Garden studies were designed as mural decorations for the cabins of yachts, aquaria and museums of natural history. Their charm lies in their decorative pattern and color and in the success with which they represent, not an impression of a momentary phase of life, but a succession of rapid events, as does the "Young Grouper," where the movement of the fish, the swirl of the water produced by that movement, and the changing color are admirably reproduced. Mr. Haweis' attitude to the fish is fully explained by this characteristic statement: "The dead fish that do duty in company with a beaker of wine and a split lemon for still life do not interpret anything of the life and happiness of a fish in water. The scientific diagram from which the various kinds of fish can be identified are to me no better. My pictures do not attempt to compete with them. My aim is to be everything that they are not, to describe the joy of the fishes' life, the beauty of marine growths, the wonder of one who loves to watch the mystery-play of their lives."

One of the most successful of his fish paintings is the "Barracuda Leap." Here he has reproduced that "flash of a living ingot of silver" which has so entranced him, and has made of it a wonderfully beautiful picture in low silvery tones which nevertheless stands out brilliantly in any group of paintings. As a colorist, Mr. Haweis ranks high. Beautiful as is the pattern in his pictures, the color is by far the most striking feature. Where he has felt the need of a line or shape, he has put it, and if a spot of color was essential it has been supplied in the tattooing of a man's body or the larger patches of color applied at will to the earth, sea and air.

Two honors have recently come to the artist. In 1918, he was appointed to direct the decorations of the shelters on the battle front and in the reconstructed villages of the invaded districts of France. While he was prevented from going over he was asked to undertake the decoration of a War Memorial Chapel in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Nassau, Bahamas. Here he has executed twelve paintings—his first venture into the realm of religious art, and at the same time the first instance of ecclesiastical decorations showing a strong influence of a modern movement in art. In the simplicity and dignity of the draperies, they approach the magnificent Byzantine works of the Middle Ages, while in other respects they are entirely modern.

A New Book on Etching

(These brief glimpses of new books of interest to artists and art-lovers are offered merely as suggestions, and in no way preclude further and more illuminating review in ARTS & DECORATION.)

ETCHERS AND ETCHING. By JOSEPH PENNELL. New York: The Macmillan Company.

This is probably the most important work on etching since Hamerton's "Etching and Etchers." The text is divided into two parts: the first is a comprehensive study of the work of the great etchers of the past, written in Mr. Pennell's highly personal and occasionally biased manner. The second part is entirely technical, and describes practically every known method of etching. There can be no doubt that the book will prove pre-eminently useful as a manual for students, collectors and an incentive to amateurs. There are no less than thirty-nine beautiful reproductions, including the work of such acknowledged masters as Albrecht Dürer, Rembrandt, Charles Meryon, James M. Whistler, Frank Duveneck, Seymour Haden, J. M. W. Turner, Van Dyck, Maxime Lalanne, Goya, Felix Buhot, Nanteuil, and no less than nine of Mr. Pennell's own plates. Typographically, the book is a masterpiece in itself.

Decorative Leather Screens

Charles R. Yandell & Co.

Leather Furniture Covering

Tel. 1905 Bryant
" 1655 "

7 West 45th Street

ESTABLISHED 1871

Sanlys

ANNOUNCES

THE OPENING OF A NEW SHOP

AT

17 EAST 45TH STREET

(BETWEEN FIFTH AND MADISON AVENUES)

NEW YORK

DISPLAYING

EXQUISITE FRENCH NOVELTIES

IMPORTED

SWEATERS AND SCARFS

(For Southern Wear)

PERFUMES SACHETS

AND

MANY EXCLUSIVE FRENCH ACCESORIES

FOR THE

BOUDOIR AND THE STREET

TELEPHONE
MURRAY HILL
2285

17 EAST 45th STREET
NEW YORK

RALSTON
ESTABLISHED 1895

PORTRAIT OF MRS. WESTERN
By John Hoppner

in the collection of
RALSTON GALLERIES
567 FIFTH AVENUE
New York
47 Old Bond St. *London*
19 rue Caumartin *Paris*

Old and Modern Masters
American Paintings. Etchings
Mezzotints. Sporting Prints

A. Kimbel & Son
INTERIOR DECORATIONS

Reproduction of Early English Oak Cabinet
NOW ON EXHIBITION
ANTIQUE TAPESTRY PANELS
Petit Point Chair Coverings
and Embroideries

PARIS: 16 Rue d'Artois 12 West 40th Street, NEW YORK

Weir's Excursions Into Print-Land

FRANK WEITENKAMPF.

THE characteristics of J. Alden Weir's paintings are found also in his work on copper and stone. That is, of course, making allowance for the difference in technical demands and possibilities, and the lesser experience brought to meet them. His experimentative bent, always restrained by his qualities of taste and balance, led him to take up etching as a means of original expression about thirty years ago. Weir wrestled with the process, and subjugated it to more than one subject or mood. When he failed it was apt to be because the process could not keep pace. Evidently sympathetic toward the medium, he often adapted himself to its necessities. Not always, perhaps. He fumbled sometimes, or one might better say, slighted—as in the foreground of that study of two gnarled tree-trunks with a bridge beyond, yet, he gave, at the same time, a loving study of form in the trees.

More than once he seemed quite to upset one's notions about etching as an art of indication, not of elaboration. However, his aim at completeness of effect was always in the direction of tone and color suggestion, not of detail of form. Such fullness of impression is carried out remarkobly in that picture of a woman and child at a window, arranging wreaths, with no trace of smug finish, no sign of the smartly placed lines of the reproductive etcher, who seeks for tone in which the significance of the line per se is submerged.

When he worked in pure open lines the result is usually frankly a sketch, as for example that picture of a man on a park bench or of the mother nursing her baby.

He meets etching, then, generally, in the attitude of the painter. That appears in all points, in that "View of a Bridge," with a barn beyond, or the "Shipping at a Wharf," with city buildings in the background, or that "Isle of Man" view, with sail boats at a quai and high buildings behind, or that one-master at the shore, again with buildings,—the buildings in each case being shaded into a grayish mass suggesting restrained color. To emphasize what is meant, compare the first print mentioned in the preceding sentence (bridge and barn) with the straightforward linear statement in "Six's Bridge," a similar subject by Rembrandt.

He did not specialize either in subject or statement. A full-length of a woman is of Whistler-like evanescence. "A Woman reading by Lamplight" has a mellow, rich finality in its complete expression of the scene. A still-life (glassware, etc.) has a depth of color suggestion, and recalls the fact that Whistler did a similar thing, and that other artists (Rembrandt, Hollar, Guerard, Mielatz, Smillie, and how many others) had flirtations in copper with a subject which Jacquemart specialized with a superior craftsmanship. Portraits he did with short hatchings thrown down like chaff, and others with modelling achieved by a caressing shading with intertwined soft gray lines (as in the head of his brother) but always with likeness and character. Drypoint he used in a head of a child holding a dog (Caro, 1890), with somehow a faint flavor of Mary Cassatt,—in the handling, not in the spirit, for he always remained himself.

Lovingly he lingered over simple subjects: a bit of fence at a barnyard entrance, a courtyard with a slight aroma of Meryon, an old wagon near out-houses, a kitchen door and wall, with cans on bench and a lone tree and all that. Mostly line drawings are these, though sometimes ever here there is indication of sunlight, as in the last one mentioned, where its trembling presence on walls and trees is tersely indicated.

Quite in line is the "Arcturus," that one and only contribution he made to the small group of modern painter-engravings executed with the burin, a tool not much used for original work. Needless, almost, to say that he used it without the formality of linear arrangement so easily imposed by the necessities of handling. Progressive proof show that this line-engraving was finished a section at a time, like the "Adam and Eve" of Dürer, to whom the angular drapery seems to bear a greeting. No intimation of copying or even adaptation is implied in the last statement. We simply have an inquiring soul rubbing elbows with the past. And also hobnobbing with a new technique!

Technical interest is shown as well in his few lithographs. When Montague Marks, editor of the defunct *Art Amateur*, in 1896, dreamed of an "American Society of Painter Lithographers," Ruger Donoho, F. Hopkinson Smith, H. W. Ranger and Weir were among those who at his instigation acquainted themselves with an art of such rich and vivid possibilities. Weir showed his sympathetic appreciation of the medium in two lithographs, both figure pieces, one executed in a pale pencil-like effect, the other (a woman sewing at a window) with rich darks shot with light, the scraper used discriminatingly.

Weir's technichal achievement in etching is overtopped by his expression. It is a case of Weir and etching rather than Weir as an etcher. He understood the medium and struggled with it. The result is an interesting and important addition to America's record in the reproductive graphic arts. But primarily and above all we are afforded an interesting side-light on the attitude and mental processes of an artistic personality of engaging quality and charm.

Note: Beginning December thirteenth, a memorial exhibition of the etchings and plates of J. Alden Weir will be open daily to the public in Room 316 of the New York Public Library. The exhibition will close the last day of January.

Prizes as a Stimulus to the Poet

THE following article brings forcibly to our minds the fact that compared with other artists the poet is ill paid.

Prizes for poetry were practically unheard of in America, although annual prizes and scholarships in painting, sculpture, architecture and music have been common. They should be offered both as a stimulus to the artists as well as a form of advertisement of art before the public.

In discussing this subject *Poetry Magazine* says:

"We believe that they are as well deserved, and as effective for these purposes, in poetry as in the other arts, and we rejoice that the example of the magazine is being followed by the Poetry Society of America, through Columbia University, and that other institutions and individuals are considering the bestowal of such awards.

"Compared with other artists the poet, as everyone should know, is absurdly ill-paid. Nor will the few prizes offered in this art bear comparison with the numerous and extremely large awards to painters and sculptors in our various large cities — for example, thirty-four hundred dollars in five prizes, accompanied by gold, silver and bronze medals, at a single annual exhibition of the Chicago Art Institute!

"*Poetry* would like to change all this—it would like to be rich enough to pay for poems at least a living wage, so that poets would not have to face the grim alternative of starving or getting an engrossing and art-destroying job. The editors constantly run up against cases of poignant suffering caused by this condition—suffering which, far from enriching the poet's art, tends to stifle it altogether.

"They could dispose of thousands a year to individuals who desperately need the money, and whose talent gives them fully as much right to financial endorsement as the numerous American art students have who enjoy local or travelling scholarships, or even large allowances, with studio and residence, from the American Academy at Rome.

"If these arguments sound familiar, almost a repetition of those offered last year and the years before, it must be because we hope to convince by iteration. And we must emphasize also our gratitude to all donors of prizes, especially those two guarantors who have been for the past six years, pioneers in a good cause."

ARTS & DECORATION concurs with these feelings and feels that prizes should be awarded as an expression of confidence in the artist's power, a gamble on his future, rather than an award for a more completed and achieved work of art, but with less promise in it.

Americanization

THE problem of Americanization which presents itself strikingly before us, as American citizens, has been well and wisely defined in the forcible words of Stephen Wise, used in his address before the members of the League of Political Education. The topic of which was "Americanization."

"The first truth to be borne in mind with respect to Americanization," he said, "is that the immigrant must not be viewed nor designated as a problem. No human being enjoys being looked upon as a problem. No foreigner can be Americanized or helped to attain Americanization through being dubbed a 'foreigner.' The first step to be taken in helping the foreigner to become an American is to treat him as a man.

"I would have America either shut foreigners out or take them in—not leave them dangling in spirit at our doors, physically admitted to, but excluded spiritually from the life of our country," he said. "If you would Americanize the foreigner, remember that he must be met not with condescension, but with confidence, not in the spirit of patronage or even paternalism, but of trust and fraternalism.

"It is easy to define what Americanization is not. Americanization is not regularization; Americanization is not standardization; Americanization is not Christianization. In declaring that Americanization is neither regularization nor standardization, I am thinking of the unwisdom of such Americans as imagine that every foreigner who comes to America must pass through the processes of being regularized and

(*Continued on page* 212)

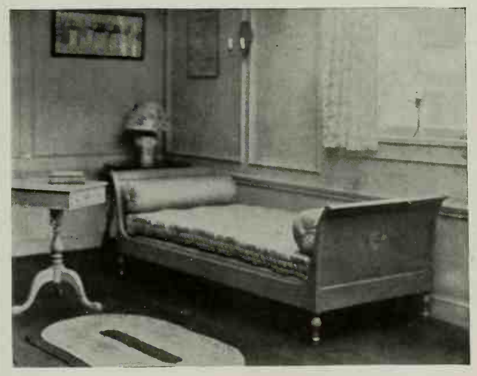
THE C. M. TRAVER CO.

Rare contemporary XVI Century Chest showing sailing of Columbus

ANTIQUE FURNITURE AND
FURNISHINGS ☙ ITALIAN
FRENCH, ENGLISH AND SPANISH

23 EAST 62nd STREET
NEW YORK

RARE EARLY AMERICAN PIECES:
PINE, MAPLE, CHERRY, WALNUT



DANERSK DECORATIVE FURNITURE

AT Stamford we make in our factories all our luxurious upholstered pieces and cover them in the fabrics selected for the room. Here our artists create color schemes for bed rooms, breakfast rooms and sun rooms for each purchaser.

Whether you buy through your decorator or dealer or direct, the same individual attention is given to your needs. Here you will find no pretense, no "atmosphere" of over aestheticism, but an organization concentrated on solving interesting problems in furnishing single rooms and entire homes and apartments.

Send for the latest number of "The Danersk K-1"

Charming sets on exhibition at

ERSKINE-DANFORTH CORPORATION

2 West 47th Street, New York

First Door West of Fifth Avenue—4th Floor

Buy now for Spring delivery.

HOWARD YOUNG
GALLERIES

"Grandmother" By Louis Kronberg

Now Featuring
LOUIS KRONBERG

Important Paintings
by
AMERICAN and
FOREIGN MASTERS
620 Fifth Avenue
AT FIFTIETH STREET
New York

ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE
ON REQUEST

NEW YORK PARIS

Wing Canape of the Regence Period,
carved Walnut frame covered with
Verdure Tapestry
Length, 6 feet 5 inches Height, 41 inches
Depth, 33 inches

Interior Decorations,
Old French and English Furniture,
Needlework, Tapestries, Porcelains,
China and Glassware

H. Koopman & Son
16 East Forty-Sixth Street, New York
Opposite Ritz-Carlton Hotel

Joys of Collecting

ARTHUR HAYDEN.

(Mr. Hayden is the author of "Chats on Royal Copenhagen Porcelain," recently published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company of New York. He has contributed a number of books to this invaluable "Chats" series,—practical guides for collectors. Among these are the "Chats" on English China, Old English China, Old Silver, Old Prints, Old Furniture, and Cottage and Farmhouse Furniture. With the widely awakened interest in our own country in the treasures of our own arts and crafts, in primitive pine furniture, in painting on glass, in old inn signs and those other unsurpassed beauties of our colonial and revolutionary era, the present suggestions are of a peculiarly timely value. The present essay is from "By-Paths of Curio Collecting," Mr. Hayden's new volume.)

IT is always a matter of surprise to find what type of collector is interested in a particular subject. Whatever may be a man's profession, his hobby should indicate his real self. One starts with the premiss that Lord Kitchener collected blue and white Chinese Kang-He porcelain. But one is shocked on entering an engineer's house to find he collects butterflies; this is explained when one learns that he was in the Works Department in India, where he had exceptional opportunities of obtaining rare species. One expects in an architect's house to find on the walls fine prints of old cathedrals, and surely a doctor will have portraits of Harvey, Abernethy, and Lister. Clergymen, one naturally supposes, turn to rare editions of old books, but we remember Dean Hole, who specialized in roses. Judges have exhibited a fine taste in old portraits, which is very proper, but it is amazing what a man selects as his hobby. Perhaps it is because he wishes to get away from a workaday environment. It is certain that one would expect the operatic manager known in four continents to have a fine collection of portraits of *prime donne;* nothing of the sort, it is the Chancery Judge who stands foremost in this; the opera manager collects blue delft. All this is very disconcerting, and suggests the idea that man as a collector is attracted to the unknown. Collecting betrays the foibles of a man's nature. The late Mr. Pierpont Morgan was undoubtedly a prince in finance. He aspired to be a power in the world of connoisseurship, and essayed in vain to be as great an authority on mosque lamps as he was on railroad shares. The Prince of Monaco, whose revenues are derived from the green tables of Monte Carlo, has lavishly expended his easily earned income on deep-sea scientific research. In truth there is no gauging the hobbies of man.

In choosing a hobby the ordinary man may prove to be wise who avoids the unknown and comes to grips with his own subject. The shipbroker could collect engravings of ships of all nations. The leather merchant might find real pleasure in old Mexican saddles in Spanish or in Dutch leather work, or in the old "leather bottel" and black jack of his own country. Those in artistic professions as a rule cling to the collection of objects of art with which they are most conversant; this largely accounts for the ripe judgment and fine taste exhibited in most collections got together with technical knowledge by craftsmen and artists. "Cobbler, stick to your last" is a motto worth consideration. "Old Masters" and "priceless" Dresden china have come under the hammer at the decease of wealthy merchants who have neglected to use their business instincts and exercise ordinary precautions when they entered the world of collecting. The exposure of human credulity at some of these sales has been a pitiable exhibition.

On the other hand too many collectors set their mind on the intrinsic value of a specimen. The real pleasure derivative from an object of art is not to be measured in terms of dollars. Until you have mastered this axiom you are not a real collector. The market value is the *pons asinorum* of all collectors. Most of us collect, jackdaw-like, because we cannot help it, but the true collector is the collector of the beautiful.

IT is idle to suppose that those of the public who commence "collecting" will realize that the ground is salted. New generations of collectors arise who are wise according to their lights, but not wise enough to see with a glance out of the tail of their eye that the wary dealer has got up very early and prepared his gallery or his dirty little ramshackle den—" Not sorted yet, madam "—to catch the unwary. He will oblige with Chippendale or Sheraton or Heppelwhite, old Derby or old Worcester, according to the vagaries of his customers. He has a story to tell of all his acquisitions. It was the elderly daughter of a long deceased judge or the widow of a celebrated admiral—"I dare not tell you the name, madam"—who unwillingly parted with treasures untold to our loquacious friend with the poetic lisp. As a matter of fact, two out of three of the china fabrications come from a well-known factory in Paris—that is, if they are supposed to be old Sèvres or old and rare Worcester or old Derby. The furniture is the product of clever trade fakers who study the public caprices as keenly as a fashionable physician studies the whims of his most lucrative *malade imaginaire.* The rest of our dealer's stock—that is the genuine—has been picked up at auction. Seventy-five per cent. of this is rubbish, and probably only twenty-five per cent. worth preservation. But it has been raked over by the dirty paws of a score of dealers and dealers' touts, and has been acquired under the pernicious system of the "knock out."

Pray remember that the beaten track is muddy and has been well trodden by a thousand dirty feet.

THE dictum of "permanent interest" should always be before the collector. He should make himself acquainted with the main features of the history and development of art. It is useless to collect something that is forgotten tomorrow and rightly forgotten because it is of no artistic value. Collecting should have some sanity. A collector should be a person of such perspicacity that he recognizes that certain objects of a byegone age are worthy of preservation: that certain objects of his own day are equally worthy of preservation. This latter is a gift only vouchsafed to the few spirits who have collecting in their blood. To separate the wheat from the chaff amounts to genius in collecting. Those who have triumphed have made fortunes for themselves or their heirs. The public look on amazed at prices, but bold pioneers have staked huge sums on their private judgment. Some have been fallacious, others gloriously accurate. This is not caprice; it is the working of skill and acumen as in any other department of knowledge. Collecting *per se* is not an art; it is a science. Collecting is not a lottery; it follows the laws of any other province of business in which foresight and judgment based on practical knowledge are predetermining factors of success.

To define collecting is to attempt to seize the will o' the wisp. We do not know who may be termed the goddess of collecting, but she is jealous and demands unstinted devotion from her votaries. Youth and crabbed age bow to her enchantments. The schoolboy chases the elusive moth or diligently affixes new acquisitions in his stamp album as evidence that the Spirit of Collecting has seized him, he knows not why.

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety; other passions cloy
The appetites they feed: but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies."

VARIETY is the key-note to the fascinating hobby of collecting. Originality is genius. The love of originality is one of the first hall-marks of the perfect collector. A popular actress advertises that she collects red lacquered furniture. A hundred hangers-on of art crazes follow suit. A score of dealers and fabricators seize the idea and exploit it, till red lacquer becomes an abomination. This is not art, nor is it collecting; it is foolishness, and is annoying to sane collectors.

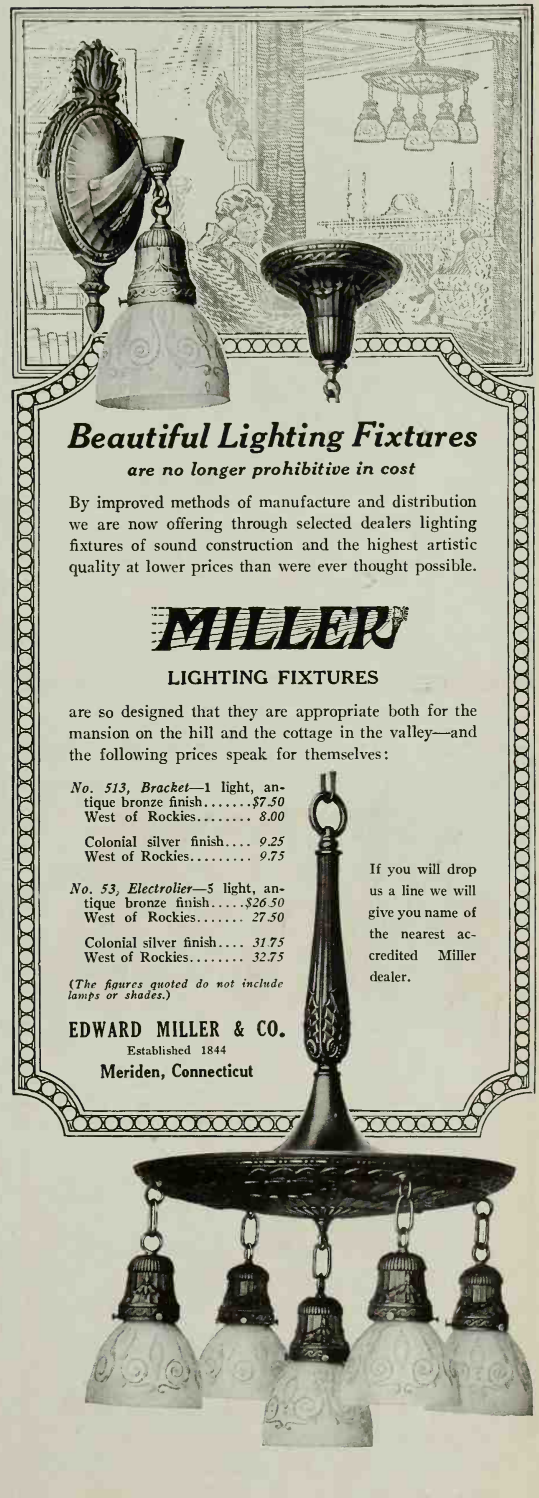
The collector who knows art inside and out seeks originality. His home is inimitable. He has acquired just those examples of original work which, nobody else can obtain, not because they are ugly or rare but because they are beautiful. There is inherent in the artistic mind the love of creating something original, as there is in the true collector's heart of seizing the unappreciated and the unfashionable.

Don't follow, lead; that is the motto for the collector. To get in on the ground floor is the felicitous phrase that the stockbroker employs when he means that he is buying before the general public. In collecting it is obviously the ideal thing to do to collect something that is not already collected. This is not easy with every villa making its collection of something belonging to somebody else's grandfather; but it is not impossible; for villa follows villa. Sham oak beams and doll's house architecture beget a fine taste in sham Chippendale and spurious Staffordshire Toby jugs. Hence imitative collecting is a popular foible, and initiative collecting is something born, not made.

Collecting fails, and fails lamentably, when it has only the jack-daw element of want of discrimination. That impish bird, lover of color and sparkling show, as was his forbear of Rheims, who purloined the Cardinal's ring — officially cursed by the Church, and immortalized by Ingoldsby—stands as a type of many collectors who should know better. It is easier to buy a Whieldon plate with its mottled tortoiseshell splendor than it is to acquire a tawdry Longton Hall or Rockingham vase. The real collector knows where art lies, and sniffs at the garish decadence of the highly colored vases with their sham Continental glamour. He sees in the plate something representative of native art, and when he adds it to his collection his judgment is sound.

Collect your country's art * * *; preserve from destruction all that is beautiful. That is the mission of the collector.

AFTER all, is it realized by collectors that, granting that only a certain number of art objects are in existence (omitting, of course, the forgeries that swell the number), the ultimate end of all is mere interchange? One collector devotes a lifetime to collecting Dürer or Hollar prints, carefully catalogued and unique in their sequence; or another collector assiduously brings together early Worcester transfer-printed porcelain; or a third studiously follows the evolution of the teapot and tracks it from Kang-He and Canton to Bow and Worcester, and on to Staffordshire, devoting a lifetime to investigating its successive changes. At the death of these worthies their effects and their collected life-work come under the hammer to be broken up and redistributed. It is merely the swing of the pendulum. Art objects change hands—at different prices, it must be admitted — but there they are (short of fires at historic seats which deplete the number), generation after generation changing hands.


Beautiful Lighting Fixtures
are no longer prohibitive in cost

By improved methods of manufacture and distribution we are now offering through selected dealers lighting fixtures of sound construction and the highest artistic quality at lower prices than were ever thought possible.

MILLER
LIGHTING FIXTURES

are so designed that they are appropriate both for the mansion on the hill and the cottage in the valley—and the following prices speak for themselves:

No. 513, Bracket—1 light, antique bronze finish.......$7.50
West of Rockies........ 8.00
Colonial silver finish.... 9.25
West of Rockies.......... 9.75

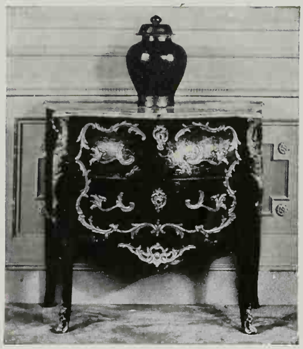
No. 53, Electrolier—5 light, antique bronze finish.....$26.50
West of Rockies....... 27.50
Colonial silver finish.... 31.75
West of Rockies........ 32.75

(The figures quoted do not include lamps or shades.)

If you will drop us a line we will give you name of the nearest accredited Miller dealer.

EDWARD MILLER & CO.
Established 1844
Meriden, Connecticut

LANS
ANTIQUES



LOUIS XV COMMODE; RED LACQUER, WITH HANDSOME BRONZE MOUNTINGS, FROM OUR EXTENSIVE COLLECTON OF FRENCH PERIOD FURNITURE.

554 Madison Ave., New York
CORNER OF 55TH STREET
Branch: 406 Madison Ave., Bet. 47th and 48th Sts.

EARLY AMERICAN INLAID HIGH CHEST

MISS STEVENSON'S
SHOP
18 EAST 46th ST., NEW YORK
Opposite Ritz Carlton

AMERICAN ANTIQUES
SECURED TO ORDER

ANTIQUE COPPER & BRASS
CHOICE OLD CHINESE BITS

RARE OLD ENGRAVINGS
Colour Prints, Pictures, and
Original Drawings
Scarce Illustrated Books Americana
CATALOGUES FREE
A. BERTHEL'S GALLERIES
39-41 New Oxford St., London W. C., 1, England

standardized, that he cannot enter into the life of America until after he has divested himself of and cast away everything that he brought with him from his native land. America is a standard, but Americanization must not be standardization. Standards exist; standardization degrades. Leveling as a process is always down and never up.

"Neither is Americanization the equivalent of Christianization for the foreign-born. Speaking for my own people, I know that the greatest disservice that could be rendered America is to attempt the de-Judaization of Jews and their Christianization. You cannot rest a new loyalty upon disloyalty to the old. The new allegiance will find itself rock-bottomed upon the ancient and unimpaired allegiances. That Jew is less likely to become a good American who is indifferent to and scornful of the precious and consecrated things in the life and faith of his people

"There are certain methods or instrumentalities of Americanization which must be utilized and magnified—the school, the press, the Church, the theatre. The school must be kept free from every political entanglement and every sectarian bias. The press must not be an instrument in the hands of power, but a medium of free and untrammelled communication between all groups and classes in the republic. The pulpit of every faith, like the press, must keep itself free from the domination of any class and serve on a spiritual symbol of the unity of the republic."

This presentation of what is due the foreigners who come to us might be supplemented by a suggestion that in the art exhibitions the newly arrived American be not segregated. This custom is too common and has doubtless grown out of a sincere and kindly desire to play up the work of the newcomer, to throw his work into relief. It has been so generally followed that the art public, misunderstanding the reason, think of it as a foreign section and in their attitude frustrate the point that it was desired.

Let us have no more of these so called foreign sections in our art shows. Let us rather mix them generally with the works of native-born artists and thereby weld them to us as other fields of endeavor.

What the Art Schools Are Doing

COLLEGE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE ARTS,

University of Michigan.

THE College of Literature, Science, and the Arts owes its name to a provision in the legislative act under which the University was organized in the year 1837, the nomenclature Department being changed to College by the Board of Regents in January, 1915. Its aim is to cover the broad field of general university study of the ancient and modern languages and literatures, of history, philosophy, mathematics, science, and the liberal arts, as distinguished from the more special work of the professional schools in engineering, medicine, law, pharmacy, and dentistry; and it offers a large number of courses of instruction, from which the student is allowed to choose such as he is qualified to pursue.

Forestry.

Most of the courses in Forestry are intended primarily for the training of professional foresters but are open to all students of the University, who are properly prepared to take them and who obtain the permission of the professor in charge.

However, a certain number of courses are now offered by the Forestry department that are non-technical in character and are open to all students of the University *without special preparation.* The aim of these courses is to enable students in other departments to become informed with regard to certain fundamental phases of forestry work and forestry conditions in their relation to our national business and general welfare.

The Nature of Architecture.

Architecture, the oldest of the constructive sciences, and since ancient times also ranked as a fine art, deals principally with the design of buildings, their accessories and surroundings, their construction, decoration and equipment.

Architecture is born of the necessity for buildings and the desire to have them appropriate and pleasing in plan and design, as well as sound in construction. By its very nature, therefore, architecture is much more circumscribed as a medium of expression by utilitarian and technical conditions than is any other of the fine arts; unlike its sister arts of painting and sculpture, it must function at once practically and artistically, and misses its aim in failing in either.

Landscape Design.

Those interested in landscape design are referred to the special announcement of the Curriculum in Landscape Design which may be obtained by application to the secretary's office.

Fine Arts.

The aim of the courses offered in this department is to give the student a knowledge of the origin and development of the Fine Arts throughout the ages. Together

(*Continued on page* 216)

Art Blending of East and West

(*Continued from page 204*)

versity and compete for prizes, honors and scholarships in voice, piano, violin, band, orchestra, chorus, expression, debate, dramatics, drawing, domestic art and everything else of an artistic nature. The contest lasts nearly a week. Several thousand young men and women, enthusiastic and keen, are in town and go home with awakened spirit of ambition for a higher civilization. Sometimes a small town favorite in one of the arts is loyally supported by a delegation of admirers to cheer her along. What this means for the artistic awakening of the State can well be surmised.

The most crying need out West can be briefly stated:

"1. A decent support morally and financially of the struggling artists.

"2. A kindly disposed press. It is almost impossible to get a 'story' of an art exhibition printed. In our largest State paper the great Rodin received two lines on his life's work at his death. Kenyon Cox fared better, he got three lines.

"3. Some way to convince men of affairs of the commercial value of beauty."

Good prints in color at popular prices are also needed for sale at the art and department stores instead of the terrible chromos that people really do not want but have to take; prints of the character of the Pullman, the Art Institute and the Medici, but less expensive than these last. These prints should include not only the classics but plenty of the moderns, also, if we are going to bring the masses into sympathy with the artist of today. It seems to me that some way could be found to successfully persuade manufacturers that people will buy beautiful things rather than ugly if within their means and on the market. This I believe is a great work that the American Federation of Arts could do.

Intelligent propaganda to be used on school boards and people in authority to properly decorate public and high schools.

"I have tried to sketch for you the character of the typical modern Oklahoman and to point out the historical and biological reason why the youngster is thus and so. The spirit of Oklahoma can well be compared to a large and beautiful piece of marble on which the sculptor is at work. The material is of first-class quality but only the idea of the artist is beginning to be noticeable, the rest is all in the rough. The artist is ambitious to make it a masterpiece and has high hopes and great faith, but he needs encouragement, sympathy and assistance. All these the American Federation of Arts and the easterner in general can supply if they will. We need your help and encouragement in the great work but we are supersensitive."

Incidentally the Western artist also needs a little encouragement from the East. It is true that his work often lacks the polish and refinement of the metropolitan painter. He is not so finished nor well schooled. But on the other hand he shows a youthful and rugged strength that is wonderful. Lacking the companionship and association of art to be found in the large cities he finds his whole inspiration in that wonderland of America so little known or understood—those great silent plains and deserts of the Southwest.

On the one hand the idealism with which the East often credits the West does not usually exist; on the other hand, the devil-may-care and lawless irresponsibility has vanished and we are now just folks like you. But the westerner still retains in his makeup the subdued elements of the character of thirty years ago. He is different from the man of the East; although great commercial prosperity tends to erase the types and character.

Feeling the great wave of immigration from Europe very little the westerner is undoubtedly a much truer type of American than his brother on the Atlantic seaboard or in the largest cities. He is independent, he is democratic, he is apt to brag, he is often too blunt, he is friendly to a fault and likes to pass the time of day with casual acquaintances. Having but recently been a frontiersman, he often appears crude, unpolished, careless in manner and dress. He is essentially an ascendant; he is keen for culture and he sometimes makes the mistake of thinking that he can order it from Sears Roebuck & Co. The differences between the easterner and the westerner are mostly on the surface after all and should not stand in the way of mutual liking and respect.

PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS.

THE Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts held its Annual Water Color and Miniature Exhibitions from November 9 to December 14, 1919.

In these exhibitions the Philadelphia Water Color Prize for the best painting or group of water colors was awarded to Childe Hassam for his "Rockport Quarry Series." A group by Alfred Hayward received the Dana Water Color Medal. The Chas. W. Beck prize of one hundred dollars for the best work in the exhibition previously reproduced in color was awarded to Lieutenant Commander Henry Reuterdahl for his "Destroyer Patrol."

Decorative Painting—The Temple of Diana—copy of Roberts in The Metropolitan Museum—Antique Italian Chest original polychrome—Spanish Arm Chair—Venitian Side Chair.

Nancy Barrows

Katharine Park Studdiford, associate

Interior Decorations

12 West 40th St. New York City

Wanted to Purchase
Paintings
by

Inness	Fuller	Whistler
Wyant	Blakelock	Murphy
Martin	Twachtman	Weir
Homer	Remington	Hassam

GEORGE H. AINSLIE
615 Fifth Avenue
New York
Telephone, Plaza 6886

See my Exhibition of
Thirty Inness Paintings

The Philadelphia Art Galleries
AND AUCTION ROOMS

So. E. Cor. 15th and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.
REED H. WALMER, Auctioneer

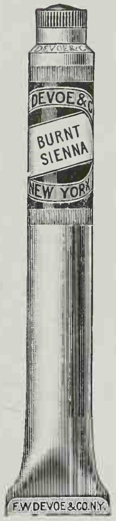
Weekly Public Sales of
Important Art, Furniture and Ceramics
Estates and Consignments Solicited

PERMANENT EXHIBITION

Appraisals of Art and Literary Property, Jewels and Personal Effects of every description for Inheritance Tax and other purposes.

DEVOE

ARTIST'S OIL COLORS



Are prepared from carefully selected pigments thoroughly incorporated with the purest oil—single and double size tubes. Used and endorsed by leading artists.

At the request of a number of prominent artists we are now putting up a line of "Devoe Artists' Oil Colors" in studio size tubes.

Canvas, Academy Boards, Brushes, Water Colors, Artists' Materials, etc.

Write for Pamphlet on Our New Equalized Spectrum Colors.

Color Makers for over 150 years.

DEVOE & RAYNOLDS CO., Inc.
NEW YORK CHICAGO

Photograph taken from Caproni Triplane showing Hotel Chamberlin and

OLD POINT COMFORT

The Aristocrat

is ever without pretense, preferring that by intimate association you should discover innate charms. HOTEL CHAMBERLIN, at OLD POINT COMFORT, VIRGINIA, is an aristocrat. Its greatest charm is least apparent, so it invites your inquiry as to the probability of its supplying your specific needs. A request will provide the Management with the opportunity to cite fairly and frankly some of the pleasing features of this delightful resort. Here golfers dwell upon the merits of the links; the very young on the gay dances and fascinating officers of both the Army and Navy; the elderly-young extoll the sea and sun of the ever lovely Chesapeake and convalescents upon the Baths and Treatments. These all unite, however, in a tribute to the unsurpassed CHAMBERLIN cuisine. The unanimity of this agreement is its best recommendation.

GEORGE F. ADAMS, Manager
Fortress Monroe Virginia

NEW YORK OFFICES: *Bertha Ruffner Hotel Bureau, 1270 Broadway, Cook's Tours, or "Ask Mr. Foster" at any of his offices.*

Art in the New Books

(*Continued from page* 196)

CATALOGUE OF THE COLLECTION OF MEDIAEVAL AND RENAISSANCE PAINTINGS. Fogg Art Museum, Harvard University. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

This catalogue describes and reproduces the pictures, presents all available information as to their past history, and discusses the attributions of this most notable collection. It also undertakes to fulfill the functions of a handbook for the students of Harvard University and Radcliffe College who study the Fine Arts, and for the casual visitor as well, by including much valuable general and historical information. Several members of the division of Fine Arts of the University and of the museum staff have collaborated in the compilation, with the major portion of the credit due to Miss Margaret E. Gilman, secretary of the museum. Handsome reproductions of unusually fine examples of the Byzantine, Italian, Spanish, German, French, Flemish and English paintings are included. The bibliography of criticism of the various schools and periods should make this book invaluable to the student of this history of art.

PAINTING AND THE PERSONAL EQUATION. By CHARLES H. WOODBURY, N. A. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

From the earliest times painters have at the begining of their studies drawn and painted with the greatest detail. There is not a master, either old or new, who has not followed this same course. The early works of Velasquez and of Rembrandt, of Manet and of Renoir, all show the same tendency, the striving to reproduce the infinite detail of nature. In this book Charles H. Woodbury proposes that the student at the beginning ignore detail. It is putting the care before the horse. Mr. Woodbury has been teaching for many years. Before his innovation should be seriously considered he should let us know just who among the greater modern painters have been taught by the Woodbury method and we should know whether his ideas are gaining new recruits. No one should tamper with the traditions of our art education unless he can prove that he has better methods than those which time hos consecrated.

INTRODUCTIONS (Painters, Sculptors and Graphic Artists). By MARTIN BIRNBAUM. New York: Frederic Fairchild Sherman.

Mr. Birnbaum introduces—or sometimes re-introduces—to us such diverse figures as Aubrey Beardsley, Charles Conder, Charles Ricketts, Charles Shannon, Leon Bakst, Maurice Sterne, Paul Manship, Elie Nadelman, Edmund Dulac, Kay Nielson, Albert Sterner, Robert F. Blum, Jules Pascin, Alfred Stevens, and John Flaxman. Originally written as introductions to catalogues for one-man shows, these essays have all the facility, all the urbanity and the refinement of color and taste that one expects of the world of Fifth Avenue and those luxuriously and deftly appointed galleries in which Mr. Birnbaum is so thoroughly at home.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF CLASSICAL ARCHITECTURE. By HERBERT LANGFORD WARREN, A.M. New York: The Macmillan Company.

In this volume the late Dean of the Faculty of Architecture of Harvard University traces the development of the styles of Egypt, Western Asia and Greece to their culmination in the Athens of Pericles. There is a stimulating analysis of fundamental and universal forms such as the Classic moldings of the Greek orders. The book is really the essence of Professor Warren's inspired teaching of the history and essence of architecture. It is fully illustrated from documents and original drawings. Professor Fiske Kimball of the University of Virginia contributes an introductory essay in commemoration of the distinguished author of this book.

THE GIRL WHO SAT BY THE ASHES. By PADRAIC COLUM. Illustrated by Dugald Stewart Walker. New York: The Macmillan Company.

As a re-teller (or re-creator) of folktales, Mr. Colum possesses the power of investing his story with lyric beauty, quaintness and all the glamour of childhood. As an illustrator of books for children, Mr. Dugald Stewart Walker has won for himself a distinct and enviable place. The beauty of his drawings in black and white, the simple strength of his design and strength are fully deserving of much of the praise that is usually given to continental masters of the graphic arts.

AMERICAN PAINTING AND ITS TRADITION. By JOHN C. VAN DYKE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Professor Van Dyke knew all these great American painters—Inness, Wyant, Martin, La Farge, Chase, Homer, Whistler, Alexander and Sargent. While narrative and quite personal in style, this book makes, taken as a whole, a good critical summary of the artistic movement of this country that began after the Centennial of 1876. It is practically the first attempt to summarize that effort and of the men who stand as the foremost American artists of their generation. It is always interesting to read appreciative interpretations of art and Professor Van Dyke brings to these papers a rare sympathy and insight.

THE PRACTICAL BOOK OF INTERIOR DECORATION. By HAROLD DONALDSON EBERLEIN, Abbott McClure and Edward Stratton Holloway. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The author's first endeavor to give a consecutive and synoptic account of the art of interior decoration as practiced in England and the Continent since the beginning of the sixteenth century, with an account of the beginnings of American decoration of the Colonial and early Republican periods. Upon this basis is made the direct applications of decoration to the requirements of modern American homes. "We are living in an age of catholic appreciation which we are optimistic enough to believe is increasing. * * * there is rapidly growing a healthy, constructive ability on the part of the householder which prompts the individual to beautify his or her home." This indicates the constructive and helpful spirit in which the book has been written. The writer's aim also to formulate a definite body of decorative principles that are applicable under any conditions likely to arise. They believe that it is serviceable to have a digest of principles explaining the "how" and "why"—principles simple and flexible enough in their working to be readily applied to meet the varying requirements of widely diversified types of homes.

Art Old and New

(*Continued from page* 181)

THE ballet is a source of perpetual delight to those who enjoy movement, light, color. The most prominent of our American painters who have devoted themselves to the study of the ballet is Louis Kronberg. He has real feeling for the beauty of his subject and his recent show at the Howard Young Galleries has won for his work new admirers.

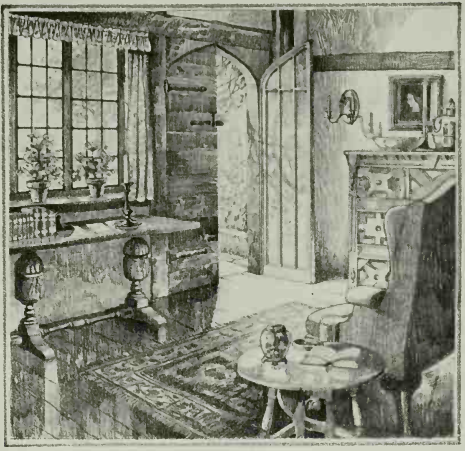
THERE is hardly a figure in art world of the last years of the nineteenth century which commands respect as does that of Alphonse Legros. He was one of the great men of his epoch. Unappreciated in his country he was forced to become an excile in England. There he was received with the greatest kindness. A place was found for him at the Slade School where he taught for many years, despite his inability to learn English. He was a commanding figure in the art world through his intellectual endowments which were of the rarest, notwithstanding the fact that he could hardly read or write. The exhibition of his work at the Kraushaar Galleries, lately moved to 680 Fifth Avenue, was one of most important of recent art shows.

THE exhibition of the work of Lucien Pissaro at the Durand-Ruel Galleries is the most complete I have ever seen yet even it contained none of his earliest work. Born in 1830 he first came under the influence of Corot who in a way dominated his career. Even in his late work there is as it were a memory of the silver greys of Corot. Where Guillaumin and Cézanne see strength Pissaro sees a veil of poetry. The weakness of Pissaro lay in his lack of a definite pended on the ease with which he assimilated what was best in the art about him. To the common fund of tradition he gave back more than he had taken from it for throughout his life he never ceased experimenting. He had a fine sense of artistry which, combined with a respect for the tradiaim. The quality of his work detions of French art, gave his work great beauty.

AT the Macbeth Gallery there have been two shows of much interest: a loan exhibition of the paintings by Emil Carlsen and a show of decorative canvases by William Baxter Closson.

Carlsen's art has not the vitality, the freshness of life. It only indirectly adds to the joy we get from life; it is not an interpretation of the material world; it is to be prized as we prize old brocades. We do not ask old tapestries or silks to give a new reading of life. There is no reason for our demanding it in the case of paintings. Those who are willing to accept art merely for its beauty of texture, line mass, and of tonality will find in Carlsen's art much to admire. Those who demand a vital relationship between art and th great problems of life will feel that his work dodges the issues of our epoch. Even such should feel the charm of much of the art of Emil Carlsen. It is not cold; it is reserved yet sensuous.

William Baxter Closson has passed three score years and ten. He still has the enthusiasm of youth. Not always, it is true, but what professional artist has ever present in his work the fire of his first attempts to storm the citadel of art? The enthusiasm is present, all-compelling, in "The Spirit of Fire," a memory of the Tree-Day Pageant at Wellesley, 1916. The fire dies down somewhat in "The Oceansides" in which there is not the same effort to grasp the emotion of a moment. At his best, as in "The Ragged Pine," "A Shady Place," and "Tree Day," he is very good. There are problems which he has not entirely mastered, the difficulty being the insufficiency of his early training. This same difficulty faces every artist in this country.



Barton and Willson, Inc.
5 East 54th Street, New York

Distinctive Interiors

Furniture Antiques
Works of Art Wall Hangings

BRONZE
TABLETS, HONOR ROLLS, MEMORIALS
MARKERS AND INSIGNIA

We have exceptional facilities for making bronze tablets and memorials according to customers' specifications. Our bronzes include all styles from the simplest to the most elaborately modeled.

Illustrations submitted upon request. If you specify approximate size desired, number of names, and whether ornamentation is to be plain, moderate or elaborate, *full size designs will be furnished.*

REED & BARTON
ESTABLISHED 1824
THEODORE B. STARR, INC.
ESTABLISHED 1862
SILVERSMITHS BRONZE FOUNDERS
FIFTH AVENUE AT 47th STREET - 4 MAIDEN LANE
NEW YORK CITY
PEARLS, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, WATCHES, STATIONERY.

WARD & ROME
EIGHTEEN EAST FORTY-NINTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Painted Furniture
Lamps and Parchment Lamp Shades

MRS. MUCHMORE
CONSULTING DECORATOR
TWENTY EAST FIFTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

The Scandinavian Art Shop

728 Madison Avenue
NEW YORK

THE Scandinavian Art Shop begs to announce that it has received a careful selection of interesting and beautiful pieces of embroidery from Sweden, Denmark and Norway. The pieces vary in size and design.

The Shop also has some fine examples of Vadstena lace and other handicraft, particularly from Zorn's town of Mora.

What the Art Schools Are Doing

(*Continued from page 212*)

with the history of their growth, are studied their principles, technique, appreciation, and criticism, and the relation of the art of the various peoples to their history, religion, literature, and daily life.

A general knowledge of history is presumed. A knowledge of Latin and Greek and ability to read French, German, and Italian will be of assistance in advanced courses.

Psychological Laboratory.—The Psychological laboratory occupies forty rooms of various sizes in the Natural Science building. The rooms are amply supplied with water, gas, high and low voltage currents to furnish power and to replace primary batteries in ordinary experiments.

The equipment includes a complete set of the apparatus required for demonstration and class use, models of the brain and sense organs, a full set of reaction-time instruments, and an unusually large collection of pieces for recording bodily expressions during affective states. The laboratory is particularly well equipped for experiments on sound, and there is an adequate supply of instruments for work in other lines. Such apparatus as is needed for advanced work or research will be procured as required, and many of the newest appliances are added each year. Every facility and encouragement are offered to students of sufficient preliminary training to undertake investigations on some special problem.

SCHOOL OF THE WORCESTER ART MUSEUM.

THE School of the Worcester Art Museum opens for its twenty-second year. Advance registration of students shows that there will be a considerably increased attendance over the last two war-years. The school premises have been put in order and new equipment added, including a potter's wheel driven by motor power, a gift of the Norton Company.

A valuable collection of books in the library at the Museum contain books and periodicals on art-related subjects which are accessible to the students and can be borrowed by the public.

The lecture room at the Museum, with free use of the lantern and the service of an operator, is offered to clubs and other groups of people for talks on art. The use of the loan collection of lantern slides and mounted photographs embracing all subjects in art, architecture, history and travel, is offered for the enjoyment and education of the community. Illustrated talks on various phases and periods of art, and guidance through the Museum are given without charge.

ART SCHOOL OF THE BUFFALO FINE ARTS ACADEMY.

THE Academy has arranged an industrial art course, covering a period of three years, to train students for commercial art. The outline of this course includes an extensive study of the oldest of all arts—weaving and basketry, and a course in interior decoration which prepares students for positions in the offices of architects and designers. This includes architectural design, perspective, watercolor sketching, historic style and color scheme.

One of the most interesting classes is that of composition, in its relation to illustration and decoration, which is taught in connection with the life, design and portrait classes.

Under the direction of Mr. Carpenter a course in decorative design consisting of a thorough study of the principles of design and their application to book covers, wallpapers, jewelry, metal work, enamel, furniture, leather stained glass, commercial design, decorative illustration. It includes the study of plant form and its decorative treatment, historic ornament, and harmony of color. In connection with this course, classes under competent instructors furnish opportunity for the making of jewelry and artistic objects in metals, leather and wood.

THE ART MUSEUM AND THE DESIGNER.

A VERY interesting as well as important article advancing the co-operation between the art museums and the manufacturers appears in *The Bulletin* of the Worcester Art Museum.

"There is a rapidly developing spirit of co-operation between the art museums and the manufacturers, a spirit of co-operation prompted, on the part of the museums, by a desire to elevate the public taste—on the part of the manufacturers, by an eagerness to produce the best and to make that best salable both here and abroad.

"But the manufacturer and the commercial designer should realize that there are no short cuts to good design. The museum collections should be studied; they should be searched, not for catch phrases but for eternal truths, not for motifs alone but for the principles of design. Within the past few months there have appeared in our shops silks in which the Egyptian lotus motif, a thing of beauty in Egyptian art, had lost the refinement of its curves and was arranged without feeling for harmony of shape, character or suitable relation of measure in the masses. Even more bewildering was a rich brocade in which the sturdy winged bull of Assyria was surrounded by delicate trailing vines. These are but two examples of the wrong use of museum collections by the designer who is studying historic ornament. Let us have in our modern textiles motifs which shall bear the same relation to modern life as did the winged bull to that of Assyria or the acanthus leaf to that of Greece. Let us go to the museums to see how harmony may be secured. The laws of order and harmony are the same yesterday, today and tomorrow.

"It is through its department of decorative arts that the museum makes its first appeal to the better tastes of its patrons. Small articles of daily use, well made and appropriately ornamented, carry a more definite message of beauty to the average visitor than do painting and sculpture, or even architecture. They are more intimately related to his daily life.

"The designer, in search of inspiration, turns first to the decorative arts; the museums, realizing this, are making an effort to meet his needs. The Salvadori Collection of some five hundred pieces of rare old textiles has been acquired recently by the Worcester Art Museum, and is of great interest to the student of design. So, also, is our collection of laces, for in lace as in few other fabrics the direct relation of the structure to the design is clearly apparent. The very fact that a limited number of kinds of stitches are used throughout makes for harmony of line character in the finished pattern. The weave directly influences the design in such textiles as the blue and white linen (Sicilian, 15th century), and results in a delightful pattern in which all the lines are angular or straight, and are either horizontal, vertical or inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees. So do the very limitations of structure often make for harmonious design.

"The textiles reproduced have been chosen because they illustrate the principles of harmony, rhythm and balance. In each the line character is harmonious throughout, though entirely different from that of every other. The space relations are interesting and the problems of color balance delightfully worked out. Such lessons as these, and many more, the designer of today should read in the rare old textiles which are being collected by the museums."

A NEW ART FORCE.

THE St. Louis School of Fine Arts has just had an exhibition of craft work and design at the St. Louis Exposition of Industrial Arts and Crafts. The enterprise was deemed so successful that there is a probability of continuing such an exposition annually.

A new art force, "The St. Louis Society for the Promotion of Arts, Crafts and Design," has been organized. It has for its object the spreading of art endeavors not merely in St. Louis but in the entire central and south-western district.

Among other things it will arrange for scholarships and prizes in the art school to help and encourage worthy students. It will take care of the social side of all art school enterprises such as the annual bazaar, the pageants and dances that may be given; it will arrange for scholarships for advanced students whose tuition and material will be provided for and also board and lodging for needy students in advanced classes. It will also provide for travelling scholarships and a salesroom for student's work. The membership fee is to be $2.00 annually and the organization is well beyond the preliminary stages. Endowments for a new art school building will also be sought for. The society promises to be a very great power for good in the future development of art education.

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS.

The School of Architecture.

THE courses in Architecture are intended to provide the training which the student needs to prepare him for professional work as an architect, an architectural engineer, a building superintendent, or a builder.

The object of the instruction is to develop the student's powers of imagination and representation; to improve his artistic feeling; to acquaint him with the classic architecture of the past; to enable him to design the architectural and structural elements and the mechanical equipment of buildings; and to prepare him for the financial and legal problems involved in building construction.

Opportunity is afforded for specialization in the æthetic and in the scientific branches of architecture, according to the student's natural ability or inclination. This specialization is necessary because a modern building is so complex and varied in its structure and the time allowed for its design and erection so short that many must co-operate in its production, each one performing that special service for which he is best fitted by nature and training.

To meet these various demands the School of Architecture offers a General Course and a Fine Arts Course in Architecture both leading to the degree of B. S. in Architecture, and a course in Architectural Engineering leading to the degree of B. S. in Architectural Engineering.

With a view to aiding women students who possess robust health, high character, decided ability, and seriousness of purpose but who need financial assistance, a loan fund has been established by Mr. George W. Brackenridge of San Antonio.

For Every Kind of Water-color, Wash and Line Drawing—

J WHATMAN
GENUINE HAND-MADE
DRAWING PAPERS
AND
"AA" QUALITY BOARDS

Artists, Illustrators, Architects, Engineers, etc., pronounce them without equal. The regular use of them by the Student tends towards an improved standard of work.

Stocked by Dealers in High-grade Artists' Materials.

If any difficulty in obtaining Whatman Papers or Boards, write direct to

H. REEVE ANGEL & CO.
INCORPORATED
7-11 Spruce Street New York
Sole Mill Representatives for the Continent of North America

WEBER ARTIST MATERIALS
NEW ADDITIONS
MAT DRYING OIL COLORS
in double sized tubes
For Mural Paintings and Paintings for reproduction. Indorsed by leading Mural Painters and Illustrators.
3—NEW LINEN CANVASSES—3
Splendid textures for Portraits and Landscapes, reasonably priced. Write for samples and prices.
DECORATORS' OIL COLORS
In half pound quadruple size, 1"x6" tubes. For Decorator, Amateur and Art Student.
ARTIST—TEMPERA COLORS—STUDENT
For Portrait and Landscape Painting, Posters, Illustrations, Wall Decorations, and Quick Sketches.
TEMPERA MEDIUMS, TEMPERA MAT VARNISHES
Canvasses and Academy Boards.
Write for pamphlet Tempera Technique.
F. WEBER & COMPANY
Established 1854
Main House and Factory—PHILADELPHIA
Branches—SAINT LOUIS, MO., BALTIMORE, MD.

WINSOR & NEWTON
Mat Water
Colours
MAT WATER C
BURNT SI
PREPARED
WINSOR & NEWT
Rathbone P
LONDON, ENG
Opaque for Poster Work Better than Tempera Colours
Colour Chart on request
Ask your dealer or write for Catalog "A"
WINSOR & NEWTON INC
TRADE MARK
"ARS PROBAT ARTIFICEM"
31 EAST 17th ST.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

HIGGINS & SEITER
CHINA INC. GLASS
9 & 11 EAST 37TH STREET

That Rich Simplicity in Table Decoration

so effectively adopted by the modern hostess must depend upon exquisite and well chosen China and Crystal.

HIGGINS & SEITER Selections combine a distinct superiority of design with a decided moderation of cost.

DINNER SERVICES $51. UPWARDS
SEPARATE PIECES $5. UPWARDS

In the studio of the artist; and the drafting rooms of the architect and the engineer—where true pencil worth is realized and appreciated—there you will find DIXON'S ELDORADO!

SAMPLE OFFER

Write to us on your letter-head, and we will mail you full-length free samples of your favorite leads. Also write for interesting free booklet—"Finding Your Pencil."

DIXON'S ELDORADO
"the master drawing pencil"

Made in 17 Leads—one for every need or preference

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY
Pencil Dept. 162-J, Jersey City, N. J.
Canadian Distributors: A. R. MacDougall & Co., Ltd., Toronto

The Blake Exhibition at the Grolier Club

(*Continued from page 183*)

paintings. In the Grolier Club exhibition there are no less than nine copies of the book, each showing variations in color and detail.

Much of Blake's later work was produced in the technical manner begun with the "Songs of Innocence," the Grolier exhibition containing numerous copies of eleven such books, among the most noteworthy of which are wonderfully illuminated copies of "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," "The Book of Thel," "America," "The Song of Los," and "Europe," of the last of which a great many pages have been placed on view.

Rare and famous and beautiful as these colored books are, however, and much as they deserve to be studied and admired, it is doubtful whether as works of art any of them takes any higher rank than the relatively much commoner line engravings for the "Book of Job," of 1826, or the woodcuts for Thornton's school edition of Virgil (1821), in which many competent critics see Blake at his best.

The seventeen woodcuts for Virgil are the ones Blake made, and that they have been preserved is due to the fact that Dr. Thornton, who did not like them, yielded to the persuasions of several of his friends, and allowed them to appear in his book under protest, inserting a footnote to the effect that they were by "the famous Blake * * * who designed and engraved them himself. This is mentioned, as they display less of art than of genius, and are much admired by some eminent painters." Today they are recognized on all sides as being quite beyond question the most poetically beautiful woodcuts ever made in England, and probably the greatest woodcuts ever cut by their designer himself. Little more than rough sketches, the artist has imbued them with that peculiar charm and evocativeness which so seldom gets beyond the first notations of a pictorial idea, and is usually lost in the finished work of art.

In few prints by any artist does one come so close to the artist in the first keen stages of the creative process.

The copper engravings for the "Book of Job," on the contrary, are very highly finished and most deliberately matured works of art, packed full of thought and imagery, and with a delicacy and subtlety of modelling, and a beauty of complicated linear structure which could only be the result of long time and great labor. The exhibition contains not only many of the prints from the Job series but the original water color sketches and a set of trial working proofs in which the student can see how Blake threshed out and winnowed his thought. There is little question but that these superb designs are the most remarkable examples of pure line engraving produced in the nineteenth century. Other men, such as Gaillard, for example, have made most amazing engraved plates, showing the utmost refinement in the handling and rendering of textures, but in Blake's Job alone can one find anything made in the last century which one would be willing for a moment to consider with the work of the great masters of the burin of the sixteenth century.

Blake's prowess as draughtsman and colonist are to be seen at the Grolier exhibition also in a great many original drawings in pencil, pen, and water color, of every degree of finish. In addition to the famous "Rossetti's MS. Book," which contains not only all the original draughts of the "Songs of Innocence and Experience," but the hasty first pencil jottings for many of his most noteworthy compositions, there is a whole series of his most carefully and elaborately finished and colored water colors and paintings, among them the illustrations to Milton's Comus, L'Allegro and Il Pensieroso, and Paradise Lost, as well as Young's Night Thoughts, many of which are among the greatest glories of the English school of painting.

One last word about this exhibition. The art museums and even the collector of art possess but few if any of Blake's masterpieces. The public libraries have regarded his books with disfavor because they are so fully illustrated, in many cases being literally bound collections of paintings. With the rarest exceptions they are to be met with only in private libraries, and they are so rare that there can be but very few of those to contain them. Thus they can be seen but once in many years and then only when some institution does what the Grolier Club has done in this case, painstakingly gather them in from their hiding places and display them in the fullness and completeness of their beauty, for the pleasure of the public.

MECHANICS INSTITUTE OF ROCHESTER.

THE School of Applied Art of the Rochester Athenaeum and Mechanics Institute is housed in the Bevier Memorial Building with unsurpassed facilities and equipment for the study of fine and applied art. The policy of the school is to teach students drawing and to show that drawing is only the means for the expression of beauty, whether the expression takes the form of a vase, a ring, a textile design, an architectural rendering, a piece of sculpture, a mural decoration, a portrait, a poster or an illustration.

Music Notes

THE NEW PARIS OPERA.

THE new opera at the Théâtre Lyrique in Paris has begun its season with great success and, judging by the roster of singers which has been assembled and the wide range of operas to be produced, not only will the venture be fruitful to music lovers but the "Grand Opera" and the "Comique" will have to look to their laurels and meet the ever-increasing demands made on them to produce new works and better singers.

Among the better known artists who have been recruited to the Lyrique are Blanche Chénal from the Grand Opera and Fanny Heldy, the lovely Belgian, from the Opera Comique. Aside from being artists of first calibre these singers are enormously popular with Parisians and, it might be added, with the Americans who were in Paris during the war.

OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

FROM all reports the London public has turned to music of all kinds for entertainment this season as never before and the opera at Covent Garden is packed nightly.

The orchestra has been augmented with the best musicians obtainable, and Sir Thomas Beecham is building up a capable company of English singers with the intention of producing as many operas in English as possible.

So far, the works performed have been Russian and Italian with a single German opera, "Tristan and Isolde"—sung in the language of the audience.

Contrary to all predictions these have been creditable performances and have been heartily supported by the public.

CHICAGO HAILS "LA NAVE."

THE recent production by the Chicago Opera Company of Montemezzi's "La Nave" with Rosa Raisa in the leading rôle was hailed by the critics and the public alike as a success.

Not until this organization's spring season arrives will New Yorkers be given an opportunity to judge this work for themselves, but they will doubtless be kindly disposed to it through their appreciation of this young composer's "Love of Three Kings" in which Lucrezia Bori won her first success with Metropolitan audiences.

Montenezzi, now in this country, is a good-looking bachelor of thirty-nine years and professes to be delighted with his reception as well as with America itself.

CAMPANINI'S PASSING.

THE Chicago Opera Company is mourning the death of Cleofonte Campanini. A very real and an immediate loss to this organization, it is no less keen a bereavement to the whole music world and New York has cause to regret the passing of this great musician for the very selfish reason that through his efforts, first with Hammerstein's operatic ventures and later with the Chicago Company, this master brought about through competition a more comprehensive production of operatic works at the Metropolitan Opera House. To him also are we indebted for the introduction of "Pélléas et Mélisande" and "Louise" as well as other though less popular modern works.

"BLUE BIRD" AT THE METROPOLITAN.

CHRISTMAS week saw the first performance of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" by the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York.

Kelsy Health Heated residence
of Mrs. Lizbeth Ledyard,
Stockbridge, Mass.

KELSEY
HEALTH
HEAT

H. T. Lindeberg,
Architect

It Positively Heats Any Room In Any Weather With the Wind In Any Direction

FIVE people, two of them prospective home owners, were having a social evening at the residence of one of our New York customers, who has a Kelsey Health Heated place in the country.

The two prospective owners, eager about their contemplated home building, turned the talk towards heating systems.

It was then, so our friend told us, that he spoke up and explained why it is that the Kelsy Health Heat will positively heat any room, in any weather, with the wind in any direction.

He even cited instances where radiator heats had been replaced by the Kelsey Health Heat.

He explained to them how it heated with freshly heated fresh air, and how it mixed the air with just the right healthful amount of moisture.

He even went so far as to claim it will give more heat from less coal, than other heats.

All of them seemed surprised that the wind had no effect on the heating of any or all rooms.

Afterwards, he told us about the evening, and said with much emphasis that we ought to make it plain in our advertising that the wind has absolutely no effect on the Kelsey.

So that's how this advertisement happened to be.

Now let us explain to you why it heats any room in any weather, with the wind in any direction.

And how it gives so much heat from so little coal.

Write us, or send for Saving Sense booklet.

NEW YORK
103-T Park Ave.

THE KELSEY
WARM AIR GENERATOR
241 James St., Syracuse, N. Y.

BOSTON
405-T P. O. Sq. Bldg.

Two Schools in which the Students are urged to stand on their own feet.

ARDSLEY SCHOOL OF MODERN ART	THURNSCOE SCHOOL OF MODERN ART
106 Columbia Heights	Thurnscoe, Ogunquit
Brooklyn	Maine
NOVEMBER—APRIL	JULY—SEPTEMBER

Under the direction of
HAMILTON EASTER FIELD and ROBERT LAURENT

$4

ARTS & DECORATION
The Premier Magazine in America of All the Arts
Sent to Your Home for 12 Months for $4.00

The House of

ESTEY

RICH in years and of trustworthy character the name of ESTEY stands out as one of the strongest forces in the field of music.

Much of America's early musical efforts centered among ESTEY-made instruments.

And the ESTEY piano, today, still remains the symbol for all the rugged qualities which first made the name of ESTEY a household word, three-quarters of a century ago.

Estey Piano Company

New York Retail Show Rooms
M. WELTE & SONS, Inc.
Six-Sixty-Seven Fifth Avenue
New York

IRVING & CASSON
A·H·DAVENPORT Co.

DESIGNERS AND MAKERS OF FINE FURNITURE AND INTERIOR FINISH
DECORATIONS · UPHOLSTERY
WALL HANGINGS

BOSTON
573-575 BOYLSTON ST.
COPLEY SQUARE

NEW YORK
601 FIFTH AVENUE

BOWDOIN & MANLEY
Interior Decorators
20 West 45th Street New York

SPECIAL ATTENTION
to the Furnishing of
OUT-OF-TOWN HOUSES

The Tobey Furniture Co.
Interior Decorations

Our aim is to assist the client, developing his individual ideas in harmonious form.

Tobey-Made Furniture

—the original designs of our studios, executed by hand in our own shops.

NEW YORK: Fifth Avenue at Fifty-third Street
CHICAGO: Wabash Avenue and Washington Street

European Buyer
will execute a few orders

Experienced buyer of Linens and Art Goods for high class stores of the United States will leave shortly for the Mediterranean. Would be able to undertake a few commissions from Art Shops and Decorators. Address for references and full particulars, "Allegra," care ARTS & DECORATION, 470 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

The Artistic Triumph of American Silks

(*Continued from page* 186)

attribute, durable qualities for which we can only give thanks. We, long sufferers on this account, needed that touch to our native fabrics.

The recent evolution of color appreciation in silks as well as in dress is one of the thrilling aspects in this matter of the lustrous new fabrics. American women used, somehow, to be afraid of color. Some scoffers intimated that they were not educated to the point of properly appreciating it. But at any rate, there was a time when they, as a rule, showed little enough of beauty in this direction. Now, when real subtleties of shades and tones are actually presented for their choosing, they show themselves keenly desirous of that very thing.

The actual existence of all these gorgeous silks is one thing and the art of their construction into gowns is another. Then that is where American costume designers have added beauty into beauty, for it is they who have achieved the last degree of artistic triumphs in the way they have handled the fabrics created especially for their uses.

Some of the greatest favorites are known by the fantastic names of "Khaki-Kool," "Fan-Ta-si," "Paulette Chiffon," "Indestructible Voile," "Dew Kist," "Kum-si-Kumsa," "Moon Glo," etc.

All through the frocks presented for Southern and early Spring wear the strong influence of the newly woven and printed silks is evident. In every direction we see them made up in ways that are new and styles that are thrilling. In fact, silks hold a more conspicuous place in our dressing than they have in some years past and the reason for this condition is that the silks are growing better and better and that their qualities of sheer beauty and becomingness have come to be a stern necessity in the wardrobe of every woman.

AUSTRIA'S NEW COMPOSER.

FROM out of the receding noise of war emerges the reports of the fast-growing fame of the Austrian composer, Franz Schreker, who is hailed by some foreign critics as the musical descendant of Strauss and Debussy.

That this is not propaganda in any form is best answered by the fact that only a few days prior to the declaration of war in 1914, the contracts had been signed between the Paris Grand Opera and Schreker for the early production of one of his works. For one of Germanic origin this was a clear recognition of genius.

But forty years of age, Schreker has already reached great musical heights and not only does he compose operas, commanding the attention of the most searching foreign critics, but, like Wagner, with whom he is compared, he also writes his lyrics.

The struggles of his early life read like Rolland's "Jean Christophe," and like that combative character of fiction his works and the man himself seem to be storm centers in every discussion of music.

Whatever may be said either for or against him and his compositions there remains little doubt that he has much to give the world of music and it is well to be informed regarding both.

A PRIZE FOR AN AMERICAN OVERTURE

Hugo Reisenfeld, musical conductor of the Rialto and Rivoli theatres in New York, has offered a $500 prize for the best overture composed by any composer residing in this country. The conditions are easy. It must be simple enough to be played by orchestras such as those of the theatres named above, consisting of fifty pieces, and the manuscripts must be submitted before March 31, 1920.

The judges are: Kurt Schindler, director of the Schola Cantorum of New York; W. H. Humiston, assistant director of the Philharmonic Society; Josiah Zuro, opera conductor and director of the New School of Opera; Edward Falck, former assistant conductor at the Metropolitan, now director of music at the Aeolian Company; Otto Langey, of the orchestral department of G. Schirmer, Inc., and Erno Rapee, conductor of the Rivoli Orchestra.

Arrangements have been made with G. Schirmer, Inc., to publish the prize-winning composition and all royalties will revert to the composer. Scores may be addressed to Edward Falck in care of the Rialto Theatre.

LEADERS EXCHANGE PROGRAMS

It is good news that comes to us that Mr. Damrosch of the New York Symphony Society and Mr. Monteux of the Boston Symphony Orchestra have arranged to exchange their advance programs with each other so that there may be no duplication of programs when these orchestras follow each other in the one city or the other.

Such an agreement will be happy for the audiences, who, except in rare instances, do not care to listen to the same symphonies, preludes, etc., time and again throughout one season. From an educational point of view it is equally valuable, since then lovers of orchestration may hear many more works than is now possible during a season.

MAGDELEINE BRARD, PIANISTE

The New York first recital of this young French girl this season has added laurels to her already firmly established reputation as a child artist.

The critics seem to agree about her abilities and the promise of a great future, though some feel that while her *playing* shows considerable mastery, it might be better if this young lady, now hardly more than sixteen years of age, refrained from concertizing for some time to come and devoted all her time to study and the deepening of her mental and emotional qualities.

Musicians, however, have a high regard for Miss Brard and say that her utter and complete repose at the piano is of a kind that places her apart, and the gossip of the studios last spring was burdened with talk of Magdeleine Brard's method of relaxation. Be this as it may, there is nothing childish in her playing, nor in her manners. Only in her dressing is her youthfulness in any way expressed.

It will be interesting to watch this young woman whose work is so full of promise.

THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS

Few Americans know that Queen Elizabeth of Belgium is a violinist of considerable skill and taste and that she has not only kept up her music throughout her busy life but has taken time to train the Crown Prince, who has inverited his royal mother's gift.

No living Pianist has done more to engender a love for music among American people than Joseph Hofmann, whose art at the zenith of his great career has been preserved by the Welte-Mignon.

World Famous Welte-Mignon

THE highest achievement of the House of WELTE in the world of music invention whereby generations yet unborn may listen to accurate and authentic interpretations upon the piano, of over five thousand musical compositions, as played by more than one hundred and fifty of the most distinguished pianists of the past two decades.

M. Welte & Sons, Inc.
667 Fifth Avenue
New York

Picture Lighting

EXPERT ADVICE

Reflectors plain and ornamental in design. If our recommendations are followed we will guarantee satisfactory results.

I. P. FRINK, INC.
24th Street and 10th Avenue, New York

MARTINI TEMPERA COLORS

MADE OF AMERICAN MATERIALS, IN AMERICA, BY AMERICANS

TECHNICAL ADVICE

YOU MAY NOT KNOW ALL YOU WANT TO. "TO KNOW"—IS TO INSURE THE BEST RESULTS. IF YOU ARE USING OUR COLORS WE WILL GLADLY GIVE DETAILED INFORMATION CONCERNING ANYTHING YOU MAY ASK.

U.S. DISTRIBUTORS: FAVOR, RUHL & CO. NEW YORK, BOSTON AND CHICAGO, U.S.A.

NEW BINGHAM
Cor. 11th & Market Streets
European Plan
Philadelphia, Pa.

BETTER THAN EVER
Thoroughly Modernized
Remodeled and Equipped
NEW MANAGEMENT
ROOF GARDEN
In connection
Special Club Breakfasts
and Luncheons
FRANK KIMBLE, Mgr.
N. Y. Office, *1270 Broadway*

COOPER UNION
Woman's Art School

A day class in Mural Decoration conducted by MR. EZRA WINTER. The course embraces drawing, color and composition, technical processes and methods with their application to problems of distinctly practical character.

Preliminary art training and some familiarity with interior decoration is a requisite for admission. Applications should be made to the principal of the Woman's Art School.

ENLARGING ACCOMMODATIONS
Register now for Summer Session and next year
NEW YORK SCHOOL OF FINE AND APPLIED ART
FRANK ALVAH PARSONS, Pres. Catalogs upon request
Professional Architecture; Interior Decoration; Poster Advertising; Costume Design; Industrial Design and Illustration
Teachers trained for above subjects and other art courses
Write for special information regarding Summer Courses
SUSAN F. BISSELL, Sec'y. 2239 Broadway, New York

CHARLES MATLACK PRICE
SPECIAL COURSE
Poster and Commercial Art including lettering
NOVEMBER 1st TO MAY 1st
New York School of Applied Design for Women
160 Lexington Ave., New York City

STUDY at the BEST ART SCHOOL on the PACIFIC COAST
CALIFORNIA SCHOOL of ARTS and CRAFTS
STATE ACCREDITED
2119 ALLSTON WAY BERKELEY CALIFORNIA
WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOG

The School of Craftsmen
Announces the following classes:
Book binding—Block printing—Design—Dyeing—Gilding on wood and elements of Polychrome—Illumination on parchment—Jewelry—Metal work—Pottery—Weaving—Wood carving and Clay modelling
Register now for term commencing January 15, 1920
For prospectus write to 535 Lexington Ave., New York

BERKSHIRE HILLS
Farms—Country Homes—Estates
Country property my Specialty
R. C. ROBERTSON, Pittsfield, Mass.

Making American Music Accessible

(*Continued from page* 188)

posers, performers and conductors have recognized the constructive character of this work (among the subscribers, for example, are such conductors as Stokowski, Bodanzky, Stock, Gabrilowitsch, Stransky, Walter Damrosch, Hertz, Sokoloff), amateurs, who ought to be the main prop of such a labor of love, as in a sense it is, have not yet realized its importance as they might, and doubtless will. Think, for instance, of what the women's clubs all over the country could do if they each would take a subscription? That would at once put the society on a sound basis enabling it to bring out two or three chamber music works a year, and later, orchestral works. It is hard to see how these clubs could give more effective expression to their interest in American music.

An interesting side issue of the society is the help it will give to a musical *rapprochement* between America and various European nations. Not long ago an American composer, one of whose works was to be played in London and New York at about the same time, had to break off work on another composition in order to copy it. How long would it take him to make enough copies for Paris, Rome and Madrid as well as London? But the new society will provide for any demand in Europe that may arise as the result of the newly-developing international interest. The New York Symphony Society announces the first tour of an American orchestra in France next spring, and it is said that an American quartet is contemplating a tour in Italy. Let us give them some American music to play there.

Assimilating Foreign Ideas

Dr. K. Kuroita ably tells us in the Japan Magazine of the Janapanese ideas in regard to foreigners and foreign ideals.

A COUNTRY that has been imbibing foreign ideas for so many centuries and suffered nothing but gained much from the experience, need have little fear of foreign ideas now. It is indeed too late to begin to warn us about foreign ideas, after we have acquired the habit of assimilating them.

"What is remarkable about Japan is the fact that she has been assimilating foreign ideas for centuries without losing her own civilization or becoming any less Japanese. The Japanese national traits and spirit are as pronounced and positive today as ever; and our nationalism is perhaps more aggressive today than ever before. Thus instead of being weakened by foreign ideas Japan has been greatly strengthened and advanced. It is not true that all nations make progress only as they come intimately into contact with other peoples and their civilizations. With all these valuable experiences behind her Japan is now the most expert nation in the world at the art of assimilating divergent civilizations and thus bringing harmoniously together both East and West. This is her mission today; and she must rise to it without question, for in no other way can she so much benefit man-

"Naturally the first nation under whose influence Japan came most strongly was the nearest one, Korea, from whom we took the good and the evil alike, acquiring both her virtues and her vices. It was from Korea that Japan acquired the fine art of making accurate class distinction.

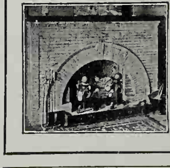
PROD: CHIM: DUROZIEZ A PARIS
E. H. & A. C. FRIEDRICHS CO.
ARTISTS' MATERIALS
announce their Exclusive Agency
for the United States and Canada
for the famous
DUROZIEZ MEDIUMS
Descriptive Booklet entitled
"The Conservation of Paintings"
sent free on request
169 WEST 57th STREET NEW YORK

HIGGINS'
DRAWING INKS
ETERNAL WRITING INK
ENGROSSING INK
TAURINE MUCILAGE
PHOTO-MOUNTER PASTE
DRAWING-BOARD PASTE
LIQUID PASTE
OFFICE PASTE
VEGETABLE GLUE, ETC.
ARE THE FINEST AND BEST INKS AND ADHESIVES
Emancipate yourself from the use of corrosive and ill-smelling inks and adhesives and adopt the Higgins Inks and Adhesives. They will be a revelation to you, they are so sweet, clean and well put up.
At Dealers Generally
Chas. M. Higgins & Co., Mfrs
271 Ninth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Branches: Chicago, London

LaPLACE ANTIQUE SHOP
Objects of Art, Curios, Rare Old Crystals and Sheffield Plate, Period Furniture and Replicas
405 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK
Telephone 3010 Vanderbilt

ANTIQUES Genuine pieces in Queen Anne, Chippendale and Jacobean. Also early specimens of Glass. Trade Supplied. H. HOPKIN, 19 and 20 Westgate, Grantham, Lincs., England.

MARBLES
Howard Studios
Francis Howard, Pres.
Garden Furniture
7 W. 47th ST., NEW YORK
Benches Fountains Tablets Statues
Send 50 Cents for Catalogue Phone Bryant 491
MEMORIALS


"HOME and the FIREPLACE"
Let us send you this Booklet gratis.
A Mine of Information pertaining to FIREPLACES and HEARTH FURNITURE. *Write today.*
COLONIAL FIREPLACE COMPANY
4620 Roosevelt Road, Chicago.

THE STANDARD WOOD
OAK
FOR FURNITURE *of* DIGNITY
THE STATELY COMPANION OF CULTURE
AMERICAN OAK MFRS. ASSN. answers all letters. Address 1403, 14 Main St., Memphis, Tenn.

'In building up a great nation there are
ee important elements essential: homogen-
of blood, a common language and a unan-
ty of thought or fundamental idea. The
atest nations are composed of people in
om one blood prevails, speaking the same
guage and controlled by the same ideals.
was because these fundamental factors were
ong in Japan that she has been the great
ion she is and will continue to be. Thus
an is able to hold her own against all the
nges of history. The Romans lost their
darity through the introduction of such
eign ideas as Christianity (sic). The Jews
sessed all the three essentials mentioned,
so they have remained a people even when
a State. But in such strength as they
sess they may yet become a nation again.
e Japanese never allow foreign ideas to pre-
t them from being first of all Japanese, and
they too will be able to withstand all dan-
s from without. The Japanese are a race
t never rests content until foreign ideas are
ested and made over into Japanese ideas.

'And so we come back to the oft-repeated
ing, that the Japanese while adopting for-
n ideas and institutions always adapt them
their own peculiar civilization, that they
ome really Japanese. We Japanese every-
ng we receive, so to speak; and at this sort
thing there is no nation more clever than
Japanese. It is indeed our special virtue
which we glory; and hold to as one of the
manent elements of our independence, that
l one day cause the world to admire and
ulate us more than is now done."

What Is Done

HERE is very little being done by mu-
seums to lead children to appreciate what
eally good in art, in comparison with what
uld be done if such training has any value
all. Yet, a number of experiments are in
cess, and the conscience of the art museum
rld is deeply stirred.

The Metropolitan gives stories and observa-
n rambles; so does the Boston Museum of
e Arts. Mr. Carrington, of that museum,
also established the first of a series of chil-
n's art museums in Boston, wherein the
ory is followed that all children need is
have the beautiful presented to them. At
ovidence, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cleve-
d, Cincinnati, and indeed in almost all the
minent art museums, school classes are
lcomed.

But no one claims to have evidence of proof
t these occasional brief visits, amid their
ident distractions, have accomplished any
ing, or wide, or deep result.

n so far as children can be placed where
y will get and give genuine impressions
n the objects of beauty that museums con-
, the results must be good. One vision of
liness, presented to an eye-minded child,
er conditions that let him see it, undis-
ted, may touch sensibilities and awaken
ings which will enable him to be led by
ns of his own to a future completely
red. When we consider how many of the
dren of the poor, who live amid the deso-
ns of our slums, or even of our business
ons, have a racial inheritance which the
mercial demands of their early lives will
r stir, this seems a vital matter. For if
who are capable of æsthetic joy are to be
nly as hands, they should be given means
itual escape, lest they be added to the
es of the discontented. And if our
n is to enter upon the keen commercial
sts of the future, it should remember that
is nothing in a civilized world that sells
gh as beauty.

YALE SCHOOL OF THE FINE ARTS
YALE UNIVERSITY, NEW HAVEN, CONN.
SERGEANT KENDALL, Director
Departments of Drawing and Painting, Sculpture, Architecture
CLASSES IN COMPOSITION, ANATOMY, PERSPECTIVE

FACULTY — *Painting* — Sergeant Kendall. *Drawing*—Edwin C. Taylor, G. H. Langzettel, T. Diedricksen. *Sculpture*—Robert G. Eberhard. *Architecture*—Everett V. Meeks, Franklin J. Walls. *History of Art*—Henry Davenport. *Composition*—Edwin C. Taylor. *Perspective* — Theodore Diedricksen. *Anatomy* — Raynham Townshend, M.D.

DEGREE—The degree of Bachelor of Fine Arts (B.F.A.) is awarded for advanced work of distinction. The Winchester Fellowship for one year's study of art in Europe, the English Scholarship for study of art and travel in Europe during the summer vacation, and School Scholarships are awarded annually.

Illustrated Catalogue A

Address G. H. LANGZETTEL, Secretary

COSTIKYAN & CO.
12 EAST 40th STREET
NEW YORK
ANTIQUE and MODERN
RUGS
FROM THE ORIENT

THE ART OF ASIA
FINE JAPANESE PRINTS
from Eminent Collections
ANTIQUE EASTERN TEXTILES
CHINESE PAINTINGS
LUCY FLETCHER BROWN
665 Fifth Avenue New York

National Association of Women Painters & Sculptors
SKETCH EXHIBITION
Small Pictures, Sculptures and Miniatures
December 16 to January 3
ARLINGTON GALLERIES
274 Madison Ave., near 40th St., New York

CONCERNING MEMORIALS TO SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

THE National Institute of Arts and Letters appeals to committees on designs erected, to commemorate the memory of soldiers and sailors sacrificed in this war, everywhere to avail themselves of the best artistic judgment by seeking expert advice before undertaking projects for such memorials so that what is done may be on the highest plane of beauty and fitness.

It is further suggested that if it is proposed to erect monuments in foreign countries, conferences should be had with their artistic authorities before procedure.

In view of the prominence and importance attached to such memorials, the Academy urges the press of our nation to throw its influence in support of this view.

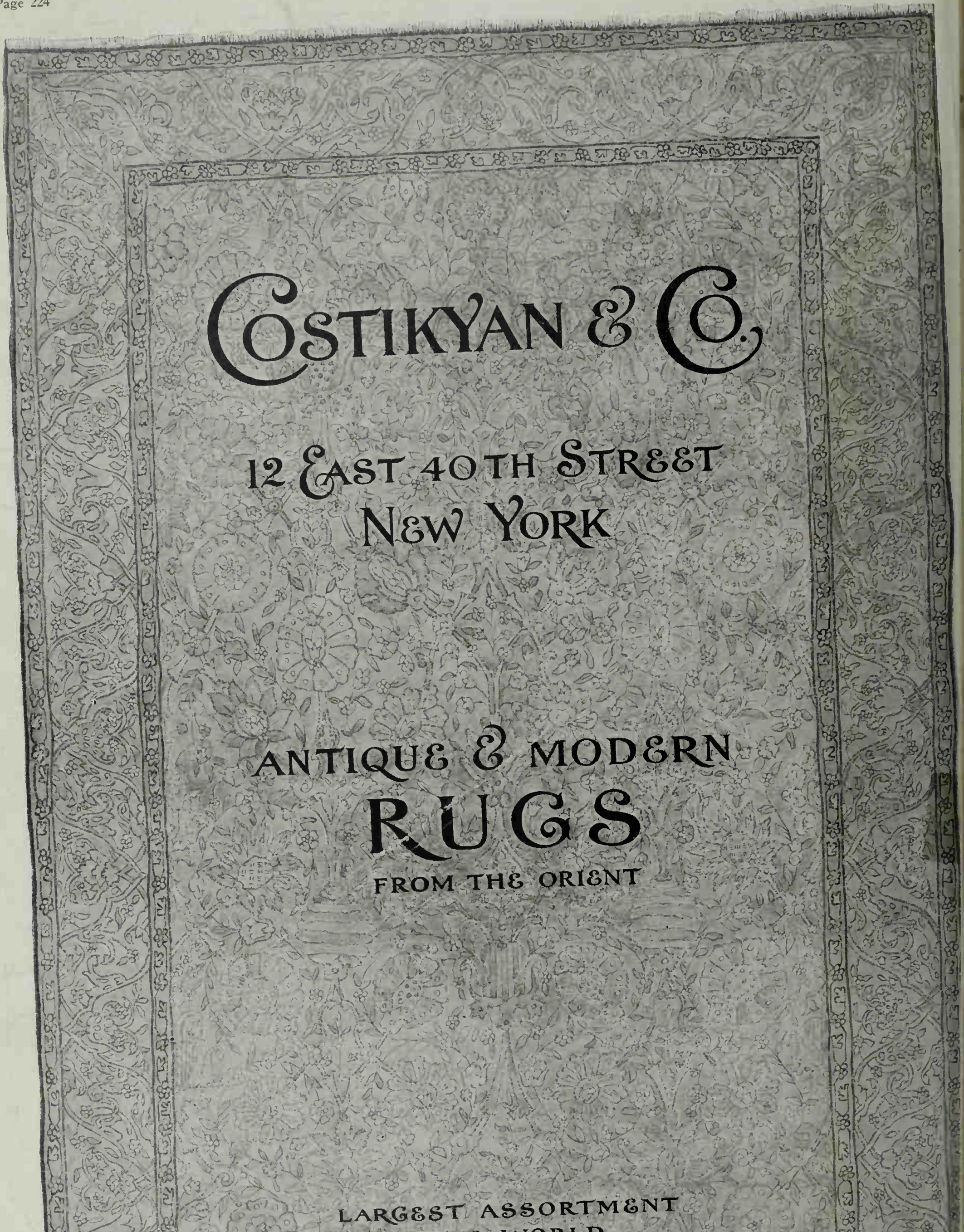
AMERICAN WALNUT
"The Cabinet-wood of the Elect"
You are rightfully proud of your love for Walnut. May we not send you a copy of the Walnut brochure de luxe now off the press?
Write AMERICAN WALNUT MFRS' ASSOCIATION
402, 115 Broadway New York City

Smith & Watson
Specialists in English Furniture
A London Furniture Shop in New York
20 East 55th Street

Messrs. R. C. & N. M. VOSE
Fine examples of
AMERICAN and EUROPEAN
PAINTINGS
Catalogues of our various exhibitions sent on request
398 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

WANTED: Copies of ARTS & DECORATION for December 1913, and January 1914. Will pay reasonable price. Address, "J. E. O." care of ARTS & DECORATION, 470 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

BOOKS ON ALL SUBJECTS, including Decorative Art, Drawing, Architectural Design, etc. Text-Books for every examination. Second-Hand and New.
Catalogue No. 437 post free. State wants
W. & G. FOYLE 121-123, CHARING CROSS ROAD
LONDON, W. C. 2, ENG.



COSTIKYAN & CO.

12 EAST 40TH STREET
NEW YORK

ANTIQUE & MODERN
RUGS
FROM THE ORIENT

LARGEST ASSORTMENT
IN THE WORLD

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A COPY FEBRUARY 20, 1920

ARTS & DECORATION

IN THIS ISSUE

Clive Bell
Yone Noguchi
Daniel Gregory Mason
Forbes Watson
Aymar Embury
John Kimberly Mumford
Charles Henry Meltzer
Guy Pène du Bois

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Cal.

THE JOSEPH A. JUDD PUBLISHING COMPANY
INCORPORATED
NEW YORK

Here is no Shortage of

DOMESTIC RUGS

IT is not the Sloane policy to indulge in superlatives, but at a time like this, when the shortage of nearly all merchandise is universal, there is especial significance in the fact that the Sloane selections of rugs are the largest in the world.

Obviously, the greatest source of supply is the surest source of satisfaction.

Take solid color rugs, for example, with deep or narrow band borders, these are plentiful in adaptable sizes at Sloane's!

Or figured rugs, in replicas of rich Oriental designs, in sizes for every need, in color schemes to harmonize with any decoration.

The weaves are Wiltons and Axminsters, but these are merely generic terms—the important thing is that the quality is Sloane's!

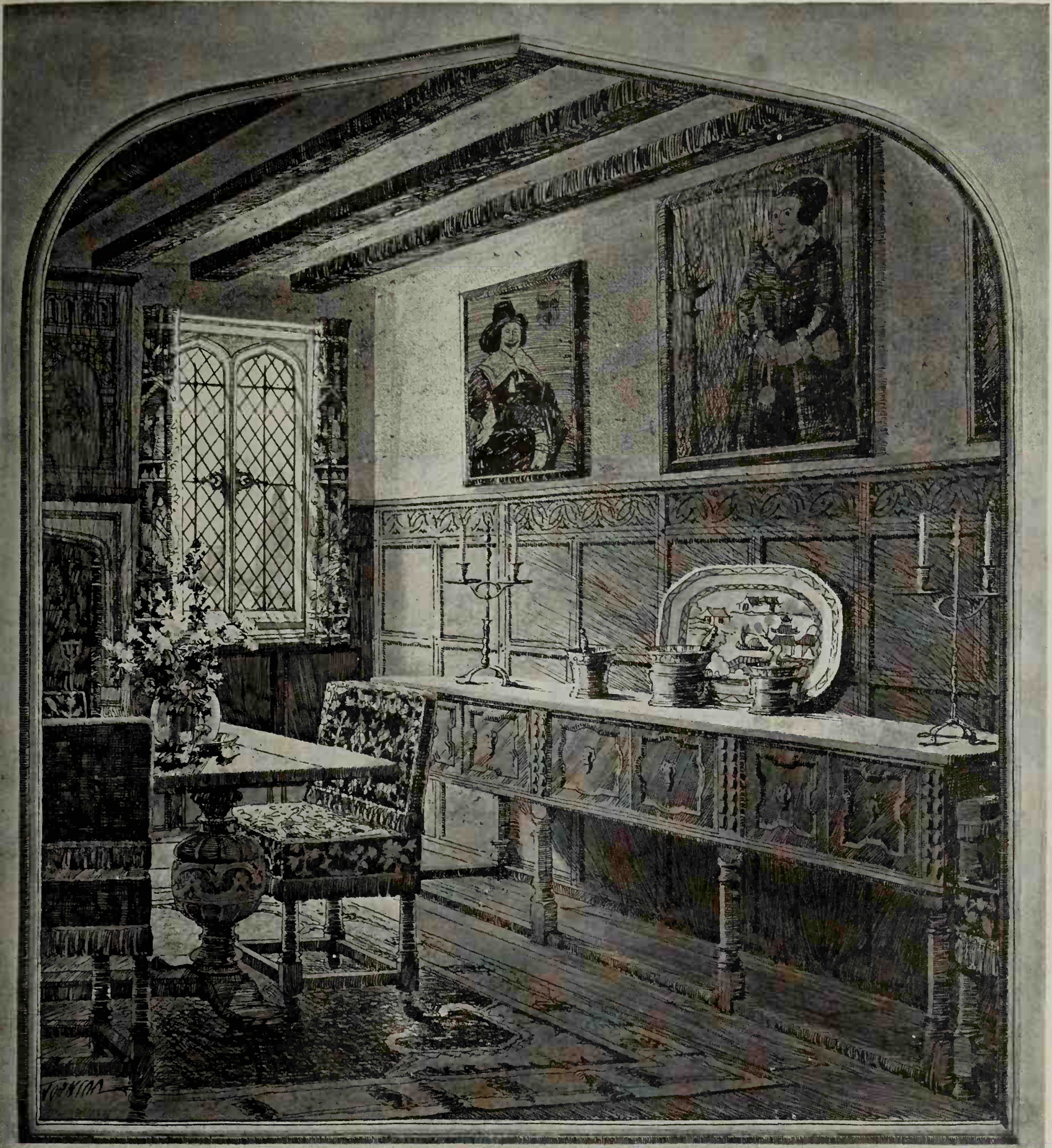
W. & J. SLOANE

Interior Decorators Floor Coverings and Fabrics Furniture Makers

FIFTH AVENUE AND FORTY-SEVENTH STREET, NEW YORK

Washington D. C. San Francisco, Cal.

MAY 6 OCT 2



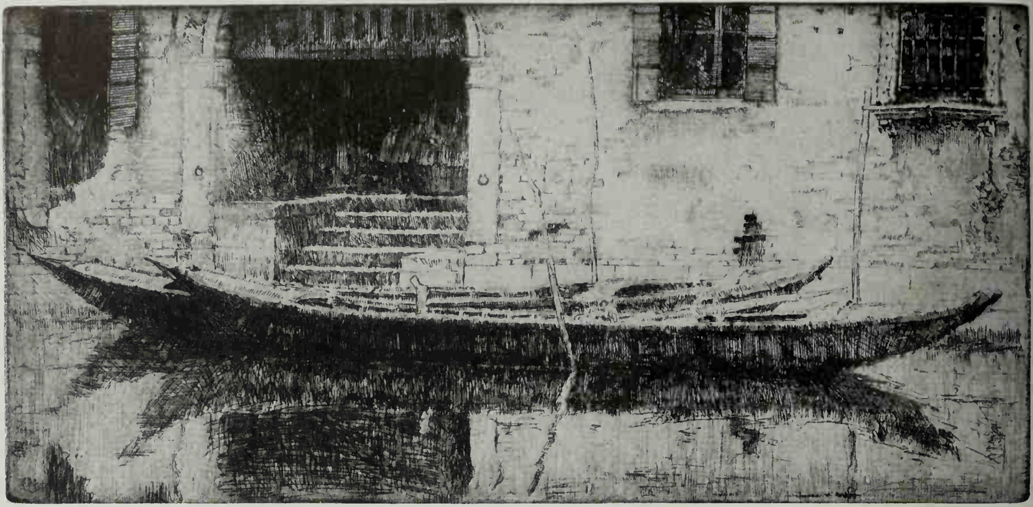
Constancy of Charm at the Hampton Shops

THE secret of the enduring charm of each Hampton interior lies not only in beauty of color and carving, nor even in the discriminating skill of the Hampton decorators in selecting and arranging fine pieces of cabinet-work with harmonious fabrics and backgrounds, but also in the subtle details of lighting and those unusual incidentals which make each room as delightfully livable as it is correctly distinctive.

We put at your command our wide resources for procuring fine old paneling and fabrics, rare antiques and bibleots as well as our vast equipment for making authentic reproductions and for carrying out decorative schemes in accordance with any architectural settings.

Hampton Shops
18 East 50th Street
Facing St. Patrick's Cathedral
New York

Decoration
Antiquities
Furniture



A QUIET CANAL—*ERNEST D. ROTH.* *Courtesy Frederick Keppel & Co.*

FEBRUARY, 1920

CONTENTS

COVER: A Laren Farm House—Walter C. Hartson.

FRONTISPIECE: Residence of William McNair. Grill at Entrance 232

ART OF THE WORLD

- The Passing of the Giants of Collecting, *Guy Pène du Bois* 233
- The Tyranny of Names and Dates......*Clive Bell* 234
- Hiroshige ....*Yoné Noguchi* 236
- Impressions of Claggett Wilson's War Pictures, *Helen C. Candee* 238
- Playing the Game 239

ARCHITECTURE

- Architectural Impressions. Notes on Plan, *Aymar Embury, II* 240
- The Residences of
  - William McNair 242
  - Isaac Guggenheim 244
  - R. C. Winmill 246
- The Old Morris House 248

INDUSTRIAL AND APPLIED ARTS

- Reviving the Art of Old Dutch Pottery *Henry Longcope* 252
- Making Hay in the Rug Business, *John Kimberly Mumford* 255
- Block Magic ....*John Walker Harrington* 270

INTERIOR DECORATION

- Individuality and the Home..........*Virginia Robie* 255
- The Decorator Interprets You 262

MUSIC AND MUSEUMS

- Adolph Bohm ....*Hamilton Easter Field* 250
- Four New Operas in One Crowded New York Week ....*Charles Henry Meltzer* 253
- "The Blue Bird" as an Opera *Daniel Gregory Mason* 257

EXHIBITION IN THE GALLERIES

- Some of the Works of Art Destroyed in the Architectural League Fire 258
- Santa Fe's Art Museum 272
- Metropolitan Museum Notes 278
- Our Craftsmen Exhibit Again 281
- Art in Current Exhibitions..*Hamilton Easter Field* 284

THE DRAMA

- "Abraham Lincoln" ....*Fox Pollen* 264

OTHER INTERESTING FEATURES

- Art Versus Nature..........*Mary Rutherford Jay* 256
- Random Notes in the World of Art.......... 267
- The Washington Memorial Chapel.*George M. Emery* 268
- Persian Character in Art 280

ARTS & DECORATION, February, 1920. Published on the 20th of each month. Volume 12, Number 4; publication office, 470 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Guy Pène du Bois, Editor. Subscription price, $4.00 a year; single copies, 35 cents; foreign subscriptions, $1.50 additional for postage; Canadian subscriptions, $1.00 additional. Entered as second class matter at the postoffice in New York City under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyrighted 1919 by The Joseph A. Judd Publishing Company, Inc. Registered U. S. Patent Office.

TO CONTRIBUTORS—We are always glad to receive and examine manuscripts and photographs but we cannot hold ourselves responsible for them. All manuscripts and photographs must be accompanied by sufficient postage. **TO SUBSCRIBERS**—Expirations: An advance notice of expiration of your subscription will be sent you on the first of the month of date of expiration. We send an additional reminder on the fifteenth of the month if you have not responded to the first notice. By remitting promptly then, you ensure the regular receipt of the magazine. **Change of Address:** Must be received before the tenth of the month to affect the forthcoming magazine.

THE JOSEPH A. JUDD PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

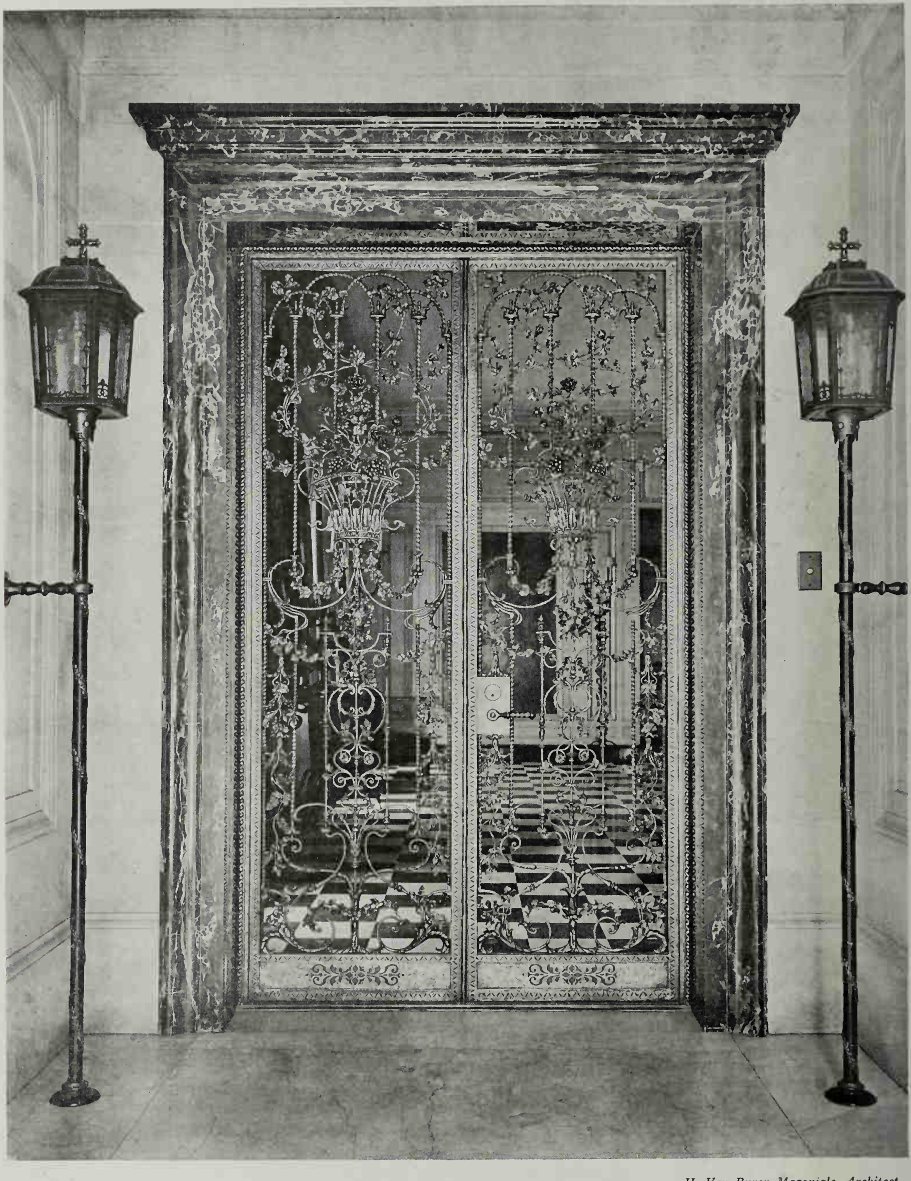
470 Fourth Avenue JOSEPH A. JUDD, Pres't. **New York, N. Y.**

B. Altman & Co.

The Department of
Interior Decoration

Period Interiors
and
Occasional Furniture

Madison Avenue Fifth Avenue
34th and 35th Streets New York



H. Van Buren Magonigle, Architect.

GRILL AT ENTRANCE

Residence of Mr. William McNair

ARTS & DECORATION

The Foremost Magazine of the Fine and Industrial Arts

ARCHITECTURE SCULPTURE MUSIC PAINTING
DRAMA INTERIOR DECORATION

VOLUME XII

NUMBER 4

February 20, 1920

The Passing of the Giants of Collecting

GUY PÈNE DU BOIS

PROBABLY the day's collecting is a reflection of the day's culture. We are a long way from those cattle pictures, ot Trayon's especially, which one time scaped only the collections of over-sensitive Chicago packers. Noses that can smell the monetary value of a cow may be permitted the oubt of its æsthetic value. This incidentally f course. But our contemporary collections re, it is to be feared, in a transitory stage, nd collecting, which is not fearsome at all, n a healthy one; if mobility is a sign of health. The army of non-collectors, who own covetusness without cash, have always been over ertain about the ingredients that are essential o the building of health in collecting. They would have it a sauce without spice. They would have it simple and unafraid—a thing of a love as pure as Paul's for Virginia. But ove of art is an impulse toward collecting which gathers a good many by-products as it runs. Indeed other motives may justifiably assume an equal virtue. There is vanity, but vanity, ever present, as some skeptics have proved, is rather boldly and wastefully obvious. It has been, moreover, pointed out so frequently that it must be as nearly right as wrong. It can be permitted to rest in any case along with egotism and covetousness. All these things cross each other. Power and greed as an example, are inseparable.

The old style collector, a simple man in a provincial country, who parried with Europe for the possession of her treasures, and won rather frequently, with the death of Henry Clay Frick is no more. These were restless men whose moments of work and relaxation had a strange similarity. Theirs was a rather competitive spirit. I like to think of them as goaded on by the taunts of complacent foreigners. They did teach these to smile another kind of smile; those of them, at least, whose sensitiveness was not clamped in a crustaceous envelope. Perhaps they were a reaction from the sort of collector who "bought what he liked." He was amply repaid in ridicule, this brave gentleman, along with his brother who armed with a catechism of names put it to reckless use. I do not place in this class alone the avid purchasers of bogus Corots, for they had been preceded by a galaxy of auction room buyers to whom came numberless Largillières, Nattiers, Lancrets and so forth done by hungry virtuosos in murky Batignolles ateliers. We were just beginning to reach out then. Mr. Macbeth had not yet discovered the existence of an early American school of portrait painters. The Hudson River School was almost a thing of the present. Our dealers in old masters, naïve as they were honest, now and then ascribed pictures erroneously and sometimes at their own expense. Collecting was on the whole somewhat muddled.

THERE were buyers of Barbizon pictures, buyers of Salon pictures, an occasional buyer of seventeeth century works and so few buyers of American pictures that their number was negligible. Bouguereau, Meissonier, Rosa Bonheur—think of the furore over the Horse Fair—were names to conjure with. Ridgway Knight was one of the heroes of art. It was impossible to consider any American painter who had not a European education; Millet and Jules Breton appeared in the same collection, nudged elbows like brothers. We have gone a long way in a short time. I do not know that the generation of collections just passed straddled the crest of the wave. I cannot feel that they did. Of course the financial importance of their collections is mitigable here. We are considering minds, the release of intuitions, and not moneys. A Rembrandt is not a good picture because it is worth or because it brings a sum in six figures. The shoe is naturally on the other foot. However in a money country the fabulous prices which these men have given for works of art must perforce put art upon a pedestal high enough to gain the attention of a great many people. Art catches a speculative character, if no other, in this way—something of the dignity of stock exchanges and race tracks. There may be something more but there is undeniably money in it. Those men spent it principally. But who has not heard that Mr. Morgan's Umbrian Raphael, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, opaque though it is in color, is worth two or even three times the $250,000 which the late Mr. Morgan is reported to have given for it? In the evolution toward connoisseurship which is so often said to come of love of art—Mr. Berenson and his kind, notwithstanding—there are many steps or many links. Of course it is folly to say that the tremendous inroads made upon European collections by those collectors help to prove the existence of an American love of art. Indeed, brutally, these collections are little short of the booty of conquerors and, for the most part, just as miscellaneous. Principally, here I mean the Morgan, Widener, Frick and Johnson collections. Of this type, Morgan's is the best example. Its range was tremendous, though in painting it did not stretch like Mrs. Jack Gardner's from ancient primitives to modern primitives, from Giotto or one of his pupils to Cézanne. That Mr. Morgan's was a collection of masterpieces is unquestionable, that it was neither the collection of a connoisseur nor of an art lover is also unquestionable.

Among safe collectors Mr. Morgan could at any time be called the safest, despite the stolen Gainsborough and the famous Tiara of the Louvre, for they may without niggling be placed in parenthesis. I have an ever present picture of Mr. Morgan in New York examining evidence on a picture in, for all practical purposes, Bagdad. I am sure that he made many such paper purchases. He was surrounded by a cordon of critical experts—those detectives who have given their human lores into the hands of analytical minds. They found things for him to buy. He wanted only masterpieces, unquestionable masterpieces. He doubted himself—doubted his own taste and therefore contemporary taste. He took but one chance with it and the folly of that one chance—a portrait of himself in oily wax—may have cured him of impulsiveness. Art died for him, in any case after the eighteenth century, for after that it was still in a period of fluctuation; today's masterpiece ran the chance of being tomorrow's daub. His was a collection of the most palpable aristocrats of art, pictures of assured pedigree and position, having noble names and noble histories. That which he liked in art, that which he really liked in art, is an enigma soluble only by his intimates. There is the story of his love for a gold elephant, a monstrous gold elephant. Perhaps it is not a true story. But in it there is the symbol of his art of collecting. That elephant represented power. It was all gold, which is to say all power as the skeptics have it; a dominating truth with him and therefore his ideal of beauty.

(*Continued on page* 298.)

The Tyranny of Names and Dates

CLIVE BELL

EDITOR'S NOTE: Clive Bell will be remembered as the author of "Art," a book on modern painting which when published here, a number of years ago, was the center of considerable discussion. The work of the modernists had created a flurry very like panic in the hearts of the conformists although they sought to hide their fear under grimaces of contempt and of anger. To some of these "Art" was a solace. To more, perhaps, it was a fire brand. The opening lines of the book are characteristic. Here they are:

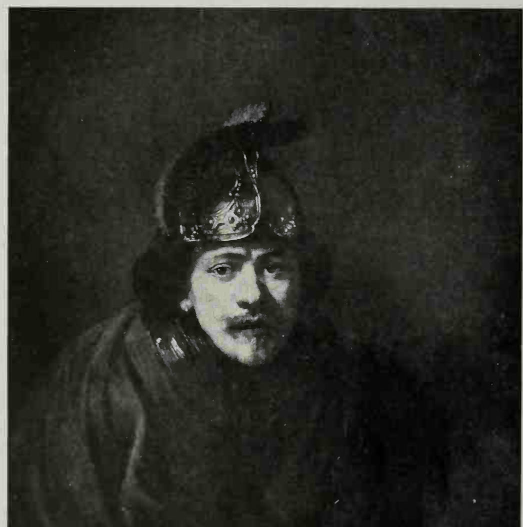
"It is improbable that more nonsense has been written about æsthetics than anything else: the literature of the subject is not large enough for that. It is certain, however, that about no subject with which I am acquainted has so little been said that is at all to the purpose. The explanation is discoverable. He who would elaborate a plausible theory of æsthetics must possess two qualities—artistic sensibility and a turn for clear thinking. Without sensibility a man can have no æsthetic experience, and, obviously, theories not based on broad and deep æsthetic experience are worthless. Only those for whom art is a constant source of passionate emotion can possess the data from which profitable theories may be deduced; but to deduce profitable theories even from accurate data involves a certain amount of brain-work, and, unfortunately, robust intellects and delicate sensibilities are not inseparable. As often as not, the hardest thinkers have had no æsthetic experience whatever. I have a friend blessed with an intellect as keen as a drill, who, though he takes an interest in æsthetics, has never during a life of almost forty years been guilty of an æsthetic emotion. So, having no faculty to distinguish a work of art from a handsaw, he is apt to rear up a pyramid of irrefragable argument on the hypothesis that a handsaw is a work of art. This defect robs his perspicuous and subtle reasoning of much of its value; for it has ever been a maxim that faultless logic can win but little credit for conclusions that are based on premises notoriously false. Every cloud has its silver lining, however, and this insensibility, though unlucky in that it makes my friend incapable of choosing a sound basis for his argument, mercifully blinds him to the absurdity of his conclusions while leaving him in full enjoyment of his masterly dialectic. People who set out from the hypothesis that Sir Edwin Landseer was the finest painter that ever lived will feel no uneasiness about an æsthetic which proves that Giotto was the worst. So, my friend, when he arrives very logically at the conclusion that a work of art should be small or round or smooth, or that to appreciate fully a picture you should pace smartly before it or set it spinning like a top, cannot guess why I ask him whether he has lately been to Cambridge, a place he sometimes visits."

IN Paris, where the profiteers go, an acquaintance of mine who, though far of course from being a profiteer has made a pretty good thing out of the war, came to me the other day with a small picture. I looked at it for thirty seconds and then said: "Yes, it's fifteenth century all right." Five minutes later it came over me with unusual violence that I had said something idiotic.

I had said something idiotic because I had said something that made it impossible for either of us from that moment to look at the picture quite frankly. With an archæological pronouncment I had doped our critical faculties. By proclaiming the thing fifteenth century I had cast over it an adventitious glamour. I had invested it with an interest and an importance that imposed upon us both. Both, I say; for it is not to be supposed that one whom I have had to describe as "far from being a profiteer" should question for a moment the correctness of my attribution. It was not for him to go on peering and wondering whether after all the picture might not be a sham.

Instead of saying: "Yes, it's fifteenth century," what I should have said, after two minutes' consideration, was: "Well, it's not much of a picture," by saying which I should have made all discussion of its date, authorship and authenticity irrelevant. For though it may be interesting—important it can never be—to know that a fine work of art was produced by a particular man in a particular year, to bother about the age and provenance of insignificant objects can never be excusable. The important thing in a work of art is its capacity for provoking a peculiar emotion, called æsthetic, and thereby inducing a thrilling state of mind. In a word, the important thing about a work of art is its importance as a work of art. But, though we all know this, we are all—or most of us are—still so much the slaves of names and dates that before asking ourselves: "Does this work move me?" we ask, "When was it made and by whom?" And so fatally are we hypnotised by a great name or a glorious epoch that, once we have decided that it is a "Rembrandt" or that it is *"quattrocento,"* it becomes impossible almost for us to see it with unprejudiced eyes or to judge it honestly.

And yet in our lucid moments we know well enough that no man has been invariably successful. Every artist, we agree, must have produced a certain number of failures; and if we could keep our eyes open they would tell us that Titian and Michael Angelo and Raphael and Rembrandt are no exceptions to the rule. It would be strange, indeed, if there were no dull and insignificant things by the great masters of visual art when, admittedly, there are pages of poor writing in Shakespeare, tracts of boredom in Dante, and when Homer, himself, sometimes nodded. It would be stranger still had no bad picture come to us from the fifteenth century. Th last three-quarters of the fifteenth century and the first quarter of the sixteenth was, in Italy, a period of prodigious activity. There were artists innumerable and they produced incessantly. Does anyone seriously suppose that they failed to produce their quota o rubbish, or that of this quota a fair proportion has not survived to provide our grea modern collectors with chefs-d'oeuvre and our great critics with norms?



Portrait of a Man.—*Rembrandt.*

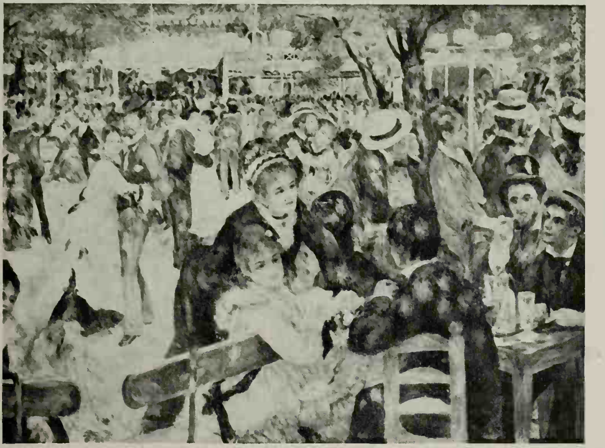
In my judgment the only artistic period that can well be compared with the Italian fifteenth century (from 1425, say, to 1525) is the present age in France (say from 1850 onwards, from Corot and Courbet to Matisse and Picasso); for really we know too little of the great movements of the remoter past—Greek, Chinese Persian, Byzantine—to establish any very satisfactory comparison. The present age—the age that begins with Corot and Courbet—has produced, like the fifteenth century, a brilliant sequence of first-rate painters—Daumier and Delacroix, fathers of the movement; Corot and Courbet, themselves; Renoir, Manet, Degas, Seurat, Cézanne, Van Gogh, Gauguin, Rousseau, Matisse, Bonnard, Picasso, Derain—and only a little below these a stream of real artists who have given us an abundant supply of genuine and significant work. But, indeed, Paris at the present moment reminds me in a dozen ways of what I suppose Florence must have been in the days of Botticelli—the frenzy of speculation and theorizing amongst artists, for instance; the watchful avidity of collectors; and, not least, the frantic jealousies, backbitings and suspicions with which the café and studios hum. Yet, were I simply to pronounce a picture brought to me by some amateur "French twentieth century" it would not be felt, I think, that I had said anything that put further criticism out of the question.

To be sure, there are a few people as silly about modern art as most are about ancient. There are those who think that any picture ainted in the style of Cézanne or Matisse or icasso must be good. Most of us, however, ave the sense to see, and the friendliness to ll them, how silly they are. We point out hat at any given moment there are sure to e a number of persons practising the arts ithout any real gift or aptitude for them; hat of these many at present imitate Cézanne nd Picasso just as, twenty years ago, they nitated Manet and Whistler; but that to nitate a good artist is not enough to make ven a respectable painter. We try to make hem see that the more or less competent but holly uninspired imitations of Cézanne and icasso that are the staple of n up-to-date picture show re no whit superior to qually competent but qually uninspired imitations f Whistler and Manet or, or that matter, of Bourgerau and Besnard. And hus we laugh away the nthusiasms of the indiscriminating ultra-moderns, when erhaps we should do better o be laughing at ourselves. or if today there are innumerable duffers trying to aint in the manner of some master, were there not plenty ike them in the past? The aker, the swaggerer, the asticheur, the man with manual dexterity and nothing inside him, is no new ontrivance. And it is as foolish to go into ecstasies over the hackwork of some ancient drudge who slavishly copied Giotto or Raphael or Rembrandt as to be taken in by the art student who, borrowing the cubist formula, knocks you off a Picasso before breakfast. Nor are the drudges and students the only ones who can be feeble. Most of the masters have set their booby-traps. Half of what Wordsworth wrote, more than half of Shelley perhaps, is minor verse. Before we laugh at old Mr. Podsnap or the youngest futurist in Fiume let us be quite sure about ourselves. Are we never slaves of opinion?

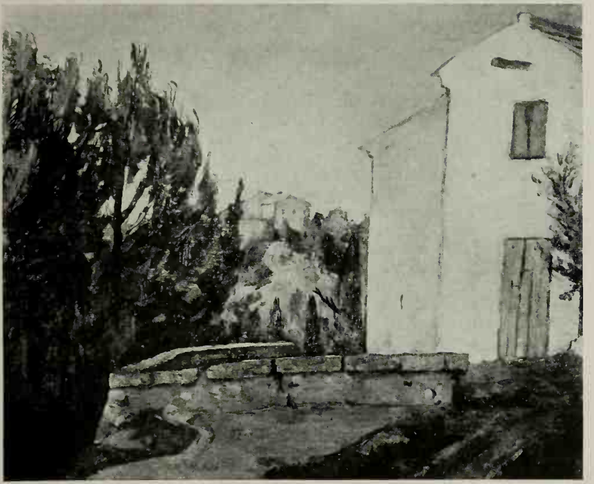
Here are three pictures; one of them is by an artist whose name we were all brought up to revere, the other two are by men who less than thirty years ago were being mocked and screamed at by the most respected critics and cognoscenti of Europe and America. I ask you to look at them with unprejudiced eyes and to say which seems to you the most moving in conception, which the most delightful in handling and treatment, which the most splendidly realised. Which of the three do you think reveals the profoundest feeling for the visible universe? In which is that feeling most adequately expressed? Which is the best work of art? Or, perhaps it would be more to the point to enquire whether one of the three strikes you as incomparably superior to the other two? and, if so, which? For, in open market, one of these pictures might fetch, I suppose, as much as a hundred thousand pounds, while of the others (B) would hardly make more than from eight to ten thousand, and (C) not above three.

For my part, I should be sorry to decide between the claims of (B) and (C) to first place. They are two very fine and utterly dissimilar works of art: (B) is by Renoir, (C) by Cézanne. (A), on the other hand, strikes me as a failure—the failure of a great master.

It is superbly painted, but the root of the matter is not in it. As a work of art it is second, if not third, rate. But is by Rembrandt. So we pay a hundred thousand pounds for it. Why? Because it is by Rembrandt.



Renoir Moulin de la Galette by Renoir.



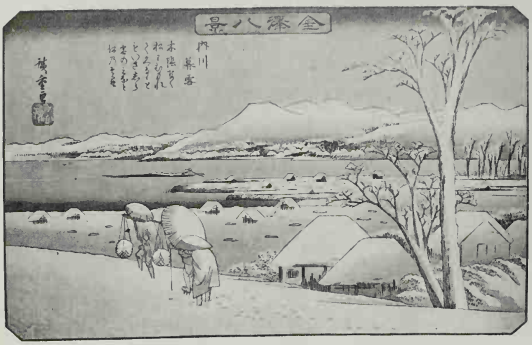
Paysage by Cézanne.

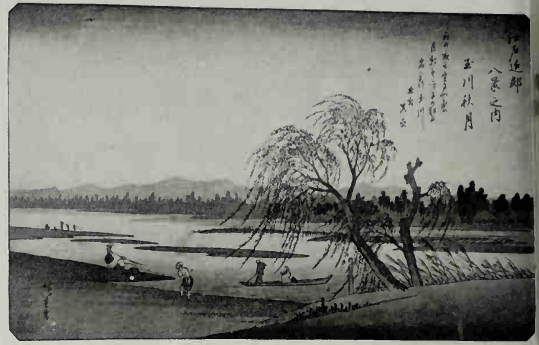
"A clod—a piece of orange-peel—
An end of a cigar—
Once trod on by a princely heel,
How beautiful they are!"

The man who makes it his rule to buy the most expensive article in the shop, whose highest ambition it is to possess something his neighbor cannot afford, and who insists on telling us what he pays for his wine and cigars while his game grows cold on his silver-gilt plate is a public laughing-stock. We despise him for having no taste of his own and admiring whatever the shopman gives him. Adopted towards the commonest things of life such an attitude is deplorable; adopted towards art it is disgusting. In judging a work of art we have nothing to go on but our own aesthetic reactions or, if we be modest, the reactions—the genuine reactions—of those whom we esteem more sensitive than ourselves. Every work of art must be judged on its merits; and between intrinsic merit and names and dates there is no connection whatever. By raising, or allowing to be raised, such questions as "When was this made?" "Where was it made?" "By whom was it made?" before we have decided the main question —"Does this move me æsthetically?"—we make a frank artistic judgment impossible. And by creating an atmosphere in which it is impossible to take honestly just what the picture has to give, we allow ourselves to be spirited out of the world of art into that world of shams and snobbery which is the salesman's paradise.

On the other hand, people who respond immediately and surely to works of art, though, in my judgment, more enviable than men of massive intellect but slight sensibility, are often quite as incapable of talking sense about æsthetics. Their heads are not always very clear. They possess the data on which any system must be based; but, generally, they want the power that draws correct inferences from true data. Having received æsthetic emotions from works of art, they are in a position to seek out the quality common to all that have moved them, but, in fact, they do nothing of the sort. I do not blame them. Why should they bother to examine their feelings when for them to feel is enough? Why should they stop to think when they are not very good at thinking? Why should they hunt for a common quality in all objects that move them in a particular way when they can linger over the many delicious and peculiar charms of each as it comes? So, if they write criticism and call it æsthetics, if they imagine that they are talking about Art when they are talking about particular works of art or even about the technique of painting, if, loving particular works they find tedious the consideration of art in part. If they are not curious about the nature of their emotion, nor about the quality common to all objects that provoke it, they have my sympathy, and, as what they say is often charming and suggestive, my admiration too. Only let no one suppose that what they write and talk is æsthetics; it is criticism, or just "shop."

The starting-point for all systems of æsthetics must be the personal experience of a peculiar emotion. The objects that provoke this emotion we call works of art. All sensitive people agree that there is a peculiar emotion provoked by works of art.




江戸近郊八景之内
玉川秋月

Hiroshige

In the real Hiroshige, was found the great native and national landscape artist of Japan

YONÉ NOGUCHI

YONE NOGUCHI, who is to edit the department of Oriental Art for ARTS & DECORATION, is professor of English Literature at the Keio Gijuku University of Tokio. He is the author of "The Summer Cloud," "The Pilgrimage," "The American Diary of a Japanese Girl," "Lafcadio Hearn in Japan," "Through the Torii," "The Spirit of Japanese Poetry," and "The Spirit of Japanese Art."—*Editor's Note.*

THE time was late afternoon of a day in April some fourteen or fifteen years ago, when I, greatly troubled by the modern life in the West, was only just returned from America where I had lived for quite a long time—from an eager desire to gain a true sense of perspective towards Nature, glided down the flower-reflecting water by Mukojima with two or three souls like myself, carried by a "cherry-blossom-viewing boat." I confess that I used then to see anything and everything through my westernized "blue eyes" and even cursed the degenerated Japan for its meaningless, foolish imitation of the West; but now, seeing the calmly-settled deep blue of this Sumida River whereon we were gliding, and thinking that it was the very blue of an old Japanese color-print, my westernized "blue eyes" suddenly changed, I felt, into Japanese black eyes. The blue of the Japanese color-prints up to the time of Hokusai and Hiroshige is, unlike the western blue pigment which is glad to mix with another color to make life active, a thing highly homogeneous, therefore a color as it was before it knew any other color to mix with. Thus baptized under the blue of the Sumida River in late afternoon of one Spring day, I ceased at once to be a westerner, and my mind entered slowly into a pictorial domain of Hiroshige, and smiled upon myself that I was certainly affected like Mr. Hopper who cried, "Hiro — Hiro — Hiroshige the Great!" How many pictures Hiroshige drew with the Sumida River as subjects! Before my imaginary eyes, several horizontal pictures of "Toto Meisho" depicting the sights of Mukojima appeared as a revolving lantern; when thinking about the particular one entitled Sumidagawa Hanazakari or the "Sumida River in Glory of Blossom," this very Mukojima beautifully colored by the cherry-blossoms began to look to me just like that picture of Hiroshige. I could not help exclaiming, in spite of myself, "Why, Nature imitates Art as Wilde once exclaimed—the Mukojima of today imitates Hiroshige's picture of olden time!"

My friends and I, now gliding through the delightful sights of the Sumida River which Hiroshige loved so dearly and drew in his many pictures, argued, discussed and again expanded on how the human mind has been advancing lately artistically. There is no doubt that our minds (yours as well as mine) are glad to imitate a rare respectable art whenever they see it. You will think, I am sure, it is nothing so strange that my mind, so full of Hiroshige's pictures, could not help seeing views right before myself as nothing but pictures of Hiroshige. It is not true that the "Mukojima of today imitated Hiroshige's picture of old time"; the fact is that my own poor mind was imitating the art of Hiroshige. To say differently, Hiroshige awakened suddenly in my mind; and again, to use another expression, we (you as well as I) are all an artist called Hiroshige, at least for landscape art—just as it is said, we are all a Hamlet, men and women. As we are already all Hiroshige, we can naturally be moved by him and feel with his art as if it was our own creation. A Hiroshige hidden in our own minds found our representative artist in the real Hiroshige who was born in 1796 and died in 1858; he is, in truth, the only one native and national artist of Japan.

I SAID just now that we, as Japanese, are all Hiroshige; and the are in the West many persons who would be pleased to call themselves a Hiroshige like ourselves. Whistler, for example, the most famous among them. George Moore once remarked that art is born in parochialism and dies in universalism; though it is a striking expression quite natural to his literary fibre, such language should be taken, I think, only as an emphasis of the value of true parochialism. The stars, flowers and moon, real in Japan, are equally real stars, flowers and moon in the West; the pictures of Hiroshige, true in Japan, would be equally true even when brought into the very centres of London and Paris—I mean that among the landscapes of London and Paris will be found this native artist of Japan, Hiroshige, hidden under the surface. And a great western artist who happened to meet first with the hidden Hiroshige in the West was Whistler himself; just like us Japanese, he was also a Hiroshige, and with Hiroshige's eye, Whistler looked and gazed on the views by the Thames. As a result that he saw Nature through Hiroshige's eye for his own western landscape art, he, this great Whistler, created the rare, peculiar, pictorial effect of his own.

THE western landscape art, from that of Constable and Corot to that of the late Alfred East, should be called the product of an environment, because of its lack of a certain dash in abstraction or quintessences. However splendidly it is drawn, it will never escape from the details of incidental phenomena, since it is always too closely attached to reality. The general landscape paintings of the West, I dare say, follow usually after the path or so-called stock-in-trade (large well-balanced masses of trees in the undulating foreground, and a long stretch of stream nearby, and then a vista of sky and some disturbed clouds beyond, something of a view like that) which was justified for many years; it is not like Hiroshige's pictures where individuality of Nature is suddenly seen isolated from the entire; the art that a Herculean artistic arm grasped in a moment of rare special gesticulation of Nature, to use Whistler's classic remark, in "creeping up a bit." The word "composition," the Western artists fondly use, just like "harmony" for musicians and "meter" for poets, is uncertain, vague and often neutral in its own meaning; it always betrays the real individual expression of Nature. It is my opinion that a true landscape artist should respect the word "isolation" but not "composition"; by that I mean that he must see the natural phenomenon in a striking special moment when, being isolated, it flatly refuses to move and act in uniformity with the other phenomenon. Such an artist was our Hiroshige. His now famous pictures, all of them, are the things that transmit and convey the rare individuality that Nature revealed in her blessed isolation. His art, following after a cardinal principle of architecture, that is "concentration," discarded off-hand all the extraneous small details which were apt to blue and weaken the important vividness; his handling of this secret of "concentration" (of course it was never Hiroshige's alone in our world of Oriental art) was quite marvelous. Therefore he was extremely suggestive at his very best. The western landscape art, whether it be above photograph or beneath photograph, attempts usually to imitate Nature or to take her copy; the artist may become a soft-voiced lover toward Nature, but not a conqueror wildly waging an artistic battle against her is he. The better landscape artist of the West might become a theoriser of pigments or something of a metaphysician or, as Alfred East was, a writer of prose-poems; but since he is often bound by the common circumspect knowledge, and seldom escapes from such an old habit in expressing some meaning or purpose, it is natural that he fails to create a poetical landscape picture whose life is nothing but suggestion. Enter into Nature, and forget her.

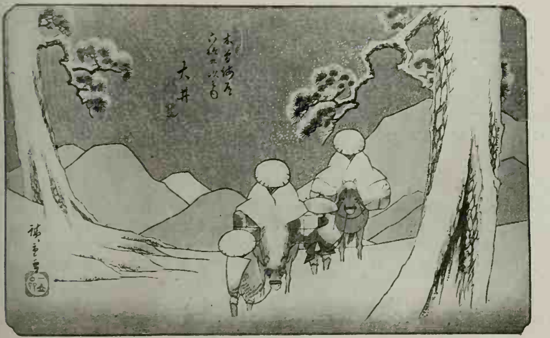
AGAIN depict Nature, and transcend her. I like to interpret such phrases by saying that one should be like Hiroshige himself, who paid no attention to the small inessential details, when he grasped firmly the most important point of Nature which he had wished before to see, hold and draw. To transfer such a moment one has only to depend on the power of suggestion; surely there is no other method than that. It was Whistler who saw clearly this point first in the West; his distinguished service in becoming a great believer in Hiroshige (using him to advantage from his whole-hearted appreciation), at an early day when the Japanese color-prints were practically unknown, should be recognized along with those wise critics who already recognized Wagner and Whitman in the day when the former was ridiculed as a musician without music, the latter as a poet with poetry. It seems that my imagination's eyes see this wonderful Jimmy Whistler with Hiroshige's color-prints right before him, now straightening up his famous spectacles on his nose, then exclaiming, "How amazing! Oh, how amazing!" It was told in London that he saw first something of Hiroshige's at a dirty Chinese tea-house by London Bridge, and again that he came in touch first with Hiroshige from a wrapper on a pound of tea; but both stories may be wrong, the truth being that Hiroshige's landscapes were sent by an insignificant western missionary strayed into old Japan to show him some specimens of a barbarous life. At any rate, it sounds more true and real when the story is more striking and amusing. There is nothing more interesting and mysterious in the world's annals of art than how Hiroshige entered into Europe. It is common enough to say that the real art will become the final conqueror, but Hiroshige is the best and greatest example of it. And when I muse on the phase that life is short but art is long, I cannot help feeling choked under its sad reality.

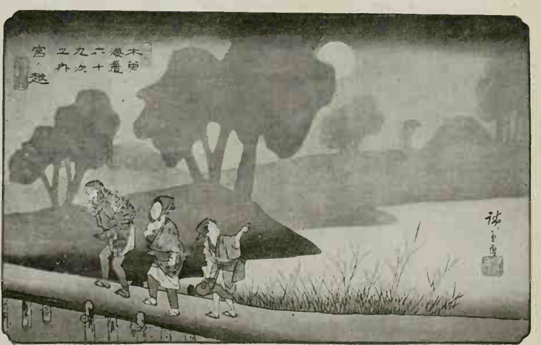
ANY suggestive art should have the idiom of expression at once vivid and simple. Every picture of Hiroshige at his best that I see, indeed, seems to be so new and impressive; and the last one is even so surprising as to leave my mind incapable for the time being of apprehension of his other pictures. One picture of his is quite enough as just one picture of any other great master of the world is enough for us; that is, is it not, the sure proof of his artistic greatness? I hear recently much about "polyphonic prose" from the American literary world; it is but a new movement to break away from the old wearied habit and inspire into letters a living freedom, the taste and feeling of an author being its own only law. Such is, I dare say, another proof that our Japanese literature is far ahead of the literature of the West; or, to say differently, it hints the point that the western literature is speedily approaching the Japanese literature. Here we have Heike-monogatari or the "Epic of the Heike Clan." There we have the Noh plays. They are nothing but "polyphonic prose" which is supposed to be new in the West. To put aside the question of literature and return to that of Hiroshige. It was he who fully practiced amid the pigments the theory of "polyphonic prose"; he arranged and rearranged and then unified by his own special taste the realism and idealism or the reality and imagination to perfection. I might be blamed as a vague critic if I say that any artist, whatever he be, idealist or realist or what not, is always good when he is true to his own art; but it is true, I think, that even the seeming realistic picture of Japanese art, when it is splendidly executed, is always subjective. I will say that the good picture, although it might appear idealistic superficially, is surely a work which never forgets the part of realistic expression. Hiroshige's landscapes are exactly like that. Perhaps he might be called a realist or objective artist from the point that our artistic mood is slowly but steadily led into trees, sky, rivers and mountains through his just expression of the relation between Nature and men; but who can declare that he was an artist who only and realistically followed after superficial Nature? The realistic elements of his art played successfully the most important service to bring out more distinctly the indefinable quality, which, as I have no better word, I will call atmosphere or pictorial personality; I think that it is more true to call him an idealist or subjective artist. He is the most national landscape artist of Japan; and it seems that he learned this secret from Chinese landscape art how to avoid femininity and confusion. And then Whistler, on the other hand, learning from Hiroshige how to cut off the confused feminine reality, created here a new phase of western landscape art which combined reality and imagination with rhythmic harmony. See the picture, for instance, "Old Battersea Bridge," at the Tate Gallery, that famous nocturnal arrangement of blue and gold. One will easily see how this picture soars out of the superficial reality, and that again by the lovely support of realistic technique the inner poetical note heightens gracefully and rhythmically.

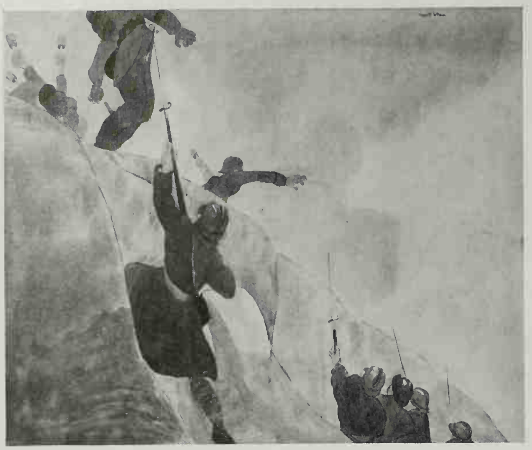
WHEN we think that this particular picture was a thing which inspired Ruskin to call him a conceited, wilful impostor or charlatan, we have only to wonder how blind a large majority of critics of those days were to our Oriental art; and again we cannot help wondering how speedily the western art as well as literature are, ever since, coming nearer to ours. While Ruskin sadly missed grasping a prophet's fame, Whistler presented a living instance that art only sends out its sparkling life from a struggle against vulgarity. The faithful followers of Whistler may say anything they please; but they will be unable to deny the fact that he owes many things to our Hiroshige. Now apart from the central artistic question turn your attention to a small point in the placing of the signature. The signature for a western artist means only a sign, nothing else; how to place the signature for our Japanese artists is a serious matter, since, it is thought, it keeps an important relation with the whole picture; therefore it has been studied carefully. Whistler, whose sharp tasteful curiosity saw this point, hastened to devise his own signature in the shape of a butterfly. When you see "Arrangement in Black: Portrait of Señor Pablo de Serasate," or "Portrait of Monsieur Theodore Duret," or "Portrait of the Artist," or "Arrangement in Black: Portrait of Mr. Louis Huth," it will be plain what a serious value is given by his written seal of butterfly. Certainly it is never a question of mere signing for Whistler's picture, but quite an important part of his own art.

(The signature as a decorative accessory has in truth only been considered seriously by Western artists since Whistler. Indeed in most instances it will be found that the Western artist's signature is a prefunctory addition to the finished work, supplemented as much for financial reasons as for any other. Gilbert Stuart considered it entirely superfluous. The American painter claimed that his brush marks, that his style was his signature and that, for this reason, the addition of his name was an unessential.)

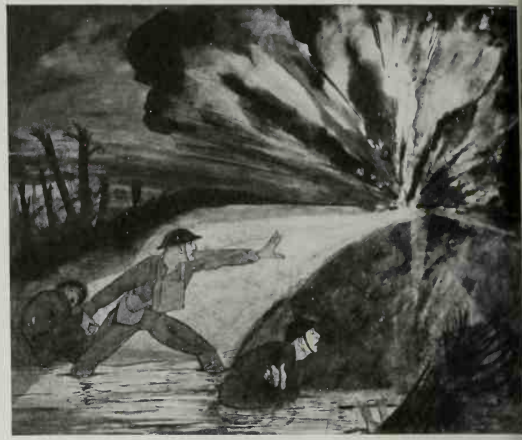
(To be concluded in the March issue.)







ROSALIE! ROSALIE!



"FRONT LINE STUFF."

Claggett Wilson's War Pictures, An Appreciation

His paintings are terrible in their loneliness—inspiring in their power to arouse heroism.

HELEN CHURCHILL CANDEE

CLAGGETT WILSON, a man of sensitive temperament and active sympathies, went to the war, hurled himself voluntarily into its fiercest hell. Scene after scene of the agony, the heroism, the heaven-born spirit and the irony as well, were burned into the consciousness of the soldier-artist; became forever a part of his being. The impression of these vivid scenes he has painted in a series of war pictures which were recently shown at the Knoedler Gallery.

But they are not War pictures in the sense that they portray merely the physical effects of war-torn earth, trenches, camions, conflicts, billets. We have had such in the English and French exhibitions of war pictures. And all without malice, one may say they left on the mind much the same impression as did the war pictures of the reviews and Sunday supplements. They informed, but they gave no sensations.

Claggett Wilson has done more than photograph with his brush. He has painted scenes as vivid as life, and as truthful, but the artist in him never let him stop with mere delineation, but made him use the picture to express a concentrated sentiment. Each picture, therefore, is not only a picture but is the portrayal of the animating spirit from which human conduct springs. He seeks to find the soul of a situation and to give it visibility through strong lines, color both clear and subtle, a picture academically, but also a portrayal of the soul of events.

There is, for instance, the picture of the French trench; soldiers waiting down its length with long bayonets high in air, hiding for the chance of an upward thrust at the foe advancing without suspicion. Note the marvellous lithe figure in the foreground which has accomplished his sinister thrust in the abdomen of the falling shadow above him. Masterful in line and color, marvellous in action—but see how much more, for the sinewy young poilu who is in vigorous movement—he typifies the spirit of the soldiers of France in their desperate encounters. But more than that the title of the picture conveys. As he gives his effective thrust he cries almost fanatically, "Rosalie! Rosalie!" the poilu term of endearment for his sharp, efficient bayonet, and perhaps also the name by which he calls his sweetheart at home. So in this picture we read the heart of youth which can be at a time both merry and reverent, both tragic and tender.

"What kind of stuff have you got?" asks one soldier to another, stuff meaning as much as anything the kind of fate dealt out by those who direct war. "Front Line Stuff" is shown by Claggett Wilson in the heroism of those whose position is helpless, whose protection is pounded away by the big guns at dawn, and who, wounded, sink into the water-filled trench and drink a bitter death. It is terrible in its loneliness, inspiring in its heroism, masterful in its power to arouse feeling.

Sights came to Wilson with his vision, that escape less highly developed sensibilities. There is, for instance, the irony of the laughing Bacchus, a statue rising high in the gardens of a château, a trench zig-zagging at his feet, a shell-torn corner of the wrecked château shadowing one side of the desolation—and Bacchus laughing high over it all, albeit he too has lost a nose and bits from his rollicking figure.

Perhaps the most spiritually appealing of all is the scene over which broods, high and slim against a vibrant plain and sky, the dominant figure of a Gothic Virgin, shielding the eyes of the Child from the sights of war, while appealing hands of men show piteously above the trench.

The day at its youngest is taken as the time for the soldier to seek what was accomplished in the night in silencing nests of machine guns. "Cleaned Up" is called the terrible result which makes its contrast to the tender time of day. "Bouquets of Death" is the name given to deadly explosions of such beauty that one thinks, child-like, of *feu d'artifice* on a summer evening.

To put light into his pictures, to give the contrast of happy lights with miserable deeds, is one of Lieutenant Wilson's strong intents. The young June wheat is lush and warm in the sunlit field across which the Marines are dropping piteously under an unseen fire. The dawn pales tenderly behind a Hun horrified in the face of death. Blue velvet skies of night arch over fields of the dead. In the limpid light of fair morning, a soldier with springing muscles throws grenades through a misty green foliage to men in the sunny field below. With soft lamp-light, the artist fills the big hospital room in which lie a row of wounded, himself among the number, just coming back to consciousness and to pain. Indeed almost every picture illustrates this subtle use of light employed to accent sentiment.

The two years of painting which held him in Spain before the war, shows in his masterly use of color and in his breadth of style. His Spanish sketches with which many are familiar deal mainly with life among the bull-fighters and the Gitanas.

An hour spent among these most recent pictures of Claggett Wilson, leaves one with the strong conviction that through him America gives to the world the greatest contribution in memory of the Great War.

At this time many are searching for appropriate memorials to commemorate our part in the conflict. These pictures of Claggett Wilson's are a memorial appealing to all—to those who suffered in the war and to those who suffered at home.

Playing the Game

FORBES WATSON

THERE are all kinds of helpful little hints and charming little mottoes, beginning with "The Early Bird . . ." nd coming down to "The Voice with a mile," to help the average wayward mortal rom going off the track. Comparatively peaking the average mortal's life is dotted vith landmarks and mileposts. We are taught rom earliest first reader days that a steady rade leads from the log cabin to the White ouse. All that a man with industrious habits nd a passion for burning midnight oil needs, re impeccable morals and personal initiative. f he have but these slight attributes he can, vith the aid of powerful influence and a pair f rubber heels, almost certainly rise in the vorld of affairs.

The stages of his ascent are clearly marked. They can be measured by perfectly definite financial results. When a man rises from a foreman to president of his company, and his salary increases from a few thousands to many thousands, not only the modest hero himself, but all his friends and relatives are convinced that his life has been a success. And at about that time he begins to confide to his grandson the secrets of his achievements—how, as a self-made man, he made himself. It is not merely that the public can judge the business man's success by simple arithmetic. For years the business man has been presenting his standard of ideals as the one and only standard for the young man of parts to strain every fibre of his being to attain. Long before propaganda had reached its present self-inflated condition, the business man was expending a great deal of energy in establishing his belief in success as the ideal which any self-respecting democracy should follow. He set up his code of action and morality as the code by which his fellowmen should be guided and judged.

It is part of this well-established code that the artist is a queer duck. Of course, when the business man hears of an artist's receiving ten thousand dollars for painting a portrait or of an old master's selling for a hundred thousand dollars, these are terms and facts which he can respect. It would be most agreeable if the artist had some easy standards of success such as the business man has. If the complexities of the artist's life could at least be balanced by a steady rise in prices and increase in sales, as his work advances in power, that at least would be a tendency toward simplification. But everybody knows that for one reason and another the artist's sales do not depend upon the quality of his work, but upon chance and luck and many fictitious circumstances.

Unfortunately the business man, when he evolved the system of education whose results are measured by material prosperity, did not take into consideration the element of his own appreciation of art. Consequently his interest in art often lies dormant until he retires from active work, when, on looking about for some way to satisfy the vanity, born of his financial success, the old man stumbles headlong into art.

PERHAPS art is not exactly the word. But let it pass for the present. At any rate the artist is brought face to face with a gentleman who wishes to purchase, by means of his hard-earned fortune, some of the glamor which he understands sheds itself upon the collector. This gentleman has been trained to believe that a good thing costs money and that a poorer thing cost less money. He brings this simple test to the dealer's gallery and the artist's studio, and the artist faces the dilemma as best he can.

I suppose that the first time that the resultant comedy was played must have been very very long ago. Certainly no statistican would care to put down the number of times it has been played since. It would take too long. But out of this comedy, or farce, or tragedy, as the case may be, there has grown up a ceaseless psychological warfare between the artist and the business man.

When the artist brings his work to the dealer he puts a price on it. Frequently the dealer insists on the artist's raising or even doubling his price. The dealer does not do this because he is avaricious, or because he thinks the picture is twice as good as the artist thought it was, or because the painter has a sick child and nine starving wives. More often he does it because he understands that the business man, having been brought up to value all things in terms of money or price, is more likely to believe that a picture is good if he has to pay one thousand dollars for it than if he has to pay only a paltry five hundred.

So long as we are dealing with genuine art this is of no great consequence. It is quite impossible to measure in any concrete terms the value of a work of art. That is intangible and illimitable. Works of art have changed the lives of men and the development of nations. Their value in terms of money means less than nothing.

But for every work of art there are a vast number of near-works of art. The men who make these are also called artists and believe themselves to be artists. And in their day and generation their works go through the same history, and the same adventures, arrive in the same collections and bring the same or higher prices. Both the false and the genuine coinage of art may share in the same reverence and the same ignominy.

SOME artists thread their ways through this maze, this uncharted sea of false and true values, this incredible tangle of cross-purposes with more subtlety and sagacity than the average successful business man requires for his greatest undertakings. If you like you may say that these men play the game. But other artists are so incapable of dealing with this dubious side of the artist's business life that they throw up their hands in despair and beg for mercy. Or they call the whole game a dirty game, and cry aloud in the wilderness for a patron who will supply them with their daily necessities and let them work in peace.

Are the artists then so helpless that their lives depend on a game which they play with more or less success, the success depending not on their ability as artists, but on their separate and distinct ability as salesmen? An acute dealer once said: "Works of art are sold not bought." If this cynical theory is at all true, is it because the business man's education in art has been postponed too long, or is it also because the artist does not meet his own worldly problems squarely? The artist is not only a painter or a sculptor. He is likewise a member of the community and consequently one element in what he often refers to as if he were not a part of it—namely, the public. Every artist is a member of every other artist's public.

THE artist is prone to forget that he himself is a member of the very public which he is so apt to criticize both justly and unjustly. He is prone to forget that his greater training and cultivation places him in a position of proportionately greater responsibility and that, if his contributions to the general appreciation of another artist's work are jealously or wilfully biased, it is not playing the game to complain because he himself is unfairly judged. He may or may not shrug his shoulders or tear his hair over the public's lack of appreciation but perhaps he too easily overlooks, in judging the public, that, as a more enlightened member of it, he shares to a correspondingly greater extent in the condemnation or praise which he accords to it. After all it is not the public which makes the artist's reputation but his fellow artists.

Appreciation begins with them, goes from them to the more sensitive amateurs, and so on outward in ever enlarging circles. Vollard probably had more to do with giving Cézanne an international reputation than any other single man, but after all it was Pissarro who opened Vollard's eyes to Cézanne.

Slowly the appreciation of the artists sifts through to a wider more untrained public. But eventually that is what happens and the process might be quicker if the temper of the artist were not so frequently changed by his own personal success. Many artists, like Renoir, are not fighters, and others, like Whistler, enjoy nothing better than a little after-painting combat. Nearly always the young artist is a genial and energetic fighter. But how often is the thunder of his attack dimmed by a timely prize award!

After all, is it the duty of a single artist to risk his own personal welfare for the sake of reforming a world which does not like reform? Nothing is more entirely unrelated to art than duty. Still it may be ventured that if the artists, as distinguished from mere practitioners, took concerted action in the matter, it would not be possible for an organization dominated by mediocrities to control the policy of so many exhibitions throughout the country and to influence the purchases of so many museums, and it would be a comparatively short time before the attitude of the average American museum toward art took a decided change for the better.

But just as no single artist wishes to jeopardize his worldly chances by standing out against a powerful organization similarly he does not wish to enter into conflict with a powerful museum. It might ruin his hopes of selling a picture to the museum and selling a picture to a museum is good business. He reasons that it is hard enough to paint or sculpt without going in quest of other difficulties. If he should modestly claim that in the mere act of creating a work of art he is doing his share, who would gainsay him? On the other hand, if he permits the artist-politician and the mediocrity to direct so many activities affecting the public taste, is he in truth playing the game?

Architectural Impressions

AYMAR EMBURY, II

Editor Department of Architecture

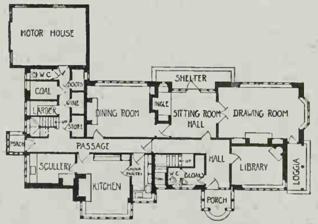
Notes on Plan

ONE of my clients said to me the other day, "In laying out the first floor of my new house, arrange the rooms so that every room does not open from a couple of others; in my present house there isn't a single secluded place to sit; every room is a corridor." His statement brought home to me very definitely something which I had felt only vaguely before, that rooms to be really comfortable sitting places need not necessarily be symmetrical and open from one end to another. They should, as it were, be dead ends rather than streets.

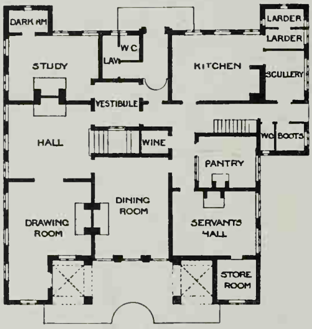
It is curious that so many of our American houses are planned with the idea of perfecting what the architects call "circulation," or, speaking in less technical terms, of making every part of the house accessible from every other part by the shortest and most direct route. This has apparently always been characteristic of American plans, and the dominance of the type is today greater than ever, owing to the fact that a very large proportion of our leading architects have been trained at the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris, and the foundation of the teaching of architecture in that school is insistence on good circulation and open and symmetrical planning, with strongly marked axes.

That this has been of enormous benefit to our public work cannot be denied, for while our architecture is eclectic to a degree which has never been known elsewhere or at any other period, and our domestic design has, as to its exteriors only, been mainly derived from England, our public buildings and groups of public buildings have surpassed in both convenience and dignity English public buildings because, from the very beginning, they have been based upon the French principles of plan. A few examples will demonstrate this fact. The New York City Hall, still one of the loveliest of all our public buildings, is said to have been planned by a French draughtsman in the office of its architect; the city of Washington was planned by a French engineer, and the University of Virginia was designed by Thomas Jefferson, subsequent to long residence in France and careful study of French building and plan methods.

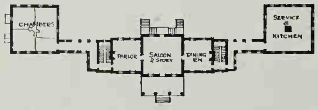
Not myself a Beaux Arts trained architect, my conception of its teachings may be incorrect but it seems to me that the essence of French plan design is to so dispose the principal rooms that a stranger entering the building can find his way to any one of them without directions, and without being crowded under any circumstances. Further, as the French school teaches that plan should be expressed in the design of the exterior, anyone approaching a correctly designed building should unconsciously form an opinion as to what part of the building would naturally contain the element for which he is looking. Take for example a court house. The court room is obviously the dominating element, and should be bigger than any other room, well lighted and ventilated, and most convenient of access to the great number of strangers to the building who have occasion to use it. Its general position should be obvious on the exterior of the building, and on entering, one should have only to "follow his nose" to get to it. Minor offices are subordinate and are habitually used by people more or less familiar with the building, so that it is not so necessary to be able to guess where they are from the entrance; but they should be so located that the ones used by the greatest number of people are most accessible, and so that no cross current of traffic will occur, with the customary delays, annoyance and confusion incident thereto. A building so planned has what we call "good circulation"; the corridors to seem ample must be actually more than ample; openings must be large and at expected places with wide vistas on both principal and subordinate axes, terminated by rooms of importance. Now it might have been expected that we, whose civilization is mainly derived from English sources would have followed English plan precedent and English models for our public buildings, but anyone who is at all familiar with English buildings will be both aware and heartily glad that we have not. The usual English public building is a rabbit warren of dark narrow and tortuous passages, entered from insignificant doorways, and terminating in dead ends, with rooms both big and little scattered along them without apparent sense or reason. Even the Houses of Parliament, a comparatively modern structure have several entrances of confusingly equal importance, and the chambers of the Lords and Commons are alike difficult to reach without a guide. I never did find the House of Lords.



The long passage as a feature of English cottage plan.

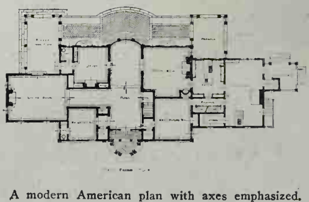


A modern English plan of a small country house.



Plan, "Whiteall," Virginia, date 1750, showing the vista carried to an extreme.

Now the very things which are faults in a public building may become virtues in a private house; and naturally enough the English by applying the same principles—or lack of principles—to residence design have succeeded in securing certain sensations of comfort in their rooms which our perhaps more logically planned houses do not have. We have apparently from Colonial times gravitated towards an open and symmetrical type of plan, and certainly today there is apparent an overwhelming tendency in that direction, largely due, I believe, to our training both direct and reflected in the principles inculcated by the Beaux Arts. This normally results in our houses presenting a very pretty series of pictures, and a set of rooms which need very careful arrangement of furniture to make them comfortable. Take what may be considered almost the normal plan for the small house. We enter a door on the principal axis. Exactly opposite us is the double staircase with a door below leading to the garden. To the left, is the living room, to the right, the dining-room, with wide opposite doorways, the vistas terminated against fireplaces at the ends of the rooms. The effect as one enters the house is charming: everything is symmetrical (and the human mind, curiously enough, demands symmetry). The wide openings give a sense of space and airy cheefulness, and the vistas are terminated by those pleasantest of features, the fireplaces. But are these rooms the most occupied of any in the house? Does the family circle gravitate into them? Probably not: the family will most probably be found in some little study tucked away out of sight of people entering the main doorway, and where they can feel really comfortable and cozy. There are certain psychological elements which must be taken into consideration in planning rooms, and first of all is the instinctive human desire to get one's back up against something, probably a survival of the protective instinct in our pre-historic ancestors, who knew that if they were to survive they must not stay in a spot where they could not see approaching danger. We have a natural instinct for seclusion: in every restaurant it is the stuffy corners that are filled first, and in our houses we naturally want to sit where this vague

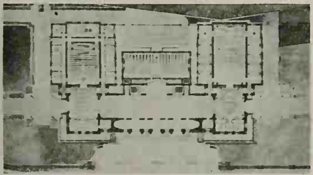


A modern American plan with axes emphasized.

rotective instinct is at rest. Of course, there e other factors which lead to our choice of ats; the light for reading, the view, or the armth from a fire; but the perfect room is e one where all these requirements are fullled, and it is only in such a room that one n be thoroughly content.

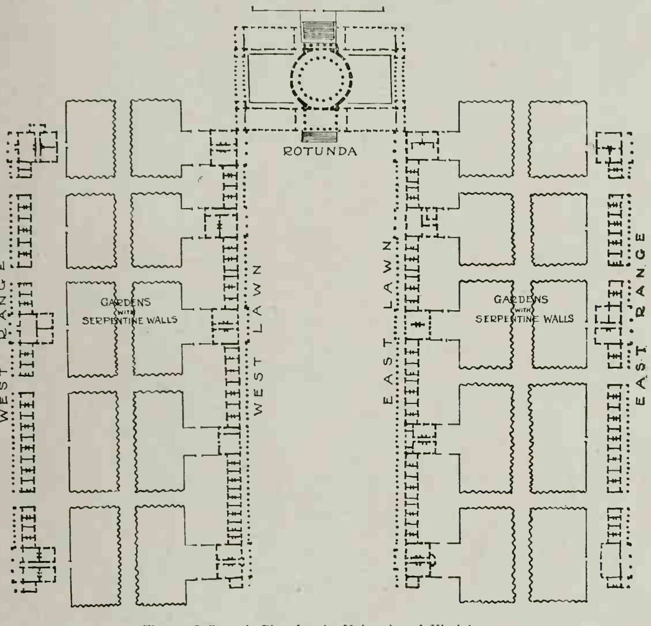
Our typical living room, with its wide doorway opposite the fireplace can never fulfil this ondition, for no one wants to sit with his ack to the door, and while there are many ther reasons which we may consciously assign or this dislike, as that it is draughty, or that eople coming in disturb one, the true, although subconscious, reason is that one is a ttle afraid. Therefore we eventually find urselves using a little afterthought-of-a-room, he "den," which is not always attractively, nd sometimes not even omfortably, furnished, in reference to the rooms to hich we have given much more care and thought. urther, our principal ooms under this system f plan tend to become orridors. The living-oom is a corridor between the hall and the 'den," and the dining-oom a corridor between he hall and the breakfast porch, so that we must consider the passage through in disposing our furniture, and are constantly being interrupted by people passing us, and by draughts from the open doors. This is largely imaginary but none the less uncomfortable. There is a story of a woman who was unable to sleep, one warm night, and who finally prodded her husband into opening the hall door. He did it. A pleasant draught cooled the air and she slept comfortably, but on awakening found that he had by mistake opened the door to a closet. That draught was as useful as if it hadn't been imaginary, and as the imaginary things have to be watched for by architects as well as the actual, we must design our houses so that draughts will not be suspected.

The English have accomplished this in their houses very perfectly by isolating many of their rooms, entering them only from passages or halls, usually by single doors. It is curious to find that English plan has for the last three hundred years depended upon passages or corridors to a very great extent. It is only a little over three hundred years since halls, on the second story at least, were invented, and in France they were for many years but little employed. Bedrooms used to open only from those adjoining, and the guards who at Versailles watched over the safety of the king, tramped through the end of his bed chamber. Perhaps that was one reason for bed curtains.



Plan of a Public Building showing excellence of Beaux Arts principles.

The English then make much less of the entrance hall, or central hall, than do we; they are less apt to communicate with one room through another, but employ passages instead, and are prone to have but a single entrance to each room, whereas we make much of the central hall, very often use our rooms as corridors, and usually have at least two means of egress from each room. I think that perhaps we have the extra doors because our private life is so public that we want means of escape. I have had many clients tell me to put two doors in the living room so that they wouldn't be caught there by an unwelcome visitor, and several times I have made access to the back stairs easy so that there was an available means of escape besides the main staircase, that being in public view. The Englishman simply sits in his living room in the back of his house, out of sight, out of hearing and sends word he isn't in. It is not a bad idea.



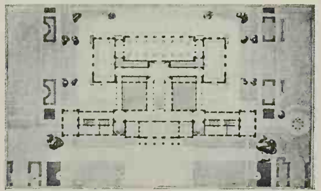
Thomas Jefferson's Plan for the University of Virginia.

We might learn something about the placing of stairs from the English plan. Normally they make far less of a feature of the stair than do we, and especially noticeable is the fact that they have no standardized position for it. In our houses we almost always place it in the main hall with the foot of the stair toward and near the front door. I wonder why? It is true the stairway is, if well designed, a picturesque object, but the front door is not the only place in the house from which it could be seen, and certainly the front door is not the convenient place for it to terminate. I venture to say that not one person out of fifty goes directly upstairs when he enters a country house, and that not once out of each hundred times that the stairway is used, is the front door the destination of the person using it. We go up-stairs from the living-room or the "den" or the coat closet or the dining-room, yet the staircase rarely enters one of these rooms. There are two things to be said in favor of its position in our usual plan; one that it is a sort of neutral ground and in the main hall is equally accessible from all main parts of the house; the other that the part of the house near the foot of a staircase is usually cold, and therefore unfit to sit in. Its location in the main hall is not positively bad; it is only unnecessary, and should not be considered in laying out the plan. Any convenient place will do, but to stretch a point to place it near the front door is ridiculous.

The question of the importance of keeping doors and windows on axes, and symmetrical, is another point usually too heavily stressed. Most of our Colonial houses had balanced plans but not symmetrical ones: the fireplaces were rarely on the exact centers of walls, and the two windows which usually occur on the street ends of old rooms were rarely spaced equidistant from the side walls. Either because of their effect on the exterior, or because of desired furniture spaces, they were varied slightly from mathematical exactitude, and the rooms accordingly lacked a certain stiffness which we find in many of our attempts to reproduce the charm of Colonial work. In English work there is usually no effort made to retain symmetry, with the result that their rooms on the whole furnish better than ours, and are individually more comfortable, although forming no part of a general picture as do ours. One can, from the main entrance of an English house, form little conception of its plan, of the attractiveness of its rooms or of the taste and habits of living of its occupants: we spread out the whole before each casual visitor. I am not saying we are wrong, but only that our wide open plan inevitably excludes certain elements that the Englishman considers essential. There is a saying that an Englishman's house is his castle: rather it is a series of castles one within the other. Nor is the tortuous and confused plan a detriment or an inconvenience in a private house. The occupants are presumably familiar with the ways to reach the several rooms, and it is unnecessary that anyone else should know them. We treat our houses as we do our public buildings: the position of the principal room of the house, the living room, is as clearly indicated as that of the court room in the court house, and it doesn't need to be.

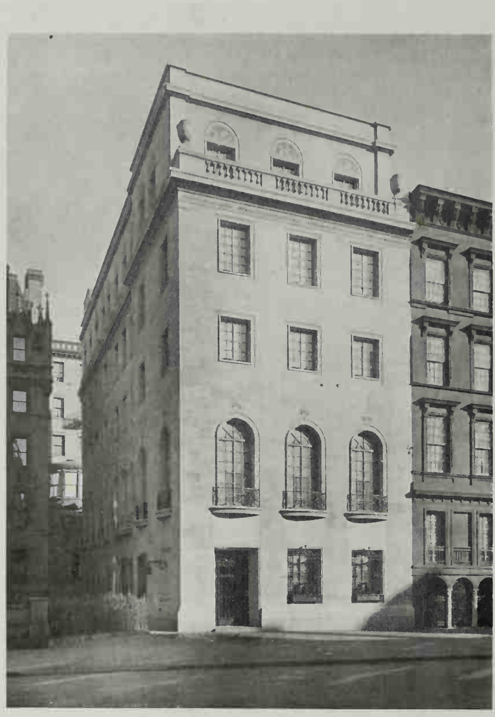
We should therefore carefully consider, before we decide on our plan, how we want to live: whether we wish "to put our best foot foremost" and impress each person who enters with the size of the house, the number of its

(*Continued on page* 290)



Plan showing the Architectural students' application of Beaux Arts principles to residence design.

MODERN city houses of European design indicate a retention of the Renaissance tendency toward encrusting the entire façade with ornament, probably because the European architects feel that the possibilities of pure architecture in so limited a space have been fully exploited, and that to endeavor to design a façade whose interest would depend purely upon the sizes and proportions of the window and door openings, would be only to duplicate previous façades. Now it is true that practically every conceivable arrangement of openings in a four or five story house of twenty to thirty feet in width has been made, yet the possibilities of variance in size and proportions of these simple motives is literally infinite, and the man who can produce with so simple motives a façade of so distinguished a character as that of the McNair house has achieved more greatly than the man who depends upon the treatment of the surface for his effect. It must also be remembered that we have not in the United States a sufficiency of expert and artistic carvers of stone and wood, to enable us to depend as a nation upon decoration rather than purity of design, although nowhere can finer execution of such ornament as we require, be found; and the beauty of our sparingly used ornament is enhanced by the plain surfaces which form its setting.

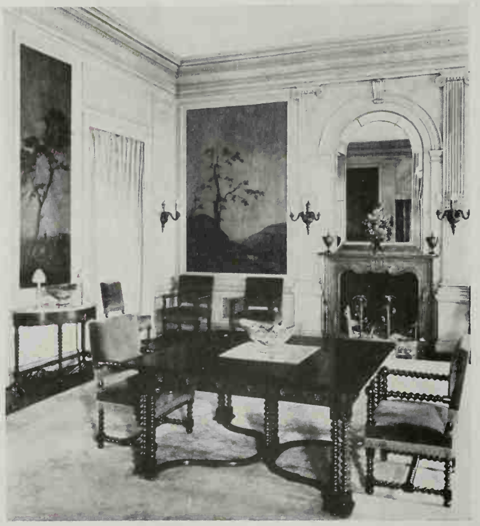

THE STREET FACADE

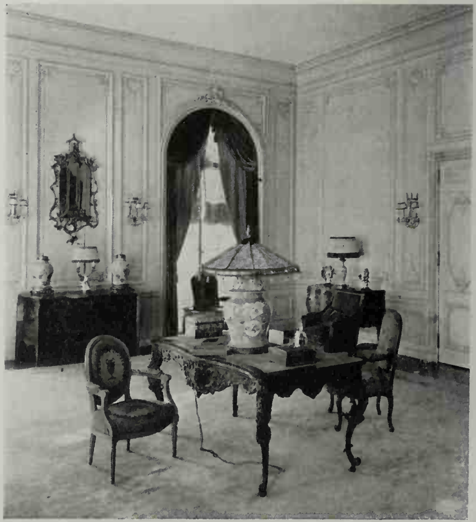
One reason why most city façades are not more interesting than they are is because the high, narrow, rectangular shape of the block of the façade is in itself uninteresting. Various attempts have been made to change the apparent height of the façade, so as to improve the basis on which the architect has to work. Occasionally, a pitched or mansard roof is used for the upper story, or upper two stories. Sometimes the façade is treated with a gable facing the street, and often, as in this case, the upper story is set back slightly from those below so that the cornice is at a level of the break or set-back. Here, the upper story is treated in a semi-independent way as an attic. If there had been three stories of rectangular windows introduced above the arched openings of the main floor, the result would have been to belittle the importance of this story, but as it is, the purpose of each story is adequately expressed.

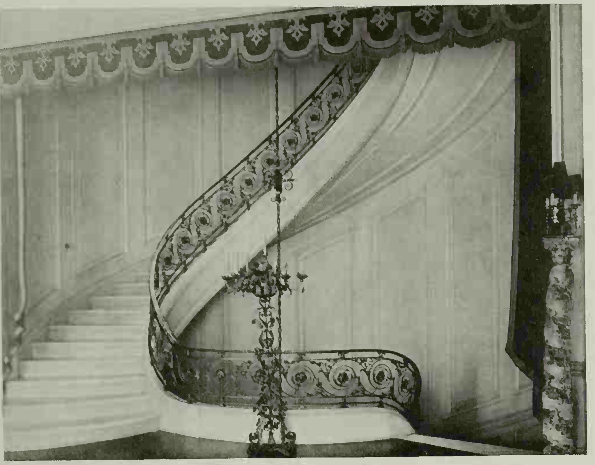
Residence of Mr. William McNair

3 East 79th Street, New York City

H. VAN BUREN MAGONIGLE, ARCHITECT, NEW YORK


THE DINING ROOM

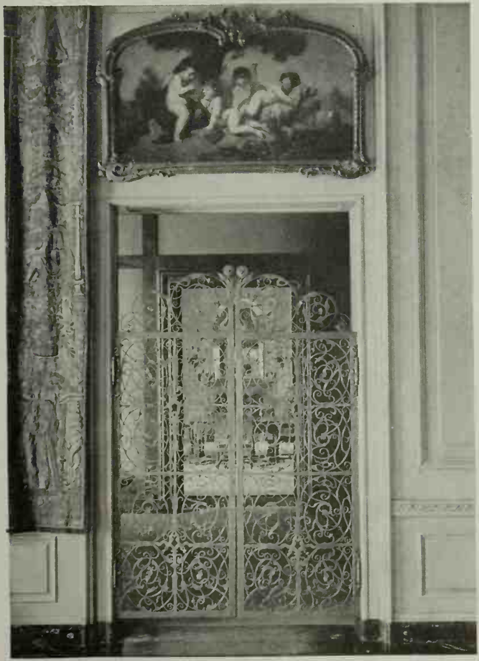

THE RECEPTION ROOM



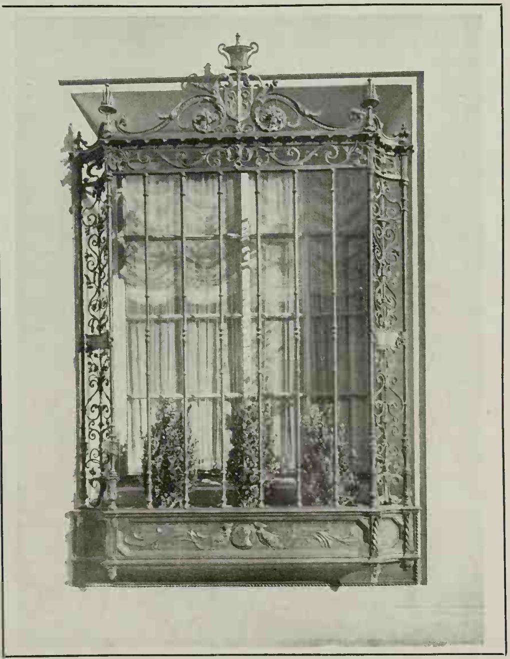
THE WINDING STAIRCASE

THE time when each room of our houses was treated as a separate entity with no relation either to the exterior, or to our mode of living, has pretty nearly passed away. Time was when it was considered the height of propriety to "do" the entrance hall in the Flemish school, the dining room in English, the parlor (of course) in the Epopée Louis XIV., and the rest of the house, which people did not see, with our old furniture and hangings; and that part alone was comfortable, usable or even containing the raw elements of beauty. Today we treat our interiors with a certain amount of respect for the exterior, and though we still lean more heavily upon archæological correctness than is worth our while, we do manage to furnish on the whole in such a way that we have the sort of homes one would expect from the exteriors. Nor has it ever been necessary to depart from a given style in order to have our rooms express their purposes, and to avoid the cold uniformity of furnishing of a state institution. In this residence the exterior is of a simple classic style which might have been derived either from the best English or French eighteenth century architecture and the interiors have been designed and furnished not so much in conformity with a "period" as appropriately to the exterior. The detail throughout is exquisite, and especially as to the iron work, executed as well as it is designed. The stair rail is based upon a simple and well-known pattern, but has a quality which is distinctly personal to this house. The metal folding doors are of superb grace and lightness, and the combined window boxes and metal guards protecting the windows of the ground floor are really museum pieces. Yet with all the perfection in these things they are so unobtrusively placed, and are such necessary elements to the well being of the house holders, that one does not feel that they are displayed as objects of art, but rather that if one notices them one is gratified. We, in this country, can afford anything that our European ancestors could; but our taste has altered, and perhaps improved, so that what we search for now, is rather to own beautiful things for use than to display our ability to purchase them. Our Victorian houses, bad as they were in many ways, had this quality: our Colonial houses had it: our modern houses, with all their good features have often missed this the most important of all good features: but the signs of the times indicate that we are returning to our native good sense.

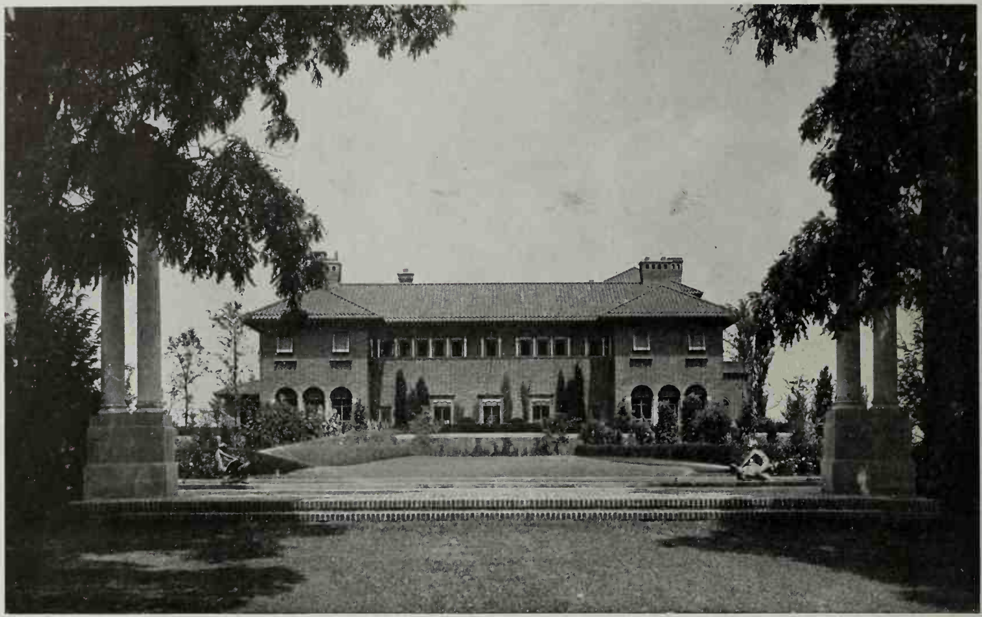
This is not intended to indicate that we should not use costly things, but rather that the element of cost should be secondary, and that our furnishings should be chosen for their utility and for their appropriateness to the room in which they are to be placed; one cannot assemble unrelated works of art without making what should be a home into the exhibition room of a museum.



WINDOW GUARD ON GROUND STORY



METAL FOLDING DOORS

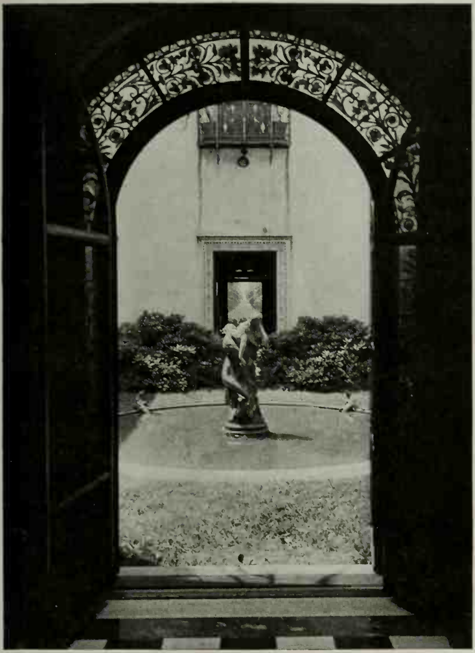


THE MAIN FACADE ACROSS THE GARDEN

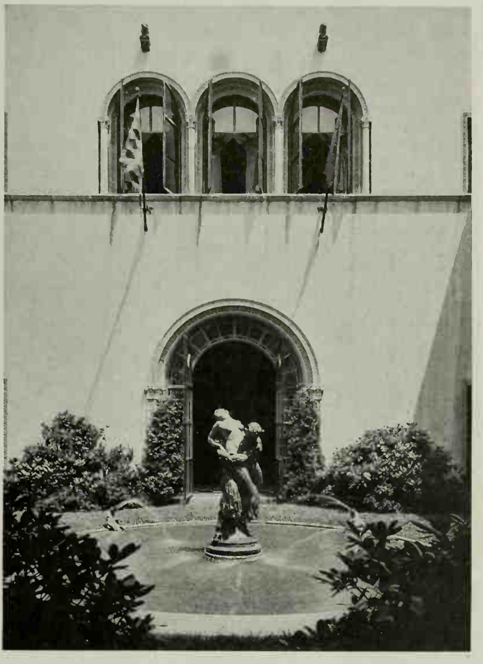
Residence of Mr. Isaac Guggenheim

Port Washington, Long Island

OUR American "great houses" have of late this quality, that they make no attempt to indicate their size on the exterior. We are building these houses mechanically better than any houses have ever previously been built; they are oftentimes very large indeed, and for sheer beauty they bear comparison with any that other countries show; but the best of them indicate a distaste for display that seems to be a characteristic of our generation only. This house does not seem to be very large; its motives are simple, and the material of its exterior not extravagant, yet the perfection of its mass and the thought and knowledge that have been lavished upon even the smallest details, are comparable to its size. As in all of the work of Mr. Magonigle, no very exact effort has been made to follow Italian motives. He handles the detail with a freedom and precision that is peculiar to him, and he does not hesitate to vary materials as they seem to fit his problem.

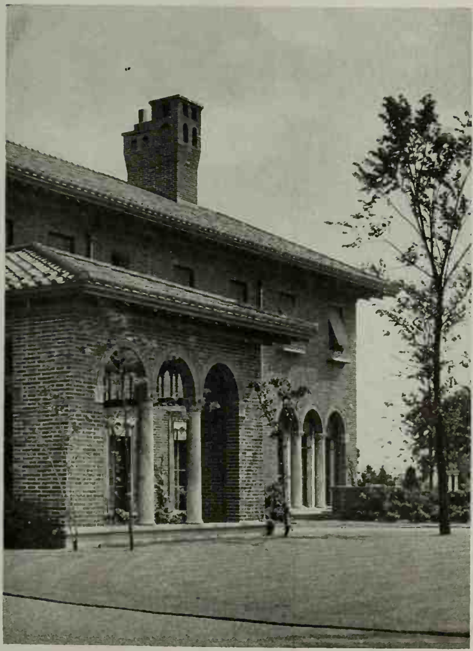


THE CENTRAL COURT LOOKING TOWARD THE ENTRANCE

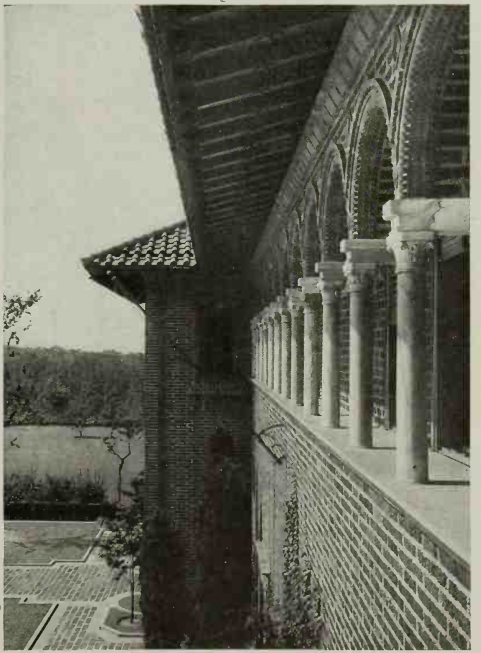


THE CENTRAL COURT FROM THE ENTRANCE

Detail of Guggenheim Residence

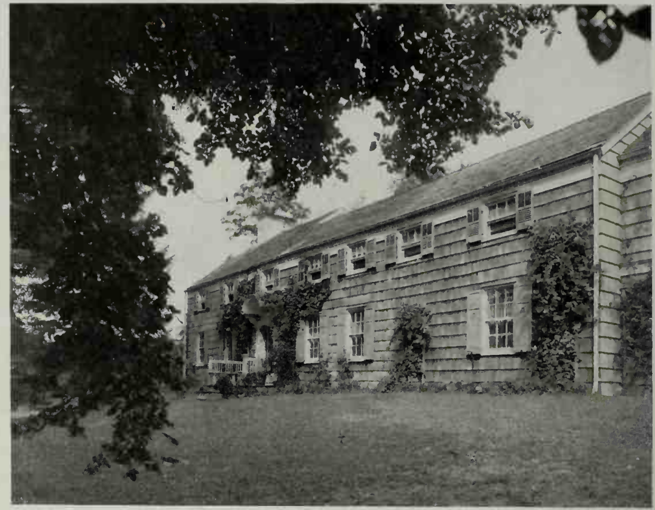


THE PORTE COCHERE



DETAIL OF THE CORNICE

The entrance is through a quaint gateway, shaded by large trees, which add a decorative feature to the setting.



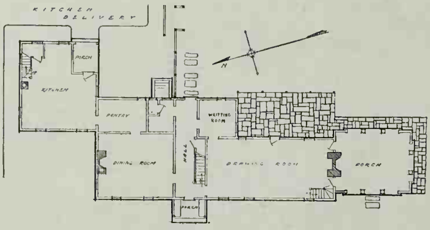
William Bottomley, Architect.

The house stands far back from the road, and typifies in the best manner the construction of the early Dutch Colonial days.

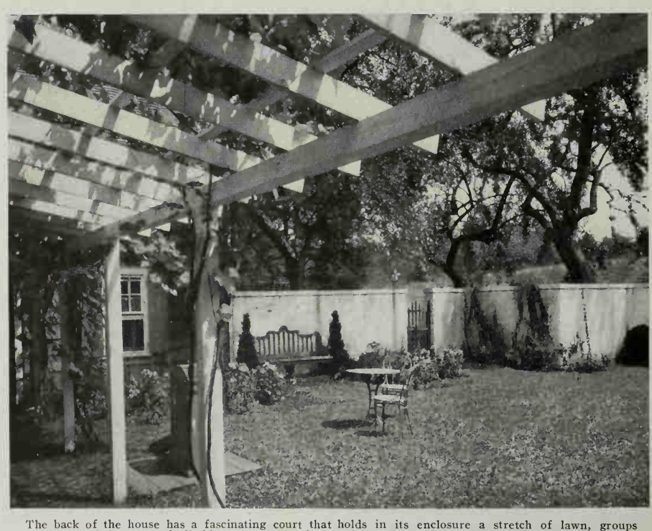
The Home of R. C. Winmill

Mill Neck, Long Island

THE pleasure which we get from a garden of this type, is one of the most innocent delights in human nature, filling the mind with calmness and tranquility. It belongs to this type of house and carries with it the note of antiquity found in the architecture. The ultimate unity of house with its garden is produced by the use of a wall leading from the side of the house out and around the garden with its beauty further enhanced by the climbing vines which aid in accomplishing the harmonious union of the house with its site.

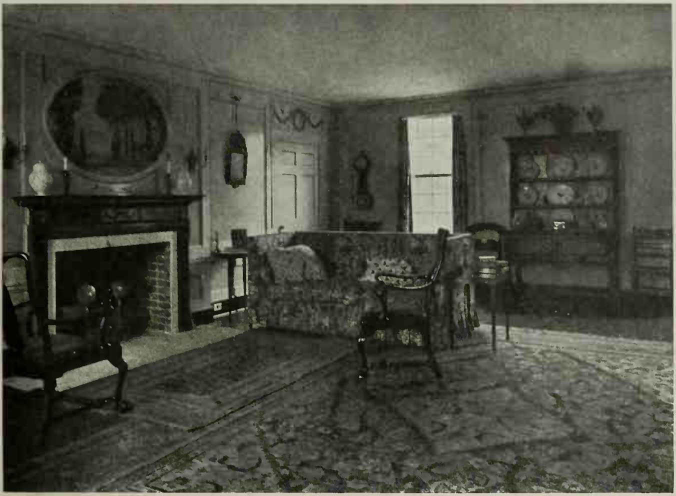


AS we enter we are impressed with the fine architectural features of the living room where unusual paneling of white painted woodwork used on the side wall acts as a most harmonious background against which the rare pieces of old furniture afford a sombre richness. The doors and windows are well proportioned, the latter so placed as to give sufficient light, and made up of numerous small pieces of glass typical of this period; at these cretonne curtains are hung and pushed well back at the side.



The back of the house has a fascinating court that holds in its enclosure a stretch of lawn, groups of clustered flowers and climbing vines—overshadowed by the gnarled branches of the orchard trees.

Through the iron gateway we catch a glimpse of picturesque steps that lead up the terrace to the open fields and hills above.



The living room is most attractive, with its unusual paneling as a background for the old fashioned furniture, all of which represent fine old pieces of mahogany.

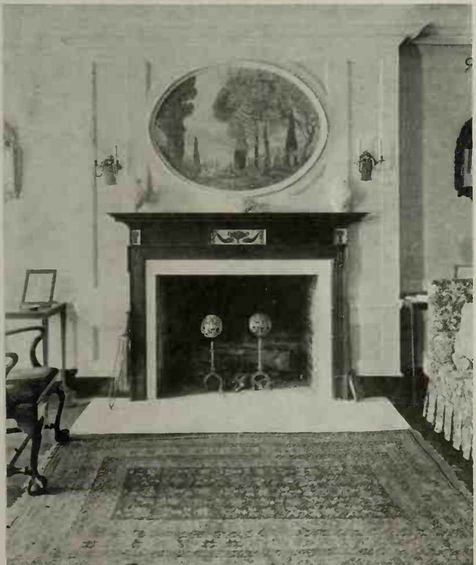
FROM the garden gate, over-shadowed by its tall, sentinel-like trees, up the broken stone steps, to the interesting porch with its arched hood and inviting benches at the side, on through to the courtyard beyond, the house expresses harmony of thought and represents an example of careful consideration giving to it an air of individuality seldom found. Around it are extensive grounds, over which fine old trees are dispersed at various intervals, spreading their shade graciously over the enclosed garden.

The painted brick wall which surrounds the garden adds a feeling of seclusion and romance to the place. Closely linked with the walls of the house it gives a settled air of old age with its clinging vines and moss-stained base.

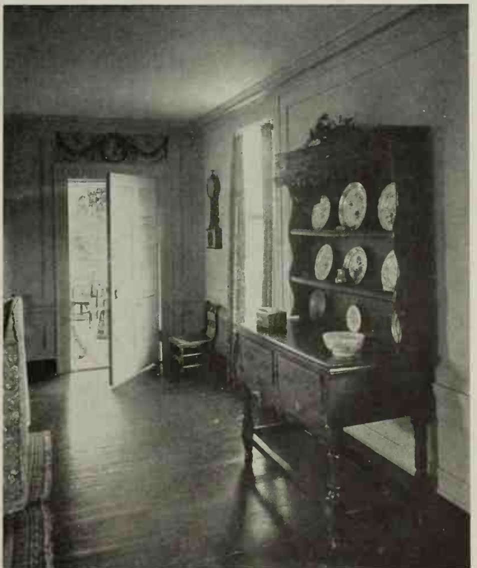
At one end, in a broken curve of the wall, a quaint fountain is set, the running waters of which mingle with the music of the birds who chirp gayly in the trees above, and quench their thirst in the basin of the fountain. At the opposite side of the wall, a simple iron gateway invites us to the steps, leading up the terrace to the fields and vista beyond. Over all the old trees spread a shade adding much to the sense of seclusion and antiquity, and through them the sun falls in golden flecks upon the wall and pathway.

As a whole the house and garden create a dignity of purpose both in interior and exterior, bespeaking not only comfort but good taste, for it is seldom that one finds a home so refreshing in its treatment of architecture and decoration, and where there is such harmony in surroundings.

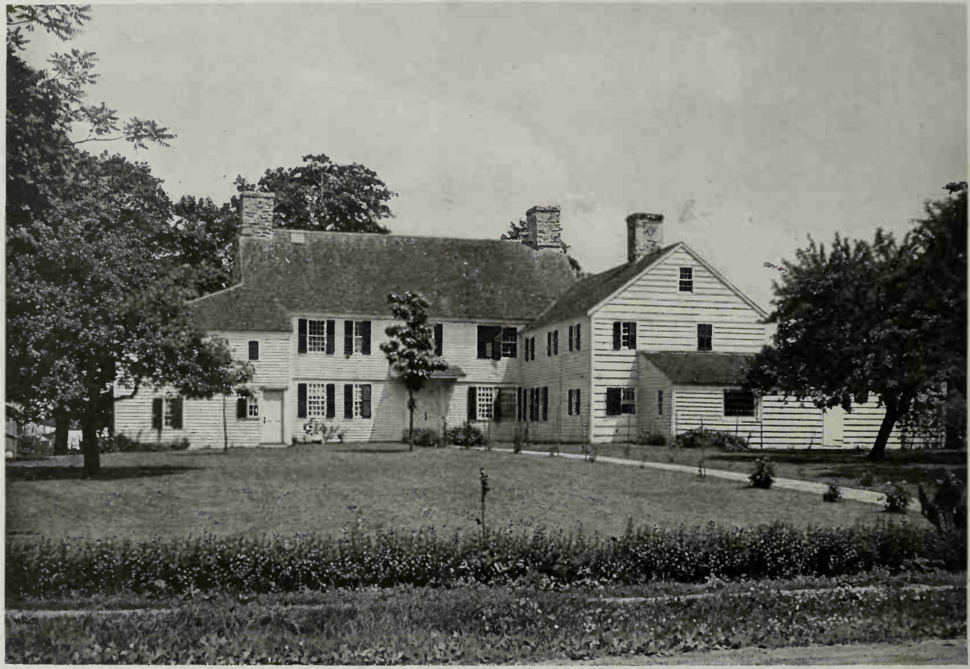
The entrance door is unique and inviting and carries us back, in imagination, to the very earliest of those found in so many of these Colonial houses, where they appear to stand out with exceptional grace and dignity, acting as a key to the construction of the house in its dignified solidity and beauty of line and proportion.



The Colonial fireplace, with a painting overtop, set into a fitted molding, is a striking feature of this room.



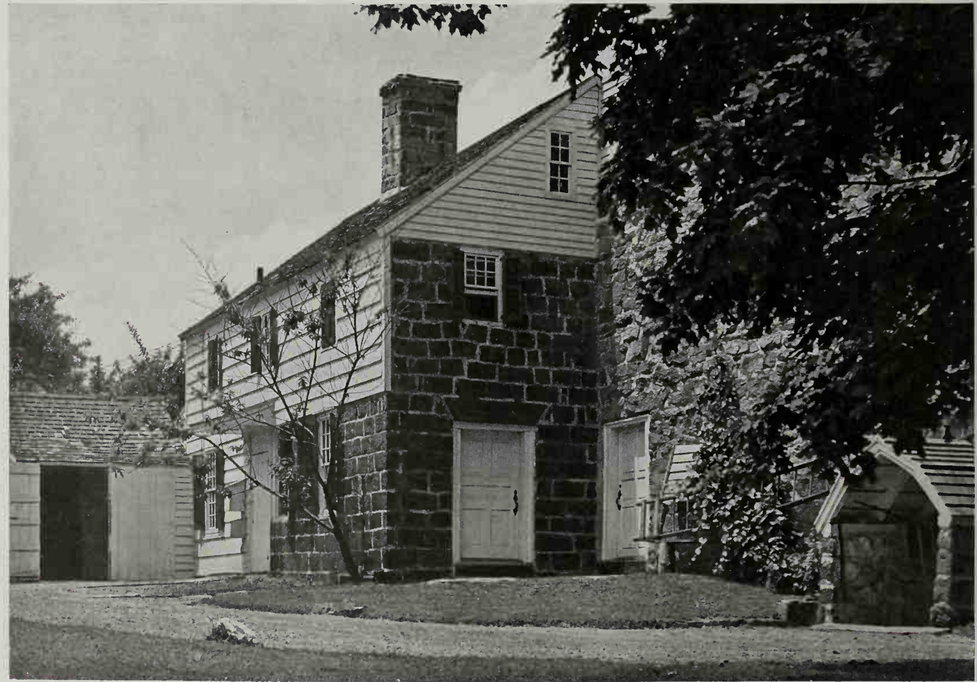
The decorative panel over the doorway is an added feature of interest and carries out the note found over the mantle.



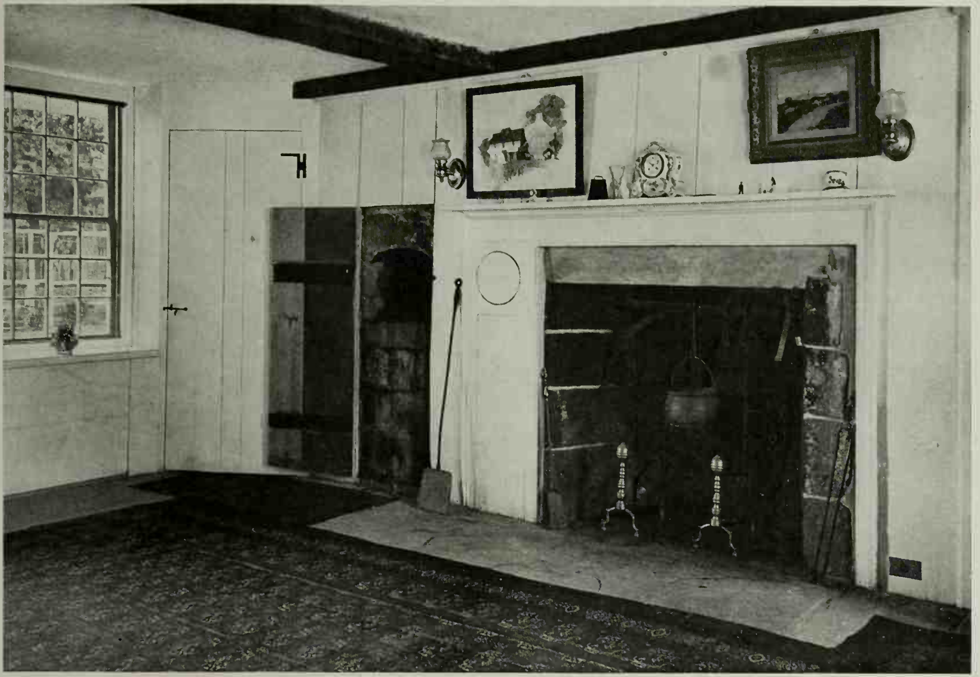
Murphy & Dana, Architects.

The original body of the Morris House showing the numerous additions added from time to time.

Old Morris House, New Haven, Conn.



Opposite view of Morris House showing primitive stone construction in wall and chimney.



The architectural structure of this room, windows and fireplace have been preserved in their original position. The pictures, carpets, ornaments and electric fixtures strike the only discordant note.

THERE is no more fascinating study, both for the architect and layman, than the Colonial structures that represent the home building and epoch making era in the early development of America. It seems but a fitting tribute and only due our worthy ancestors, that we preserve as memorials to them, the old homes which embody their ideals and traditions.

America can boast of many Colonial homes, but few of this generation can point with pride to the homes of their ancestors, where the decendants have shown forethought and community interest enough to preserve, intact, an example so worthy of architectural value as the old Morris house, illustrated above.

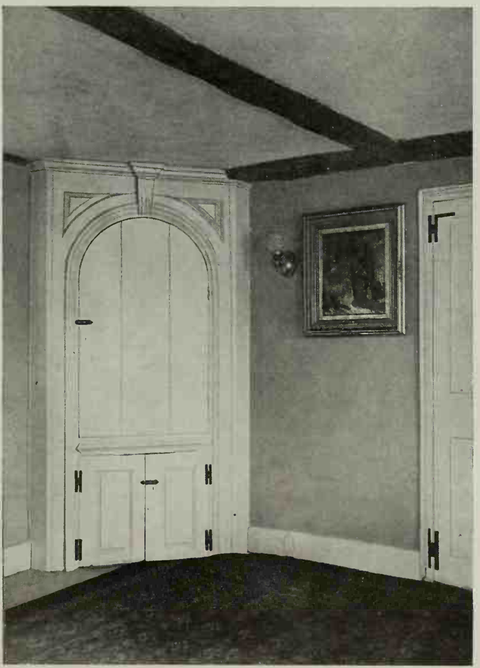
This particular house is a good example of architecture of the rural district in and around New England, possessing a simplicity in character and dignity seldom found, and it can be numbered among the few genuine old buildings of its time.

These early craftsmen understood well the art of construction, combining comfort and strength, as houses, remaining today from their hands, bear evidence. This work stands out characteristic of us as a nation, and we turn to these old houses, as we open old books, for valuable information and knowledge which they hold for us, finding often a wealth of interest within.

It is interesting to notice the additions which have been added to the original body of this house, shown in the large illustration, and to observe how purely they have conformed in their true value to the type. The entire house is finished in white pine, a wood at that time plentiful, and we can be grateful for the use of picked wood from which it was constructed, enabling it to stand today.

Dignified and imposing as is the exterior of this grand old landmark, the interior is even more impressive. Little wonder that romance clings around the place, urging us to enter reverently upon the floors and through the doorways that hold secrets around which the romance and history of our country were built.

The interior holds a volume of interest in its detail and is as well a strong inspiration for the present day architect.



The cupboard, with its old door and hinges, forms a balancing feature to the opposite side of the room.

Adolph Bolm and "The Birthday of the Infanta"

By HAMILTON EASTER FIELD

ABOUT twenty-five years ago, in Paris, there was a group of men who indirectly are responsible for the modern Russian ballet: Constantin Somoff, Leon Bakst, Eugene Lanceray and Alexander Benois, familiarly known as "Shura." Two of them had great musical talent—Somoff and Benois—and even then their interest in music was largely an interest in an art accessory to the dance. Bach was admired beyond all other composers; not the Bach of the Saint Matthew's Passion but the Bach of the Gavottes and Minuets, of the Giques and Allemandes. Then almost with Bach was placed the Delibes of the ballets Coppelia and Sylvia. In Paris among these men were formulated ideals which through Diaghileff, Fokine and Bolm later found expression. When I visited the Benois in Petrograd in 1899, the review known as "Min Iskusstva" (World of Art) had just been founded under the patronage, as I remember, of Serge de Diaghileff. The review at once drew together the abler men of the younger group and a new movement was born.

We have nothing in America in any way resembling the system which was in vogue in Russia under the autocracy. Alexandre Benois, the revolutionist in art, the fountainhead of the new Russian ballet, at present Minister of Fine Arts in the Bolshevist government, was the son, grandson and great grandson of Imperial architects. His brother, Albert Benois, was director of the Alexander III Museum in Petrograd which corresponds to the Luxembourg in Paris. Another brother had succeeded his father as Imperial Architect and accompanied the czar on his travels. Somoff was the son of the director of the Hermitage Museum; Lanceray, the son of a sculptor who worked for the czar and a grandson and a great grandson of the Benois who were Imperial Architects. All these official traditions seemed to have no influence upon their creative faculties. Lanceray, as scenic director of the Opera at Petrograd, was the same radical I had known in Paris, the same irrepressible idealist. I remember going with him to the tax offices in Petrograd. There was an outburst over some exasperating bit of red tape. Everybody began talking at once and I couldn't follow a word of the conversation. When we left I asked him what it was all about. "Oh they are a set of fools and I told them what I thought. I told them that if I were not such a coward, I'd shoot them all, the whole pack of rogues beginning with the czar himself." I expressed surprise at his freedom of speech. "Oh, that is nothing! They expect that from us. Only we do have to be careful what we say before our servants."

Adolph Bolm at the age of twelve.

Adoph Bolm as Pedro, the grotesque.

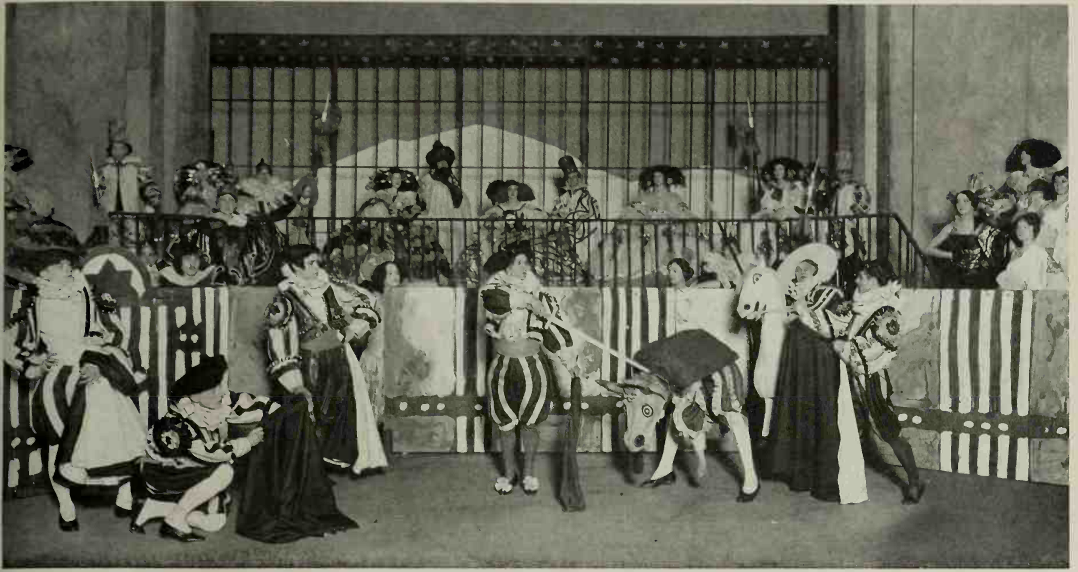
Evenings at the Benois', as everywhere else in Russia, we stayed up until long past midnight, and folk dancing and mimicry formed a large part of the entertainment. Among the guests was a young man, deaf and dumb, whose powers as a mime were extraordinary. The entertainment was like a Barnum three-ring circus. While all this was going on Benois would sit down and improvise at the piano either rhapsodic compositions or caricatures of the works of noted composers. Out of such chaotic, free, unconventional, barbaric, and yet in a way over-refined, life was born the modern Russian ballet.

In the spring of 1908, the "Snow Maiden," an opera based on an old legend, was presented at the Opera Comique in Paris. The music was by Rimsky-Korsakoff, and a troupe of dancers was brought from Russia for the incidental ballet. During my short stay in France, I went to four performances of the "Snow Maiden," the music and the setting were so beautiful. Although the ballet was not exceptionally good, it had a success with the Parisian public and created an interest in Russian dancing which accounted for the speed with which the Diaghileff troupe later won the approval of the French.

During the early months of the war, Adolph Bolm was serving as a helper with the Red Cross at Biarritz, carrying the wounded from the railroad station to the hospital. He broke down under the strain and was sent to Switzerland to recuperate. When he had recovered his health he was urged by Stravinsky, Diaghileff and Bakst to go to America taking with him a troupe of Russian dancers. As Michel Fokine could not get permission to leave the Imperial Theatre at Petrograd there was no one but Bolm who could serve as ballet master. Through his acceptance of the position, Adolph Bolm made it possible for us to have the new Russian ballet in America, much as it had been produced in Europe, although the dancers were not always the same. It has had a strong influence on our lives, on our art. It has opened the door to a robust masculine romanticism. Romanticism has been alien to our art and to our literature because our New England traditions have opposed it. In literature, as in art, Americans have as a rule been satisfied with being reporters—reporters of the external side of life, reporters of the actual conversation of New England spinsters and of the events of a Massachusetts town—all our recent fiction has been such superficial realism. In painting, Gardner Symons and such realists have set the standard of our landscape art. The taste which accepts such standards is a feminized taste. Into this world has come the Russian ballet.

But before the Russian ballet came to America the great war had broken out. The repertoire of the ballet was the repertoire given in Paris just before the war. Conceived under pre-war conditions, there were elements in it which seemed out of place in a ballet given by men and women who were suffering intensely, in sympathy with the disaster which had overtaken the world and which had fallen with especial severity on their native land. There was a gulf between the infinite sorrow which had befallen Russia and the voluptuosness of such ballets as Scheherazade and Cleopatra. Much as I enjoyed these ballets I could not but wonder at the varied emotions which men

Pedro discovers his deformities in mirror.



The bull-fight scene from John Carpenter's new ballet pantomine "The Birthday of the Infanta."

like Adolph Bolm must feel, for I knew that he could not be insensible to the incongruity of it all. Later, when I asked him about it, he said: "Yes, you are right. There is a time for everything and the magnificent ballets we were giving with their gorgeous coloring, their passion and richness, were such a contrast to the sufferings of the people that I felt that I wanted something more child-like, more innocent. I cannot tell you what a great joy it was to have been able to produce "Coq d'Or" at the Metropolitan Opera House. The fantastic atmosphere of the ballet made it a thing apart from life and it must have given to thousands the joy I felt in staging it." It was at the opening rehearsals of "Coq d'Or" that I first met Bolm. As my Paris studio had been the gathering place for the young Russians who later were to start the movement of which the new Russian ballet was an important part, I was anxious to have a rôle, however unimportant, in "Coq d'Or." I explained by connection with the Benois group to Bolm and he gave me the rôle of a rich peasant, which part I have taken at every New York performance of the ballet. It has been interesting to watch Adolph Bolm as stage director. His methods are direct, forceful. To those who take part in the performance, he explained in detail the constantly shifting emotional quality of each scene and then would say: "Now I do not know how you would naturally express this emotion: that is for you to decide. Remember, your part is a secondary one, your action must therefore not attract too much attention. On the other hand, your action must be personal—what you would do under such emotion—kept rhythmic, in time with the music. When it is a question of concerted action, as for instance, the salutation of the king by the crowd, it is no longer a case of individual expression, and it must be done together, all in absolute time."

Under Pierre Monteux, there was harmony between the orchestra and the ballet. Mr. Monteux had gone over the tempi with Maximilian Steinberg, son-in-law of Rimsky-Korsakoff, with Stravinsky, Diaghileff and other Russian leaders. He is considered by the Russians as having an excellent understanding of the peculiar quality of their music. Since Monteux has become the leader of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Bokansky has succeeded as conductor of "Coq d'Or." The tempi have been somewhat altered. For instance, there is an Oriental lullaby which has become almost a military march. His interpretation is too metronomic and that takes from the Oriental character of "Coq d'Or."

Since the success of "Coq d'Or," Adolph Bolm has staged the "Birthday of Infanta," a ballet taken from the story by Oscar Wilde, the music by John Alden Carpenter, the scenery and costumes designed by Robert Edmond Jones. It has been performed before enthusiastic audiences in Chicago.

The scene is laid at the court of Spain at the time of Velasquez. It is the birthday of the Infanta. As the curtain goes up she is wondering if her father has not forgotten that it is her birthday, but soon the doubt is dispelled as her playmates come crowding in. At the back of the stage is a raised platform where appear jugglers and a tight-rope walk all in mimicry. There is also a mimic bull-fight, the children as matadors and toreadors and wonderful papier-maché bulls and horses. Finally there appears "Grotesque Pedro," a misshapen young man, who, having been brought up far from men in the forest, has no idea of his ugliness or deformity. He dances before the children and laughs with them in gayety. The Infanta asks him to dance a second time and throws him her handkerchief. "Grotesque Pedro" picks it up and treasures it. For some hours Pedro wanders about the grounds, dreaming of the Infanta and how she must love him as he loves her. In the second scene of the ballet there is a door from the garden in the middle of the stage at the back. Pedro comes in looking for the Infanta. Soon he sees a grotesque figure in the gloom—the ugliest person he has ever seen. He makes faces at it. The figure makes faces back at him. He goes closer and the figure comes towards him. He strikes the figure and his fist falls on something hard and cold for it is his own image in a mirror which he has seen. Little by little the truth comes over him. He dances before the mirror, a dance in which he expresses his pent-up emotion and drops dying.

The little princess comes in with her playmates; they wonder. The Infanta goes up to Pedro lying on the floor; she finds her handkerchief clasped in his hands; she divines the truth and tiptoes off the stage.

In Oscar Wilde's story the grotesque figure is a dwarf, one such as those Velasquez painted. In order to have Bolm take the part the conception had to be changed but the change has taken nothing from the dramatic element of the original version. In speaking of the ballet, Bolm said: "There is in the character of Pedro such innate dignity and such purity of soul that there is in the final scene a pathos for which I can find no parallel in the entire repertoire of the ballet. The mimic performance on the stage in the first scene, given in honor of the Infanta, affords an exceptional opportunity of mimicry.

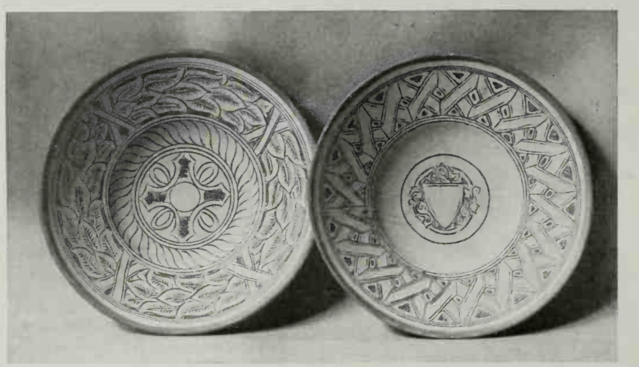
Adolph Bolm and Ruth Page in the death scene.

Reviving the Art of Old Dutch Pottery

A Primitive Pennsylvania Craft Now Being Resurrected

HENRY LONGCOPE

AN art which has been suspended for nearly a century, will be revived and made possible through a legacy of $50,000, left to the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art, in Philadelphia, as a memorial to the late Dr. Edwin Atlee Barber. Miss Margaret L. Baugh bequeathed this money for the further development of the manufacture of what is known as Pennsylvania Dutch pottery. Under the direction of Professor Charles T. Scott, the Art School has been working on the problem for a long time but owing to lack of funds and the physical disabilities incident to the lack of proper apparatus with which to make and fire the pottery, not as much progress has been made as the school had hoped for.



In Colonial times nearly every "Pennsylvania Dutch" farm was equipped with a kiln that turned out household pottery. Every bride was provided by her father with pieces that usually bore her name and the wedding date.

Now that the terms of the will have become operative, immediate steps have been taken to install a pugmill and another kiln at the School at Broad and Pine Streets. A committee has been appointed to formulate a plan for carrying out the Baugh bequest.

There is a peculiar fascination for collectors and students of ceramic art in the rudely ornamented pottery of civilized nations which for more than two centuries preceded the manufacture of porcelain. This is accounted for by the boldness of its treatment and its quality of manly vigor. In it we find the first awakening of the artistic instinct among a simple-hearted people, who, burdened with the task of wresting from nature the means of subsistence amid difficult surroundings, had small opportunity for improving their environment.

As early as 1683 emigrants from the Upper Rhine and the Palatinate began to arrive in Pennsylvania. Hundreds of these immigrants settled in Philadelphia, Montgomery, Bucks, Lehigh, Berks, Schuylkill and other adjacent counties. Throughout this portion of southwestern Pennsylvania, they have left their impress in the names they gave to towns and townships. The Swiss Mennonites made their advent in 1710 and they, speaking largely the same language, became amalgamated with the Germans who preponderated, forming a homogeneous people who are today known as the "Pennsylvania Dutch."

These then were the men who brought over their own craft which flourished for about a century and then died. Later when the students of early pottery discovered many fine examples of this work they thought they had been brought over by these immigrants. But it remained for Dr. Barber to discover that much of this pottery had been made in this country and that almost every big farm in the State burnt its own pottery two or three times a year—common kitchen ware with line drawings of tulips, the portrait of some local celebrity or a personage of national fame. When a girl was about to be married her father made for her whole sets of baking dishes and they often bore her name or initials and the date of her wedding. As the community grew more settled, the craft of the potter became more specialized and was left to the itinerant pottery maker, who would spend days at the farms baking the year's supply of dishes. To the energy and perseverance of Dr. Barber is mainly due the collection of the pottery and the tools with which it was made. The cup with two quills through which the liquid "slp" was poured, the rollers and modelling tools, the saggars and all the homely tools of the craft were collected and placed in the museum, where they are now on exhibition.

The infinite variety of form and method of treatment has created an enormous demand on it for decorative purposes. Every year it is more difficult to obtain. There are several examples of slip-decorated ware of a rich dark brown, probably the product of a single pottery, and distinctly different from the ordinary red ware produced in eastern Pennsylvania. The peculiar color was obtained by glazing with red lead, to which manganese had been added. In all of these pieces the ornamentation has been traced in liquid slips of various colors—white, green, blue, dark brown and olive, in feather-shaped and serpentine devices. The idea of obtaining impressions from natural objects had occurred to some of the Pennsylvanians in the early part of the nineteenth century. Pie plates were made bearing natural outlines of the leaves of flowers and trees. A leaf from a maple tree was first allowed to wilt sufficiently to become quite limp. It was then moistened and made to adhere by pressing firmly with the fingers on the unburned ware. An engobe of white slip was then spread over all and when dry the leaf was removed. An application of lead glaze then brought out the design clearly in a deep red color on a white or yellowish ground. Sometimes these colors were reversed.

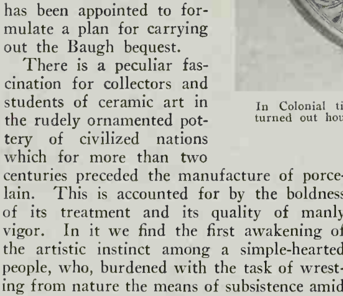
As a general rule slip-painted and scratched decorative designs were drawn off-hand, but occasionally we find a piece which shows that the decorator availed himself of certain helps in drawing the pattern on the clay. Decorations were also produced by molding in an engraved matrix and molds were often used in shaping dishes of irregular forms.

It must not be supposed that decorative pieces were made exclusively at any of the old potteries. On the contrary, thousands of plain commercial utensils were made for every piece of ornamental ware produced. The latter were executed during odd moments and leisure hours by the proprietor or his journeymen, as gifts or presentation pieces for household decoration. Such pieces were highly prized and were kept from one generation to another.

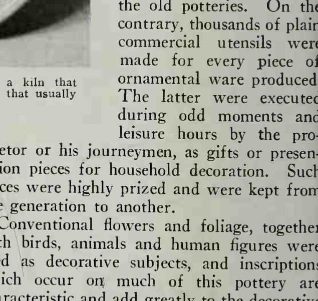
Conventional flowers and foliage, together with birds, animals and human figures were used as decorative subjects, and inscriptions which occur on much of this pottery are characteristic and add greatly to the decorative effect. One dish bears this inscription:

"Catherine Raeder, her dish,—
Out of earth with understanding
The potter makes everything."

It is not such a long time ago that some of our forbears had an old corner cupboard full of this pottery which is now prized for its historic associations, artistic value and for the many decorative purposes for which it is used.



There is beauty of color and grace of design in these early American pottery jars.



The revival of the production of tiles like this one may be a great step forward for industrial art.

Four Unknown Operas in One Crowded New York Week

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

THERE are no more Wagners. There are no more Mozarts. But composers are still writing lyric dramas. In a single week I have heard four new operas. One of the four was an ironic idyl. One was an epigram. The third was tragic. The fourth was also, in a sense, a tragedy, though its inventor did not live to learn that fact.

And all these works were heard here—here in Gotham. Three at the Lexington, and one at the Metropolitan. And, strange to say, two were American.

For this we have to thank the heated rivalry of New York and what is uncivilly termed the Windy City. The competition is as fierce as ever. When Oscar Hammerstein abandoned opera ten years ago, the Metropolitan for a time was left untrammelled. But soon it had to prepare for the new onslaughts, not of poor Mr. Hammerstein's old company, but of the forces under the management of Maestro Campanini. The battle that had waged between the Manhattan and the Metropolitan was followed by an annual tug-of-war between the Metropolitan and the Lexington. Such fights are good for art, in many ways. They awake interest in music and—they help our composers.

Heaven knows our composers need a little help. They have been neglected sadly until lately. From time to time they have had some work produced. But, as a rule, in a poor, grudging way. Our painters and our sculptors have the Academy in which to express themselves. Our musicians have no National Concert Hall, no National Opera House. They stand where the American painters stood, long years ago, when they first showed themselves in the Parisian Salon. Till they have frequent opportunities of comparing themselves with the great foreigners will they develop what they already know of opera.

They need attention, but not flattery, to assist them in their young efforts to compete with foreign schools. And it does seem as if, thanks to the opera war, their chance had come.

I see much hope in the production, at the Metropolitan, of Henry Hadley's latest work, a two-act opera, of real dignity and style, entitled "Cleopatra's Night." The original inspiration of the effort was, not Miss Pollock, who invented the libretto—an unusually good libretto, too, in English, nor Theophile Gautier, on whose wonderful romance it had been based, but Egypt, the mysterious land of passionate love and faith, which the composer years ago had visited. At Memphis or at Assouan, maybe, he had felt the spell of the Egyptian sands and temples, and they had prompted him to write an Eastern opera.

Then Gautier's story gripped him, as was natural. For it contained all that was needed for his purpose. Love, passion, action, color, clash of characters, with death at last to end the romantic tragedy.

Mr. Hadley had the good fortune to secure a libretto which, if not quite so dramatic as it might and could have been, was sane and singable. As a result we saw and heard, for the first time, at the Metropolitan an American opera which was worthy of that name.

And Mr. Hadley was again most fortunate when the Metropolitan allowed the American artist, Norman Bel-Geddes, to invent backgrounds for his characters. I will not vouch for the archaeological accuracy of that painter's pictures. But, as mere pictures, they amazed one by their beauty. The second scene, a symphony in reds, delighted by its magnificent audacity.

The hero of this "Cleopatra's Night" is the hunter, Meiamoun, who has been mad enough to sigh for the Queen-Courtesan. An arrow, with a message at its tip, reveals his love, as Cleopatra is disrobing for her bath. And Mardion, a handmaiden, destroys herself. For she loves Meiamoun. Then, following up his shaft, the hero enters and tells Cleopatra that, for one brief night of bliss, he will give his life. The Queen consents. And, as the eunuchs toss the body of the unfortunate Mardion to the crocodiles, the Royal barge bears Meiamoun to the Queen's palace.

The love episode, toned down to suit our prudes, takes place on the terrace outside the palace walls. A majestic pylon, red and rose, and a white stairway, are the chief features of an amazing composition. A couch, a throne of gold, and draperies which conceal an unseen room, complete the scheme. Here, when some dancers, bearing pipe and lyre and cymbals, have appeared and disappeared, the Queen and Meiamoun exchange their kisses. The hunter pays the price and drinks the poison which is brought in by a cup-bearer. And Cleopatra leaves him to meet Antony.

Mr. Hadley's music is a marvel of technique. It reveals him as a master of modern harmony. He has studied all the composers of his day—and forgotten none. There are passages in his score which might have been written by Massenat and Saint-Saens. There are chords and sequences and combinations of instruments which Richard Strauss would not disown. For he invented them. There are glowing episodes which recall the most passionate moments in "Tristan and Isolde." While once, unless my ear betrayed me strangely, I caught echoes of "The Merry Widow" waltz.

But, though rarely—very rarely—new or personal, from end to end the music charms one by the skill with which the composer has pieced together and developed what more inventive minds than his had first conceived. As an example of scholarship and of craftsmanship, I take my hat off to this "Cleopatra's Night." Even when Mr. Hadley's plagiarisms are most obvious, they enchant one by their admirable artistry. The opera forms a real and pleasing whole. Among other things which especially delight one in the work are the passages which succeeds the arrow incident and the succeeding air of Cleopatra, "Splendid audacity — to pierce my heart"; the medodious and engaging Intermezzo, with flute dominant; a delicate *pas de trois* in the ingenious ballet; and, though too evidently cribbed from Strauss's "Rosen Kavalier," the music at the end of the first act.

Orville Harrold sang the romantic part of Neiamoun with excellent taste, making each English word he uttered clear and musical. In her own modern way (not the Egyptian way) Frances Alda, notwithstanding what those dear Frenchmen would call her "aimable roundnesses," made an alluring, and, at moments, dangerous Cleopatra. Like Mr. Harrold, let me add, she pronounced her words so plainly that only now and then were they inaudible.

This matter of words means much in English opera. If we are ever to build up a native school, we must have librettists who can invent good singing words. And, next, we must teach artists how to pronounce them carefully.

In the "Rip Van Winkle" of Reginald de Koven, performed by the Chicago company, the words—though sponsored by so scholarly a man as Percy MacKaye—were, operatically and otherwise, impossible. They were forced and labored, queer and unplausible. And they were sung so badly by the Chicago artists that only those who had waded through the pretentious text, knew what their too evidently "high brow" author had meant them to convey. Indeed, though I had read the book, with care and—pain, I failed to understand a hundredth part of it. For, except in the instances of two foreign artists—the Belgian, Dufranne, and the Russian, Baklanoff—the English (or near-English) used in the libretto was mouthed and murdered beyond all belief.

We could, however, grasp the plot, a free variation on the well-known myth. We made out, roughly, that, after forgetting his engagement to the shrew, Katrina, Rip strayed away into the Catskill hills with her hoydenish young sister. We watched the meeting of the wandering pair with Hendrick Hudson and his ghostly crew. We saw the crew play bowls and drink from a magic flask with Rip, and made an effort to feel honestly thrilled when Rip lay down at last to sleep his wondrous sleep. And, later on, we saw the hero wake, with an improbable beard and a more probable rheumatism, to totter back to his own village home, where, by a miracle (for which he was indebted to the librettist) he regained his youth, and was married—not to Katrina, but to Peter Kee, who, thanks to another of Mr. MacKaye's thoughtful miracles, had laughed at time, while he had changed, in twenty years, to a Methusaleh.

The liberties which Mr. MacKaye had taken with the legend endeared to us by Washington Irving and Joseph Jefferson, did little harm to, and some times helped, the opera. But, the words. It was just as well, perhaps, that they were inaudible—most of them. They smacked so sadly of the midnight oil. They seemed dragged out of a worn, intellectual brain. Their mock simplicity, their strained rusticity, were false to life, to truth and art. The fat Dutchmen, who blinked lazily at the setting sun, as they smoked and drank outside their village inn, expressed themselves like half-baked poets. Katrina, at one point, had this to sing to her betrothed:

> And so you've come now, nick on the hour!
> You lollypop, gad-about, rattling bean-pod,

While, at another point, to achieve a rhyme with "brook," Mr. MacKaye declares that a lady "sat down forsook." And he had greater sins than these to account for—interpolations of terms like "jag" and "rattled." To be just, though, here and there, in his sorry text book you will find dainty ballads. The

(*Continued on page* 260)

The Swan-Song of Impressionism

FORBES WATSON

AN interested, at times excited, group of people gathered in the ball-room of the Hotel Plaza on the evening of January 14th—some to observe, others to participate in the sale at public auction of pictures by Renoir and Monet, with a few by Manet, Degas, Pissarro and Sisley. More than thirty years ago, when these men were still classed together as Impressionists, our artists were greatly influenced by them and our most susceptible collectors began to buy for a few hundred dollars what more mechanical and tardy collectors are buying today for many thousands. And now that Impressionism, in its more restricted sense, after revolutionizing the art of painting, has passed as a live impulse to be succeeded by a movement which in many ways is anti-impressionistic, the work of these masters is recognized in the last place in the world that recognizes living art—the American auction room. It is hailed, a generation late as usual, by the last people to recognize living art—the motley crowd which barters in the American auction room.

A strange phenomenon is created when this miscellaneous crowd bids frantically for the paintings of the man who was sneered at for years by a similar crowd and who today, no longer seen as an Impressionist, is idolized by the very men who repudiate Impressionists. Side by side, elbow to elbow, sat the modern artist in ecstasy over Renoir and the speculator who was laying heavy stakes on a further rise in prices. When did it ever happen before that these two were simultaneously interested in a contemporary master? It was indeed a strange seance that Mr. Kirby directed. I saw a man bid on Renoir who used to bid on Ziem!

The usual type of auction room follower, who enjoys speculating in pictures as in stocks, and for whom art is a game of names and prices, was present. The private dealer who thinks himself a collector because he keeps his pictures between sales in his own house, the promoter and all the miscellaneous characters who turn art to the service of their vanity and to a parade of riches, were also present. But these were not dominant. For here too were genuine collectors and artists who recognized these painters before they shone in the auction rooms of Paris and New York. In the audience were such distinguished painters at William Glackens, Eugene Speicher, Paul Burlin and others who, it may be said without exaggeration, know a little bit about the art of Renoir.

The great American collector and appreciator of Renoir, A. C. Barnes of Philadelphia, sat with M. Durand-Ruel and Mr. Glackens, and what these three may have thought of the bidding rivalry between dealers in "high-class old masters" to secure Renoirs and Monets can only be surmised. Nothing like this took place fifty years ago when M. Durand-Ruel's father began the fight for the group of painters with whom his name is associated throughout the world. At that time and for many years longer dealers in "high-class old masters" were not bidding in the auction-room for Monet, Renoir or the others. The prices of their pictures had not yet gone high enough to make the game worth while to them.

Among other dealers duly represented were Knoedlers, Scott and Fowles, and Charles Daniel. Perhaps Mr. Daniel was thinking that since the public can always respect prices even when it does not respect art, it would begin to be more intrigued by the productions of our little group of serious Renoir thinkers. With Renoir now for many years established on the great picture exchange and with the dealers and private speculators merrily gambling thousands on his work, could not the new young painters' society which might be called The American Sons of Renoir, look forward to a season of exceptional prosperity?

Another dealer of quite a different type from Mr. Daniel, one of those men who always sneers at everything painted in America today, and prefers the worst, most highly varnished English eighteenth century pot-boiler to a modern masterpiece, sat apart, gloomily debating with himself somewhat as follows: "It's time to unload and switch."

When finally it came time for the stock auction-room pictures to change owners, as a prelude to their next visit to the auction-room, most of the audience left, including the men who deal in "high-class old masters."

But there was another portion of the audience, made up of prosperous young middle-aged business men, with their equally prosperous young middle-aged companions, their prosperity so solid now that they can spare a little time off for art. These debutants in the auction game seemed perplexed. Had they not learned from the little sisters of the rich who have "gone in for decoration" that a commercial copy of an old flower piece is more "decorative" than any modern picture? And had not the immaculate, æsthetic-looking architect who remodelled their houses in the East Sixties told them that no modern picture "stays on the wall?" And yet here was Renoir, master of our time, alive but yesterday, selling for twenty-eight thousand dollars! One must respect a painting which sells for such a price or what becomes of life's conventions?

You might pick out other personalities in the audience, but perhaps enough has been said to indicate the difference between this auction and another auction of works by the same masters which was held forty-five years ago and which Theodore Duret describes as follows: "The sale took place at the Hotel Druot in the presence of an amused and contemptuous public, who received the pictures as they were put up to auction with groans. They amused themselves with passing several of them round from hand to hand turned upside down." On that occasion one might have bought a Renoir for thirty dollars. What has happened in the time between these two auctions to change the public's attitude?

Following the exhibitions of pictures by the same masters held by Durand-Buel in 1887 and 1888 in the rooms of the American Art Association there was no stampede on the part of the public. But the artists were greatly interested and a select body of collectors began to acquire paintings by the Impressionists. It was at about the same time that Theodore Robinson painted with Monet at Giverny and from there he wrote many letters to his friend, Twachtman. Describing the beauties of Monet's paintings in one of these letters he wrote that the effect was astonishing, culminating his praise with the words: "and not a single line in the picture."

It is not necessary to recapitulate the oft-repeated facts about Impressionism. Within the lifetime of Monet the restricted formula of Impressionism, in spite of the tremendous changes it produced in the art of painting, has been worked out to its ultimate limit. The very fact that it could be worked out logically brought with it the full realization of its limitations. No artist is willing to hold himself to tenets which are not of his own making.

That is why the artists who formed the group known as the Impressionist group have really a great deal less in common than we used to be apt to suppose. People use a term like "The Impressionists" for their own convenience in pigeon-holing. But always all art of the modern civilizations comes back to the individuality of the artist, and it is an error to allow any formula or theory of painting to blind us to this fact. Manet, Renoir, Degas and Cézanne were once classed as Impressionists, but now we know how incompletely the word fits them, and Claude Monet remains the arch type of the Impressionist painter.

It is safe to say that today there is not a single young painter of talent whose aims do not run counter to Monet's and, denying the validity of Monet's theory, it is more than likely that he may find in Renoir his greatest inspiration. Yet Renoir was at one time a most active member of the Impressionist group and painted many pictures which were considered impressionist. While impressionism goes to the very heart of Monet it is only a small part of Renoir. The morning light passing across the façade of Rouen cathedral might be a subject for Monet, but this was not enough to satisfy the sensuous nature of Renoir. Neither fleeting light nor fleeting color but the body of the object itself was Renoir's subject.

And that is where Impressionism, logically carried out, as Monet did carry it out, failed. It lacks body. The form lacks body and the color lacks body. It is but a short distance from small spots of juxtaposed bright complementary colors to a mere grey tonalism, and we have only to think of the academic impressionist pictures which have flooded the academies for the past quarter of a century, to realize how often, for all their high-keyed color, they are next door to greyness.

Robinson spoke in praise when he said: "Not a line in the picture," but he nailed one of the great weaknesses of the restricted impressionist theory. In this limited sense impressionism reached its natural decadence even before the hoi-poloi of auction-room followers ever recognized its virtues. But no man can paint today as if Impressionism had never been. Art is a development and does not spring disconnected out of the ground. Impressionism certainly took the palette outdoors and gave it a much-needed sun-bath. It also opened the eyes of the artists to a whole gamut of new sensations and new aspects of the world.

And worked out as a theory it led, in the hands of weak painters who put themselves slavishly under its dogma, to many slight productions which seem far removed from anything solid or worth while. It is not difficult to sympathize with the painter who has become nauseated with the pretty followers of Impressionism, the academic prize winners of today. There are miles of bright spotted impressionist pictures which make one feel that the artists eat chocolate creams while they are

(*Continued on page* 288)

Making Hay in the Rug Business

JOHN KIMBERLY MUMFORD

THE commerce of Oriental Rugs has always been more or less recondite. If the origin of the rugs themselves is a mystery to the public in general, if the derivation of these strange, primeval patterns has been hidden in the haze of the centuries, confused by Asiatic migration and conquest, still it has been easier by far to trace out the answer to these ethnographic problems and decipher the story of the fabrics than it was to lift the curtain that screened the sanctuary of the trade. When the rug invaded this country it brought with it not only the artistic fascination of the East, that has always held Occidental imagination in strange bondage, but likewise the labyrinthine complexity of Oriental trade, which makes strong men helpless. American bankers and corporation kings, hardened in the fire of financial conflict and schooled to the last infinitesimal whisper in the strategy of fractional percentages, when it came to the business of Oriental Rugs they have simply lost their bearings in a polychromatic fog and fallen back on a disused and almost forgotten faith in the God their grandfathers worshipped. It was all they could do, for, save in the inmost understanding of the Oriental himself, the rug is without standard value. It refuses to be sold by weight as wool, or by yardage as the fruit of labor. There has been an unearned increment in its age, its glamour, in the colorful charm of it, in the things it would do in the changing lights, in its magic regeneration of an otherwise spiritless and uninteresting house. And this phenomenon no man has yet had the wisdom to explain. It figures even into the wholesale values. The Oriental fabric outwore every other form of floor covering created since the flood, and grew increasingly more beautiful with age, and the man who felt, when he paid the price, that he had been plucked in some shameful manner, which he could not understand, grew, as the years went on, and the rugs lived themselves into his affections, to feel that, after all, he had, somehow, got the better of the bargain. This conviction, I may say, is studiously fostered by the vendors of rugs one and all. How many women, for example, have been told by some wandering rug mender that the wretched nomad rug for which they paid a trivial sum is an epochal marvel that should be hanging in some museum for the edification of a worshipful public. They usually try to sell, and then comes the bitter moment of disillusion. Half the wizardry of the Oriental Rug trade is merely the finer psychology in which the West, for all its mechanics and its ponderous business enginery, is, as yet, only a child in arms.

The situation which the war and its aftermath of world-wide profiteering have developed in all lines of business, has brought the trade in rugs to a point where it can be scrutinized a little more intelligently in the plain daylight to which other lines of commerce are exposed. It does not bring rugs to the same definitude that maintains in the evaluation of lumber or canned tomatoes. There still remains that intangible element of worth — partly artistic beauty, partly prehistoric mystery, and partly human vanity, which has always been the unknown but predominant quantity in the price. A fair price committee in Oriental rugs would now as surely as ever, find the end of its endeavors in the seclusion of some comfortable sanatorium, but it is a little more possible than it was to get a glimpse of the thing as a business.

When the war came on and the East, like Europe, became a caldron of trouble, when ocean tonnage soared to the sky in value and government embargoes let "business" suffer that the crying need for food and munitions might be met, American dealers went over and tried by largest and whatever political influence they could command to get transport for their holdings of rugs that lay stored in Mediterranean and Black Sea ports. It began to look as if the war would be a long story, and stocks were low. Americans were still spending money. Heads in the sand, they thought the tempest would pass them by. It was a hard-hearted world. The ocean space couldn't be had. Spurred by the lure of big prices, the rug men packed their thousands of bales all the way to Archangel and from there two or three or four big shipments were got away. The submarines, I believe, accounted for all but one. When that reached New York it was licked up in a day by the flame of a great demand. After that there was nothing. Fortunately the public after that didn't clamor for rugs. After 1917 people here were too busy helping to win the war. They were hanging on to their dollars in dread of the Day of Judgment. Most of us were ashamed to buy luxuries like rugs when the cry of suffering Europe, the call of the Red Cross and the needs of our own army were ringing in our ears night and day. There were a few who did, but for the most part they pledged the vendors to eternal secrecy. Rug selling became a lost art.

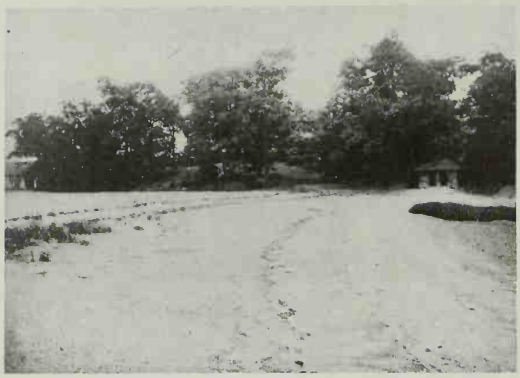
Import warehouses lay with bare floors and the proprietors played golf and bridge, and motored the time away, planning meanwhile for a fat harvest to be garnered when war's tourniquet should be removed from the arteries of trade. Wise retailers began to glean in the domestic field. They bought here and there, from the small trader who couldn't stand the strain and from the private citizen who needed the money. The dealers who had the cash were busy as never before. Those who hadn't it, borrowed if they could find a lender. The game was being played night and day. With the prevision of the East they knew well enough that the big importing houses would put the screws on vigorously if and when the war should cease. I met one resilient soul on Fifth Avenue and asked him how he was amusing himself. He said, with cheerful carelessness, that he was borrowing a million dollars to buy rugs and other works of art with. It was so in London, it was so in Paris, it was even so in Berlin. These good things grow in value and yield no income to be taxed. Men of vision at that time were not hiding from themselves that the balance of the war was at least settling grimly to the German side.

When the armistice came the process of centralization, which had long been foreseen, was far advanced. Now, more than ever, the little rug dealer is doing business by grace of the big one, and in many cases as his agent, with the camouflage which goes so psychologically far with the American buyer. The lucky ones, when the fighting stopped, were loaded with rugs to the ceiling. Their harvest taxed the safety limit of floor capacity and their smile would not come off, for it was fortified every day with the schedule of prices they were arranging—any old fat figure that suggested itself would do—on the perfectly sound principle that there was a brand new multitude of the newly rich who wouldn't know good from bad, and who, with the war past, would simply rush to possess themselves of all the evidences of wealth.

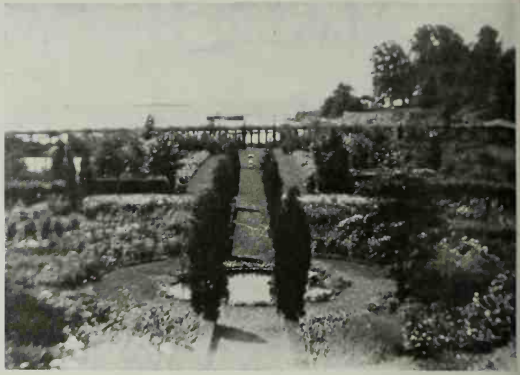
It is as impossible to analyze the buying that has gone on since then as it is to discover aught of rhyme or reason in the price schedules or expenditures in any other field of business in the present scramble of money getting. There has been extravagant purchasing in rugs as there has in everything else, but the old lists of customers are, in the main, useless. People with vested incomes, who used to have an appropriable sum of ten or fifteen thousand dollars that could be set aside for works of art yearly, have it no longer. It has gone into the maw of the income tax. There are big fortunes that are multiplying bigger, but their owners are putting the excess back into developments that will multiply it yet again, against the day of storm and stress. But when the restraint of war was off a certain type of new money broke into the market, in astounding volume. It was with rugs as it was with furs and diamonds and pianos. People have been getting them, who never dared think of it before.

The result has been a "spree" of spending, and the smile of the forehanded has widened as the dance went on. Prices during the war, when there was a chance to quote, were so high the dealers could hardly keep their faces straight long enough to state them. But today they sound like dollar wheat to the farmer who for years had been happy to get ninety cents, and when grain went to two dollars, thought the kingdom of heaven was at hand. It's all a part of the general price shindy, which has apparently no head and no tail. It is opportunism run mad in every business and any old excuse to induce the spirit of patient resignation for which Americans are notorious. The druggist charges you $1.10 a hundred for quinine tablets that used to be a quarter, and for a dozen he asks a quarter which makes the hundred come to $2.50. And he does it with a smile. Persian Mahal carpets, the coarsest grade of modern Feraghans, which used to plead for purchase at a dollar and something a foot wholesale, are doctored and painted and retailed for prices that a few years ago would have bought the handsomest of antiques. What the cynical call the "dry goods store type" of modern Kirmans, which were wont to cost $1.75 to $3.00 on the dock, are sold in nine by twelve sizes for $1,200 to $1,500 as fast as they can be trotted out. New money must find expression. At first even the trade itself found difficulty in shaping its mind or its lips to the figures. Most of them thought they were walking in their sleep. But the big men who had the stuff made the prices and had steeled themselvs to force proper recognition of Oriental art. They had measured human vanity with nicety. Retailers were begging for stock to do business with. When at last word came of some importations they fairly wept for an allotment. The harvest time was going by and they were empty handed. Small traders got money from the ginger jar, from the wife's relations, which is the most perilous form of gamble in the world, from any old place, and advertised that they would buy Oriental rugs from private owners, in hope of dislodging a few old things held by people who hadn't made money out of the war, for there are a few such. It worked.

(*Continued on page 276*)



Washed by the incoming and receding tides, this plot was not much more than an eye-sore until the landscape artist transformed it.



Retaining walls, wise planning and planting have transformed the sea-washed waste seen in the adjoining picture into this lovely garden.

Art Versus Nature

The Garden of John D. Chapman, Greenwich, Conn. A once waste space of shore line transformed into a garden of variegated colors

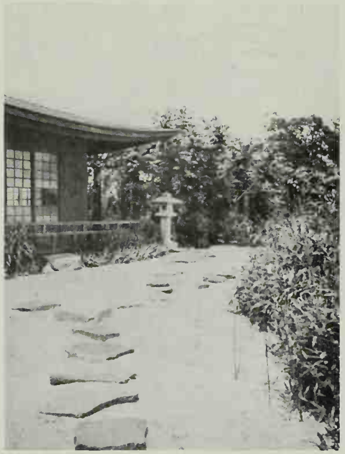
MARY RUTHERFORD JAY

THREE acres of harbor mud is not the usual kind of land that is given one to work with in laying out a garden, yet such was the problem that confronted me on the estate of Mr. Chapman.

In 1907, when Round Island was purchased, this piece of land was to all practical purposes non-existent, boats were moored where now the roses bloom, it was just one of those typical swampy, boggy stretches that one sees all along the Connecticut coast at low tide. At high tide is was barely visible.

Mr. Chapman built a breakwater and on this a good road leading to the island, and as the water had come in from that side of the island, the stretch between the road and the good sandy beach beyond had a chance to drain and by lying fallow for two years a great deal of the saltiness disappeared from the soil so that it was in good condition to work upon. Next came the task of filling in with top soil. This was all hauled from a neighboring hillside and a coating one foot deep spread over the three acres.

The places where the roses, herbaceous plants, and vegetables were planted were of course filled in deeper, from eighteen inches to three feet with good loam and manure, and holes were dug for all the trees and shrubs, so the quantity of good loam needed was considerable.



A low-roofed Japanese tea house is one of the unsuspected attractions of this garden.

Pools of fresh water in formal and informal settings add to the myriad interests.

It is hard to give interest to a flat, treeless stretch without the possibility of different levels which add so much to the charm of gardens. The design for the layout had therefore to be studied very carefully to remedy this lack, and trees and hedges were used for privacy and mystery and shade, without which no good place can exist.

The curved beach gave opportunity for a shady walk following its contour and leading from the home grounds to the little Japanese tea house at the extreme corner of the plot. Simple chestnut posts were driven in the sand at eight foot intervals and crosspieces at each post of slightly convex beams made a good support for the Concord grape which now grows luxuriantly and makes a dense shade. On the path dark red Washburn tiles are laid in the sand, and planted along the sides are the white rosa rugosa var blauc de Combert and iris, thus making a very delightful transition from the cool shadows on the tiles to the clean white sand beyond. The tea house opens on two sides, giving one most intimate and charming views of the Sound and Long Island in the distance. While the roof is Japanese the corners curving slightly upwards and the windows of ground glass to imitate shoji, the effect is not bizarre or exotic. A group of cedars are planted at the back end to screen the tea house from the long grass walk leading to the old well-head. There is a stone wall back of the spring which marks the boundary of the estate and over this grow sweetbriar roses. A hedge, of the sweetbriar variety, flanks the other side of the walk and next to this comes the vegetable garden. The walks here are bordered with sweet peas.

The two spaces near the entrance gate leading in from the causeway are planted on one side of the garden with fruit trees forming an orchard and on the other side with trees, pines, dogwood and cedars, and all along the driveway are innumerable shrubs and ground covers, giving the effect of a well-kept, woodsy place and making the land harmonize with the growth on Round Island itself.

Expert knowledge of forestry and soils has made this scene possible.

"The Blue Bird" as an Opera

What Would a Child Think of It?

DANIEL GREGORY MASON.

THERE are in some ways no better critics than children: conventions do not worry them, they are free from self-consciousness, and they report exactly what they see and hear. Let us imagine ourselves children again in spirit, but retaining our adult information, and tell ourselves what we see and hear at a performance of "The Blue Bird," the fairy play of Maurice Maeterlinck, set to music by Albert Wolff, produced for the first time at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York on December 27. We know beforehand the main features of the story: how Tyltyl and Mytyl, accompanied by milk, sugar, bread, light, fire and the dog and the cat, to all of whom a fairy has given the power of speech, set off on a quest after the Blue Bird of happiness; how they travel to the land of Memory, where are their grandparents and their dead brothers and sisters, and to the Kingdom of the Future, where dwell the unborn, and to other wonderful places; and how they come home at last to find the Blue Bird in their own cottage. For everything beyond this bare outline we must depend on our own eyes and ears.

HERE, as the curtain rises, are Tyltyl and Mytyl in bed. Their mother wakes them up, and they talk a long while about something—we cannot hear what. The music, fluent and facile enough, presents no striking feature, no memorable melody, and its harmonic scheme consists so frequently of "seventh" and "ninths" chords, interlinked in the modern French way, that we soon begin to wonder whether they have any real expressive purpose, or are merely a habit the composer has fallen into, just as some people constantly smile, or frown, or call everything "wonderful" or "terrible." The window brightens, which seems to excite the children, but they don't do anything but talk and talk about it—like the character in "Alice in Wonderland"—"off and on, for days and days." A nice green witch comes in. It is pleasant to have something happen. She tells them something (more sevenths and ninths) and gives Tyltyl a cap with a diamond on it. Lots of white dancers troop in, and there comes up through the floor a beautiful lady with an overgrown diamond tiara. The dog and the cat, and fire and bread and others come in too, and move about a great deal, especially fire, who flickers with all his arms and legs, of which he seems to have a great many; but we don't know why they are all so excited. Then they troop out, the father and mother steal into the darkened room, and the curtain descends.

That is the first scene. Applying the same child-like attitude to some of the others, we should be left wondering why, in the second, the Land of Memory, the children and the grandparents, after their joyous meeting, should suddenly become sad, and stay so a long, long time; why after the clock strikes there should be more ninth-chords; why, in the magnificent scene of the Palace of Night (in which Mr. Boris Anisfeld, by the way, has fully realized the poet's vision of "austere, rigid, metallic and sepulchral magnificence") the bad spirits should come out of the closet and be put back, the good spirits should come out and stay out, and dance and sing (to more ninth chords!) or why after the affecting moment of silent parting between Tyltyl and the Dog, one of the most effective moments dramatically in the opera, the Dog should not depart anywhere after all. And then, at the end of that scene, after they have left the Garden of Happiness and are sadly going away, Dog carrying the dead Blue Birds in his mouth, we should suddenly get a ray of white light on all these puzzles from our delight at hearing Dog ask Tyltyl if he can eat the birds—"Est-ce qu'on peut les manger?"—it comes out quite distinctly. After all, then, he is a real dog, with the perfectly dog-like quality of wanting to eat everything in sight.

Our delight in this moment is the touchstone of our boredom during much of the opera. It is a genuine boredom, resulting from three serious defects in the technique of the work. The first is that the story has been unfolded chiefly by means of words, words, words—interminable dialogue set to a continuous recitative, and that, as the words are usually not audible, even those in the audience who know French are left in the dark as to what is happening. It is rare luck when a really significant phrase like Dog's "Est-ce qu'on peut les manger" disengages itself from the melée and so to speak lands at your feet like a bird you have shot without knowing it. Usually you get only the ragtags and bobtails of the linguistic flock, the sparrows hopping about the door-yard like the "Et puis" that kept coming over from a young woman in white in the second act in perfectly good New York French—"Ai pooee." This failure of the words to carry over is not chiefly the fault of the composer, whose score is skilfully managed in this respect (though it is noteworthy that the sentence of the Dog comes to us in a momentary silence of the orchestra). In large measure it seems to be the fault of the singers, whose enunciation is far from clear. (M. Léon Rothier, as the Father, is a notable exception). But above all it is the fault of the librettist, who has depended on words rather than on action to explain the story, has appealed to the over-worked ear rather than to the roving and eager eye. A good opera should be *intelligible* to a deaf person (though of course not very expressive).

It may be said that there is a great deal to appeal to the eye in the Blue Bird—many striking scenes, much color and pageant, and the quaint costumes of Dog, Cat, Bread, Milk, Fire with his orange streamers, and the rest. This movement, however, is in large measure abstract and symbolic; and symbolism, no matter how effective it may be in a play (and was in the play of the Blue Bird given at the New Theatre some years ago) is usually a bore in opera. We wish to see Water not merely flowing or rippling about the stage in illustration of the abstract qualities of the element he represents, but putting out Fire, or diluting Milk, or melting Sugar, or doing anything that is significant to the dramatic action. We do not wish to be told in words—*a fortiori* in words of a foreign language—that he is doing these things; we wish to see him do them. The Blue Bird seems to have a good many blank stretches unilluminated by signficant action.

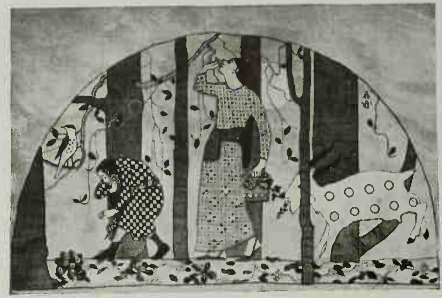
FINALLY, the music of M. Wolff, though it has the great merit of sincerity, simplicity, and freedom from affectation—though not, unfortunately, from mannerism, seems on the whole to lack force in characterization. There are some felicitous strokes, such as the wood-wind music where all the characters group around Light in the Garden of Happiness. But often, when an effect is about to be made, the composer's grip seems to relax just before it is really clinched, as for instance in the broken phrases of cellos and basses when the Land of Memory fades away in the mist. And why, oh why, those everlasting seventh and ninth chords on all occasions, in sorrow, in joy, even in dance? They are stereotype, a *cliché,* and make for monotony, the unpardonable sin in art. In the prelude to Scene IV. we see the same lack of character in a more ambitious orchestral piece.

It begins with music of a good deal of rhythmic monotony, led up to a sounding climax without any apparent expressive reason. Then comes a fugato, as if to show that M. Wolff can write unimpeachable counterpoint in the Scholastic manner; but why should there be a fugato here? We are audibly as much at sea as we are usually in the act described above. Then follows a rather banal obvious melody that has no discernible relationship to what has gone before, and that again becomes excessively monotonous before it finally reaches a sonorous ending. Surely, an operatic intermezzo or prelude should have some clearly characterized dramatic relation to the action that precedes or follows it.

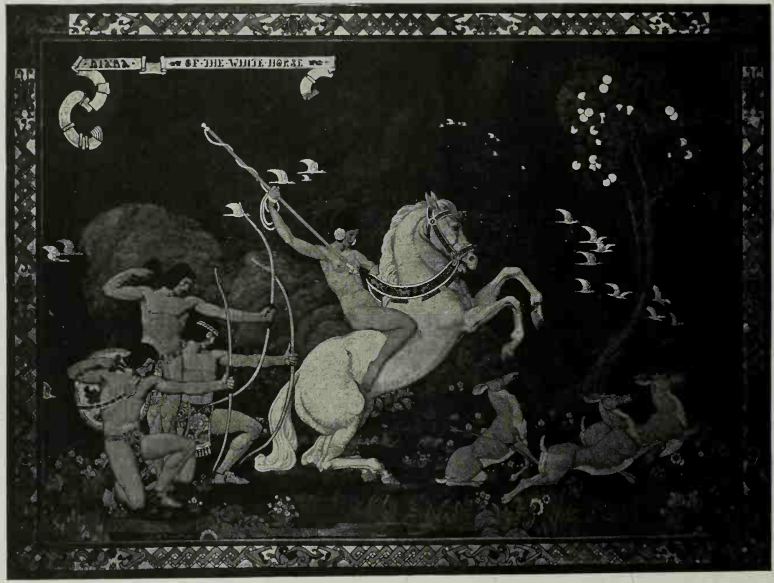
M. Wolff's score, then, as a whole, seems in spite of its fluency, familiarity with many modern idioms, and orchestral effectiveness, to lack dramatic vigor. Seldom does it comment upon or heighten emotionally what is going on upon that stage. And its dependence upon the *cliché* of seventh and ninth chords moving *en masse,* either diatonically or chromatically, suggests the reflection that the much admired modern French idiom, so often proclaimed as enfranchising our music from the conventions of the classic, romantic, and Wagnerian periods, is like some other modern idiom in other arts, such as cubism in painting and word reetition in free verse, becoming just as narrowly constricted, just as shackled with mannerism just as inimical to free and wide expression as the older media it so scornfully repudiated. Is it indeed not even narrower and more poverty-stricken? For what is so reactionary, after all, as a doctrinaire radicalism?

Some of the Works of Art Destroyed in the Architectural League Fire New York, Friday, January 20, 1920

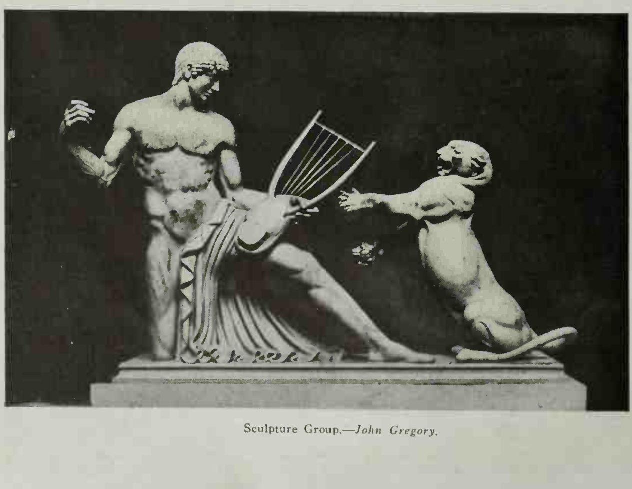
The Fine Arts Building on West 57th Street, New York, was partially destroyed on the eve of the opening of the 1920 Architectural League exhibition. Most of the exhibits were not insured and many of the artists were very hard hit. Arthur Crisp was the heaviest loser, his prize winning decoration, "Diana of the White Horse," reproduced on this page, being destroyed.



Decorative Embroidered Panel.—*Maxwell Armfield.*



Mural Decorations—"Diana of the White Horse."—*Arthur Crisp.*
Awarded the Gold Medal for Mural Painting.



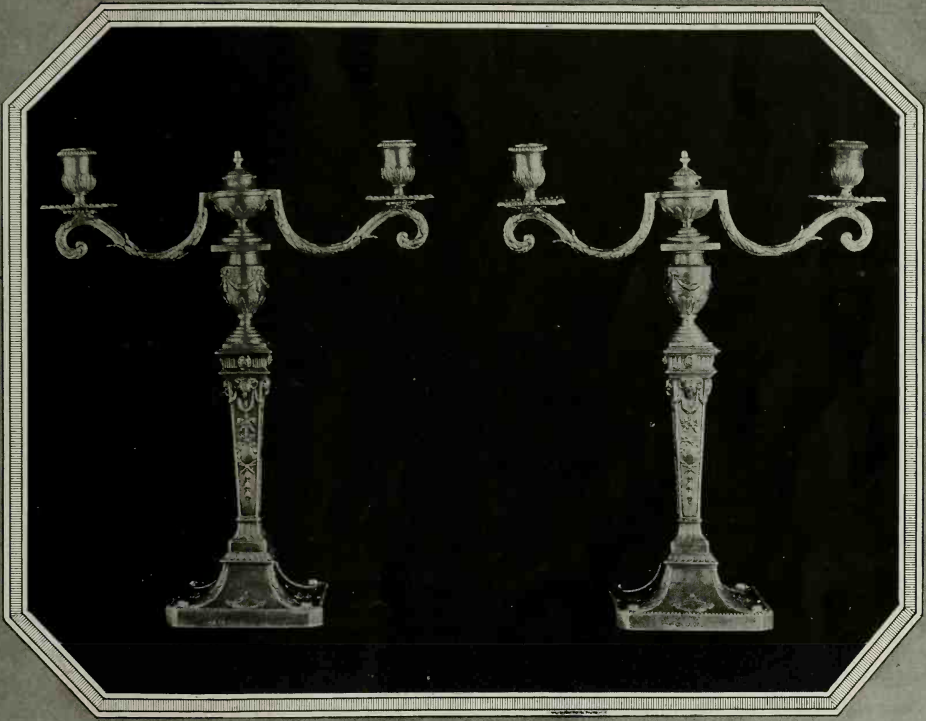
Sculpture Group.—*John Gregory.*

Sculpture.—"His Bunkie."—*Gertrude V. Whitney.*

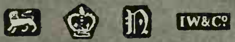
BY APPOINTMENT
TO THEIR MAJESTIES
THE KING AND QUEEN

CRICHTON BROS.
of London
GOLDSMITHS and SILVERSMITHS

In New York: 636, Fifth Avenue
In Chicago: 622, S. Michigan Avenue
In London: 22, Old Bond Street



A HANDSOME PAIR OF OLD ENGLISH SILVER CANDELABRA STANDING FIFTEEN AND THREE QUARTER INCHES HIGH. THESE CANDELABRA WERE MADE IN THE CITY OF SHEFFIELD IN 1775 BY JOHN WINTER & CO



THE ABOVE HALL MARKS APPEAR ON THE CANDELABRA

OLD ENGLISH SILVER—Classic workmanship of the master silversmiths of Queen Anne and the early Georges — on exhibition in our Galleries.

Four New Operas in One Week

(*Continued from page 253*)

best, I think, is one ascribed to Peter Kee, from which I shall quote:

> Wait, wait, my own, till our ship
> comes in,
> O'er the dark waves between:
> Silver spangles on her spars,
> All her ballast golden bars,
> All her lanterns shining stars,
> Shall our ship come in.

Reginald de Koven may, or may not, have been conscious of the faults which disfigured the libretto when, with what seemed to some deliberate malice, he set his songs throughout the first two acts to riotous, ruthless, murderous orchestration. In the third (and last) act of the opera he relented. The audience had a chance or two, at least, of enjoying his melodies. Till then the airs and choruses and his dance interludes had been lost in noise. The charm and freshness which we had loved in "Robin Hood," too, had deserted the composer. His songs, the best of them, had lacked the old, easy flow and style, the spontaneous quality which, in his youth, had lent no little grace to some of his operas. In his ensemble he had gone to Puccini for his themes. He had borrowed freely, and not always wisely.

But what distressed one most of all, in this "Rip Van Winkle" (which had been heralded as an American "Hansel und Grethel") was its want of distinction. Even when least original, in his "Cleopatra's Night," Mr. Hadley had had style. Of this, alas, there are few traces in the de Koven "folk opera."

The idyl of which I spoke at the beginning of this article was the "Madame Chrysantheme" of the mellifluous Frenchman, André Messager. It is an agreeable setting, in four acts, a prologue and an epilogue, of Pierre Loti's tale—a tale more cynical, and doubtless more true to the life of Nippon than the "Madam Butterfly" of our own Luther Long, but far less dramatic.

The libretto sticks, as closely as need be, to the original. The humor of some characters is exaggerated. The pathos of the heroine is also laid on just a bit too thickly. For the Geisha of Pierre Loti took her marriage with her Lieutenant Pierre less seriously than Cio-Cio-San took hers, and in the case of Mme. Chrysantheme there was no child to lend reality to the slight wedding tie. Pierre Loti's sailor treats his Nippon bride as a charming toy, a pretty doll, a child, a fragile flower. And when he sails away, he has no quakings of remorse, no shock of pain. His fleeting "love" is one of many "loves," and so, he assumes, is Mme. Chrysanthème's. But opera demands a touch of sentiment. So, at the end, we are told that the poor Geisha girl had learned to love as well as European women.

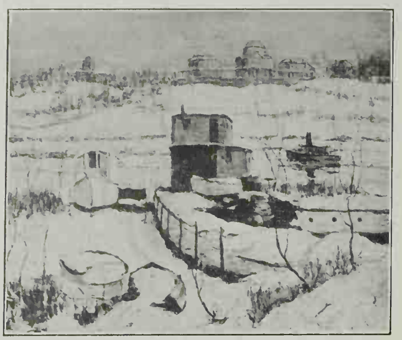
The opera is much too long drawn-out. It would have gained by being remade in three acts. The music here and there becomes monotonous. Yet it is gracious and abundantly melodic, in the true Gallic mode, the mode of Massenet, Delibes and—André Messager. For the composer has not borrowed. To illustrate his somewhat fragile theme, he has written pages which delight one by their delicate ingenuity. Among them I remember a "romance" (or poetic narrative) of Lieutenant Pierre, a Breton "serenade" in honor of the bride, and a ballet episode. The last had color, warmth and what, to Western ears, seemed—wrongly, I dare say—an Eastern flavor. This Nippon opera was not too kindly treated, even by Tamaki Miura, the interpreter of the chief character, who hails from Nippon. The quick-changing backgrounds were in part eked out with draperies, supposed to stand for walls and trees and other solid facts. The suggestion of the deck of a French ship, used in the prologue and the epilogue, did infinite credit to an unknown scene-painter.

As for the epigram to which I have made reference, it was a marvel in one act, "L'Heure Espagnole," by Maurice Ravel, a composer known here chiefly in the concert room, as a disciple of Debuzzy, and, more particularly, by his overture to "Sheherezade." As epigrams must be, it is very brief, ironic to a fault, and full of wit. It is a setting, in a daring, brilliant way, of an uncommonly frank tale of love and intrigue.

The title ("Spanish Time") suggests, though vaguely, what Franc Nohain, the librettist, has devised—the story of a doddering Spanish clockmaker, whose wife betrays him, turn by turn, with two rash lovers. To save them from her husband, the wife hides them in two clocks, of the kind here called "grandfather's." And the husband sells the clocks to the two men who have besmirched his honor.

The moral? Well, it is not quite apparent, though it is pointed, in a fashion, by the singers in a remarkable quintet. The composer's score defies analysis. It is ultra-modern, expressive, unconventional. But, to appreciate the beauties of this opera, one needs a very modern ear, a Latin mind.

Like "Madame Chrysantheme" and the unfortunate "Rip Van Winkle," "L'Heure Espagnole" was revealed to us at the Lexington.



Winter—Harlem River—*Lawson*

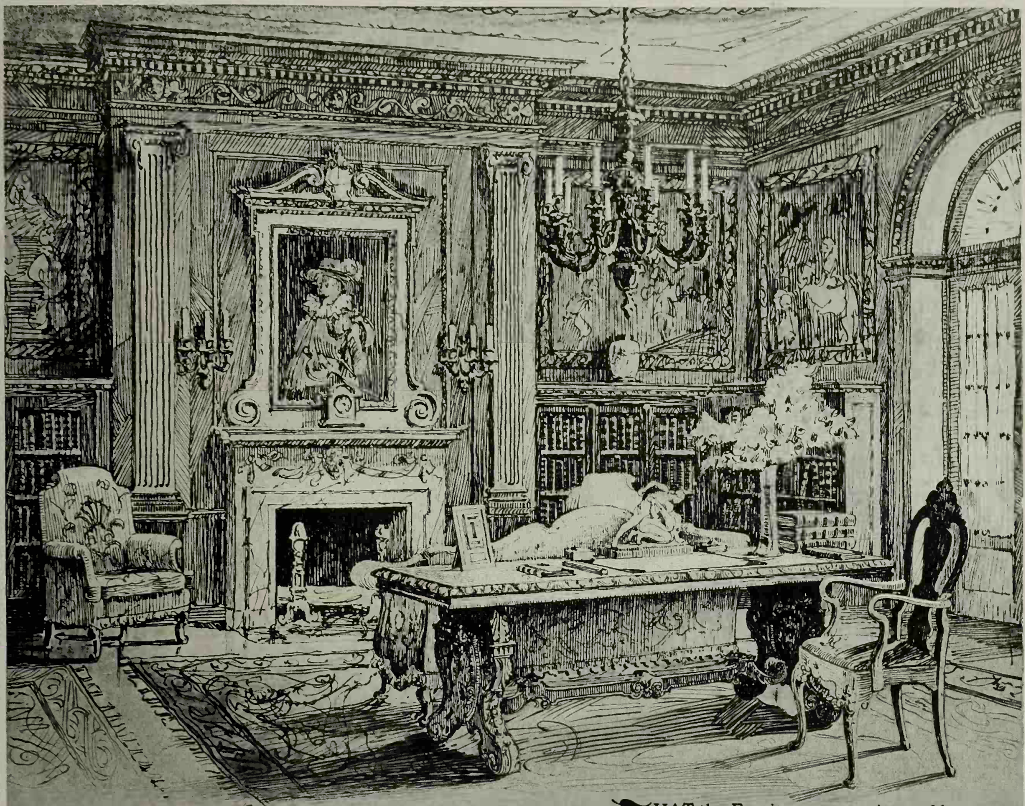
Exhibition of
Paintings by
Ernest Lawson
February 24th to March 13th, 1920
THE DANIEL GALLERY
2 West 47th Street, New York

Graceful Settee of the late Louis IV period—frame of beech, patined, and cushions in rose color silk cut velvet. Reproduced in France from the original.

DUNCAN FRASER, Inc.
603 Fifth Avenue
New York

INTERIOR DECORATIONS AND FURNISHINGS

Originals and Reproductions of
Wood Panelled and Painted Rooms, Mantels, Furniture and Fabrics, Scenic Wallpapers, etc.



New Reproductions of Old Masterpieces

THAT the Furniture masterpieces of bygone days still live, is due to their *masterly reproduction* by the skilled cabinetmakers of today.

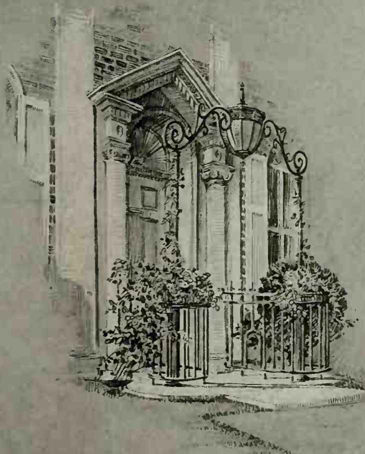
¶ Seeking Furniture of historic influence, the visitor to the new Galleries of this establishment will happen upon many pieces worthily interpreting the cherished traditions of the past. Among them are facsimiles in *finish* as well as in form of the original masterpieces—distinguished from the latter only by those qualities of *usefulness* and *moderate cost,* which in the "antique" are notable because of their absence!

¶ It is such Furniture, indeed, that becomes a life-long companion, gathering with each decade a deeper sentiment, subtly reflected in its mellow wood aglow with the patina of passing years.

EARLY ENGLISH, FRENCH AND ITALIAN FURNITURE AND DECORATIVE OBJECTS: REPRODUCTIONS AND HAND-WROUGHT FACSIMILES OF RARE OLD EXAMPLES, RETAILED EXCLUSIVELY AT THESE GALLERIES

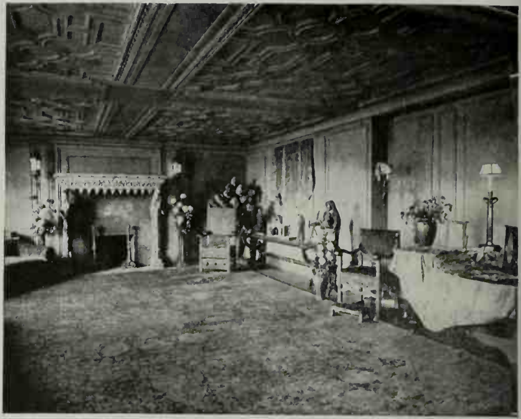
New York Galleries

Grand Rapids Furniture Company
INCORPORATED
417-421 MADISON AVENUE
48TH · 49TH Streets ~ ~ New York City
Formerly of West 32d Street



De luxe prints of attractive interiors, simple or elaborate as desired, gratis upon request.

In this room we feel the keen knowledge of art and exquisite taste fully exemplified.



These paneled walls and ceiling, combined adroitly, seem the natural environment of wealth and luxury.

The Decorator Interprets You

JOHN WALKER HARRINGTON

YOUR decorator should reveal your character in hangings and upholstery in his choice of rugs and panelings.

His is a subtle and a personal art, for when you go to him you should be in the house of an interpreter. Likewise, his is a self-effacing profession, for the more he knows his art, the more he conceals it. And that after all is the highest form of æsthetic expression.

In a way this hardly seems fair to him, for if you are portrayed by Sargent, who is there but who would recognize the style and the brushwork without even a glimpse at the signature. The portrait bust by Leonardo or by Donatello endures throughout the ages as the work of a master, but of the decorators who strove mightily to please the Lorenzo, the Magnificent, very little is known.

It is the aim of the modern decorator to work with such skill that he who sees the setting of the client for the first time shall say: "How well this room is adapted to you! How comfortable you must be!" Then, incidentally perhaps, and after a pause, the visitor may inquire: "By the way, who is your decorator." Often so earnestly has the magician of masses and tones labored in your behalf that all that he has done is merged and blended, for he has worked solely to enhance the design of the architect.

One of these days we shall do more justice to the artist-decorator, not only for the sake of his art, but also for that of high ideals. His interpretations of the thoughts, the natures, and the tastes of his fellowmen should be criticized and analyzed just as we are accustomed to pass upon the merits of a painting or a sculpture.

It is unfortunate that all professions are judged by their poorest examples. The public considers all plumbers predatory; believes that every reporter wears a plaid suit and brandishes a huge notebook; and sometimes there are those who know not the decorator of this modern age, and who think of him as a fussy, furney little person, worshipping the fetich of finality.

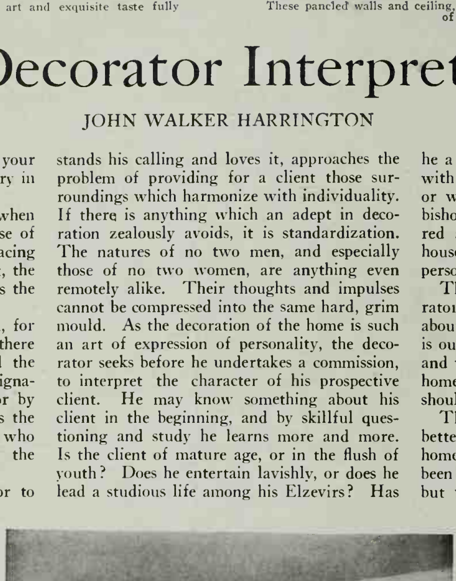
How different that is from the way in which a decorator who well understands his calling and loves it, approaches the problem of providing for a client those surroundings which harmonize with individuality. If there is anything which an adept in decoration zealously avoids, it is standardization. The natures of no two men, and especially those of no two women, are anything even remotely alike. Their thoughts and impulses cannot be compressed into the same hard, grim mould. As the decoration of the home is such an art of expression of personality, the decorator seeks before he undertakes a commission, to interpret the character of his prospective client. He may know something about his client in the beginning, and by skillful questioning and study he learns more and more. Is the client of mature age, or in the flush of youth? Does he entertain lavishly, or does he lead a studious life among his Elzevirs? Has he a liking for the world of the out of doors, with its golf, its tennis and its steeple chasing, or would he prefer the silent manoeuvres of bishop, knight and pawn over the square of red and black? Are there children in that house about to be redecorated, or young persons fond of music and dancing?

The supreme test of the art of the decorator is utility, the art of fitting the objects about us to their highest usefulness. A home is our castle and refuge. It is a place of rest, and when we will, an abode of gayety. Your home reflects you and the skilled decorator should never overstep that line.

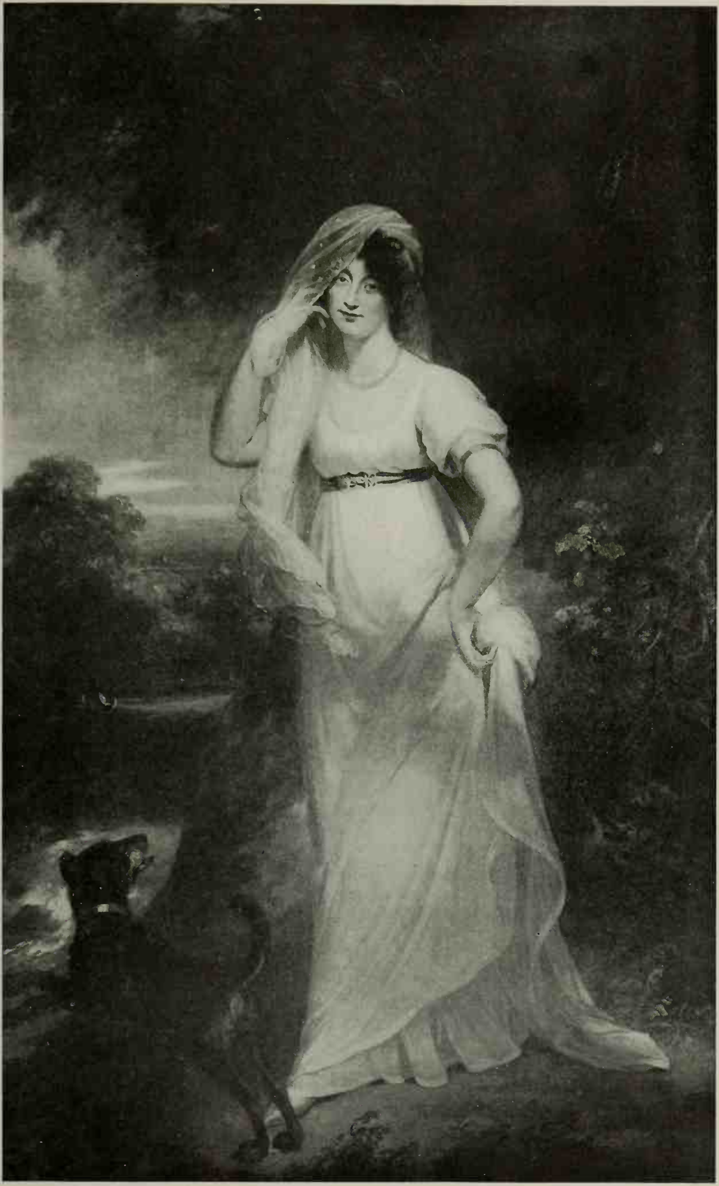
There are many things that he can do far better for you in the arrangement of your home, than you can do yourself. There have been artists who made excellent self portraits, but very few of them have truly succeeded. Once in a while we find a physician who seeks to heal himself and rarely we see the lawyer who, much to his rue, becomes his own client. When we seek to decorate our own homes, no matter how well our ideas may have been considered, there is always the danger of working in too minor a key, or else of putting on the loud pedal. Often the tendency to garishness, which may sometimes appear in homes of wealth, is due to an exaggeration of the love of display. We find men of a keen knowledge of art, and woman who are themselves possessors of exquisite taste, retaining decorators to aid them in the arrangement of their homes as they most desire them to be. The decorator, with his varied experience, his grasp of mechanical facilities, his knowledge of the relative values of materials, is able to visualize the combination of furniture, hangings and paintings as an ensemble. There are few of us, unless we have had an unusual training along such lines, who can thus phrase our thoughts in the language of tables and chairs and panelings. As it may be in our literary efforts, the critical faculty may far our-run the gift for expression.

Every man and every woman has had from childhood formed an ideal of living amid certain surroundings.

(*Continued on page 274*)



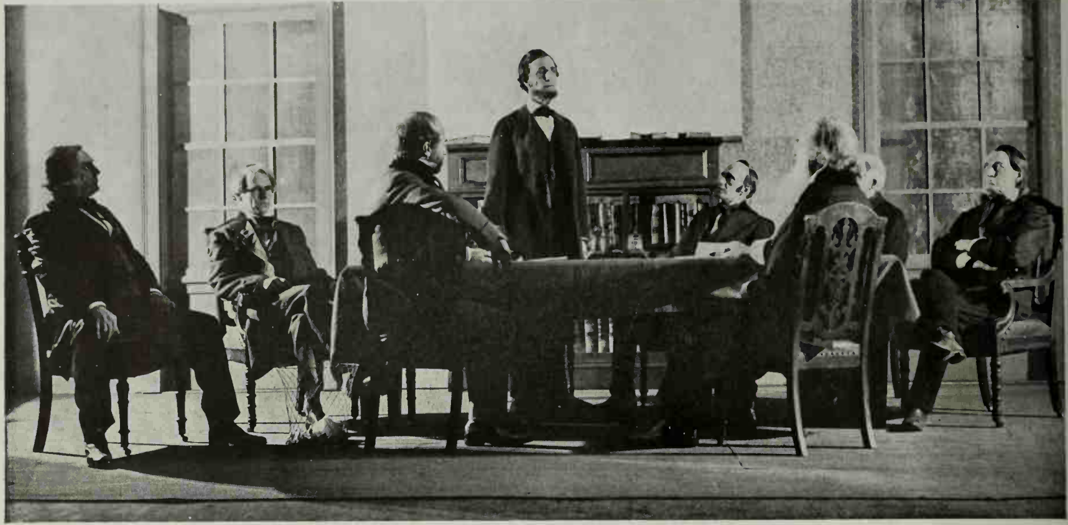
The decorator portrays in this room the qualities of delicacy and effeminacy characteristic of the individual.



Portrait of Mrs. Wells
by
SIR WILLIAM BEECHEY

on view at

M. Knoedler & Co.
556 Fifth Avenue
Near 46th Street
New York



LINCOLN ARGUING THE DEFENSE OF FORT SUMTER WITH HIS CABINET.

"Abraham Lincoln"

The Play, and Its Author

FOX POLLEN

IN making his theatre-piece, "Abraham Lincoln," Mr. John Drinkwater, modest English man of letters, has dared what no American author has attempted, namely, to place before a playhouse audience, a dramatic epitome of one whose many-sided greatness obtained for him, nearly three generations ago, a universal apotheosis, *vide* Henri Martin; of one whose position in the hearts of Americans is only less holy, only less sacred, and already almost as legendary as that of the man of Galilee.

Benjamin Chapin spent a lifetime in trying to place Lincoln, commensurately, before the theatre public. He brought him, at last, to the screen in a strong and noble story in pictures, but died just as the film went on its way to circle the globe. A more beneficent fate has made easy the way and attended the steps of the English author. His play has been produced at a psychological moment when every influence is being stirred that may make for the Americanization of America, and every political aspirant is catching at the Lincoln garment, the Lincoln example and word, to strengthen his own claims. By the force of these things and some others, the work has brought its author more public attention than he might have received on its merits alone. Indeed, it has resulted in greatness being thrust upon him almost over night. All New York is discussing it.

It is to be hoped, however, for Mr. Drinkwater's sake, that he is less satisfied with his own work than an emotional public appears just now to be and that he has already schooled himself into imperviousness to the seduction of easily gathered praise; for, interesting as is his play, which all Americans will be the better for seeing, it cannot be said that he has spoken the ultimate dramatic word on the great subject he has essayed, or that his work reveals him as a genius of original gifts. Rather, it is the product of the avid, intelligent, sympathetic, the discreet and deft if reverent manipulator of pre-existing concepts and literary material.

The author states, in a program note, that his desire has not been to give "literal fact," or to make a merely historic or biographical play. His effort, he states, has been to shape such facts "to the service of essential truth." He does not say, though one wishes he had so said, that he has undertaken to shape into stage pictures the last epitomising chapter of the Nicolay-Hay Life of Lincoln, in which these authors, closing and leaving their recital of historic facts, sum up their homage in an immortal appreciation of Lincoln's spirit; of his spiritual significance; of Lincoln as a spirit (not to resort to the often misused term, superman); as a prophet, so great that already he had been canonised as he lay upon his bier, by the decree of countless millions, and who had taken his place among the immortals ere the clay had hardened over the mortal body in which his great soul had been housed.

"The brown thrush did not sing for a year after he died," the authors tell, recording the legends among the Illinois farmers. They quote D'Israeli as saying: "There is something so homely and innocent in Lincoln's character that it carried him out of the pomp of history, and the ceremonial of diplomacy, touching the heart of nations and appealing to the domestic sentiment of mankind;" and Emerson estimated him as a man tested rarely, yet "fitted to the event."

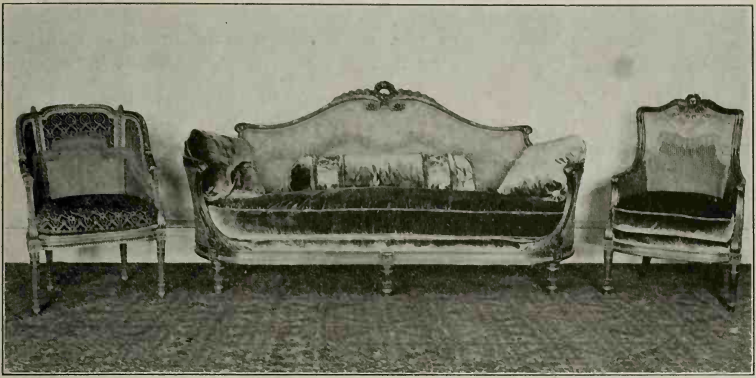
Following the D'Israelian cue and that of the philosopher of Concord, Mr. Drinkwater has avoided, as he says, historic fact, especially the pomp of it, and has constructed such scenes, from an overwhelming deposit of matter, as might appeal to the domestic sentiment and the heart of mankind. In this is the value of his play. Following that of Emerson, he recognizes Lincoln as "Lord of his event."

It is in the lines assigned to the "Chronicler," a stage figure evolved to link and to introduce each of the otherwise disconnected scenes of the series that go to make up this theatre-piece, that the influence is most apparent of the unapproachable Nicolay-Hay appreciation of Lincoln. It might have been a happy touch, a grateful one, even, had this personage been made up to resemble one or the other of the two authors; but, as it is he acceptably fulfils what he undertakes. What is more, he grips one, here and there, as a suggested incarnation of humanity: its voice. What he says spiritualizes, quite as the author meant it should do, the scenes that follow the Chronicler's appearances; but it is in these interludes—not always free-flowing—indeed, they are both strained and strenuous, at times, though they contain more than one poetic gem and haunting phrase that charms, that the sparkle and thrill they cause stirs the memory, calling to mind the enduring epitome made by the dual authors and proclaiming them as the origin and inspiration of the present work.

The archer who aims for the sun, they say, can hit only the high goal. So the author browsing in such fields could produce nothing that was not good. Mr. Drinkwater's work is good. Notwithstanding a weak spot that sticks out here and there, cheapening it, as a whole it is both aspiring and inspiring. These spots, by the way, occur, in each instance, where the author essays to invent rather than to adapt. In addition to them, the query may well arise as to the need for or the discretion shown in inventing Hook when Chase himself was present, for whose opinions and acts Mr. Drinkwater makes the fictitious Hook responsible. A better acquaintance, too, with the inner thought and outer acceptances of America, would have made the invention, for purely theatrical purposes, of Mr. Custis unnecessary.

Yet, notwithstanding, it is not too much to say that "Abraham Lincoln," hailed as the

(*Continued on page* 285)



Hand Carved Walnut Sofa and Arm Chairs, Louis XVI design covered in Amethyst Velvet and Brocade.

A. Lowenbein's Sons, Inc.

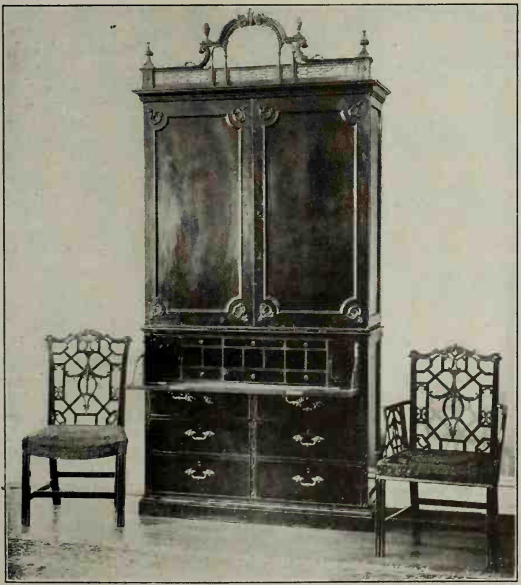
13 EAST 47th ST., NEW YORK

For Sixty Years this Firm has Designed and Executed

ORIGINAL DECORATIVE INTERIORS

meeting in distinctive forms, the social and home requirements of the most discriminating clientele.
Especial designing of furniture, draperies, etc.

FRANK PARTRIDGE, INC.



CHIPPENDALE CARVED MAHOGANY SECRETAIRE CABINET
CARVED CHINESE CHIPPENDALE MAHOGANY CHAIRS

ANTIQUE
ENGLISH
FURNITURE

TAPESTRIES

CHINESE JADES

INTERIOR
DECORATIONS

6 WEST FIFTY-SIXTH STREET, NEW YORK

LONDON: 26 KING ST., ST. JAMES

Individuality and the Home

If a house is to be a real home it must reflect certain characteristics of its occupants and it remains for them as well as for the architect and the decorator to stamp these qualities upon it

VIRGINIA ROBIE

HOUSES, like people, may have character yet lack personality and charm. They may be entirely "good form" yet deadly dull, practical yet devoid of beauty, substantial but hopelessly uninteresting. Do you live in such a house? Houses, like people, may have surface graces and little backbone, superficial beauty and few practical virtues, fleeting attractions, but no permanent appeal. Do you live in such a house? You remember, perhaps, that the Vicar of Wakefield chose his bride as the bride chose her wedding gown—for every-day wearing qualities; but do you also recall that each had a true love of beauty? Somebody has said that character is greater than personality and it is entirely true, but do not the people for whom you care most possess both, and do not the houses which you like best to visit contain the fine character of stability, coherence and simplicity, with the agreeable personality of harmony and charm?

Houses of the black walnut period undoubtedly possessed stability—too stable by far—but they lacked coherence. In rare cases did they express repose. Personality of a certain kind they undoubtedly had, but seldom harmony and certainly not charm. Charm is a difficult quality to capture. It cannot be measured in exact terms, nor reckoned in round numbers. It is confined to no period, style or age. It has been known to elude mansions and gravitate to cottages, to cling to thatched roofs and rose bushes, and pass over entrance gates and stately doorways. It is no respecter of localities, first families or inherited fortunes. It is perhaps a gift of the gods. The outer edges of things, particularly in houses, are very signficant. You cannot hide ostentation under a bushel any more than you can a candle, and there never was yet a Pandora box that could imprison poor taste. I remember a little house set within a trim green lawn and enclosed by a white picket fence. On the door step I felt its sincerity, lack of pose, friendly straight-forwardness. No, it was not in New England, although there must have been a New England grandfather in the family.

On the floor of the small vestibule, cut in gray-green tiling were the words: "Edith and Allen Haines—their house." Here was something out of the ordinary at the outset, something that expressed personality and that unusual characteristic in American home building—permanency. For who could pull up stakes on a May moving day with that adorable old sampler-legend staring one in the face? I remember the serenity of rooms that seemed large by reason of fine proportions and harmonious furnishing, of restful expanses of quiet color, and small, well placed areas of brilliant tone, of nice balances between plain and figured surfaces, of beautiful old things and well-related new things, of many novel accessories.

I recall an old silver basket on the gate-leg dining-table, heaped with oranges and purple grapes, when most of the dining-rooms of my acquaintance still clung to the plated ferneries of wedding present tradition. I recall the painted furniture of the spotless bedrooms, and the daring use of pure yellow, old blue, rose and mauve—quite usual today, but uncommon a dozen years ago. I like to think of that little house with its cheerful spic-and-spanness, its refreshing simplicity and unaffected hospitality. It truly had the backbone of character and the saving grace of charm.

THE DINING ROOM IN THE NEW YORK HOME OF MR. ISAAC LEWISOHN.

During the past five years we have had a great color awakening. At first it went to our heads—we had so long been strictly neutral in color schemes. Some of the first plunges in pure pigment might have been evolved by the Mad Hatter in his maddest moments. The very foundations of interior decoration trembled, and fashion designers apparently lost their minds.

Many reasons combined to precipitate the color riot—the Futurist movement and its tremendous influence on art, the complete upheaval of the world, industrial and otherwise, and the prosaic every-day reason of the lack of subtle American dyes. Just as the most academic of painters responded more or less to the Futurists, so have the most conservative of decorators readjusted their color schemes. And this breaking away from cut-and-dried theories has been helpful in every branch of house furnishing. Probably not again—in our generation at least—will the "low in tone" rooms return. Quiet color will always have its place, but it will not dominate an entire house. The "sad curtains" which so distressed little Paul Dombey at the Blimber school, and which have cropped up from time to time for seventy years, have been permanently shelved.

We have a new attitude towards color and its relation to temperament, health and happiness. We have learned that our living quarters must express the three "Cs"—comfort, convenience and cheerfulness—and the greatest of these is cheerfulness. Next to actual space and sunshine the colors which suggest these qualities are the main factors in securing cheerfulness. Not that color is more important than proportion, line and scale. In the well furnished house proportion is the preface. It deals with the constructive as color does with the decorative. The whole subject may be reduced to a consideration of backgrounds, conveniently divided into two sub-heads: the constructive value of well designed cornices, windows, doors and fireplaces; and the decorative value of well selected rugs, well hangings, curtains and furniture. Rooms used constantly, such as living rooms and libraries, best serve their purpose when the walls are restful in tone; rooms used less frequently may be gayer in treatment with more daring color schemes. But every room needs brilliant touches, its color, its joyous high lights.

Inherited possessions often hamper the amateur decorator. Inherited traditions are sometimes a greater handicap. Fortunate is the person whose accumulated belongings date back to the days of really fine designing, and doubly fortunate is he, or she, who can set aside the accumulated prejudices of two generations. Keeping articles long since outgrown—mentally speaking—merely for sentimental reasons, has been responsible for many failures in house furnishing. Yet association—plus beauty and utility—is a powerful factor. Every room gains in atmosphere when past and present join hands. Houses may be created out of raw material, but not homes. It is more than twenty years since the old

(*Continued on page 287*)

Random Notes from the World of Art

Cluny Museum Enlarged.

THE Cluny Museum in Paris, though closed during the war, has not slept or lagged. The recess was used to excellent advantage in reclassifying and rearranging the museum's treasures, this important task being undertaken by the Museum poet-curator, Edmond Haraucourt. The rearrangement and the addition of several new rooms make it possible for the authorities to exhibit many precious objects never before shown.

Praise for the National Academy.

THE etcher letter writer, Joseph Pennell, recently made the statement that it is in engraving and architecture alone that we Americans have distinguished ourselves in art. The practitioners of these two forms of art have for many years been unfairly and illegally excluded from the National Academy exhibitions. Thanks to Mr. Pennell and to other valiant crusaders, protest has finally grown loud enough to penetrate the walls of the Academy and with the result that these two pre-eminent but ignored branches of American art will henceforth have adequate representation in the Academy exhibitions.

Colbert's Famous Old Mirror Factory Reopens.

WORD comes from Chauny, France, that the old mirror factory established there by Jean Baptiste Colbert, the famous minister of Louis XIV will, following six years idleness, due to the war, soon reopen. The important part that mirrors play in interior decoration was emphasized in a recent article in ARTS & DECORATION, and American decorators will be glad to know that this classic source of supply will soon be producing again.

Queen Asa, Norway's Ninth Century Art Patron.

THAT Norway had a national art and powerful art patrons as far back as the ninth century, though not generally known, is to be expected. Art and letters invariably flourish side by side and simultaneously and the riches of Scandinavian literature are sufficient indication that a quest for Viking art would reveal a host of rare treasures.

A ship filled with such wealth has recently been discovered. Known as "The Osberg Ship" and obviously a monument erected by Norwegian artists and craftsmen to their beloved Queen Asa, this rich tribute of Viking art workers to their regent is mute evidence of the fact that the woman ruler of Norway at that epoch was a lover of art and an art patron of whom her people may well be proud.

Oatlands Lodge on the Screen.

OATLANDS LODGE, the beautiful English estate which the Hepworth Picture Plays, Ltd., have purchased as a background for their productions is ivy-grown, mellowed and romantic. Of this charming setting the London *Sketch* says: "Generations of gardeners and Nature have set the stage well and truly and have created a veritable film actors' world."

"Gerry Gardens" in Lenox Hill, Manhattan.

THAT re-modeling need not be limited to buildings is strikingly emphasized in New York's newest and loveliest backyard transformation enterprise. "Gerry Gardens," is the name of the lovely breathing-spot which a syndicate with Edgar S. Hewitt at its head is bringing to pass in the Lenox Hill section of New York City. A block of twelve houses in the East Sixties having been acquired, steps were immediately taken to obliterate those ugly barriers known as back-yard fences. Out of the 100 x 108 ft. plaza so formed, Mr. Hewitt is making a pleasuance to compare with the loveliest and most romantic Old World gardens. And it is here that the art of the landscape gardener finds one of its most fascinating opportunities. The selection and arrangement of fountain—for there is a fountain—trees, plants, paths, greensward, flower beds, ivied walls, steps and rose rambled fences cannot be left to a novice, to the commercial florist or to the greenhouse man. No one but a landscape gardener or architect who is an artist in every sense of the word shall be entrusted with the task of creating such an oasis.

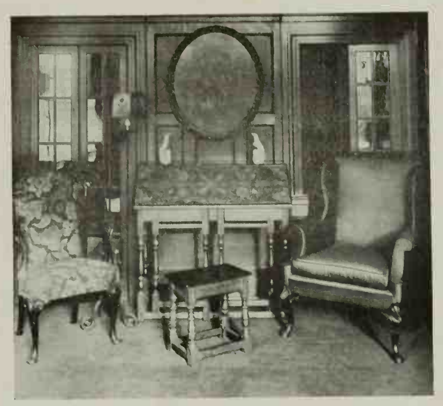
Mr. Hewitt confesses that it was Sir Christopher Wren who was the inspiration of "Gerry Gardens." Simultaneously with the remodeling of these unpromising back yards into a garden of delights, the remodeling of the twelve surrounding houses will go on apace. And just as it was Sir Christopher who furnished the inspiration for the gardens, so it was "Gerry Gardens" that inspired the remodeling of these twelve old three and four story houses. Then it will be the interior decorator's turn and it will be for him to choose furnishings worthy of "Gerry Gardens."

New York's Finest Theatre.

THE finest theatre in the United States will be in New York City but not on Broadway. Forsaking Broadway for Fifth Avenue the new theatre, already under way, will cost $7,500,000. It will occupy the site of the former residence of William C. Whitney.

VALIANT
ESTABLISHED 1874

Interior Decorations and Furnishings



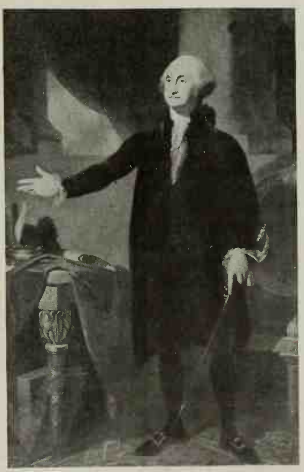
Tapestries **Fabrics**
Furniture **Objects of Art**

The J. G. Valiant Company

J. W. Valiant, Pres.
224 N. Charles St.

Wm. J. Mac Mullin, Phila. Director
1718 Chestnut St.

BALTIMORE PHILADELPHIA



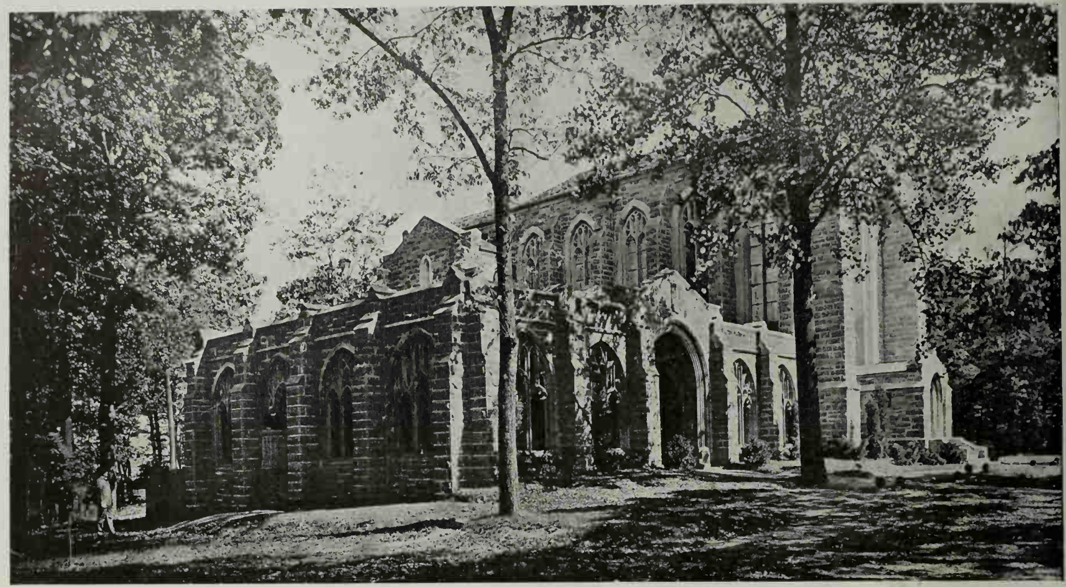
George Washington By Gilbert Stuart (1754-1828)

The above picture is the most important portrait of Washington that has been offered for sale in the last generation. It is included in the Exhibition of portraits of Washington at

The Ehrich Galleries

Dealers in "Old Masters" Exclusively

707 FIFTH AVENUE *at 55th Street* NEW YORK



Overlooking the Schuylkill River on the spot where Washington's brave little army suffered such terrible privations, this Chapel with Cloisters of the colonies commemorates those patriots who wrested glorious victory from almost certain defeat.

The Washington Memorial Chapel

After seventeen years the Gothic Chapel at Valley Forge commemorating the Revolutionary Army, is nearing completion

GEORGE M. EMERY

THE Washington Memorial Chapel at Valley Forge, almost complete, stands as a unique and lasting tribute not only to those heroes who immortalized the hills along the banks of the Schuylkill but also to the clergyman, the artist, the architect, the patriots throughout the nation who now are realizing, after seventeen years, the results of their inspiration, their prayers, their endeavors and their skill.

Working hand in hand, Rev. Dr. W. Herbert Burk, the clergyman; Nicola D'Ascenzo, the artist; Milton Bennett Medary, Jr., the architect, and public-spirited citizens and organizations in every State now are visualizing their ideals in that beautiful little group of Gothic buildings embracing the Washington Chapel, the Cloister of the Colonies, the Patriots' Hall and the Thanksgiving Tower.

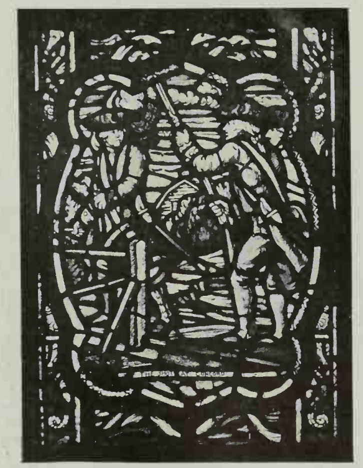
Entering the chapel through the porch, the interior presents an exquisite perspective, a perspective filled with the refinements of artistic proportion, intricate inlaid pavements, splendidly carved woodwork, chaste, chiseled pulpit, lectern, perclose; canopied sedilia, paneled oaken roof, all bathed in a blended, ethereal light, filtered through a series of the finest examples of stained glass panes which depict with dramatic effect and a fine appreciation, the history of American civilization as it is linked with the story of Valley Forge.

The thirteen memorial windows in the Chapel, designed and fabricated by Mr. D'Ascenzo, portray the historical theme planned by the Rev. Dr. Burk. It is a matter of just pride to Americans to know that these panes were inspired by American ideals, conceived by American thought, produced by American art and wrought by American craftsmen. Mr. D'Ascenzo's art, as exemplified in these windows, attains a position of pre-eminence which compares favorably in many ways with the productions of the master craftsmen of the thirteenth century, master craftsmen whose work has stood as the criterion and has elicited the admiration and despair of imitators for hundreds of years.

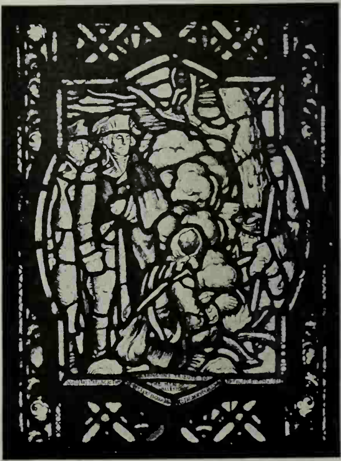
Constituting one of the greatest historic compositions in the United States, Mr. D'Ascenzo's achievement embraces combinations of tone and color skilfully conceived and executed with that fine sympathy and understanding which results only from the keenest sense of idealistic appreciation and a thorough knowledge of modern technique.

The artist has gone a step beyond the creators of mediæval stained glass windows by combining the conventional and the natural in his drawing to such an extent that he has raised his art to a very high point.

Mr. D'Ascenzo delights to talk of his accomplishment; every detail is a joy in the telling. "See this glass?" he asks, pointing to a medallion in the making. "See the great

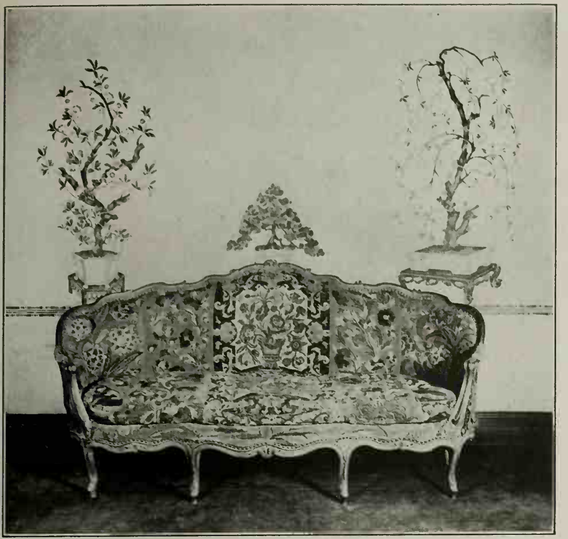


"The Shot at Concord" is the name of one of the many beautiful stained glass windows.



"Washington at Valley Forge" is seen here with the "naked and starving" men he loved so dearly.

(*Continued on page* 294)



SOFA REGENCE PERIOD COVERED WITH YELLOW POINT.
FINEST EXAMPLE IN EXISTENCE.

OBJECT D'ARTS
ANTIQUE FURNITURE

ELSIE DE WOLFE

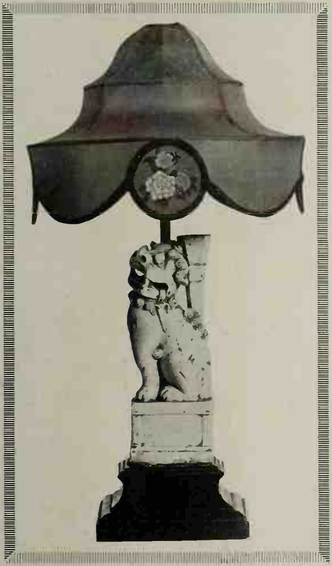
DISTINCTIVE INTERIORS

TWO WEST FORTY'SEVENTH STREET

NEW YORK CITY

ALBERT HERTER, *President*

The HERTER LOOMS Inc.



Manufacturers of

LAMPS and SHADES

The lamp illustrated herewith represents a Foo dog of the color which in Chinese porcelain is called claire de la lune, mounted on carved wood base painted a rich brown-black. The shade is of persimmon color silk with round medallions on silk in colors to harmonize with the lamp.

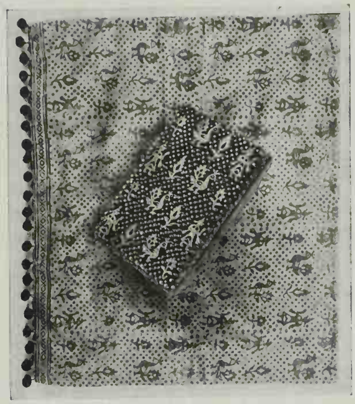
251 Post Street
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

841 Madison Avenue
NEW YORK CITY

Block Magic

The further development of this industry in America is bound to come, now that responsible textile interests are calling into their service artists of originality, and the demand for the best is quickened by the leading Interior Decorators

JOHN WALKER HARRINGTON



Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History.

Teakwood block from India, collected by Mr. Lockwood de Forest, with silk printed from it. The design is one of the most primitive types.

THE keynote of the recent exhibition of American Decorative Art at the American Museum of Natural History harked back to the culture of primitive peoples. It revealed their influence on our own textile art since the outbreak of the late war which caused designers in this country to seek inspiration from American sources, from the tombs of the Incas and the gay garments of the North American aborigines.

In all this foregathering of the artisans of the weaving world, the appeal to the decorative sense was the strongest in the examples of our re-born block printing industry. We have had printing from the wood for the adorning of linens and cottons, as the schools interpret it, for several decades, but here are the very beginnings of a craft which will one day rival that of England and of France. The decorators who are called upon to set the mode for the beauty of American house interiors, as well as those who delight in furnishing their own homes with hangings which are individual as well as artistic should welcome this new industry. As the interest in the hand printed fabrics increases, as it is bound to do, there is no reason at all why we should not have in the United States printeries both large and small, devoted to the production of textiles direct from the mallet.

The well-conceived display at the American Museum was chiefly valuable in giving the settings and the historic backgrounds for nascent arts. It provided the horizons of culture, as Dr. Herbert J. Spinden delights to put it. Especially was this true with regard to the block printing.

This interesting and elaborate design of block printing, reflects the influence of various periods, in a bolder, more aggressive, modern conception.

An exquisite Jacobean design of well-balanced and distributed pattern, showing detail of embroidery motif, especially belonging to that period.

Courtesy of Marshall Field & Co.

Bouquet Vista design adaptable to the various modern forms of decoration.

Draped over a case, was a huge sheet of tapa or mulberry bark cloth brought from the Fiji Islands and on it was imprinted a rude design. The savages had carved paddles deeply and had slapped on the coloring with them in an unconventional way. The imprints, however, were in the same general direction, and when the work was done, the curtain which was thus produced had a character and interest which captures our civilized attention.

From this simple paddling it is not a far cry to the more ornate printing done from the teakwood blocks which were lent to this exhibition from the collections of Mr. Lockwood deForest. The art was developed early in the Orient and the even-grained teak, so well adapted for carving, is an ideal material for the making of patterns. These blocks are fitted at their backs with huge handles on which the operator can get a strong grip. He can thus print off the close, fine designs in sections of six inches in width. The same color is used, for here the art is revealed in its simplest form.

The East Indians however, as shown in the splendid specimen lent by Mr. M. C. D. Crawford, employed a variety of small blocks in the printing of large designs, laying on the various colors with a care and patience which amazes the American. Few such fabrics as these are available now, for the Hindoos have been long under the spell of quick production and aniline dyes. To them, as the name chintz indicates, the English owe their own block printing ideas.

Much the same interest and charm as that found in the hand printed fabrics from the land of Buddha appeared in specimens of Persian origin with their manifold scrolls. There were also seen blocks which the Japanese use at times to multiply the designs on their batiks.

(Continued on page 286)

Watteau Jony Design is one of the black prints which responds to the present day trend of classical decoration.

Decorative Screens

Rare and exclusive designs, antique and modern.

Exquisite Mirrors

Unusually smart incised and colored glass framed mirrors.

GEORGE ROETZEL

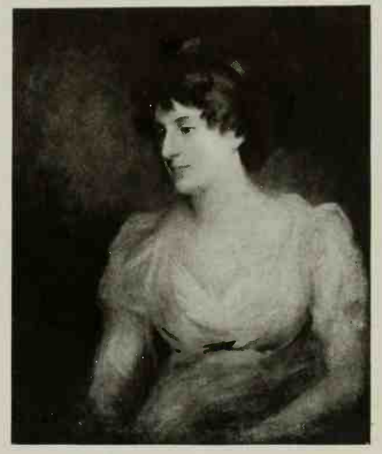
Antiques

PLAZA 8961

500 MADISON AVE.

Corner 52nd Street

RALSTON
ESTABLISHED 1895



PORTRAIT OF MRS. WESTERN
By John Hoppner

in the collection of

RALSTON GALLERIES

567 FIFTH AVENUE
New York

47 Old Bond St.
London

19 rue Caumartin
Paris

Old and Modern Masters
American Paintings. Etchings
Mezzotints. Sporting Prints

INTERIOR DECORATING

Exquisite French Novelties

SWEATERS : SCARFS : LACES
PERFUMES

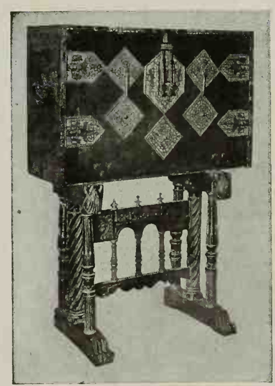
Sanlys

17 EAST 45th STREET
(Between Fifth and Madison Aves.)
NEW YORK
TELEPHONE MURRAY HILL 2285

DI SALVO BROTHERS

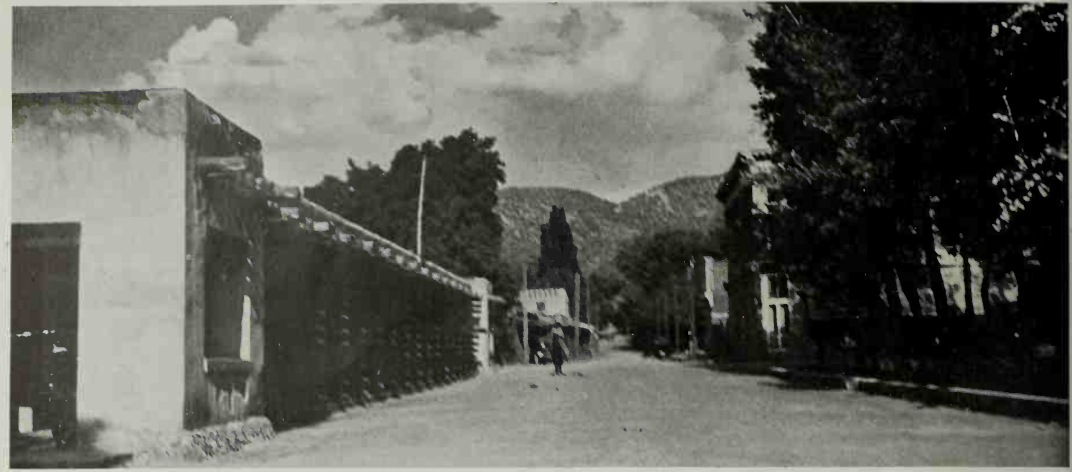
IMPORTERS OF

ANTIQUES



Superbly Mounted Vargueno and Stand—Hispano-Moresque of the 16th Century

MADISON AVENUE AT 50TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY



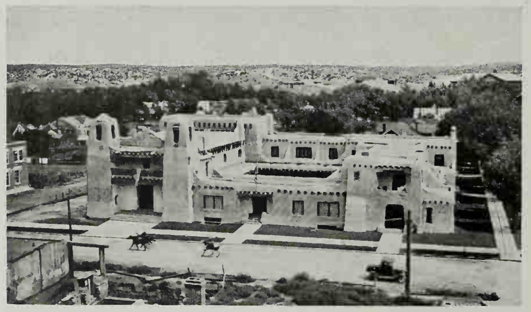
The Main Street of Santa Fe, New Mexico, showing the old palace of the Spanish Governors on the left which faces the New Museum.

Santa Fe's Art Museum

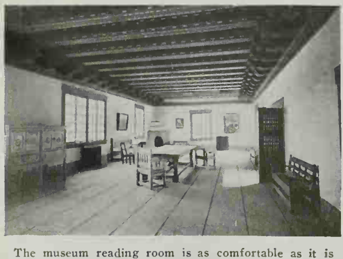
An Unique Architectural Achievement that is Influencing the Community Life of this, the Oldest Town in the United States.

ROSE HENDERSON

IDEALS of simplicity and strength found in the old Spanish-Indian architecture of the Southwestern United States are given a strikingly beautiful embodiment in the new art museum at Santa Fe, New Mexico. These same ideals form the basis for a scheme of city building which is both appropriate and unique. Not often is the spirit of a natural and historical setting so harmoniously reflected, and never before has there been achieved just this expression of a modern response to native, primitive art. The New Mexico museum is the only building of its kind. It is the only structure which has sought consciously and consistently the medium of that Spanish-Indian artistry which is so distinctively American. The New Mexico building at the San Diego exhibition was an interesting adaptation of the old type, but the museum has been created as a true example of primitive construction with only such minor concessions to modern fashion as were required for comfortable heating and ventilation.



The art museum of Santa Fé follows the lines of the good old Indian-Spanish architecture.



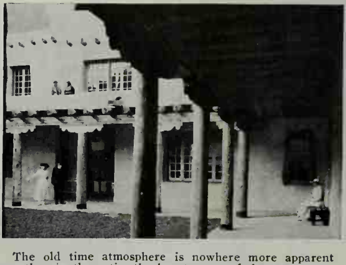
The museum reading room is as comfortable as it is true to type in its furnishings.

The museum's effectiveness is due largely to the unity of its conception, the intelligent conformity to the architectural demands of place—demands which in a more general way are being recognized in all of Santa Fe's civic art. It is a type of construction which developed naturally in an isolated, half-arid country where the very scarcity of materials forced restraint. For the Indian builder there were available only logs and sun-baked clay. But with these he created the sort of beauty which expressed the picturesque immensity of his environment. The Spaniard followed in the Indian's footsteps and deepened and enriched his art.

In the old mission churches of the Southwest this architecture was permanently embodied. Many of the old churches have been destroyed or grotesquely modernized by attempts at restoration when the artistic significance of the buildings was not understood. Artists who designed and directed the construction of the museum have gone to the missions as well as to the Indian pueblos for their architectural motifs. Every detail is in harmony. Workmen were especially trained to avoid the mechanical rigidity of contemporary building. They returned to such primitive tools as the adz and discarded much of the modern machinery of construction. And so there are imposing masses of wall and softly flowing lines: no rigid exactitude, no severe angles. The towers on the front façade were built and torn down, to be rebuilt without hardness of outline. The result of this sympathetic harmony is a vital, original structure, a glowing "cathedral of the desert" which overwhelms the visitor with its barbaric force.

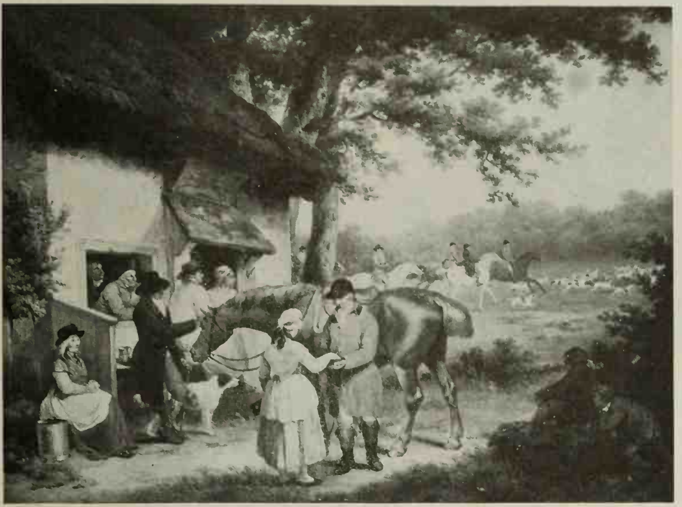
The "golden out-of-doors" of New Mexico finds one even within the thick adobe walls, and the interior finishing reflects the same primitive thought. Indian symbols have been used in the designs of doors, railings and panels. Jagged lightning motifs symbolize the snake deity. Arrow heads are ingeniously introduced. Round poplar poles in natural color form rich mosaics for ceilings. Rough abode walls and unplaned stone hold

(*Continued on page* 296)



The old time atmosphere is nowhere more apparent than in the patio, the beauty spot of the museum.

Old Sporting Paintings



Old Sporting Prints

PAINTING BY GEORGE MORLAND—1763-1804

ACKERMANN GALLERIES

10 East 46th Street
NEW YORK
Photographs of Paintings and Prices submitted

157 New Bond Street
LONDON

620 S. Michigan Ave.
CHICAGO

Play House

Garage

HODGSON *Portable* HOUSES

On Boston Common

A colony of Hodgson Portable Houses sprang up on Boston Common to meet war-workers' needs. Did you see them there? A state food-official wrote in part: "The promptness with which you executed the work and the delightful neatness of your cottages have brought admiration from everybody."

Hodgson Houses were in cities and towns about, wherever there was need for good houses in a hurry. Even Belgium boasted a 100-bed Hodgson hospital.

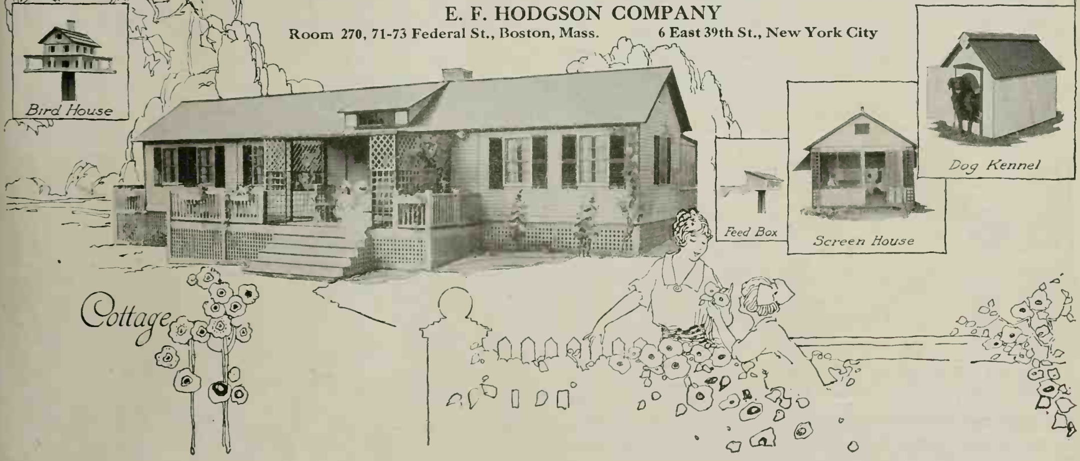
Offices, hospitals, barracks, industrial workmen's homes and emergency schools all testify to the part Hodgson Portable Houses played in the war.

Your Hodgson House should be ordered *now*. It's the ideal way of settling the summer-cottage question. Hodgson Houses arrive in painted sections ready to set up—skilled workmen unnecessary. Everything from 10-room cottages to dog houses and bird houses.

Send for illustrated catalog today.

E. F. HODGSON COMPANY

Room 270, 71-73 Federal St., Boston, Mass.
6 East 39th St., New York City



G. W. Richardson & Son

Established 1812

Interior Decorators

Antique Furniture and Reproductions

753 Fifth Avenue, at 58th Street

New York

Also at Auburn and Syracuse, N. Y.

OLD POINT COMFORT

A Disarrangement

of normal conditions produces disease. Fix this fact firmly in your mind—"I was born to be well, happy and vigorous." If you are not, it is because natural conditions are disarranged, the result of your neglect of some of the essentials of right living. Of course you want to get back the health which nature intended for you, so that you can resume the routine necessitated by your scheme of life. A booklet, "The Way To Get Well," published by HOTEL CHAMBERLIN, OLD POINT COMFORT, VIRGINIA, may help you. It will be sent if you ask for it, and it will be a pleasure to reply to specific inquiries as to whether our methods and treatments will suit your particular case.

GEO. F. ADAMS, Manager

Fortress Monroe, Virginia

New York Offices: Bertha Ruffner Hotel Bureau, 1270 Broadway, Cook's Tours, or "Ask Mr. Foster" at any of his offices.

The Decorator Interprets You

(*Continued from page 262*)

It may be that fortune has so smiled upon some that they have always been able to have the surroundings that they desired. Others, with just as strong perceptions of beauty, fitness and harmony, have only recently acquired the means which will enable them to possess the treasures for which they have longed. The decorator is called in to aid them in making the transition from the old setting to that which is now more appropriate.

It is in going from the old house to the new that the client finds the interpreting decorator invaluable. The old school dictators had little sense and little tact, compared with modern disciples of this art. Taken all in all, one may well hearken to the advice which the decorator gives him in such a case. If you are moving massive mahogany from the great spaces of a country house to the confines of a city department, you will very likely make your abode a furniture steeple chase or obstacle race, unless you heed his counsel. And yet, if he is not keen and understanding, he may make your existence miserable by not perceiving that the cherished object which you would retain may have a deeper meaning than he has sensed.

A well known decorator was told the other day, that his client desired to have in her parlor an old brown jug which had been in the family for generations. To have shoved it into a corner would have been unwise under the circumstances, the interpreter instead had every thing else in the room made to respond to the note of that little brown jug. The result was so distinctive and interesting that it rose to an achievement.

It is the duty of the decorator to give the client all that is needful to make him happy and contented. If the client has chosen to live in a Spanish house of a period of several centuries ago, the decorator will not deprive him of his victrola merely because it was not invented at that time. He will deftly conceal the instrument behind a carved altar, where its refrains may come through the mullioned spaces, although the source of them is hidden. The telephone must get behind the arras or be masked in quaintly carved cabinetry, if a strict observance of the period is necessary.

If the room has a strictly modern note, these various mechanical adjuncts of our civilization may be introduced without in any way offending the eternal verities.

As an interpreter of life and character, rather than of the dead past, the decorator does not cull of periods all day long, as Shakespeare's thread-bare Apothecary did of simples. It is well to be reasonably loyal to periods, of course, and yet after all, any art student, any delver into dictionaries, could follow the strictly historical lines in furniture, and produce decoration characterless as an egg without salt. There is a strong line between exactitude and inspiration, just as there is between philology and poetry. The decorator knows when he has caught the right note. He senses when his work sings to him. He can realize that a certain background will set forth the personality of his client, whether he reaches that result through a close adherence to periods or adds something of the touch of the modern. Many of the most inviting and charming homes in England have been built up in their decoration, as period after period throughout the centuries has descended like a benediction upon them.

For a man of dignity and force, a library may very appropriately be designed in the Elizabethean style. The venerable paneling, indeed, may be from some old English castle or inn. The table, as have many tables, which appear in the rooms decorated by Charles of London, may have seen service in some refectory of old, perhaps before vandal hands were laid upon the monasteries. The chairs are venerable, with firm, straight lines. There is in a room like this the ineffacable suggestion of a man of influence and power, for the room which I have in mind, is the library of a well known financier. One may sense all that it was intended to be, by the roomy, open spaces, the strong and well designed furniture, in the smouldering reds of the rich hangings, and in the tones of the Oriental rugs. There is no jarring note in the great enveloping lounge of stuffed leather, adroitly placed with its back to the noble table, half hidden and yet always extending a welcome to the ruddy firelight, which comes from the glowing embers.

One who is skillful in his play upon the motifs of the periods may take the paneling out of a venerable British tavern, and even its reindeer ceiling, and combine them adroitly until they seem the natural environment for some man of affairs whose mind is for the most part deeply engrossed in his work. We cannot look such a one squarely in the eye and say Early English or French Renaissance, or Italian, although there may be about his manner of life something which suggests at once an epoch to which he seems to belong. One of these periods may be just what he requires. The addition of a little off stuffed furniture here and there in the interests of comfort can do no great harm.

What more fitting environment could have been chosen for the late J. Pierpont Morgan, for instance, that his private library with its mediæval potteries and bronzes and bright hued hangings?

It is the idea of the eternal fitness of things developed by the decorator, which makes him invaluable, especially where it is proposed that considerable sums of money be expended. By instinct he knows that for the man of dignity only a good solid chair can serve; just as the curved, carved and daintily upholstered chair is just what is required for a lovely woman with all her fripperies and furbelows.

That marvelous second sight of the decorator causes him to understand woman. For the feminine publicist and reformer he selects stately furnishings of the English school and follows straight, firm lines into a fine formality. A woman of quite another type is revealed by the simplest and almost severe classic taste.

We shall make a quick change to a more florid type of decoration, and yet, taken all in all, as appropriate for its purpose as any of those already mentioned. A client recently instructed P. W. French & Co. to furnish his house for him, saying that they probably knew better what he wanted than he did, and besides that he was too busy to consider all the details. Mr. Robert Samuels undertook the commission. By questioning the client, studying his method of life, he gained some light, and finally he learned all that he needed, in an afternoon, by making the rounds of a golf course with him. Between the strokes the decorator was able to find the keynote of a most interesting personality. This man was the soul of hospitality and he was never happier than when his friends were gathered about him at his table. The decorator went back to the period when entertaining reigned in England, that open-handed virtue of the eighteenth century, for his inspiration. Hence he designed a Georgian dining room, bright and airy, irradiating good cheer, and sumptuously furnished with furniture of the very period of which its whole atmosphere was a part. It is almost needless to say that the client, who has prescribed no set period and had given the decorator carte blanche, was pleased with an interpretation which so clearly manifested his views and ideals.

One of these days we may be perfecting styles of furniture which will be named after our period, and if we do, it will be through the skill and cleverness of some of our decorator friends who in striving to find appropriate environments for Americans, will evolve styles which will be typical of the aspirations and the tendencies of the twentieth century. There are many country homes in Connecticut and Long Island, called into being through the co-operation of architect and decorator although they are adaptations of styles of the past, are none the less impressed with so much of the individuality of the owners that they may be regarded as representing a new and native school of interior decoration.

Lest we verge too much on finality, we may bear in mind that mankind has moods and tenses. The decorator is called upon to evolve a town house which may express a calm, conservative outlook, and then again say in distant tropic shores he is required to call into being some such "pleasure dome" as Khubla Khan decreed. The wonderful house at Miami, Florida, designed by Paul Chalfin, expresses a side of the nature of its owner, Mr. James Deering, which would be less likely to find expression on the shores of Lake Michigan. The sumptuous, and profusely ornamented room in the style of Louis XIV is indicative of one form of expression in this case. There are persons of imagination and versatility who may be happy part of the year in the austerity of the Jacobean, and may go the next month to the romantic Spanish.

Whatever may be the ideals of the owner of the house, and no matter how she or he may desire to express them, the decorator of today is becoming to him more and more of a guide, philosopher and friend.

Carnegie Institute of Technology

CONTRARY to the impression often expressed, that Pittsburgh is not favorably situated for the development of a school of the arts, this city has proved to be especially well located. It is a place of the greatest pictorial interest. The many races which make up its population of about a million give it a cosmopolitan character. The painter, decorator, sculptor and dramatist have many types from which to work; the musician finds here the folk songs of many nations.

The Carnegie Institute is situated within a short distance of the school. This great institution includes a library of about four hundred thousand volumes; one of the four great Museums of Natural History in this country, and notable galleries of the fine arts.

Day courses and night courses, open to both men and women, are offered in architecture, painting, decoration, illustration, normal art, music, dramatic arts and sculptre. Housed as they are under one roof, each of these arts has the others for a sympathetic background; and as a student goes through his course, he has numerous opportunities for developing a general knowledge and appreciation of the allied arts.

John H. Hutaff · inc.

101 Park Ave at 40th St. · New York

Decorations
Furniture
Hangings
Antiques

15th
Century
Spanish Table

Making Hay in the Rug Business

(*Continued from page* 255)

Everything works. In Europe and this country alike the people who wanted to pay for their bonds, those whose incomes and whose business had been knocked into a cocked hat, came to market with their possessions. Of course they sold cheap, but it was far more than the original cost and they'd had five, ten, twenty years' use of the stuff and it was better than the day they got it. But the next buyer paid through the nose, after the rule in such case made and provided. My honest belief is, however, that he didn't pay too much.

Stories of the big value of Oriental rugs had gone into every highway and hedgerow, perhaps with some artificial assistance, for is not the world wholly fed on propaganda in these made and ambitious times? Early auction sales of rugs and paintings and furniture and every other art thing that one could spend money on were corroborative. They showed a flight of prices, in competition, that fairly joggled the auctioneers from their stools. But they revealed the state of the new money mind and pocketbook and the thing was done. The first big shipment of rugs that came over after the war was sold at wholesale auction. The prices confirmed the attitude of the trade.

More than a year has gone by. All sorts of luxuries have come to these shores from abroad, but still the rug market is unsupplied and if you have the faith to believe it, the Orient, starved and wounded and dying for the sheer necessities of life, will not part with its rugs save for a prince's ransom. Credulity is no crime. The reason clothing is so high and threatening to go higher is that "there is a shortage of wool." The wool authorities proclaim that the wool that goes into an American suit of clothes for mere man costs $5.23, and the wool men coming back from the South American countries say there is more wool there than the United States can use. Leather likewise, and up goes bread for there is no wheat—barring of course that Australia had three years' crops, accumulated for lack of shipping facilities, that even last year she was crying for a chance to sell at thirty-five cents a bushel. Butter is scarce at ninety cents a pound, but Danish shipment of a boatload or two jars loose the fact that there's 23,000,000 pounds in storage in our own dear land.

And so there were no rugs made in Turkey or Persia because the British put a war embargo on cotton warp and the sheep all got bald and—anyway a firm of my acquaintance was paying a few months ago $22 a square foot for Kashan carpets that used to wholesale for $7, and had them sold at an advance of 100 per cent. It is the record of history that war is the greatest "stimulant to art." There is a little "dab" of rugs coming out of the East, now and then, just enough to keep the country from getting cold feet on the bare floors, but not enough to fetch the prices down from their lofty perch. Even the beautiful validity of American dollars, each and every of which is worth almost a dozen francs in exchange, is not sufficient to tempt the broken and hungry Orient to part with its handiwork.

As for the antiques, I have been saying for some years past that they were gone. They are. A few are coming back, as I have indicated, from the places they went to, but the great mother sources have run dry, and the prices proved it, even before the war. The releases may turn up a good one, even a phenomenal one, here and there. I saw the other day an old yellow Kuba, one of the finest anybody ever saw. Being privy to what the owner got for it and what the dealer sold it for next day, I mercifully reserve the figures. Not because it was too much. It wasn't. It was cheap, when you consider the reduced purchasing power of money and the tax that will make a manful dent in the profits, and the fundamental fact that there is not another rug like it in captivity, and further still that now at last the real rug is going to take its place with the Gainsboroughs and Rembrandts and Hals. People who aspire to ownership of master rugs now will pay a master price for them and they ought to. These exquisite things have waited long enough for recognition, goodness knows, and like other blessings they brighten as they take their flight.

But the matter of the moderns is more subtle. There is some amusement to be got from contemplation of the dealers hoisting the prices of modern products to the sky and counting it only a skilful piece of trade strategy; holding back the flood of rugs that were awaiting shipment in the early days of the war—many of them then bought and paid for—in order to whet the appetite of the newly opulent and get the maximum amount of hay while the sun of "cost plus" is still shining, and the evil days come not.

The humorous truth is that these top-lofty figures have very substantial justification in basic conditions. For twenty years I have been preaching, like the voice of one crying in the wilderness, that the Oriental rug, new as well as old, common as well as uncommon, was nearing its end, and that another generation would have to content itself with the next best thing. The old rug was an art, permeated, at its best, with high individual aspiration in design and coloring. The new one is an industry. Individual work in the East was moribund years ago, and for the past twenty years has been dead, save for sporadic effort of a weaver here and there. Just so there is an enthusiast who in the solitude of his little workshop makes a decent piece of furniture. But in furniture, machinery dominates, and the Oriental weaver for a long time has been equally a machine.

Anyone familiar with the East knows that the multitudes beyond the Bosphorus have woven rugs, any time this century past, solely for the purpose of keeping food in their mouths, and it didn't do much more. The prevailing wage for weavers in Persia has been a *kran* a day and find themselves. A *kran,* prior to the war, was equivalent to ten cents. A little more was paid to the most expert. But fancy feeding yourself on that—even with Persian sheet bread, and buying a dismal suit of Persian clothing often enough to keep you two rounds above the ourang outang.

Persia and the Persian people, longing for some adequate reward for their labors, waiting for a day of betterment to drawn, have been held in industrial thraldom by the overshadow of the Mohammedan church and the reactionary habit of a decadent government, which for five hundred years, at least, has been facing backward. The suggestion of progress, of industry of any modern kind, was anathema. So for lack of better employment the Persians kept on weaving rugs—for nothing. Their hollow stomachs forced them to work cheaply enough to offset the duty imposed on their product at the behest of American carpet manufacturers, which was perfectly all right, for cancellation of the duty would never have helped the weaver an atom. It's a long way to Iran. And besides, a heavy duty made the ultimate price more impressive.

The war has been a great breaker of eggs. The Russian satrapy in Persia, which after 1890 was a thorn in the British side, is ended. Now, barring colossal disturbance of schedules, England will go forward to develop Persia, which is full of potential riches. There must be rehabilitation of lands, recrudescence of agriculture, which has sunk to a minimum through abuses of many kinds, construction and expansion of transportation systems; and there must be industry of many kinds if Persia is to bear her part in the world any time the next five hundred years. Already Great Britain has tapped the petroleum supply of Persia through the efforts of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, and docks are being built in the British Isles to accommodate 20,000-ton tankers bringing oil from the Persian fields. Here is plain handwriting on the wall: the Persian government has been paying $2.00 a day for men to work on the roads. How long will people weave floor coverings, a work which they dearly despise because it is the most slavish in the world to one who is not inspired to labor for love and starve for pleasure? How long will the Persian, who has always been at the brink of starvation from the day he was born, keep on twisting yarns into rugs for the American rich for ten cents a day?

The Persian is no fool. He does not mistake a sunrise for the millennium, but he is rapidly swinging into step with the modern world and he knows there is no earthly reason why he should not be a plumber when there is anything in Persia to plumb, and get fourteen dollars a day and be able to have a rug on his own floor, or at least something besides barley bread in his inwardness.

Therefore I chant here once more my ungentle lay, as harsh and incessant as the familiar croak of the composite survivor of the Nancy Bell, namely, to wit, that the Oriental rug is almost gone. Who wants it henceforth will pay for it. For the antiques there will be no price except the measure of one's desire or the need of the man who sells. If one is going to buy antique rugs he should know a thing or two, or chances are he will be trading his fifty-cent dollars for that which satisfieth not. For the moderns, I do not say they are worth the money. That is a matter of opinion; but I do make bold to say that the man who wants them will probably never pay less.

The high cost of Oriental fabrics has done two things: First, it has thrown a large volume of business to the manufacturers of fine domestic carpets which are marketed under th type titles of Axminster or Wilton or something else, and has resulted in a widening range of qualities and colorings to meet the new demand. Second, it has opened the way for mechanical contrivances which were invented years ago to manufacture "Oriental rugs." These things have been considered the playthings of visionaries so long as the Turkish or Persian weaver could be forced to labor for enough to get his bread, with rice and sheep-tail fat on Fridays. Under the coming order, they are due for improvement which should fit them to turn out a noble mockery of the old Eastern hand-made carpet, and it is not unlikely they will put bumps of money, as most machinery does, all over the clothing of their owners.

As for rugs, just about the time the dealers are beginning to fear they have executed the goose that has certainly laid the golden egg, they will discover with dull surprise that the beauteous bird has died a natural death. A peach orchard yields a phenomenal crop the season before it begins to die. Oriental rugs are doing the same thing.

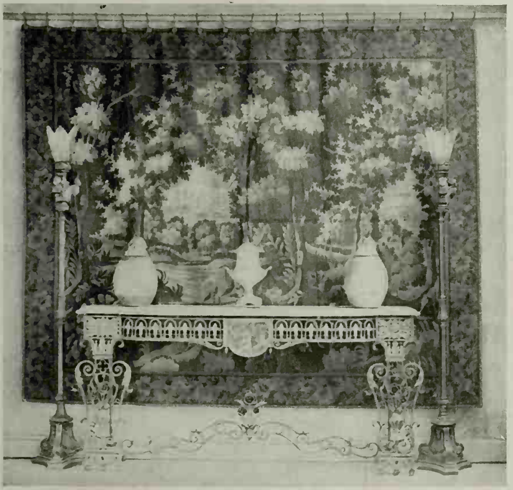
MISS SWIFT
11 EAST 55TH STREET
NEW YORK

INTERIOR
DECORATIONS

FURNITURE, HANGINGS,
MATERIALS, WALL AND
FLOOR COVERINGS

MANTEL ORNAMENTS,
DECORATIVE PAINTINGS

SPECIALTIES IN BOUDOIR
FURNISHINGS, LAMPS,
SHADES AND MIRRORS



IRON CONSOLE, MARBLE TOP; GOBELIN TAPESTRY

Furniture
Draperies
Decorations
Antiques

H. F. Huber & Co.
13 East 40th St.
New York

Paris,
18 Faub'g Poissonniere.

Factory:
18th to 19th Streets, Avenue C.

Genuine Hepplewhite Crotch Mahogany
Inlaid Sideboard, Date 1780

THE satisfaction of owning antiques depends upon the absolute knowledge of their genuineness and authenticity.

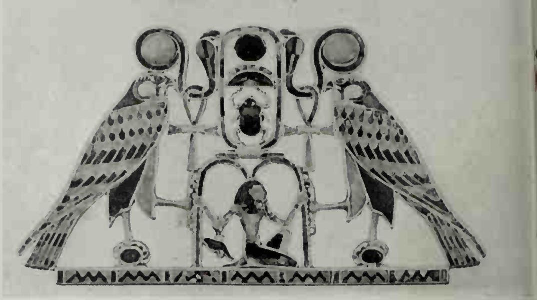
A lifetime devoted to studying and buying antiques and curios of all sorts is La Place's assurance of satisfaction to his clients.

LA PLACE
405 Madison Avenue, New York

THE C. M. TRAVER CO.

ANTIQUE FURNITURE AND FURNISHINGS ❧ ITALIAN FRENCH, ENGLISH AND SPANISH
23 EAST 62nd STREET
NEW YORK

RARE EARLY AMERICAN PIECES:
PINE, MAPLE, CHERRY, WALNUT



Metropolitan Museum Notes

CHARLES OVER CORNELIUS

THE present winter season brought with it the announcement of a number of interesting acquisitions in the diverse fields of art included within the scope of activity of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Outstanding in its importance is the group of Egyptian jewelry exhibited for the first time, which formed the major portion of the treasure of Lahun, discovered in 1914 by Professor W. M. Flinders Petrie, the English archæologist. In 1894 and 1895 the Dashur find of similar jewelry of the XII Dynasty set a goal for the ambition of every succeeding archæologist and until 1914 this material in the Cairo Museum had stood unrivaled as showing forth the beauty and delicacy of Egyptian goldsmiths' work. The Lahun find of 1914, however, equalled, if it did not surpass, the earlier, and with the exception of two of the objects, the whole group has come into the possession of the Metropolitan Museum. As at present exhibited, the jewelry comprises a girdle, made up of groups of double rows of rhombic heads in gold, carnelian and green feldspar alternating with wrought gold cowrie shells; another girdle (or collar) of gold double lion-heads, one of which forms the clasp; a pectoral of exquisite workmanship in gold inlaid with lazuli, carnelian and turquoise in symbolic design pendant from a long necklace of shaped beads of gold, lazuli, Amazon-stone and carnelian; two necklaces of spherical amethyst beads with gold clasps; a pair each of armlets and bracelets made up of tiny beads of carnelian and turquoise; two pairs of smaller bracelets of beads with golden lions threaded on the string; five amulets of inlaid work; two strings of cylindrical gold beads; gold and ivory decorations from a jewel casket; two gold handled razors and a number of beautiful jars in alabaster and gold mounted obsidian for toilet use; and finally four alabaster canopic jars bearing the name of the princess in whose tomb all these things were found—Sat-hathor-junut.

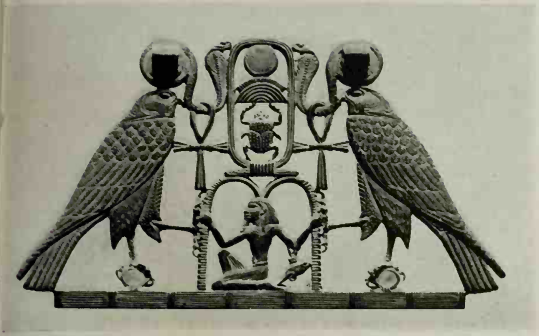
There is reason to believe that this jewelry, found in a cache in the underground tomb, was that worn by the princess during her lifetime, the funerary jewelry with which her mummy was adorned having been stolen when the sarcophagus was rifled some five centuries after the burial. The pectoral is of particular significance as bearing the cartouche of Senusert II which rests upon two palm branches supported by a kneeling man, whose elbow rests upon the tadpole, symbolic of an infinite number of years. This central group has as supporters two falcons affronted whose silhouettes form the outline of the piece. The uraeus or hooded cobra forms a part of the cartouche and its coils rest upon the heads of the falcons. The gold back is beautifully chased.

It will be possible to restore the casket with the decorative details of gold and ivory which exist.

The interest attaching to these objects is intense since their great archæological and intrinsic value is fully equalled by the beauty of their design and workmanship. The stones of the inlay are as brilliantly colored and the surface of the gold as beautiful in texture and tone as when the objects were first made in the twentieth century before Christ.

A fine piece of Japanese wood sculpture of the Kamakura period (1186-1333) is that of Amida, the Dhyani Buddha Amitabha, seated on a lotus flower. There are remains of lacquer and gilding and the beautiful stand, made up of leaves and flower petals, is of unusual lightness. A group of Chinese porcelains of the Ming dynasty is interesting, the most important article of which is a stone cup decorated with three fishes in underglaze copper red of the Hsuan-te period.

A fine portrait of the Emperor Maximilian by Lucas of Leyden, dater 1520, is an important addition to the collections of the Department of Prints. The date which it bears marks it as one of the earliest known Dutch or



Flemish etchings on copper. Strictly speaking it is a combination of both etcher's and engraver's technique, a utilization of methods which has continued down to the present.

A group of coins has recently been added by Judge A. T. Clearwater to his collection of American silver which is so well known an exhibit in the Museum. These coins comprise two of the pine-tree sixpence and two of the pine-tree shillings, which, coined by John Hull in Boston in 1652, were the first coins authorized struck in what is now the United States. There is also one example of the New England shilling and with the group is shown a note of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, whose decorative border was engraved by Paul Revere, the famous patriot and silversmith.

A Lowestoft plate recently purchased is of pleasing Chinese design; an Italian sixteenth century lace pattern book is of interest in connection with the lace collections of the museum; and a bronze medal by Julic Kilenyi is an example of the type of modeling employed in many of the recent medals commemorative of war service in this country.

The exhibition of modern French art, organized in Paris under the direction of the French Minister of Public Instruction and the Fine Arts, which was opened to the public in mid-December, extended until February 1. Many paintings by representative French artists occupied two galleries, while the walls of the third were hung with contemporary drawings, etchings and lithographs. The cases contained numerous examples of decorative art and design for decorative accessories, while a number of pieces of sculpture were shown in the three galleries.

The series of concerts which proved so popular last year on Saturday evenings during the winter, were repeated this year in January and a second series is planned for the month of March. The concerts by an orchestra under the direction of David Mannes are free to all without tickets of admission, and are preceded, for those who are interested, by a short talk on orchestral instruments by Miss Francis Morris, who points out the parts played by particular types of instruments in the evening program.

Holland Buying Art

Ten Thousand Pictures Acquired from England.

ALTHOUGH America is usually quoted as the "ultimate home" of our art treasures, Holland is at present running her very hard as a competitor. Immune during the five years of warfare from the expenses which devolved on the belligerent nations, Holland has been amassing riches such as have not been hers since the days of her ascendancy. And at the same time she has awakened to the fact that a remarkably good investment would no doubt be represented by the repurchase of her own art works, even at the high prices now placed upon them. And so, Dutch buyers have thronged English salesrooms during the whole of the war, and whether they have been acquiring in order to keep their treasures, or in order to pass them on to other Continental collectors, is not yet quite determined. According to *The Star*, as many as 10,000 pictures have left Britain for Holland, some of them bought by Dutchmen themselves at Christie's, and elsewhere, others taken over to Holland by our own firms and there sold for sums, largely in excess of those fetched over here. As a rule, the Hollander does not give high prices in the London salesrooms, he buys thriftily, not sensationally. Knowing the points in his own school of painting, he buys with discernment, but his steady acquisition of pictures has had the effect of sending prices up. It may be that we shall before long be buying back the same works at greatly enhanced figures.

MILCH *Galleries*

"THE STRAWBERRY TEA SET" *by Childe Hassam*

AMERICAN PAINTINGS
and SCULPTURE
ETCHINGS and
MEZZOTINTS

New illustrated booklet "Art Notes" sent on request

108 West Fifty-Seventh Street, New York
Adjoining Lotos Club

HOWARD YOUNG
GALLERIES

"The Ballet Wardrobe Mistress" By Louis Kronberg

Important Paintings
by
AMERICAN *and*
FOREIGN MASTERS
620 Fifth Avenue
AT FIFTIETH STREET
New York

ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE
ON REQUEST

Decorative Leather Screens

Charles R. Yandell & Co.

Leather Furniture Covering

M. J. Kilmartin
Tel. 1905 Bryant
" 1655 "

7 West 45th Street

ESTABLISHED 1871

LANS
ANTIQUES

QUEEN ANNE SIDE CHAIR: ONE OF A DINING ROOM SET OF SIX SIDES AND TWO ARM CHAIRS: SEATS COVERED IN PETIT POINT NEEDLEWORK.

554 Madison Ave., New York
CORNER OF 55TH STREET
Branch: 406 Madison Ave., Bet. 47th and 48th Sts.

Persian Character in Art

OF the ancient arts none give more pleasure to the student or the layman than that of Persia. Across its pages pass and repass mythical and historical figures, heroes and lovely princesses, doers of mighty deeds so dear to the heart of the Oriental. If we accompany them through exploits and trials, the subjects will live for us always in miniature paintings as well as in the literature and verse of that great country. This is delightfully told in *The Bulletin* of the Rhode Island School of Design:

"One of the pleasures which has come to Europe and America in the past few years is the revelation of the great interest to be found in Persian art and literature. The influence of this is seen in the theatre, with its scenery, dances and color schemes, in interior decoration, dress, illustrations and textile design. Our collectors have yielded to the charm of Persian design in faience, textiles, rugs, woodwork, metal-work and miniatures; and the museums of art have sought, so far as opportunities permitted, to acquire for their permanent collections such examples as would do justice to Persian art expression at its best.

"The Rhode Island School of Design has recently acquired by gift or purchase representative specimens in almost every class which has been noted.

"Previous to the 12th century, most of the manuscripts were from Mesopotamia, with a mixture of Byzantine, Mongol and Arabic influence in the illustrations. Much of the calligraphy was in Cufic. The capture of Baghdad in 1258 by the Mongols under Houlagou marks a sharp difference in the style, which under the Timurid patronage (1369-1494) became decidedly Persian in character, but retained certain of the Mongol characteristics. These were especially in evidence in the drawing of faces, the conventional Chinese clouds, and the type of armor which was worn. The drawing became more delicate, the colors were purer and greater attention was paid to detail. In the work of such a master of this period as Bihzad (about 1460 to 1525) the greatest emphasis was placed on style, composition, mastery of line and color.

"After Bihzad came Agha Mirak of the Bukhara School, Sultan Muhammad, Aga Riza, Riza Abbasi and lesser-known artists, by whose infinite patience and artistic genius we are able to appreciate Persian life and art. The Timurid rulers were succeeded by the Safavid dynasty (1502-1736 A. D.) among whom the names of Shah Tahmasp (1525-1576) and Shah Abbas (1587-1629) are pre-eminent as patrons of the arts, especially miniature painting. In Tu key there was also a demand t this kind of art, especially in t time of Sultan Salim (1512-152 and Sultan Sulaiman (152 1566), when the work was large in the hands of Persian artis They are, however, influence greatly by the Venetian paint Gentile Bellini, who was in suc high favor at Constantinople."

It has been frequently pointe out that successful art in th Orient is dependent on the patron age of the court or some wealth nobleman. The Persian rule were in the main intensely inte ested in books for their librari and gave every encouragement t artists and calligraphers. In th field was perhaps the greatest op portunity for the artist's success.

But one does not have to b conversant with Persian literatur to enjoy the artistic excellence o the technique and the inheren beauty. As soon as one admits th Eastern conventional treatment o perspective and the Oriental lov of line, he is prepared to study Persian domestic life at close range the polo games, battles, huntin scenes, glimpses of court and roya life. The beauty of pattern i textiles of all kinds, costumes an tiles, and the Persian love of flowers and flowing streams. "Then h will realize more fully a part of th spell of the East whose art is s very different from our own i many ways, and which, like al great art worthy of the name, takes us out of ourselves into the great world of imagination and beauty.' In 1918 there was purchased from the Museum Fund a collection of Persian books and miniatures which numbered over one hundred, and which included representative examples of almost all of the schools of work from the 14th century to the 17th. The four books included a copy of the Turkish Quzide or The Universal History from the Beginning to 730 A. H. (A. D. 1329). This was written by Hamdallah Mustanfi Quazwini and dated Shawal 9th, 815 A. H., or January 12, 1419 A. D. There are two copies of the Shah-namah by Firdausi, one written in the 15th century, and containing representative miniatures, and the other made in India in the 17th or early 18th century, and in a 17th century lacquer binding. The fourth book is a Koran, in a beautiful 15th century binding in cut leather and blind-pressing. It is from such books that the miniatures in the rest of the collection were removed in past years."

Of all the arts of the Orient that of Persia is the one that has had a positive influence upon the art of our epoch. Before its inspiration we all fall in an attitude of worship and from its principals of art representation we are evolving delightful designs with its forms of ornament as a background.

Our Craftsmen Exhibit Again

The Annual Exhibit of Work by American Craftsmen

THAT the war is over and our craftsmen have again returned to their studios as sufficiently demonstrated by e thirteenth annual exhibition of e National Society of Craftsmen cently held in New York at the lleries of the Art Alliance of merica. No one who saw this hibition could doubt for a minute at the workers in wood and etals and precious stones had me safely back, and the richer r the experience many of them d in teaching Occupational herapy in reconstruction hos- tals.

The galleries of the Art Al- ance, which with their daylight lumination and central location roved a most successful show- lace, were filled with a wealth of ich and beautiful objects of the raftsman's skill harmoniously and mpressively arranged. Seldom has n exhibition of the National So- iety of Craftsmen made a happier mpression upon both artists and ublic. From the first day the alleries were filled with visitors, nd the sales as usual mounted into he thousands of dollars.

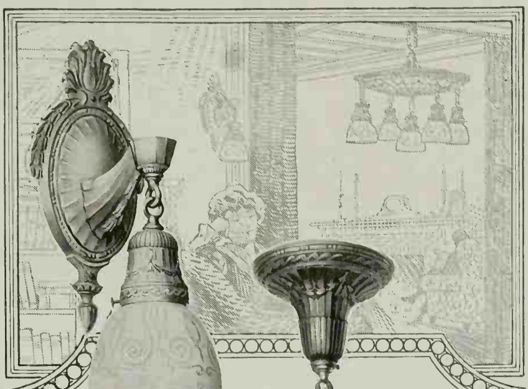
The note of fresh color and lear design which year by year manifests itself to an increasing xtent of the work of our raftsmen was strongly struck hroughout the exhibition. There were numbers of batiks to give umptuousness of color, and the isplays of hand-woven fabrics, ottery, glass, iron-work, jewelry, book-binding and toy-making were of a high standard.

One of the happiest pieces of color in the show was a tapestry lunette from the Herter Looms which occupied the place of honor in the end gallery. Its rich yet soft and harmonious colors and fascinating design of birds and flowers made it a thing to come back to with pleasure again and again. A batik hanging near by, the work of Pieter Mijer and Jean Paul Slusser, approximated with its many colors the effect of a tapestry and demonstrated again what can be done with this very interesting medium, for purely decorative purposes. The hand woven decorative textiles of Manuel Gengoult, who recently demonstrated in the gallery the processes of his tapestry weaving, were especially noteworthy for their excellence of workmanship. Of the ever-popular batik scarves there were many gorgeous examples, some of the most noteworthy being from the Noank studios and from the workshops of Mrs. Charles Sumner Miller and Lydia Bush-Brown, respectively. Mary Tannahill and Kama d'Arlet contributed some stunning blouses, and Pieter Mijer some handsome negligées.

An unusually rich and varied collection of bags was a complete study in itself and repaid any amount of examination. There were bags of every shape and size and color, batik bags, velvet bags, linen bags, bags for shopping, bags for sewing, and bags for vanity's sweet sake. Two handsome linen bags by Kate M. Franklin were decorated with stencilled flowers with stitched outlines, all in soft shades of terra cotta, carmine and dull blue against the natural color of the linen. There were gay little bags by Eleanor Richards with bright-colored conventionalized flower patterns in wool embroidery. There were silk and velvet bags done in batik or stencilled, one with a charming fish design, gray-green with touches of coral. And there were numerous handsome woven bags of delightful texture and sometimes of striking pattern, the work of the Tenafly weavers and uniformly excellent in workmanship. All in all it was a group to delight the eye and hand of the most fastidious.

The jewelry exhibit was large and of especially high quality this year and found great favor with the Christmas public. Robert Dulk was in evidence with a group of rich designs, while Floyd Nash Ackely exhibited pieces in his severely simple and admirably structural style. A strikingly beautiful amethyst necklace was the work of Mrs. Sarah Rosekranz Vedder, who has the proud distinction of having introduced jewelry-making into the army reconstruction hospitals as a subject in Occupational Therapy, and whose class in this subject at the Walter Reed Hospital was one of the most successful attempted anywhere. Other truly admirable work was by Grace Hazen, Imogen Hawthorne Deming, Pearce of Boston, and Anderson of the Elverhoj colony.

The iron-work proved also highly popular this year and one wonders why it is comparatively in such small favor with craftsmen. Samuel Yellin, of Philadelphia, showed a magnificent group of hand-wrought door fixtures which were quite in the great tradition of iron-work and made one long straightway for a house and front door to fit them to. The pottery, which made fine notes of color throughout the exhibition, was of excellent quality. By Dorothea Warren O'Hara there were several pieces with all her usual excellence of design and color. Middleton Manigault showed plaques of almost Persian brilliance and richness of hue. Several massive pieces of pottery, the work of the Greenwich House, were particularly good in color and texture. Of the glass, Mrs. Nina Hatfield contributed some of the finest pieces; her work in blue and amber glazes was especially lovely and the shapes of all her pieces were in perfect taste.



Beautiful Lighting Fixtures

are no longer prohibitive in cost

By improved methods of manufacture and distribution we are now offering through selected dealers lighting fixtures of sound construction and the highest artistic quality at lower prices than were ever thought possible.

MILLER

LIGHTING FIXTURES

are so designed that they are appropriate both for the mansion on the hill and the cottage in the valley—and the following prices speak for themselves:

No. 513, Bracket—1 light, antique bronze finish *$8.00*
West of Rockies *8.50*

Colonial silver finish *10.00*
West of Rockies *10.50*

No. 53, Electrolier—5 light, antique bronze finish *$27.75*
West of Rockies *28.75*

Colonial silver finish ... *33.50*
West of Rockies *34.50*

(The figures quoted do not include lamps or shades.)

If you will drop us a line we will give you name of the nearest accredited Miller dealer.

EDWARD MILLER & CO.
Established 1844
Meriden, Connecticut

Walnut and Gilt Sofa, Length 6 Feet

C. VICTOR TWISS COMPANY

HENRY F. BULTITUDE, ASSOCIATE

14 EAST 50th STREET
NEW YORK

INTERIOR DECORATORS
Panelled Rooms
Furniture—Draperies
Old Residences Remodelled

CHICAGO
Fine Arts Building

Tonying & Company

have moved to their

New Galleries

in the Frances Building

665 Fifth Avenue

Corner 53d Street, Second Floor

INTERIOR PAINTING EXTERIOR
JOSEPH DILLON & SONS
DECORATORS
Established 110 Years
715 MADISON AVE., at 63d St., Tel. Plaza 7098
NEW YORK

Pompeian Wall-Painting

THE interest in period rooms, or rooms finished in a definite style, is not an essentially modern characteristic. Just as we today endeavor to adorn our homes with harmonious decorations, so the ancient Italians strove to beautify their dwellings. And these decorations, because of the nature of their buildings, and because of the desire of the people themselves to emulate palaces of the nobility, took the form of wall-paintings, or frescoes. The best examples of these ancient decorations, which, paradoxical as it may seem, were preserved only in their destruction, are to be found in and around Pompeii, and because of this fact, all ancient Italian frescoes are classified as Pompeian in style."

"They are found, as has been said, upon the walls of the houses. The Italian house was built, as is true even today, of stucco, a sort of plaster finish over a foundation of brick. But we should not confuse ancient plaster with our knowledge of the crumbly plaster of today. The process of its application is more complex. Upon the rough foundation, *trullissatio*, are laid in succession, evenly and smoothly, three coats of lime and sand. Then follow three coats of lime and marble dust, "at first coarse, then finer, and in the uppermost coat of all the finest powder." The wall may now be finished either with a high polish, which may "attain such a brilliancy," says Vitruvius, "that one can see his face mirrored in its surface," or with a coat of color applied in the fresco technique."

"Although the circumstances of the original discovery of the process of fresco painting, *udo illinere*—"to paint upon the wet"—as Pliny calls it, are unknown, yet the method was a matter of common every-day knowledge to the ancient Italian. Stated in simplest terms, fresco painting is painting with a wash of liquid pigment over the freshly laid surface of plaster, thus becoming incorporated with it when it is dry. The explanation of this process is a chemical one. When the limestone is burnt into lime all the carbonic acid is driven out of it. When this lime is slaked by being drenched by water it drinks this in greedily and the resultant paste becomes saturated with an aqueous solution of the hydrate of lime which rises to the surface of the plaster. As the wet pigment is applied to this liquid hydrate of lime, it diffuses into the paint, soaks the plaster through and through and gradually takes up carbonic acid from the air, thus producing carbonate of lime, which acts as the binding material, forming a sort of crystalline skin and gives the colors a peculiar lustre."

"Fresco technique is essentially a color finish to plaster. The pigments are mixed with nothing but pure water and palette of the artist is limited practically to only the earth colors, such as the ochres, even white having to be made from lime. White lead, vegetable and metallic pigments, Vasari tells us, do not hold their colors so well and are as a rule avoided."

"Pompeian wall-paintings can be grouped under four general classes depending upon the period of their origin. Pompeii was essentially the home of rich traders, who possessed sufficient means to want if not to afford elaborate dwellings. In order to obtain the grandeur of marble palaces there was devised a plan of painting in imitation of marble slabs in relief. This is known as the incrustation style and dates from Pre-Roman times."

"Developing from this style of incrustation, and contemporary with the Roman Republic, arose the device of imitating both the marbles and the panelled reliefs by painting. Moulded cornices were employed somewhat, but their projections became very slight."

"The third style, of about the same period as the Roman emperors, was the least faulty and the most refined of the four styles. Here the human figure assumed greater importance and we find nymphs floating in diaphanous drapery against solid backgrounds of deep color. Fauns and bacchantes dance endless sarabands under light porticoes in the friezes."

"It is this architectural feature which the fourth period developed to a pompous and theatrical extreme, with its spindlelike columns and its all too slender caryatids. This style dates from the year 63 A. D., the time of the earthquake, when the city was severely shaken and many of its important houses were destroyed, to be rebuilt optimistically, to the year 79 A. D. This was the date of the final destruction, when the gleaming sword, which had hung so many years over its head fell, and the city was buried under a rain of ashes vomited forth by Vesuvius."

"Nor were these decorations confined exclusively to the rich, for even as we employ workmen to paint our houses, so the Pompeian commissioned the decorating of his walls. Nevertheless these paintings possess to a surprising degree a charm and a grace that belie their artisan origin."

"The School of Design has recently acquired a piece of Pompeian wall-painting, which is an excellent example of the third period, and characterized by the careful modelling of the features and by the background of deep

Antique Fine Statuary
Flaxman Mantel
from
ARLINGTON HOUSE ~ ENGLAND
ONE OF A NUMBER OF
CHOICE ART PIECES ON EXHIBIT
WM. A. JACKSON COMPANY
2 WEST 47TH STREET. NEW YORK

American Pine Chest of Drawers with original decoration in colors, Circa 1700

Charles Woolsey Lyon
INCORPORATED

American Antiques

The interests of our clients are served by the personal direction of Charles Woolsey Lyon, the son of the late Irving Whitall Lyon, M.D., author of "Colonial Furniture of New England." Mr. Lyon is a collector and recoggnized authority on early American antiques and works of art.

416 Madison Avenue
near Forty-eighth Street
New York

color. Here we have pictured a woman, seated, three-quarters front, holding a lyre in the crook of her left arm to which she points with the right hand. The gesture indicates that the instrument is thought of as an attribute, and the evident feminine characteristics of the figure lead us to suppose that the muse of music is intended, despite the fact of the popularity at that time of the feminine type of Apollo. The symbolic pose of the figure is paralleled in the Apollo in a fresco at Pompeii depicting the Marsyas and Apollo legend. Nor is this idea unusual or unique, for we find a similar composition even in the works of Greece, notably in a relief on the marble base from Martineia, now at the National Museum, Athens. The simple hairdress, the restrained features of the face, the dignified folds of the garments, all bear out the conception that the figure is an abstraction rather than a concrete portrait. She wears a tunic, twisted on the left shoulder and draped loosely over the right, revealing a neck delicately tinted in flesh tones. Over all is thrown a flowing outergarment of violet contrasting sharply with the brilliant red background. She is seated upon a highly ornamented chair; or is it a sort of architectural parapet, and as such conceivably a part of a larger design? At the base of the stool is a portion of a wing. Can this be the wing of a sphinx? Such a figure would work into a larger decorative scheme. Parallels of the sphinx motives are innumerable."

"The seated figure in Pompeian painting is common, but usually in profile or full front positions, the intermediary pose only rarely. The closest parallel to our muse is found among the Boscoreale frescoes in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. I refer particularly to the painting of the Woman Playing the Lyre from the grand triclinium. Here we have pictured, seated upon an elaborately decorated chair, and richly decked with jewels, a woman playing a lyre. Behind her stands a girl, an interested listener to the music. The same grace and charm are displayed in this group as is evinced in the School of Design painting. The facial types are similar, the hair-dress is identical and the shoulders are turned at the same angle, but the position of the feet differs. Both wear white and violet robes which are juxtaposed against a brilliant red background. The striking difference is that in one we evidently have a portrait, but in the other an allegorical figure."

"The allegorical tendency of Pompeian paintings is more nearly typical of that Greek culture which they mirrored. Their importance lies not so much in giving us a conception of the Hellenistic character of Roman life, as in preserving for us an inkling of their prototypes, the Greek paintings themselves."

Art in the Current Exhibitions

HAMILTON EASTER FIELD

BECAUSE of the number of new artists who have exhibited their work during the month of January the galleries have been unusually interesting. The show of the American Painters, Sculptors and Gravers at the Gimpel and Wildenstein Gallery in the fall was disappointing to many who had expected to find mirrored there the development of art since the war. There was not a new name, not a painter who had not been recognized before the great struggle. There is nothing morbid in a desire for novelty. Life is ever changing and we demand new forms of art which will answer new moods.

During the second week of January there opened at the Reinhardt Gallen Galleries an exhibition of landscapes by Henry B. Lachman, a series which he entitled: "Les Vielles Pierres de la France." He is, I believe, from Chicago, but his art education has apparently been almost entirely French. There is nothing startlingly new about his art but it is straightforward, sincere, attempting to reproduce the feelings which the old French towns have made upon him.

There are few things more difficult than to reproduce in paint the characteristic of a country which is not our own so that the art lovers of that country will recognize the truth of the reproduction. Degar, it is true, was able to realize the flavor of life in New Orleans after a comparatively short stay in America, but Degas had very exceptional talent. His "Bureau de Cotton," now in the museum at Pau, gives the atmosphere of New Orleans. How few even of our American paintings give the atmosphere of these our States? Henry B. Lachman has painted France and his landscapes satisfy the French. It is no slight achievement.

In seeing work like these landscapes of Henry B. Lachman. I find it difficult to preserve by impartiality. It is so great a relief to see paitings which open up a new world and that world one of great interest, that the pleasure prevents my critical faculty from working as coldly as it should. My enthusiasm runs away with my judgment. It is better so. When the man has ceased to be moved by art he no longer understands it, for the primary appeal of all great art has been to the emotions. Art which is not sensuous can hardly be called art. Lachman's landscapes are senuous.

(*Continued on page 292*)

NEW YORK PARIS

Half Circle Hepplewhite Sideboard, Circa 1770

Length, 6 feet Height, 35 inches
Depth, 29½ inches

**Interior Decorations,
Old French and English Furniture,
Needlework, Tapestries, Porcelains,
China and Glassware**

H. Koopman & Son

16 East Forty-Sixth Street, New York

Opposite Ritz-Carlton Hotel

Wanted to Purchase
Paintings
by

Inness	**Fuller**	**Whistler**
Wyant	**Blakelock**	**Murphy**
Martin	**Twachtman**	**Weir**
Homer	**Remington**	**Hassam**

AINSLIE GALLERIES

Established 1885 by Geo. H. Ainslie

615 Fifth, Avenue New York

M. DE ZAYAS
549 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

PAINTINGS BY

COURBET	CEZANNE
MANET	GAUGUIN
DEGAS	MATISSE
RENOIR	PICASSO

ASIATIC ARTS

"Abraham Lincoln"

(*Continued from page 264*)

most ambitious literary and histrionic offering seen in the local theatres in some seasons, has disconcerted those who jeer at the "highbrow" playwright and the "uplift" production (especially when given in decent English), by proving that such qualities in a writer or a play are not inconsistent with human appeal, and, sometimes, may even cause the box office coffers to bulge. "Abraham Lincoln" has attracted packed audiences of the critical who, in these days, are only occasionally seen at the theatre, as well as the careless and the *blasé*. What is more, interest in the production augments as time goes on. Produced untheatrically in that it featured no "star," and only the play itself, it has affected local theatredom as no stage work of recent years has done, unless we may except "John Ferguson."

JOHN DRINKWATER

Within its short life "Abraham Lincoln" has begun a leavening process among producers, and, in consequence, among their dependents, the writers for the stage. It has spread, they say, among the actors, too, for something new and real is apparent in the work of the caste performing the series of scenes. Mr. Drinkwater, indeed, owes a very large part of his present success to the favoring assistance of unusual interpreters. Lester Lonergan has staged the work with a high grasp of its requirements, and a rare acumen. It has been cast with rare fitness and completeness. The "makeup" and costumes of the pageant of historic characters who appear in the work, is perfection itself. The acting world might be combed many times before another might be found so capable as is Mr. McGlynn of the delicate many-sided, truthful, and spiritual impersonation of the title rôle.

Rumor says that the "Abraham Lincoln" in the caste is scarcely a real "professional"; that he was "found" in the West by Mr. Drinkwater. Be that as it may, he is an artist. From the beginning, his simplicity, reverence, tenderness and sincerity efface from the consciousness of the onlooker every thought of the mummer. At his entrance in the first scene, laid in the old-fashioned Lincoln home in Illinois, this astonishes. His bearing is so gentle it leaves one, if not dubious, at least unaroused. At his first words in the second scene, in which is compressed the import of the first cabinet councils called by President Lincoln, he faces "his event." The throat of the spectator tightens. His thought is suddenly taut. Every critical sense is stilled as the Lincoln before him seems, all at once, to be imbued with the very spirit of the President. Though Lincoln's diction, it is said, rivalled the fire and dignity of the old Hebrew prophets, this seems all present in Mr. McGlynn's gripping, yet quiet, natural utterances of great thought. He dared much, even more, perhaps, than the author, in assuming the rôle, and has won by sheer worth. He has made a rare study of his heroic model and it leaves a deep, a living impression upon the mind.

Decorative Painting—The Temple of Diana—copy of Roberts in The Metropolitan Museum—Antique Italian Chest original polychrome—Spanish Arm Chair—Venitian Side Chair.

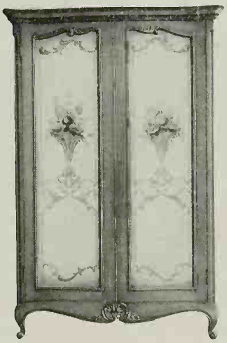
NANCY BARROWS

Interior Decorations

12 West 40th Street

New York City

Katharine Park Studdiford, associate



WARD & ROME

EIGHTEEN EAST FORTY-NINTH STREET

NEW YORK CITY

Painted Furniture specially designed and decorated to furnish particular rooms

Lamps and Parchment Lamp Shades

No Catalogues

A Public Exhibition

is now being held

in the new Galleries of

Ton-Ying & Company

665 Fifth Avenue

Corner 53rd Street, Second Floor

It includes a large collection of Chinese Jades, Porcelains, Potteries, Paintings, Bronzes, and a number of rare stone carvings.

For Every Kind of Water-color, Wash and Line Drawing—

J WHATMAN

GENUINE HAND-MADE

DRAWING PAPERS

AND

"AA" QUALITY BOARDS

Artists, Illustrators, Architects, Engineers, etc., pronounce them without equal. The regular use of them by the Student tends towards an improved standard of work.

Stocked by Dealers in High-grade Artists' Materials.

If any difficulty in obtaining Whatman Papers or Boards, write direct to

H. REEVE ANGEL & CO.

INCORPORATED

7-11 Spruce Street **New York**

Sole Mill Representatives for the Continent of North America

Block Magic

(*Continued from page 270*)

After one has duly orientated himself and swept these "horizons of culture," he is in a good position to sense all the feeling that there is in the block printed textiles which graced this epochal exhibit. One Chicago firm had a varied display of linens and cottons elaborately printed from the wood, and a New York house placed in the very front of its booth a silk, in Peruvian style, which had undergone the same process. The wooden slabs with which the patterns had been impressed by hand were shown in both instances. They were modeled on the same lines as the blocks from English sources.

It may be some time before our own block printing will rival that of Great Britain and France, but a good beginning has been made. The development of such an industry on this side of the water is bound to come, now that representative textile interests are calling into their service artists of originality and force, as well as skilled artisans.

There is a personality in the printing of fabrics with the wooden block which makes for their individual charm. The United States is a land of large production and small patience, but the time is coming soon when we shall have quality as well as quantity output. Block printing is an ideal industry for the new era. There are many persons of wealth and taste who are willing to pay good prices for fabrics which necessarily must be exclusive in design.

From whence do these hand block prints derive the character which makes them so deservedly desirable? Here again we got back to the aboriginal, for the very irregularity which we see in the figures on the potteries and the textiles of primitive peoples, appears in this modern craft. There is a lure of refreshment and interest everywhere. The skilled workmen who print the wood are in theory doing their very best to have an exact meeting of all parts of the designs which are laid on with the blocks each spread with different hues. The long strips of the cloth are stretched on tables which rest on solid foundatiôns, and the artisans pass along with the slabs laying them on with care and often pounding them smartly when an especial depth of color is desired. Sometimes, however, so fallible and therefore interesting is man, the designs of the different blocks do not precisely register and there is a merging of two shades at the edges of the pattern which adds softness to the outline. Even the slight variations in the tones and shades due to this hand process add the charm of surprise to the final result.

Excellent as are the results which are obtained from the machine printed textiles, the block gives a certain solidity and richness of hue which is difficult to imitate. The pigment seems to sink in deeper and to give a certain quality which is inherent. One is conscious of an effect which suggests dark velvety depths and an air of mystery.

The value of the block comes out the most, however, in the sense of perspective which it imparts. Compare a hand printed fabric, for instance, with a calico or some such cloth, and note how in the first there is an impression of distance, while in the second the design rests flat and snug upon the compacted filaments. In the best patterns from the American blocks, three different planes can be plainly felt and discerned. Here are all the accessories of a real painting—foreground, middle distance and background. The birds and the flowers seem veritably to stand forth from their environment. They live, for there is atmosphere about them, and they bask in the light of the sun. The block can thus give depth of atmosphere to the curtain which hangs in a doorway.

The accumulative hand printing transmits richness to fabrics which defies analysis. Starting, for instance, with a large bouquet design, such as was exhibited at the American Museum by a noted Western house, the progress of the coloring is like a triumphal procession. First, the gray hound laid on with block one, then the dark blue, after that a third block with plum color details, then a grayed medium-blue; fifth, gold color, and next, dark plum, then the clear rose; a lighter brown follows, and last, a darker and more golden tone of brown. Here is a poem in hues by which the operator with the blocks, whether he wills it or not, is soon inspired by a love of his work and comes under its magic spell.

There is a fabric of grape design, recently shown, printed on a specially woven, fifty-inch cotton. The whole pattern conventionalizes the source of forbidden wine with the graceful leaves and purple fruit. It is twenty-five by nineteen inches and is applied four times in thirty-eight running inches of the cloth. Each of the eighteen colors is printed in eighteen blocks to print one repeat. For every thirty-eight inches of the material, therefore, there must be one hundred and forty-four block applications. Before the block can be used it must go to the color pads, so if, like Efficiency Edgar, we count motions, two hundred and seventy-two handlings or block operations are necessary to a yard of goods. It is small wonder then that the costs of such material run up as compared with the prices of fabrics which go swiftly through the mills.

One should, however, bear in mind that in these days some exquisite work is turned out by the use of the etched copper rollers, and it looks very like the block printed variety. Even a semblance of the irregular charm of the wood can be given by skilful manipulation. The process of printing from the cylinders is an elaborate and intricate one, although simple enough in principle. The design is distributed into its various colors and on each burnished surface is engraved that part of it which is dedicated to a special pigment. The printing is not rapid, every effort being used to dry the fabric evenly and to smooth it out properly before it is calendared. The technique of this kind of work has developed marvelously in the last few months and the output of the machine products is increasing. It finds a wide range in hangings and in all forms of decoration.

When the American block printer comes into his own, however, and the efforts of the art schools to produce a distinctive style along these lines are concentrated, we may look for a development of an industry which will give greater charm and variety to the American home. In Colonial days we had a start in this direction, and there is no doubt that, with the return to the ways of peace, there is a bright future for an art which derives its inspiration from ancient sources.

As there is a large demand for block printed fabrics which may be used for bags and small articles the individual worker may turn out pieces which have a special appeal. Even the amateur who has a knack for handling tools and a good eye for color may make his own wooden blocks and print them. A sloyd knife or a few chisels and a gouge would well equip him. He may never rival the wonderful printings which are to be seen in the large establishments, but there is abundant opportunity to exercise his gift. Thus can be gained a keener appreciation of the taste and skill which are required for success in a useful and a noble art.

Individuality in the Home

(*Continued from page 266*)

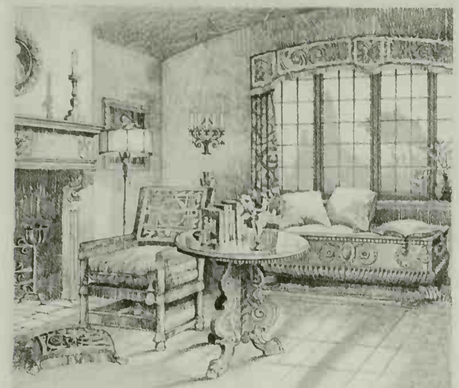
furniture hobby first took root in this country and in that time we have passed many milestones. We no longer accept an article merely because it has age. It must measure up to other standards. There must be beauty of line, color and texture as well. Without question, the collecting mania has produced much incongruity and turned more than one house into a haphazard museum. Yet more and more are collectors seeking consistent backgrounds for their possessions, more and more are they becoming students of design. When the collecting impulse is turned to creating harmonious interiors for every day living, a practical and very human side of the cult is developed. The mere gathering together of teapots, banjo-clocks, early American glass, even fine fiddle-back chairs, can never again quite satisfy. The outlook has broadened sufficiently to encompass an entire dwelling and the collector is both architect and decorator of his own roof tree.

No room is complete without these small after touches which rightly selected and placed contribute so vitally to individuality and charm. The weeding process, however, can never be lost sight of and no word belongs to the amateur's lexicon of household art more than "eliminate." It should be written invisibly over every living room and three thrice on the threshold of every bedroom.

William Morris and the Greeks were right in uniting the useful and the beautiful. We have erred in separating them although now making tardy amends. After all, walls are merely shells, and the material house is successful or unsuccessful as it adds or detracts from the beauty and usefulness of the life lived within.

Museum Lectures

AMONG the most striking results of the World War in the United States is the great manifestation of public interest in art, which has come as a natural reaction. Never before in our history has this interest been so apparent, not only in the art of the past but also in present-day achievements. Dr. George Kriehn's lectures in the Metropolitan Musuem of Art, offered by the Department of Extension Teaching, Columbia University, are designed to meet this need. They teach the enjoyment and appreciation of art from the originals in the Museum. The subject for the present semester is "The Paintings of the Metropolitan Museum." The class meets in four sections, Friday, 2.30 p. m., beginning February 6. Saturday, 10.30 a. m. and 3.15 p. m., beginning February 7, and Monday, 10.30 a. m., beginning February 16. The Saturday morning class is intended especially for teachers, and the Saturday afternoon class for business men and women.



Barton and Willson, Inc.
5 East 51st Street, New York

Distinctive Interiors

Furniture Antiques
Works of Art Wall Hangings

APPOINTMENT BY TELEPHONE
BRYANT 9222

WATTERSON LOWE CO.
CONSULTING DECORATORS

FORMERLY OF
HERTER LOOMS
AND
HAMPTON SHOPS

42 WEST 48th STREET
NEW YORK

DARNLEY *Inc.*
DECORATIVE OBJECTS
FOR THE
TOWN OR COUNTRY HOUSE

34 EAST 48TH STREET NEW YORK

Distinctive Interiors
that Express Individuality
LEED INC.
681 Fifth Avenue
New York City

Our saying so does not make Dixon's Eldorado the master drawing pencil. But the work it does!—!

DIXON'S
ELDORADO
"the master drawing pencil"

Made in 17 Leads —one for every need or preference

SAMPLE OFFER
Tell us the kind of work you do, and we will mail you full-length free samples of your favorite leads. Also write for interesting free booklet—"Finding Your Pencil."

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
Pencil Dept. 162-J, Jersey City, N. J.
Canadian Distributors: A. R. MacDougall & Co., Ltd., Toronto

The Swan-Song of Impressions

(Continued from page 254)

at work and paint to the trilling of a canary.

Our canary bird painters have brought impressionism to a low estate and it is natural to want to take the syrup out of the color and put garlic in its place. It is natural after seeing so many shimmering veils of formlessness, to long for a good solid rock, a form with weight and three dimensions, and color that is not broken into atoms and body and definition. These are very natural reactions.

After painters have for a certain perid bent themselves to the difficult task of catching fleeting effects of nature, it probably is to be expected that they should be followed by a generation which decides to debar the fleeting effects and to seek those which are permanent. There is play and movement in the pasing effect of the morning light on a row of haystacks. But there is also movement which belongs to the form itself, which offers greater possibilities in weight and conviction and infinite possibilities of design.

If it comes to theorizing, how can one doubt that theories which concern the permanent qualities of nature and which consider fundamental art qualities, are better working theories than those which are limited to momentary effects? But though art is much theorized about it is never the result of the logical working out of theories. Many of Monet's canvasses, which the crowds of late years pursue, seem not to add one atom to his artistic stature. The work of art does not depend on the validity of the artist's theories but on the interpretation of what to him is the most real, the most wonderful, and the most exciting thing in the world. To us an effect of light may or may not be something of vast importance. To Monet it was a new miracle. And so his painting lives and it will live long after the paintings of many men who can tear to bits the limited formula of Impressionism, but who have not the capacity to react to a world of reality or of dreams, and who, failing to react, feel no sense of wonder that is all their own—have in a word nothing that is their very own to say.

We have come to realize that the formulated theories were but a step toward the possibilities which impressionism opened to the world of painting. And just at the time when the paintings of Monet and our own Twachtman are the prizes of the auction-room, the painters have turned to other tendencies. The artists are forever changing, pursuing this quality and then that, laying stress first on one element of art then on another, finding fresh combinations of the elements of art, but in the end it is the same test that they must meet. The American Sons of Renoir can follow Renoir as far as they wish to or as far as they are able to. The American Sons of Cézanne can do the same. Yet in the end Tommy Jones must measure up as Tommy Jones.

I believe that there are Tommy Joneses who will measure up, just as Renoir has and Monet, and that some day, about thirty years from now, the grand ball-room at the Hotel Plaza will be filled with dealers, speculators and promoters gambling thousands for their paintings, the same paintings that the Tommy Joneses are doing now and to which all of the great art-lovers as they are called, now bidding on Renoir and Monet, Manet, Degas and Pissarro, are perfectly blind. And at that time there will be a new movement, and the same abstract qualities which are now cited to prove the wonders of the present movement, will then be cited to indicate its shortcomings.

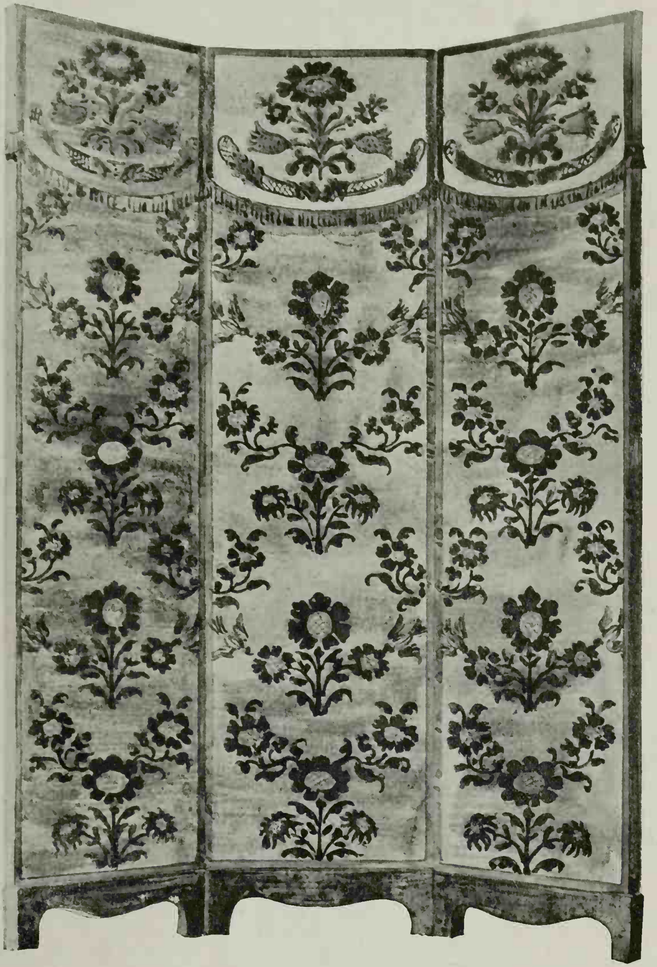
The Towne Scientific School of the University of Pennsylvania

A REGULAR scientific course leading to a degree has existed in the college since 1852. In 1872 this course was enlarged and organized as the Department of Science, which, in 1875, was in large part endowed under the provisions of the will of the late John Henry Towne, a trustee of the University. In honor of his memory the Department of Science was named "The Towne Scientific School," which now comprehends the courses in Architecture, Chemistry, Chemical Engineering, Civil Engineering, Electrical Engineering and Mechanical Engineering.

A combined course is designed to meet the needs of such students as may desire to acquire a broad and general foundation prior to taking up their work leading to the degree in the particular course they have selected in the Towne Scientific School. The combined courses normally extend throughout a period of six years.

The first two years of work in the College are designed to give the students greater maturity of thought and breadth of view, thus better fitting them in every way for the more specialized work to follow.

A student with the required preparation may in four years complete all of the requirements for the Bachelor's degree in the College.



In the Galleries of Emil Feffercorn may be found furniture of wide variety in point of period style, accompanied by antiques of guaranteed authenticity and reproductions of the utmost faithfulness.

Rare tapestries, mirrors, sconces, porcelains and other decorative objects are here in subtle charm and profusion.

Mr. Feffercorn will be pleased to make appointments for consultation with out-of-town clients.

EMIL FEFFERCORN
126 and 128 East 28th Street
NEW YORK CITY

John Sparks
of London

OLD CHINESE PORCELAIN

707 Fifth Avenue, *at* 55th Street
NEW YORK

Have You Ever Tried Pen Painting?

This fascinating work can be easily learned by anyone. You need not be an artist to obtain exquisite, beautiful designs on silk gauze, velvet, dress goods, wood, pottery or celluloid.

Pen Painting Outfits
containing 9 Pen painting colours, bottle of powder, and special medium, palette knife, pens and pen holders.
No. 00-Outfit in cardboard box, complete **$3.00**
No. 1 Japaned Tin Box, fitted as above, but also containing palette as illustrated..................... **$4.50**

Illustrated Hand Book on Pen Painting containing full instructions and easy designs. 35c. postpaid.

WINSOR & NEWTON INC.
TRADE MARK
"ARS PROBAT ARTIFICEM"
31 EAST 17TH ST.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Write for Art Catalog A-2

The Philadelphia Art Galleries
AND AUCTION ROOMS
So. E. Cor. 15th and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.
REED H. WALMER, Auctioneer
Weekly Public Sales of
Important Art, Furniture and Ceramics
Estates and Consignments Solicited
PERMANENT EXHIBITION
Appraisals of Art and Literary Property, Jewels and Personal Effects of every description for Inheritance Tax and other purposes.

Architectural Impressions

(*Continued from page* 241)

rooms, and the pleasant pictures that continually present themselves through wide doorways as we walk from one room to another or whether we want to shut away our living quarters from the casual stranger and lose the sense of space and air and hospitality that are the natural concomitants of our typical plan.

There is one vital thing that everybody who is interested in building should know, and that is the size of the rooms we want, not in general terms like "spacious" or "big" or "generous," but in feet and inches. Unless the architect is thoroughly familiar with the habits of living and the houses of the friends of his clients, a "big living room" means just nothing at all to him. You should not have in mind "a bedroom as big as Mrs. Jones," but a bedroom seventeen by nineteen feet, for your architect most likely doesn't know Mrs. Jones," but a bedroom sevenroom may be founded on what he can afford, and be far too small, or on what his last very wealthy clients required, which may be far too big. You should determine what of your old furniture you want to use in your new house and plan accordingly, and your architect should be made acquainted with its size and type and scale. An architect is somewhat like a tailor in that he designs to fit your needs, and without complete and full knowledge of what they are, he may very easily produce a misfit to order.

One of the commonest requirements today is that there shall be a sufficiency of sleeping porches; heaven alone knows what is a sufficiency, or what the ideal sleeping porch is, or even if sleeping porches are any material improvement at all. Present day custom seems to be to add one or two porches or galleries on the second story, furnished with more or less uncomfortable cots, partially or wholly enclosed with glass, these acting as a sort of dormitory where whole families and sometimes their guests sleep in a sort of miscellaneous confusion which they would consider an indecency within more permanent walls.

The sleeping porch is still in a transitional state, and yet the majority of clients appear to desire sleeping porches of one sort or another. The usual requirement is that they be inclosed with glass and heated, thus destroying so far as I can see their fundamental and sound purpose of outdoor sleeping, without giving the comfort of a bedroom, since they are but rarely comfortably furnished or attactive in appearance; furthermore, the light streams in early in the morning awakening the sleeper, and finally they prevent any direct outdoor light or air from entering the bedrooms behind them. Either sleeping porches should be transformed into the sole and permanent bedrooms, and be as many in number as the bedrooms, with a small warm dressing-room attached to each, or they should be abolished entirely and greater care taken to secure adequate ventilation in the bedrooms. I admit that with our extremely variable climate it is often necessary to have bedrooms capable of being thoroughly ventilated; but to divide the bedroom into two parts neither of which is pleasant or practical does not seem like sense.

It is impossible to predict what will be the future tendency of plan in our country houses, nor do I expect that we will ever be able to determine how we want to live. The English had really arrived at a decision: they wanted to live the way they *had* lived whatever that was; and now because of the difficulty in securing the numbers of servants required to properly operate their big rambling loose-jointed houses, are unable to live as they would like. We Americans have never been satisfied with the way we live, and probably never will be; we are not made that way: we demand a standard of comfort and convenience which far excels the English standard; we require that our houses be so planned that they can be most easily taken care of, and desire very frequently that mutually exclusive conditions be included. We would like our houses to open up wonderfully, and to give us privacy; we require sleeping porches that are bedrooms and which do not obstruct the light and air of the real bedrooms; we demand big rooms in little houses; and the curious thing is that we often succeed in accomplishing these aims. We are both intensely conservative and aggressively progressive: we ransack the world for precedent; tie together the most incongruous motives, and require that the result shall be smoothly harmonious and shall not betray the turmoil and effort of its making.

It is curious that with so great a part of our country house design derived directly from English sources our plan is so unlike the English plan: the exteriors of our houses follow for the most part English precedent whether directly from Tudor or Georgian, or indirectly through our Colonial; the moldings we use, the wainscots, our mantels and even the hangings and the furniture are in large part copied directly from English originals, but our plan not at all. For myself I neither believe that we should break with the past and strive to design anew, nor that our architecture and decoration should become tasteful archæology, but rather that, knowing all things, we should choose those which most nearly fit our needs and our conditions, and then change, modify, adapt, them as we need. In this way has all past art been developed; in this way only can we make an art of our own; and in searching for things to know about houses we can least of all afford to neglect the plans of the past generations of houses, nor can we ignore what they may have to teach us.

Artistic Temperament

IN the January issue of *The Editor,* A. L. Wright renders an amusing article on this subject, part of which we quote:

"The good old hobby-horse, 'Artistis Temperament,' has fallen into disrepute of late. And no wonder! The nag has been ridden to death. All sorts and conditions of people have crowded on him, the lazy, the selfish, the bad tempered, the moody, the licentious and the cranks! Others, perhaps, whom I have not named. Young ladies, who should have made the beds and swept the rooms, have mounted him and cantered off to Dreamland. Young men have bestridden him and galloped off with ladies who were not their wives."

"I am sure I don't know how it all began nor even how he got his name. Probably an artist first owned him—the kind of artist who was more an artist than a man—whose high-strung, over-balanced nature got the better of him and ran away with him. And, perhaps, as people looked on, they called this thing they rode 'Artistic Temperament."

"So valuable has he become that people who don't own him have borrowed him. And, with the respectable, the nag has fallen into disrepute."

"On the other hand, quite as strangely, some of the people who have done things—pictures and books and music—great things that have lived—have not owned Artistic Temperament. Or, owning it, have not ridden it—Charlotte Bronte, for instance."

"Charlotte Bronte had temperament, without a doubt. No one who reads her biography by Mrs. Gaskell can fail to perceive it. Never, I suppose, was there a more impetuous, fiery, high-strung nature than hers. From what we read of her we gather that she was, to all outward appearance, a quiet, timid, retiring, little person.

DANERSK DECORATIVE FURNITURE

MOST persons denied themselves during the war period many things that they needed for their homes. Now they are ready to buy and the prevailing high prices make it important to study values and make sure that the greatest amount of beauty, originality and charm are obtained in return for each expenditure.

DANERSK FURNITURE is beautifully made. All work, from the rough lumber to the finished product is done in our factories at Stamford, Conn. We devise special color schemes without added charge.

Call at our salesrooms and let us help you plan each room in point of fabrics, furniture and upholstery, so that it will present a charming and individual appeal that is your own.

We will give the same care to your orders whether you buy through your dealer or decorator or direct.

Send for the new Catalog number of "The Danersk" K-2.

ERSKINE-DANFORTH CORPORATION
2 West 47th Street, New York
First Door West of Fifth Avenue—4th Floor

AT THE SIGN OF LEONARDO
For Votaries of the Distinguished and Princely in Life, Lovers of the Rich and Rare
Leonardo da Vinci 1452-1519

EXHIBITION
OF
Objects of Arts
and Vertu
OF THE
Eighteenth Century
Bonaventure Galleries
601 FIFTH AVENUE
Near 48th Street

Malter & Company
Dealers in
ANTIQUE FURNITURE
RESTORING REPAIRING
REFINISHING UPHOLSTERING
ANTIQUE FURNITURE
OUR SPECIALTY
Phone 526 Academy
1017 COLUMBUS AVENUE
Cor. 110th Street

When you long for a
COMFY FIRESIDE DINNER
When you are sending a very
SPECIAL GIFT OF CANDIES
GO TO
36th Street and 5th Avenue
WHERE IS
Mary Elizabeth's

Lillian Lawrence
Interior Decorator
LAMP SHADES
PAINTED FURNITURE
SCREENS, TRAYS
SCRAP BASKETS
DESK SETS
50 West 56th Street
NEW YORK
Tel. 5281 Circle

BRONZE
TABLETS, HONOR ROLLS, MEMORIALS
MARKERS AND INSIGNIA

We have exceptional facilities for making bronze tablets and memorials according to customers' specifications. Our bronzes include all styles from the simplest to the most elaborately modeled.

Illustrations submitted upon request. If you specify approximate size desired, number of names, and whether ornamentation is to be plain, moderate or elaborate, *full size designs will be furnished.*

REED & BARTON
ESTABLISHED 1824
THEODORE B. STARR, INC.
ESTABLISHED 1862
SILVERSMITHS BRONZE FOUNDERS
FIFTH AVENUE AT 47th STREET - 4 MAIDEN LANE
NEW YORK CITY
PEARLS, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, WATCHES, STATIONERY.

Greenhouses *of* Quality

The man who buys a Tiffany Watch, a Dreicer Pearl or a Steinway Grand is the sort of man who buys a V-Bar Greenhouse. And for the same reason—he wants something he can absolutely rely upon under all conditions, the best of its kind.

V-Bar Greenhouses are meeting with gratifying success on the finest estates in the country.

A glance at our photographs and plans may give you just the suggestion you are looking for, and we shall be glad to show them to you at our office or at any place and time convenient to you.

William H. Lutton Company, Inc. B V R GREEN HOUSES 512 Fifth Avenue New York City

MRS. MUCHMORE
CONSULTING DECORATOR
TWENTY EAST FIFTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

IRVING & CASSON
A. H. DAVENPORT CO.

DESIGNERS AND MAKERS OF
FINE FURNITURE AND INTERIOR FINISH

DECORATIONS :: UPHOLSTERY
WALL HANGINGS

BOSTON
573-575 BOYLSTON ST
COPLEY SQUARE

NEW YORK
601 FIFTH AVENUE

Art in the Current Exhibitions

(*Continued from page* 284)

Another new painter is A. G. Warshawsky who has been showing landscapes at the Howard Young Galleries. His work is thorouhgly French in subject and in treatment follows closely that of the great French impressionists. He is not lacking in taste nor in talent but, as yet, has shown no great originality.

The same cannot be said of the work of Rex Slinkars which was shown at Knoedlers. His painting is autobiography of the most intimate type, just as is the art of Gustave Moreau and of Odilon Redon. The exhibition was a Memorial Exhibition for the young painter was among those whose lives were sacrificed during the war. Rex Slinkard was a mystic through the intensity of his life. He could not have painted otherwise than he did. That is why his work will live.

George Luks has been to Nova Scotia and there he has found the life which Winslow Homer used to paint in Maine. The summer boarder has had an unfortunate influence upon the Maine coast, making it easy for the native to earn more running a hotel than he could fishing. There is a certain manliness which comes to men who must earn their daily bread through struggle with nature. The man whose constant thought is how much more he can get from the summer visitor loses in character. Luks has left the necessity of getting back to the primitive strength of an unspoiled race. He apparently found it in Nova Scotia. However Luks is so virile that, even were he painting men physically and morally degenerate, I am not sure that he would give them the attribute of a manly race. So true is it that we see that which by nature we wish to see. Aubrey Beardsley would have found nothing tonic in Nova Scotia.

From George Luks paintings at the Kraushaar Gallery it was difficult to tell which has interested him the more—the country itself or the inhabitants. The flavor of his art is not in a way unlike that of Thoreau's "Cape Cod." In "Cape Cod" Thoreau becomes an inquiring traveller with a sympathetic appreciation of primitive life. He and his friend stop over night at a farmer's house. Before the evening meal the farmer's wife brought in two steaming dishes and set them down in front of the open fire each a little to the side of the middle of the hearth before which the farmer sat and chewed and spat. Thoreau abstained from the dish which had been placed to the right of the hearth, his friend from that placed to the left. When they went up to their room Thoreau said to his friend: "I felt like kicking you under the table and telling you not to take any soup—I noticed the farmer spit in that direction several times." "I didn't take any potato because I had seen him spitting over there," his friend answered. Nova Scotia has the elements which made the old New England life so picturesque and George Luks, the most American of all our painters, appreciates its rare quality. Of all our younger group he is the closest to Winslow Homer. To his own conception of art, he has been true. The man who imitates Homer does not understand for what Winslow Homer stood. The man who goes to his own heart for inspiration is closest to the spirit of the master.

IT is many years since there has been an exhibition of the work of Frederick Remington. Two of those shown at the John Levy Gallery were intensely dramatic. One represented a rider on the plains—his horse stopped, night coming on, and, with it; snow—the western blizzard with all its terrors. The other showed a group of three horses in a corral shrinking before wolves and calling for help. It was such paintings which has given Remington the strong hold he has upon the public.

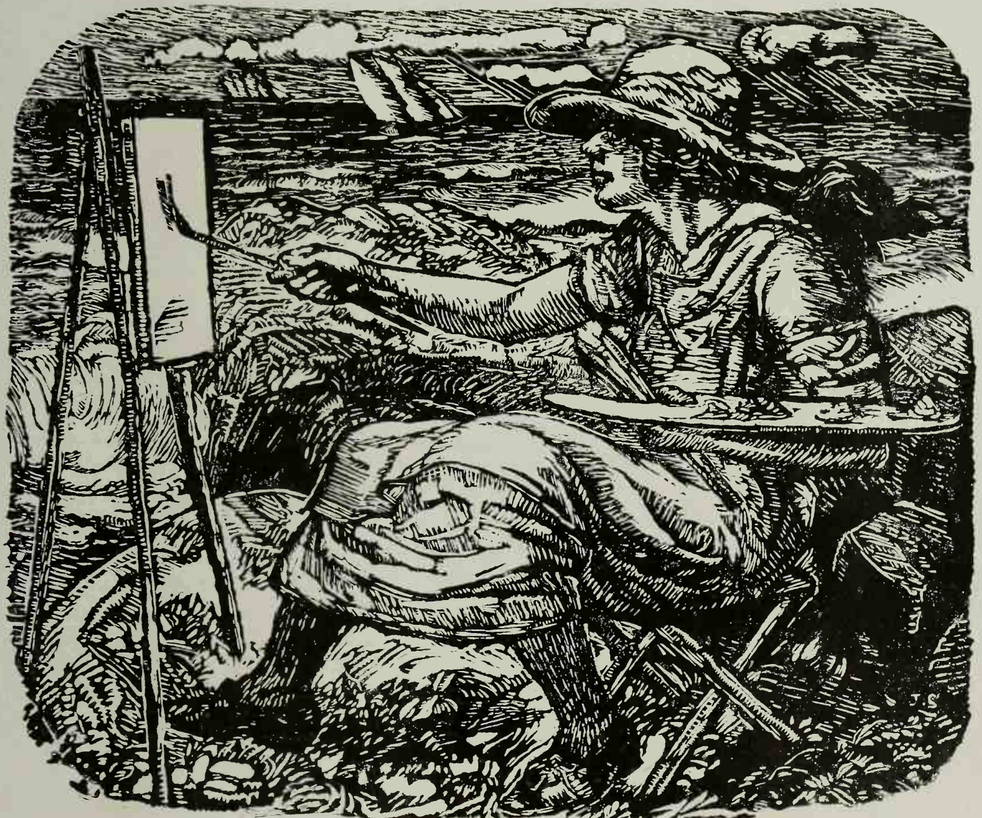
Few recent exhibitions have been as interesting as that of the three painters, George Bellows, Hayes Miller and Albert Sterner at the Knoedler Galleries.

In his Newport studies Bellows here revealed a new side of his character—its mysticism.

In his latest work there is much which is akin to the work of Arthur B. Davies. The technique of Bellows mystic land. Scapes in his old technique which is not altogether suited to his present subject-matter. However, it is not worth while to find fault with the superficiality of his technical methods for Bellows has the taste to appreciate his own short comings and the courage to try to mend them.

Hayes Miller, in the "Brush Gatherers," owned by Adolph Lewisohn, has created a masterpiece which it is possible to admire without reservations. The other paintings by Miller which were shown and those by Albert Sterner has good qualities but none of them had the supreme quality of the "Brush Gatherers."

IF you have never seen the Independent Exhibition, don't miss it this year. Beside being the *Largest* Annual Art Exhibition held in America, it is the most Entertaining and the most Instructive. The fundamental principles of *No Jury, No Prizes* establish an open door and provide an opportunity for the artist, the connoisseur and the Man in the Street to see the whole field of American art as it is.



The SOCIETY OF INDEPENDENT ARTISTS, Inc.

FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION

AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA HOTEL

FIFTH AVENUE AT THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK

MARCH 11th to APRIL 1st, 1920

Tudor-stone

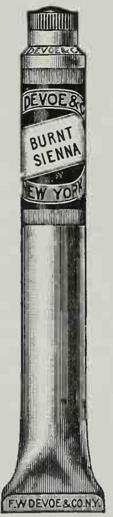
THE ARISTOCRAT OF ROOFING
ROOFING SLATE

RISING & NELSON SLATE CO.
WEST PAWLET, VERMONT

Architects Service Dept., 101 Park Ave., New York City

Since 1869 Miners and Makers of Roofing Slate

CHICAGO BOSTON



DEVOE
ARTIST'S OIL COLORS

Are prepared from carefully selected pigments thoroughly incorporated with the purest oil—single and double size tubes. Used and endorsed by leading artists.

At the request of a number of prominent artists we are now putting up a line of "Devoe Artists' Oil Colors" in studio size tubes.

Canvas, Academy Boards, Brushes, Water Colors, Artists' Materials, etc.

Write for Pamphlet on Our New Equalized Spectrum Colors.

Color Makers for over 150 years.

DEVOE & RAYNOLDS CO., Inc.
NEW YORK CHICAGO

The Washington Memorial Chapel

(*Continued from page 268*)

number of small pieces in it? Do you realize that the greater the number the more scintillating the effect of the coloring? And after all it is the color, not the subject-matter, that makes for artistic success in the leaded glass creation.

"Color is everything. The subject-matter must, can not, be neglected, but it is secondary to color. If the coloring of a window is not pleasing the effect is lost; the spectator does not stay to look. See these reds and blues; put them together and the individuality of each is lost, but separate them and they dominate, they sound the color note of the entire composition. On the other hand, a perfect blending of colors is desirable; without it there can be no art in stained glass compositions or anything else.

"How to duplicate the effects produced by the passage of time upon the finest European examples of stained glass work has been one of the most puzzling of our problems. Of course, it is not to be supposed that the Chartres windows looked exactly in the thirteenth century as they do at the present day; years of weather changes, years of wind, years of rain, have toned down these panes to a point of natural perfection which it is almost impossible to imitate by artificial means.

"Notice this piece destined for one of the Washington panes. See the multiplicity of tiny bubbles in it; see the mottled effect they give it. The design completed, we rub this mottled, bubble-blown glass, with pigment; we rub it again and again until the slight imperfections in the surface absorb the color, until we have manufactured artificially the blemishes, the scars, the prints left by the years in their passing over the spires of the French, the English, the German cathedrals."

The first window, known as the Washington window, depicts the progress of free thought and the development of national life from the ruins of feudalism. The second, entitled "Democracy," illustrates the stirring pre-Revolutionary period, when the new consciousness of the people began to assert its political rights in conventions, in the presentation of the Bill of Rights, and in the Declaration of Independence. The third, named "The Revolution," displays with perfect blending of color and vividness of action in its medallions "The Protest Against the Stamp Act," "Building the Huts at Valley Forge," "The First Shot at Concord," "Martha Washington Ministering to the Sick Soldiers," "Washington Taking Command at Cambridge," "Celebration of the French Alliance," "Evacuation of Boston," "Crossing the Delaware," "Surrender of Cornwallis," and "Peace."

The fourth window, "Expansion," shows "The Wilderness," "The Trapper," "The Hunter," "The Pioneer," illustrative of the white man's mastery of the country, while the fifth window, "Discovery," illustrates the discovery and exploration of the western continent by that great company of adventurers in quest of fame and fortune, all led by Columbus and Vasco da Gama. The sixth pane, "The New Birth," will portray the invention of printing, the revival of learning through the Italian Renaissance, the fall of feudalism and the rise of nations.

The seventh window, "Christ and the Nations," contains a variety of religious themes. The eighth window, dedicated to Martha Washington and entitled "The Abundant Life," is perhaps the finest example of Mr. D'Ascenzo's artistry. "Literature," "Institutionalism," "Religion," "Science and the Arts" are represented in the beautiful composition of its leaded sections. The ninth window, "Freedom Through Truth," contains brilliant pictures depicting the contributions of the Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon peoples in their translations of the Bible and Greek Testament, the founding of colleges and the emancipation of England, culminating in the age of Elizabeth.

The tenth window, "Settlement," has for its theme "The Coming of the Races," the Swedes, the Dutch and the Quaker, the English Cavalier and his austere brother, the Puritan, all helping to build the Colonial hearthstone and the citizenship of the new world. The eleventh window, "Development," gives a faithful picture of the civilization of the old world adapted by a free people to the conditions of life in the new world. This window depicts the primitive times of the stage-coach and dispatch-rider, when schools, colleges, newspapers and the printing press, science and art in America were still in their infancy.

The twelfth window, "Patriotism," shows at its top "The Spirit of '76," and pictures a variety of patriotic episodes in Colonial history including "The Boston Tea Party," "The Minute Men," "Patrick Henry's Speech," "Putnam Leaving His Plow," "Robert Morris Sacrificing His Fortune," and "Washington's Tribute to His

Men." The last window, the thirteenth, is named "Union" and embraces scenes of the first election, the inauguration of Washington and the capitol at Washington.

Of more than passing interest is the glass mosaic of George Washington done by Mr. D'Ascenzo in the form of a shield bearing a life-sized portrait of Washington upon a background consisting of the Washington coat of arms. This mosaic is to be placed on the chimney-breast over the fireplace in the old log-cabin still preserved at Valley Forge.

As for other interesting features of the Memorial Chapel: to the right of the Washington Memorial Door stands the Washington font, each face of the octagonal bowl bearing the Crusader's Cross, symbolizing the Christian's warfare against the world, the flesh and the devil.

The Pews of the Patriots, unique in America for their conception and design, are twenty-five in number and each a worthy memorial. The President's Pew bears the arms of the United States and the seal of the President. It is given in memory of Washington and Monroe, who were at Valley Forge and later became Presidents, and commemorates the address of Theodore Roosevelt, the first President to visit this sacred ground.

The Door of the Allies, opening into the Porch of the Allies on the right, is erected in honor of the foreign soldiers who aided the American patriots in their struggle for independence. The Inauguration Door, opening into the Cloister of the Colonies on the left, is in memory of Washington's inauguration as first President of the United States.

At the entrance to the choir is the Washington pulpit, lectern and perclose, carved with grace and dignity. On the steps is the inscription: "In Commemoration of George Washington, Warden of Truro Parish, Virginia, and Lay Reader in the French and Indian War."

In a richly carved canopied niche in the lectern stands the Washington-Burk memorial statuette, given in memory of the late Abbie J. Reeves Burk, wife of the Rev. Dr. Burk. The memorial is of bronze, the work of the famous American sculptor, Franklin Simmons, and is pronounced the finest figure of Washington since Houdon's wonderful work preserved in the capitol in Richmond.

The altar bears the inscription: "George Washington, Born February 22, 1732. Died December 11, 1799." Cut in the steps leading to the altar is Tennyson's tribute to Washington:

"His work is done;
But while the race of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand
Colossal seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure,
Till in all lands, and thro' all human story,
The path of duty be the way to glory."

The Cloister of the Colonies, a unique monument of patriotism, forms a porte cochère to the Chapel and one of the entrances to the Washington Memorial Cemetery. The open-air pulpit at the end of the Cloister overlooks rows of stately oaks which form a beautiful woodland cathedral where thousands of worshipers have joined in patriotic services in memory of "The Father of His Country."

The Thanksgiving Tower, yet to be completed, will be the most prominent feature of the memorial. Its entrances will be at the end of the Porch of the Allies farthest from the Chapel, and will form the approach to the large assembly hall and museum on the second floor of Patriots' Hall. Each step of the stairway to the second floor will be a memorial to an American patriot; the memorial tablets will be set on the risers of these "Steps of Fame." There will be thirteen bells in the chime, each representing one of the original Colonies.

WANTED: Copies of ARTS & DECORATION for December 1913, and January 1914. Will pay reasonable price. Address, "J. E. O," care of ARTS & DECORATION, 470 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Finished with Cabot's Old Virginia White
Charles M. Baker, Architect, Boston.

Cabot's
Old Virginia White

The Clean, Brilliant, "Whitewash-white"

Old Virginia White has real distinction. It is a softer but brighter white than paint, and its texture is essentially different. It is as handsome as new whitewash and as lasting as paint—though cheaper. It has the genuine old Colonial effect and when combined with

Cabot's Creosote Stains

on the roof the result is so thoroughly harmonious and distinguished that your house is sure to represent the latest and best in exterior decoration.

You can get Cabot's goods all over the country.
Send for samples and name of nearest agent.

SAMUEL CABOT, Inc., Mfg. Chemists
14 Oliver Street, Boston, Mass.
24 W. Kinzie St., Chicago 525 Market St., San Francisco

YALE SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS
YALE UNIVERSITY, NEW HAVEN, CONN.
SERGEANT KENDALL, Director
Departments of Drawing and Painting, Sculpture, Architecture
CLASSES IN COMPOSITION, ANATOMY, PERSPECTIVE

FACULTY—*Painting*—Sergeant Kendall. *Drawing*—Edwin C. Taylor, G. H. Langzettel, T. Diedricksen. *Sculpture*—Robert G. Eberhard. *Architecture*—Everett V. Meeks, Franklin J. Walls. *History of Art*—Henry Davenport. *Composition*—Edwin C. Taylor. *Perspective*—Theodore Diedricksen. *Anatomy*—Raynham Townshend, M.D.

DEGREE—The Degree of Bachelor of Fine Arts (B.F.A.) is awarded for advanced work of distinction. The Winchester Fellowship for one year's study of art in Europe, the English Scholarship for study of art and travel in Europe during the summer vacation, and School Scholarships are awarded annually.

Illustrated Catalogue A

Address G. H. LANGZETTEL, Secretary

Weber Artists' Materials
Tempera Colors
Tempera Canvases and Academy Boards
Students' Tempera Colors
Finely Prepared Artists' Oil and Water Colors
Pastels and Pastel Painting Materials
Fine Quality Brushes
Catalogue on Request

F. WEBER & COMPANY
Manufacturing Artists Colormen Since 1854

Factories and Main House
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Branches: St. Louis, Mo.; Baltimore, Md.

Rare Japanese Prints
Chinese Paintings, Textiles
and Embroideries

LUCY BROWN
665 Fifth Ave., New York City
Tel. Plaza 6163

Enlarging Accommodations
Register now for Summer Session and next year
NEW YORK SCHOOL OF FINE AND APPLIED ARTS
Frank Alvah Parsons, Pres.
Catalogs upon request
Professional Architecture; Interior Decoration; Poster Advertising; Costume Design; Industrial Design and Illustration
Teachers trained for above subjects and other art courses
Write for special information regarding Summer Courses
2239 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
Susan F. Bissell, Sec'y.

C. S. Waldo, Kelsea Health Heated Living Room, Chestnut Hill, Mass.
J. L. Little, Jr., Architect

For Such Rooms as This

KELSEY HEALTH HEAT

HAS NO JARRING NOTE OF INSISTENT EVIDENCE

In delightful rooms, such as this, with the fireplace, as its gathering spot of sentiment, how essential it is that the real heating system shall not be in jarringly insistent evidence.

How incongruous are stacks of iron, or unsatisfying the artificiality of the attempts of concealment.

In such rooms, as in every room of the home, the Kelsey Health Test is conspicuous for its lack of evidence.

The only noticeable thing is its comfort.

The fact is that you feel its comfort, but don't feel its heat.

Which latter fact is explainable, because it heats with freshly heated fresh air, that's as fresh as the oxygen-filled outdoors itself.

All of which is but an inkling of its many advantages.

Desiring further particulars, you will find our booklet, "Some Saving Sense on Heating," most interesting.

NEW YORK
103-D Park Avenue

THE KELSEY
WARM AIR GENERATOR
2 1 James St., Syracuse, N. Y.

BOSTON, 9
405-D P. O. Sq. Bldg

NEW BINGHAM
Cor. 11th & Market Streets
European Plan
Philadelphia, Pa.

BETTER THAN EVER
Thoroughly Modernized
Remodeled and Equipped
NEW MANAGEMENT
ROOF GARDEN
In connection
Special Club Breakfasts
and Luncheons
FRANK KIMBLE, Mgr.
N. Y. Office, *1270 Broadway*

ANTIQUES Genuine pieces in Queen Anne, Chippendale and Jacohean. Also early specimens of Glass. Trade Supplied. H. HOPKIN, 19and 20 Westgate, Grantham, Lincs., England.

HIGGINS'
- DRAWING INKS
- ETERNAL WRITING INK
- ENGROSSING INK
- TAURINE MUCILAGE
- PHOTO-MOUNTER PASTE
- DRAWING-BOARD PASTE
- LIQUID PASTE
- OFFICE PASTE
- VEGETABLE GLUE, ETC.

ARE THE FINEST AND BEST INKS AND ADHESIVES

HIGGINS' AMERICAN INDIA INK

Emancipate yourself from the use of corrosive and ill-smelling inks and adhesives and adopt the Higgins Inks and Adhesives. They will be a revelation to you, they are so sweet, clean and well put up.

At Dealers Generally

Chas. M. Higgins & Co., Mfrs
271 Ninth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Branches: Chicago, London

FRIEDRICHS
ARTISTS' CANVAS

We carry a complete line of large size Linen and cotton canvases for decorators, in stock.
Sample books of canvas sent upon request.

MEDIUMS

If you are not acquainted with the famous Durozies Mediums, write to us for the Manual "The Conservation of Paintings."

COLORS

We have in stock a complete line of American, English, French and German Colors, in oil and water colors.

E. H. & A. C. FRIEDRICHS COMPANY
Manufacturers ARTISTS' MATERIALS Importers
169 West 57th STREET
New York City
Established 1868

ARTS & DECORATION
The Premier Magazine in America of All the Arts
Sent to Your Home for 12 Months for $4.00

BERKSHIRE HILLS
Homes LENOX Estates
Summer Rentals
R. C. Robertson Pittsfield, Mass.

Santa Fe's Art Museum

(Continued from page 272)

the keynote of primitive abandon.

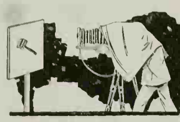
Open balconies and many windows give light and freedom. Around the central *patio* immense wooden pillars, like the projecting supports of the wall, have been antiqued by stain and hacking. Furniture of the quaintly carved Mexican type has been built especially for the museum, and many real antiques have been artistically used in the furnishing. Indian fireplaces are in many corners and Indian rugs and hangings are effective. Open balconies look out upon the fascinating old plaza with its rustling cottonwoods, its historic associations, its atmosphere of romance and pageantry and long-vanished splendor. Just across the street is the old Palace of the Governors, decorous though drowsy in the quiet sunshine. Its massive walls, marked with scars of combat, are peaceful at last and very silent, yet looking the part of the oldest fortress in the United States and the home of past dignity and authority.

The painters who have been interested in the new museum and whose pictures hang in the galleries form a significant group. The first center of art interest was at Taos, an old Indian village near the cañyon of the Rio Grande, and about ninety miles from Santa Fé. Some of the men working here have recently formed the Taos Society of Artists and send out annual exhibits to the large cities of the country. Among the members of this organization are Robert Henri, Bert G. Phillips, E. L. Blumenschein, J. H. Sharp, E. Irving Couse, O. E. Berninghaus, Walter Ufer, W. Herbert Denton, Julius Rolshoven and Victor Higgins. But long before this society was formed the ancient town of Taos was the home of a group of pioneer artists whose work found a market in the East and represented some of the distinctive phases of American art. Twenty years ago two young painters, Bert G. Phillips and E. L. Blumenschein, discovered this primitive settlement and were fascinated by its charm. The brilliantly colored plains and mountains, the picturesque Indians in their pre-historic pueblos, the glowing skies and the green, sunlit valley caught the artist imagination. The two men decided to stay and, braving the hardships of an isolated frontier community, they gradually attracted other painters to the place and at length built up a colony of able workers.

Santa Fé has recently seen a great influx of artists, writers and archeologists, and is growing artistically in a way that no other city in this country has grown. The art spirit of Santa Fé, like the museum itself, is a thing peculiarly indigenous. It has become the distinctive and dominant note of interest in the quaint old town. Civic pride has been directed by it. Santa Fé has come to believe in herself, and other public buildings have conformed in a general way to the type of construction which the museum exemplifies. The state school for the deaf and dumb is a further development of what is coming to be known as the Santa Fé style of architecture.

Private houses have been built on the same simple lines, modified to suit individual taste. Many delightful dwellings have been made from Spanish abodes, hundreds of years old, but as beautiful and permanent as ever. The idea of keeping the streets and buildings of the town in harmony with the natural and historical setting has inspired in Santa Fé a notable example of consistent and artistic city building. Such large-souled men as Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, Paul A. F. Walter, Carlos Vierra and Kenneth Chapman, all members of the museum board, have devoted themselves to the gospel of a fitting and harmonious scheme of city improvement. They have encouraged the preservation of the old and have insisted upon the intelligent adaptation of the new. "Museum nights" are held to which the public is invited to hear discussed some phase of civic art, literature or politics.

Though it is the oldest town in the United States, Santa Fé is still a town, and can thus unify its efforts on a common ground of interest. In spite of railroads and motors and aeroplanes, there is still something of the isolation of great distances which the early peoples of New Mexico knew. It proves a unifying bond. One feels this in the narrow streets, where donkey wood-carriers go, in the gray old churches, the quaint orchards and gardens planted by the gentle Franciscans four hundred years ago, when Santa Fé was already old. The long-haired Indians and black-shawled Mexicans slip through the streets with their lithe, soft-footed tread, and brown, half-naked children play at the open doorways in the native quarters. To the east, lie the "Blood of Christ" mountains, crimson in the sunset. A cathedral bell tolls, a black line of monks winds from the Brothers' School to San Miguel, the oldest church in Santa Fé. The visitor returns to the old Spanish doorway of the new museum and enters with a thrill of other worldliness—the sense of a vast, remote realm, the world of the simple and profoundly primitive. It is the simplicity and profoundness of Nature herself.



For Sharp, Clean-cut Reproductions

ANY Engraver will tell you this:
You cannot get a sharp, clean-cut reproduction from a drawing that is not itself sharp and clean-cut.

Draw on

STRATHMORE
ARTISTS' PAPERS and BOARDS

Strathmore doesn't lose anything you put on it. Strathmore presents a pleasing surface while you work and permits a perfect reproduction of your work.

Various weights are at your dealers.

Look for the Strathmore Mark—the thistle, stamped on every sheet.

Samples sent free.

STRATHMORE PAPER COMPANY
Mittineague. Mass. U. S. A.

Messrs. R. C. & N. M. VOSE

Fine examples of
American and European
PAINTINGS

Catalogues of our various exhibitions sent on request

393 Boylston Street, BOSTON, MASS.

The Tobey Furniture Co.
Interior Decorations
Our aim is to assist the client, developing his individual ideas in harmonious form.
Tobey-Made Furniture
—the original designs of our studios, executed by hand in our own shops.
NEW YORK: Fifth Avenue at Fifty-third Street
CHICAGO: Wabash Avenue and Washington Street

AMERICAN WALNUT
"The Cabinet-wood of the Elect"
You are rightfully proud of your love for Walnut. May we not send you a copy of the Walnut brochure de luxe now off the press? Write
AMERICAN WALNUT MFRS' ASSOCIATION
616 South Michigan Boulevard
Room 1002 CHICAGO

STUDY at the BEST ART SCHOOL on the PACIFIC COAST
CALIFORNIA SCHOOL of ARTS and CRAFTS
STATE ACCREDITED
2119 ALLSTON WAY BERKELEY CALIFORNIA
WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOG

The School of Craftsmen
Announces the following classes:
Book binding—Block printing—Design—Dyeing—Gilding on wood and elements of Polychrome—Illumination on parchment—Jewelry—Metal work—Pottery—Weaving—Wood carving and Clay modelling
Register now for 2d term commencing Jan. 15, 1920
For prospectus write to 106 East 29th St., New York

P. JACKSON HIGGS
CONSULTING SPECIALIST
in
Interior Decoration
Period Furnishing
Antiques and Reproductions
Rare Specimens on Exhibition
15 EAST 54th STREET NEW YORK
Write for Particulars

"HOME and the FIREPLACE"
Let us send you this Booklet gratis. A Mine of Information pertaining to *Fireplaces* and *Hearth Furniture*. Write today.
Colonial
Fireplace Company
4620 Roosevelt Road
CHICAGO

No living Pianist has done more to engender a love for music among American people than Joseph Hofmann, whose art at the zenith of his great career has been preserved by the Welte-Mignon.

World Famous Welte-Mignon

THE highest achievement of the House of WELTE in the world of music invention whereby generations yet unborn may listen to accurate and authentic interpretations upon the piano, of over five thousand musical compositions, as played by more than one hundred and fifty of the most distinguished pianists of the past two decades.

M. Welte & Sons, Inc.
667 Fifth Avenue
New York

COSTIKYAN & CO.
12 EAST 40th STREET
NEW YORK
ANTIQUE and MODERN
RUGS
FROM THE ORIENT

BOOKS ON ALL SUBJECTS, including Decorative Art, Drawing, Architectural Design, etc. Text-Books for every examination. Second-Hand and New.
Catalogue No. 437 post free. State wants
W. & G. FOYLE 121-123, CHARING CROSS ROAD
LONDON, W. C. 2, ENG.

HANDSOME TABLE SERVICE-WAGON

It Serves your home and Saves your time—that is Practical Economy.

Large Broad Wide Table Top—Removable Glass Service Tray—Large Drawer—Double Handles—Large Deep Undershelves--"Scientifically Silent"--Rubber Tired Swivel Wheels.

A high grade piece of furniture surpassing anything yet attempted for *General Utility*, ease of action, and absolute noiselessness. *Write now for a Descriptive Pamphlet and Dealers Name.*

COMBINATION PRODUCTS CO.
504-A Cunard Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

MARBLES

Howard Studios
Francis Howard, Pres.
Garden Furniture
7 W. 47th ST., NEW YORK
Benches Fountains Tablets Statues
Send 50 Cents for Catalogue Phone Bryant 491

MEMORIALS

THE STANDARD WOOD

OAK
THE STATELY COMPANION OF CULTURE

FOR FURNITURE *of* DIGNITY

AMERICAN OAK MFRS. ASSN. answers all letters. Address 1403, 14 Main St., Memphis, Tenn.

Smith & Watson
Specialists in English Furniture

A London Furniture Shop in New York
20 East 55th Street

The Passing of the Giants of Collecting

(Continued from page 233)

THE true collector draws a picture of himself with the things he collects. It does not matter whether he does this consciously or unconsciously. In the case of such another of the big collectors as the late Benjamin Altman there is, perhaps, a more definite expression of self. His collection, now at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, is an apotheosis of the successful and integral merchant. It has none of the tremendousness of the Morgan, the variety of the Johnson and Widener collections, their gigantic conception. It is a collection made through a more intimate and personal whim. I was going to say that it was the link between the past and present style of collecting. But I am not very sure that that would be correct. Mrs. Gardner's is really a merging of the two modes—a physical merger. There were no modern pictures in the Altman collection. It is like the new style, however, in being actuated, if not by a singleness of motive, by desire for a singleness of affect. His restrictions were those of the grand style of collecting: a matter of date or a fear, as with Mr. Morgan, of contemporaneous judgment. But there was in all the works a reflection of the man. The man, this perhaps incidentally, had begun by collecting Mauve a step ahead of Mr. Frick who begun collecting with the purchase of a Ridgway Knight. Perhaps he had better art instincts than these others. He was a Hebrew. Perhaps he does not belong in their class at all. He was not a man of fashion. He preferred Rembrandt to Botticelli, a head by Memling to a head by Greuze. He would have no ladies in peasant's dress, no momentous cracks in pitchers—this solid man of business. He took even his mysticism as with Rembrandt in honest garb. Indeed, except as a contrast, he does not belong in this article at all, for collecting here has been to a greater than lesser extent a fashionable pursuit, intent upon a fashionable result, and Mr. Altman, a bachelor, wanted neither one nor the other.

Mrs. Gardner's collection makes a grander gesture, one of broader mentality, of wider scope, one in which there may be occasional evidences of casualness but in which of fear there is none whatever. It is a long way, this collection, from a middle class collection. It is much nearer to those of modern collectors, who, possessed of a degree of confidence, spend small sums with much more bravery than the older order of their kind spent tremendous ones. We may almost say now that among our modern collections a few are those of connoisseurs. But connoisseurs do not make collectors. Very few are creatures of impulse, which would be a mote in the urbanity of their methods and a great many are speculators. A speculator in pictures is not strictly a collector of pictures. Connoisseur is a much misused word. A lover, no matter the object, has never been a connoisseur—it must be that connoisseurship precludes the possibility of love, that knowledge cuts kinks into the wholeheartedness of faith. The modern collector wants to be amused. He owns a temperamental fear of the monotonous. If he only goes from the pillar to the post or vice versa, which is no very great change, he does it continually, never straying far, since fashionable mandate favors pillars and posts, but always fearing that amusement might filter out through the sieve of monotony. All this cannot be very plain to the uninitiated layman. There's enough of him in this country. The fact is that the word interesting, which used to be considered inevitably appropriate, has now been supplanted by the word amusing, and a picture may be amusing when it is black or white, but it cannot be amusing when it is gray which is to say when it is mediocre. Our love, that should mean, is for the radical expression, or in continuance of the smile, for extremes. Perhaps this is evidence of an approach to civilization. We are no longer simple enough to be amused by familiar saws and our minds are no longer so inactive that they can go back over pictures on the reels of memory with pleasure. I am not altogether sure that civilization is frivolous but it has the color of frivolity, the evanescence of froth, and some of its flares of impetuosity.

OUR collectors of old masters began with the seventeenth century—they may end with the eleventh. They are painting that way now. It is more fashionable to own a primitive, Italian, German, French or Flemish than one of those fuller flowers of the Renaissance or Renascence, as Matthew Arnold had it, be it of Italian, German, Flemish, French or Dutch extraction. That might be because having ceased being children we have acquired an interest in childhood and find in lack of urbanity evidence of sincerity. But the truth is that we have become blasé in matters of art, and must excite appetites jaded by the familiar with morsels of the exotic. Perhaps the modernists have kindled this new love for the ancestry of the Renaissance—perhaps. But the buyers of the old primitives and the buyers of the new primitives are not the same. The collectors of the new primitives, beginners of the new wave in art, are either more intrepid or reckless or more careless. I don't know which. In collections like the Barnes' collection at Overbrook, Pa., tradition is, if ever, never stressed, never greatly stressed. But I am not sure that Dr. Barnes is a good example of the modern collector. He takes his collection seriously. He attempts to build an edifice whereas the others in a spirit, comparatively wanton, attempt merely to be surrounded by pictures which shall amuse them. Life is too long or too short, its experiences, if one have not enough care, too much the beads of one string to live it in monotonous seriousness.

Playing the Game

OTHER similar fictions which affect the public's taste are maintained by the artists. The artist plays the game after his own fashion. He ignores these things, gives himself up undistracted by worldly aims or ambitions to his art, and lets the artificialities of a prosperous democracy take care of themselves, or, while despising them he uses them, like his friend the politician, for his own profit. And the old artist, growing easy in his ways, leaves the young artist to carry on the fight as best he can.

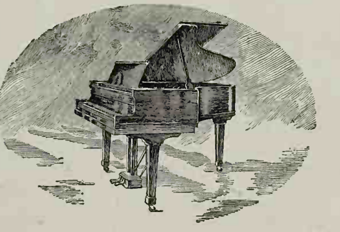
Only a few of the perplexities which make it so difficult for the true artist to play the game, as one individual in a vast democratic public, have been hinted at. He is dealing in a material world with spiritual values. Possibly the material and the spiritual values are not quite as separate and distinct as the artist sometimes finds its convenient to believe. And doubtless the artist, as distinguished from the mere professional, may be better off for holding aloof from the artifices which mediocre organization-men have invented for their own support. Doubt arises only when the real artist does not hold aloof, but tries to play both games.

The House of
ESTEY

THE name "ESTEY" on a piano insures the purchaser the measure of satisfaction which is always sought and implied but which is not ofttimes secured.

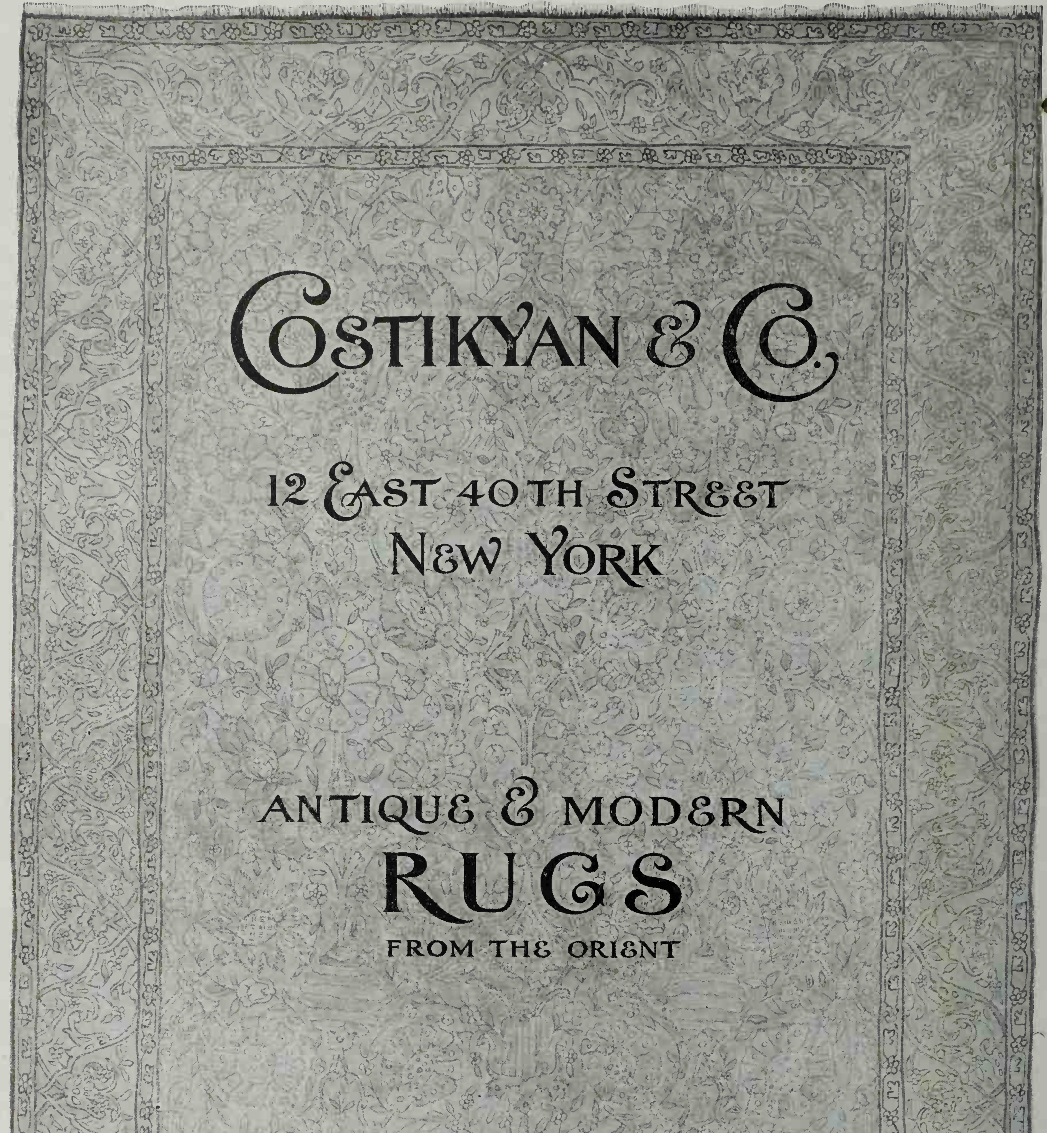
Satisfaction in a piano is secured through that indefinable something which is built into a piano as a result of years of experience. It can not be seen by the eye. Neither can it be appraised by running the fingers over the keys when a piano is new. With infinite pains satisfaction is built into the ESTEY, an instrument which has behind it many years of as satisfactory service as any piano that has been built on the American continent.

Estey Piano Company
New York Studio and Retail Showrooms
M. WELTE & SONS, Inc.
Six-Sixty-Seven Fifth Avenue
New York



Picture Lighting
EXPERT ADVICE
Reflectors plain and ornamental in design. If our recommendations are followed we will guarantee satisfactory results.
I. P. FRINK, Inc.
24th Street and 10th Avenue, New York

MARTINI TEMPERA COLORS
MADE OF AMERICAN MATERIALS, IN AMERICA, BY AMERICANS
You can always rest assured of two things when you buy a tube of our color:—
IT HOLDS THE COLOR DESCRIBED ON THE LABEL AND THE PIGMENT IS THE BEST OBTAINABLE
U.S. DISTRIBUTORS: FAVOR, RUHL & CO. NEW YORK, BOSTON AND CHICAGO. U.S.A

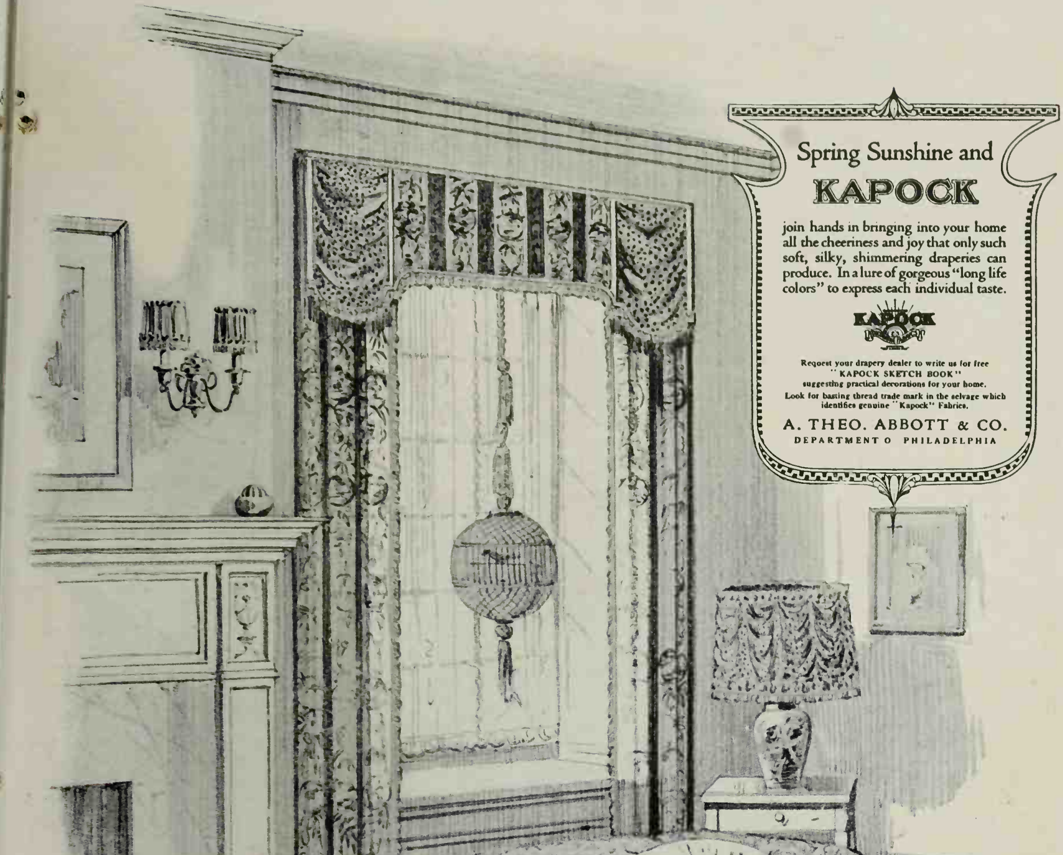


COSTIKYAN & CO.

12 EAST 40TH STREET
NEW YORK

ANTIQUE & MODERN
RUGS
FROM THE ORIENT

LARGEST ASSORTMENT
IN THE WORLD



Spring Sunshine and

KAPOCK

join hands in bringing into your home all the cheeriness and joy that only such soft, silky, shimmering draperies can produce. In a lure of gorgeous "long life colors" to express each individual taste.

Request your drapery dealer to write us for free
"KAPOCK SKETCH BOOK"
suggesting practical decorations for your home.
Look for basting thread trade mark in the selvage which identifies genuine "Kapock" Fabrics.

A. THEO. ABBOTT & CO.
DEPARTMENT O PHILADELPHIA

KAPOCK

REGISTERED

Decorative Fabrics

"LONG LIFE COLORS"

MADE IN NAIRN'S U.S.A.
REGISTERED U.S. PAT OFF

Servants' Hall and Pantry in the Mt. Kisco,
N. Y., residence of Eugene Meyer

WHERE the finest in floor-covering is considered, you will always find Nairn Linoleum, for Nairn quality is built-in by an exclusive Nairn process. The wide range of patterns permits the selection appropriate to the color scheme of any room.

Complete Booklet of designs in full color promptly mailed upon your request.

Nairn Linoleum Company, Newark, N. J.

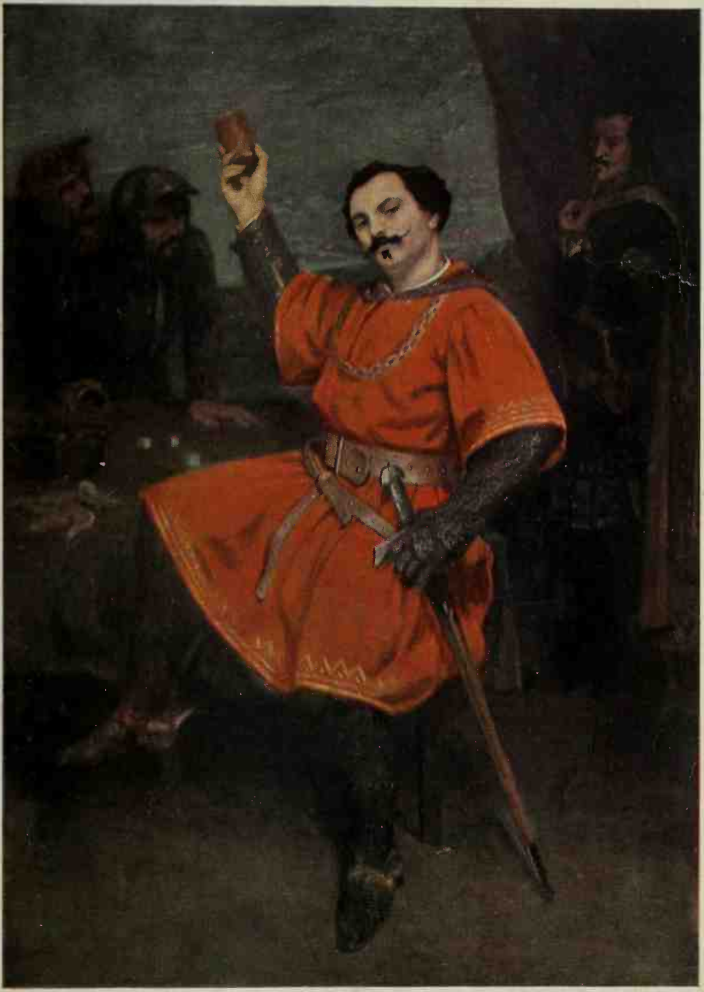
NAIRN
LINOLEUM

W. & J. SLOANE
Sole Selling Agents
575 Fifth Avenue, New York
216-218 Sutter St., San Francisco
Chicago St. Louis Denver Galveston Kansas City Los Angeles Seattle Portland, Oregon

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A COPY

MARCH 25, 1920

ARTS & DECORATION



From Metropolitan Museum of Art

IN THIS ISSUE

How Music Should Be Helped in America

The Diagnostic Age

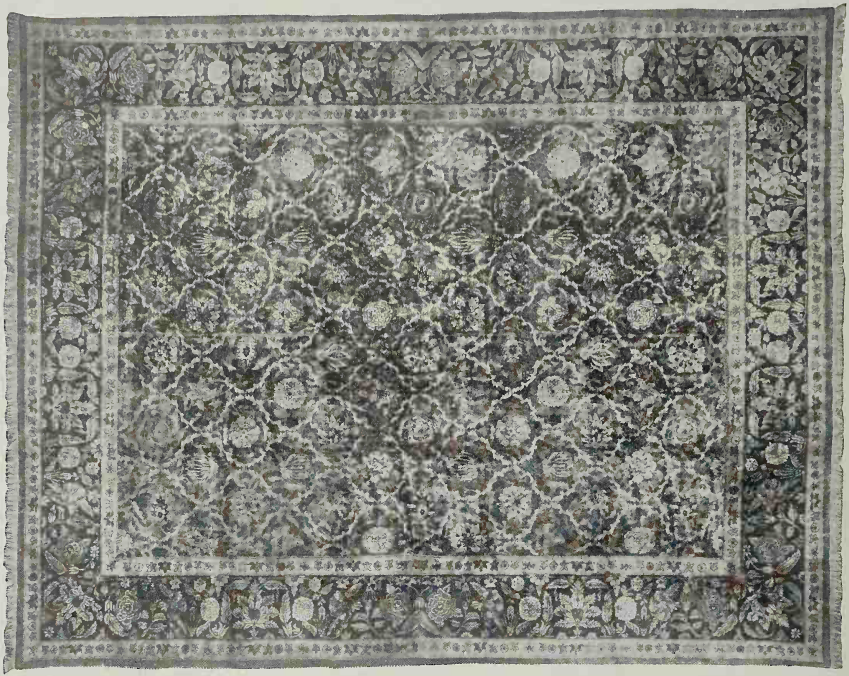
Rockwell Kent, Incorporated

Architectural Impressions

Magic of Antique Stuffs

John Drew and the Fixed Idea

THE JOSEPH A. JUDD PUBLISHING COMPANY
INCORPORATED
NEW YORK



THE splendid edifices erected during the time of the Great Akbar and Shah Jehan, are not the only evidences of the glory and art of ancient India.

A fragment of a rug, woven during the above period, now the property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, has served as the inspiration for the beautiful carpet shown in the above illustration.

So it is quite possible to secure rugs of Sloane quality, made in India by the same weaving processes of centuries ago, in desirable sizes and in designs and color effects which vie with the ancient in beauty.

A large stock is constantly on hand for your inspection.

W. & J. SLOANE

Floor Coverings and Fabrics Interior Decorators Furniture Makers

FIFTH AVENUE AND FORTY-SEVENTH STREET, NEW YORK

San Francisco: 216-228 Sutter Street

OCT 28

The Enduring Appeal~ of the Hampton Shops

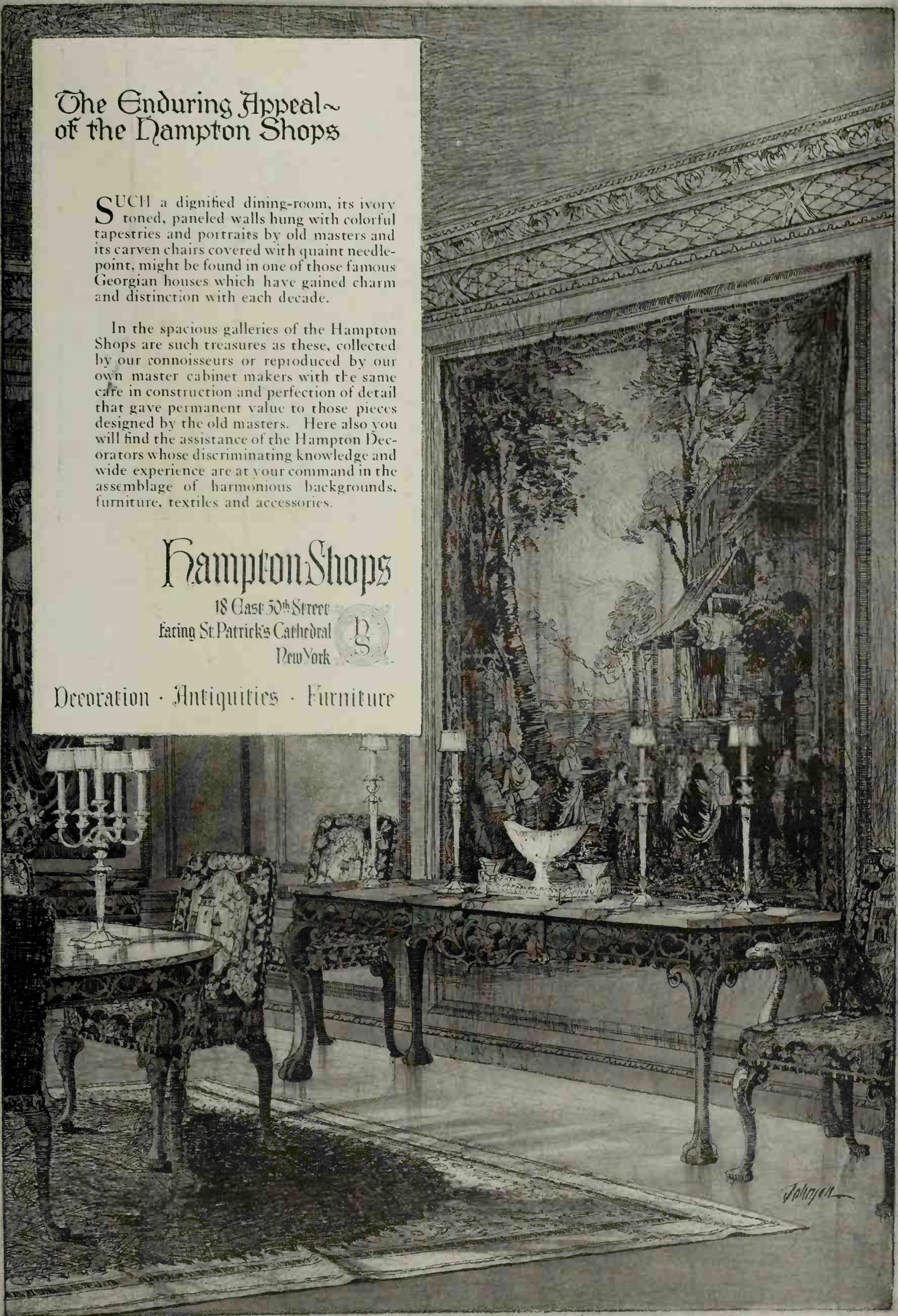
SUCH a dignified dining-room, its ivory toned, paneled walls hung with colorful tapestries and portraits by old masters and its carven chairs covered with quaint needlepoint, might be found in one of those famous Georgian houses which have gained charm and distinction with each decade.

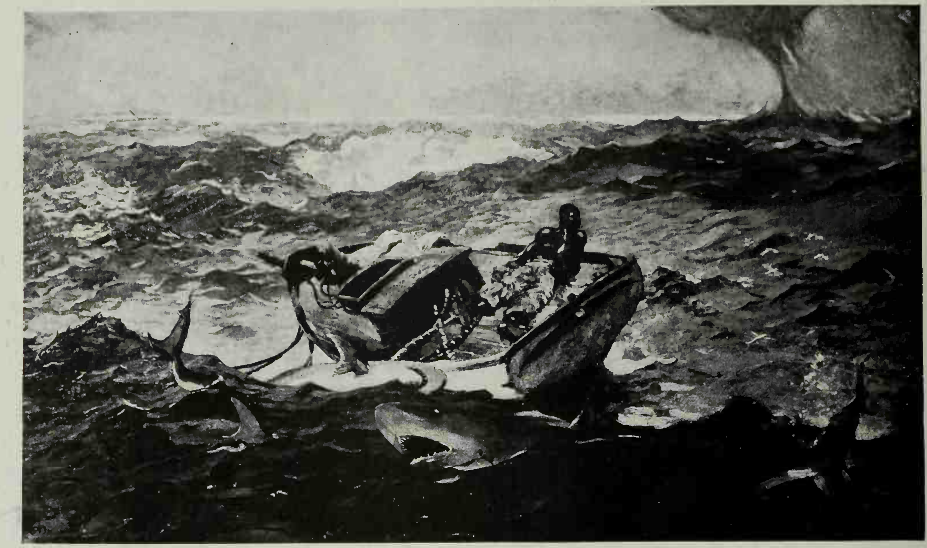
In the spacious galleries of the Hampton Shops are such treasures as these, collected by our connoisseurs or reproduced by our own master cabinet makers with the same care in construction and perfection of detail that gave permanent value to those pieces designed by the old masters. Here also you will find the assistance of the Hampton Decorators whose discriminating knowledge and wide experience are at your command in the assemblage of harmonious backgrounds, furniture, textiles and accessories.

Hampton Shops

18 East 50th Street
facing St. Patrick's Cathedral
New York

Decoration · Antiquities · Furniture





THE GULF STREAM. By Winslow Homer at the Metropolitan Museum

MARCH, 1920

CONTENTS

COVER: Portrait of Gueymard, the Actor — Courbet
Courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, N.Y.

FRONTISPIECE: Portrait of Jean. *Robert Henri*......310

EDITORIAL: P. T. Barnum and America.............. 311

ARCHITECTURE

Architectural Impressions—How Your House Will Look........................*Aymar Embury, II* 312
"Mi Sueno"—Estate of Herbert Coppell, Esq...... 314
The Reeves Sibley House, Far Hills, N.J............. 317

MUSIC

How Music Should Be Helped in America, *Charles Henry Meltzer* 320
Music as Decoration..........*Daniel Gregory Mason* 322
Wagner Returns to New York—Parsifal in English, *Daniel Gregory Mason* 323

ART OF THE WORLD

Rockwell Kent, Inc..................*Forbes Watson* 324
American Art ....*Guy Pène Du Bois* 326
Courbet's "L'Atelier de l'Artiste". .*Forbes Watson* 328
Four Etchings by Albert Besnard.................... 329
Hiroshige ....*Yone Noguchi* 338

INTERIOR DECORATION

Magic of Antique Stuffs............................ 330
Ironwork, New and Antique.................... .. 332
A Random Note on Curtains 334
The Old for the New..............*Helen C. Candee* 335
The Beaux-Arts Ball 336

THE DRAMA

The Passion Flower, with Nance O'Neill, *Hamilton Easter Field* 344
John Drew and the Fixed Idea........*Carter Irving* 346

OTHER INTERESTING FEATURES

Who's Who in American Art....................... 340
The Diagnostic Age ....*H. I. Brock* 342
The Fight for Culture in the New World, *Roland Wood* 337
Another Portrait of a Woman......*Laurence Hague* 348

ARTS & DECORATION, March, 1920. Published every month. Volume 12, Number 5; publication office, 25 West Forty-third Street, New York City. Guy Pène du Bois, Editor. Subscription price, $4.00 a year; single copies, 35 cents; foreign subscriptions, $1.50 additional for postage; Canadian subscriptions, $1.00. additional. Entered as second class matter at the postoffice in New York City under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyrighted 1920 by The Joseph A. Judd Publishing Company, Inc. Registered U. S. Patent Office.

TO CONTRIBUTORS—We are always glad to receive and examine manuscripts and photographs, but we cannot hold ourselves responsible for them. All manuscripts and photographs must be accompanied by sufficient postage. **TO SUBSCRIBERS**—Expirations: An advance notice of expiration of your subscription will be sent you on the first of the month of date of expiration. We send an additional reminder on the fifteenth of the month if you have not responded to the first notice. By remitting promptly then, you ensure the regular receipt of the magazine. **Change of Address:** Must be received before the tenth of the month to affect the forthcoming magazine.

THE JOSEPH A. JUDD PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

25 West Forty-third Street   JOSEPH A. JUDD, Pres't.   New York, N. Y.

ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

MALLINSON'S PUSSY WILLOW ❧ MALLINSON'S INDESTRUCTIBLE VOILE

MALLINSON'S PUSSY WILLOW SATIN ❧ MALLINSON'S INDESTRUCTIBLE CREPE ❧ MALLINSON'S RUFF-A-NUFF

MALLINSON'S DEW-KIST ❧ MALLINSON'S KUMSI-KUMSA ❧ MALLINSON'S DREAM CREPE

MALLINSON'S ROSHANARA CREPE ❧ MALLINSON'S CHINCHILLA SATIN ❧ MALLINSON'S KHAKI-KOOL

FAMOUS BEAUTIES

Doris Kenyon—the screen beauty with world-winning smile—realizes that individuality in dress is best expressed in the versatile, enhancing MALLINSON SILKS, and in particular the Mallinson *Metal Broche.*

Equally "famous beauties" are the new

MALLINSON'S
Silks de Luxe

DEW-KIST PUSSY WILLOW INDESTRUCTIBLE VOILE
In plain colors and new prints

KUMSI-KUMSA
DREAM CREPE
ROSHANARA CREPE

CHINCHILLA SATIN
FISHER-MAID
KLIMAX SATIN

NEWPORT CORD
THISLDU
KHAKI-KOOL

(All trade-mark names.)

By the yard at the best Silk Departments—in wearing apparel at the better Garment Departments and Class Shops. Look for the name MALLINSON on the selvage.

H. R. MALLINSON & COMPANY, Inc.
"The New Silks First"
Madison Avenue 31st Street New York

This is Really a "Thank You" Message

From the President of Arts & Decoration to the readers of the magazine, whose interest and appreciation has trebled the circulation in six months

SIX numbers of Arts & Decoration have been published under the new ownership.

In these six months the circulation of the magazine has increased three-fold.

The amazing thing about this unprecedented growth is that we did nothing to promote it.

We were busy making Arts & Decoration "the most beautiful and most interesting magazine published," as a celebrated architect describes it.

We did not have time to tell people about the magazine. Our old subscribers, and our new ones, have done this for us, and I want to thank them for their generous enthusiasm.

We have received hundreds and hundreds of letters of appreciation for Arts & Decoration. I don't believe any publisher received such stimulating, such inspiring letters.

They come from financiers, merchants, executives, professional men.

WE were not prepared for the acclaim we are receiving, nor for the unprecedented increase in our circulation.

We had not fully grasped the magnitude of the national interest in art, nor the deep sincerity of this interest. It needed a magazine of all the arts, appealing to this interest, to make it manifest.

Of course we knew, as everyone knows, that America has become the world's greatest market place for works of art; that Europe is bitterly complaining because her great treasures are flowing here in a constant stream.

We did not know so many thousands of people had come to realize that cultural development is as important to a nation as industrial development; that music, painting, beautiful homes, literature, the theatre, beauty in design, are as essential to our happiness and progress as are the bare necessities of life.

It is this changed attitude in our national life that makes us realize how useful to the social body are the patrons of art, that makes us remember Henry C. Frick, and Benjamin Altman of New York, John G. Johnson and P. A. B. Widener of Philadelphia, Charles L. Freer of Detroit—not as captains of industry, but as lovers of culture, who devoted their wealth, and their genius to collecting works of art in which all of us will share, rich and poor alike, on the same terms.

It is because Arts & Decoration so thoroughly, so comprehensively, meets the needs of this interest in the arts that it has such a quick, yet substantial growth.

A MAGAZINE of all the arts, it has an editorial staff which could produce a whole magazine devoted to each particular art.

Let me tell you about some of the members of the editorial staff.

AYMAR EMBURY, II., editor of the Department of Architecture, which is devoted to beautiful homes, is distinguished not only as a practicing architect, but as a writer as well.

CLIVE BELL, the brilliant and daring London critic, contributes an article each month.

FORBES WATSON, who has established the highest position as a critic of modern art.

DR. DANIEL GREGORY MASON, of Columbia University, composer, author, and lecturer, is in charge of the Department of Music.

HELEN CHURCHILL CANDEE, lecturer and author, especially noted as an authority on fine tapestries, is editor of the Department of Interior Decoration.

CAESAR SAERCHINGER, of London, is the resident European editor.

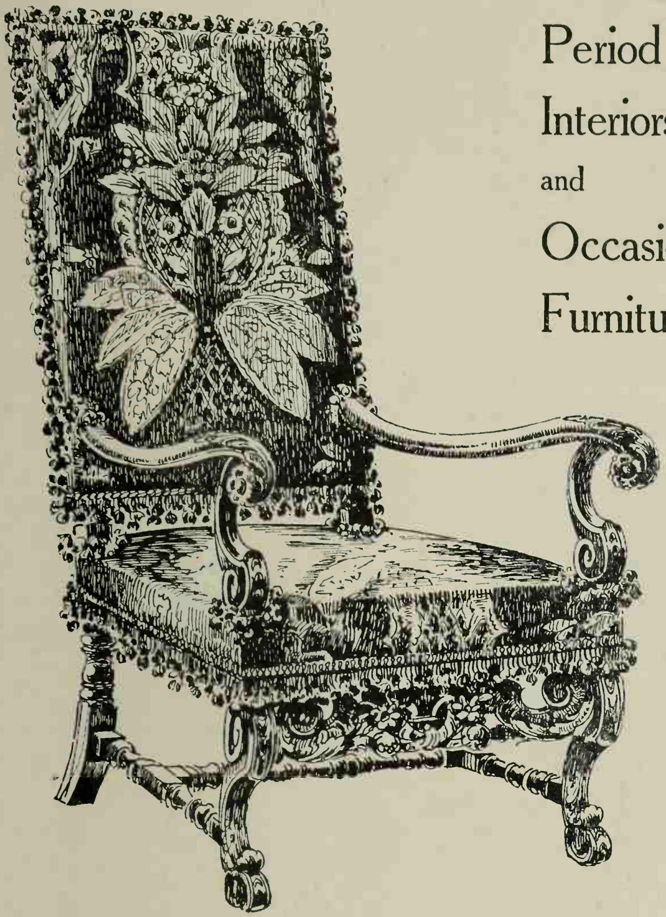
DR. YONE NOGUCHI, of Keio University, Tokio, who has international fame as a poet, lecturer and as an authority on Oriental art, is the resident Japanese editor.

GUY PENE DU BOIS, who has won fame as a writer and critic, is Editor-in-Chief.

With such a background as it possesses, with such an editorial staff of international reputation, Arts & Decoration has barely crossed the threshold of its success.

Let me again express our deep appreciation for trebling our circulation. May I assure you that we accept this honor, not as a reward for work done, but as an obligation and an inspiration.

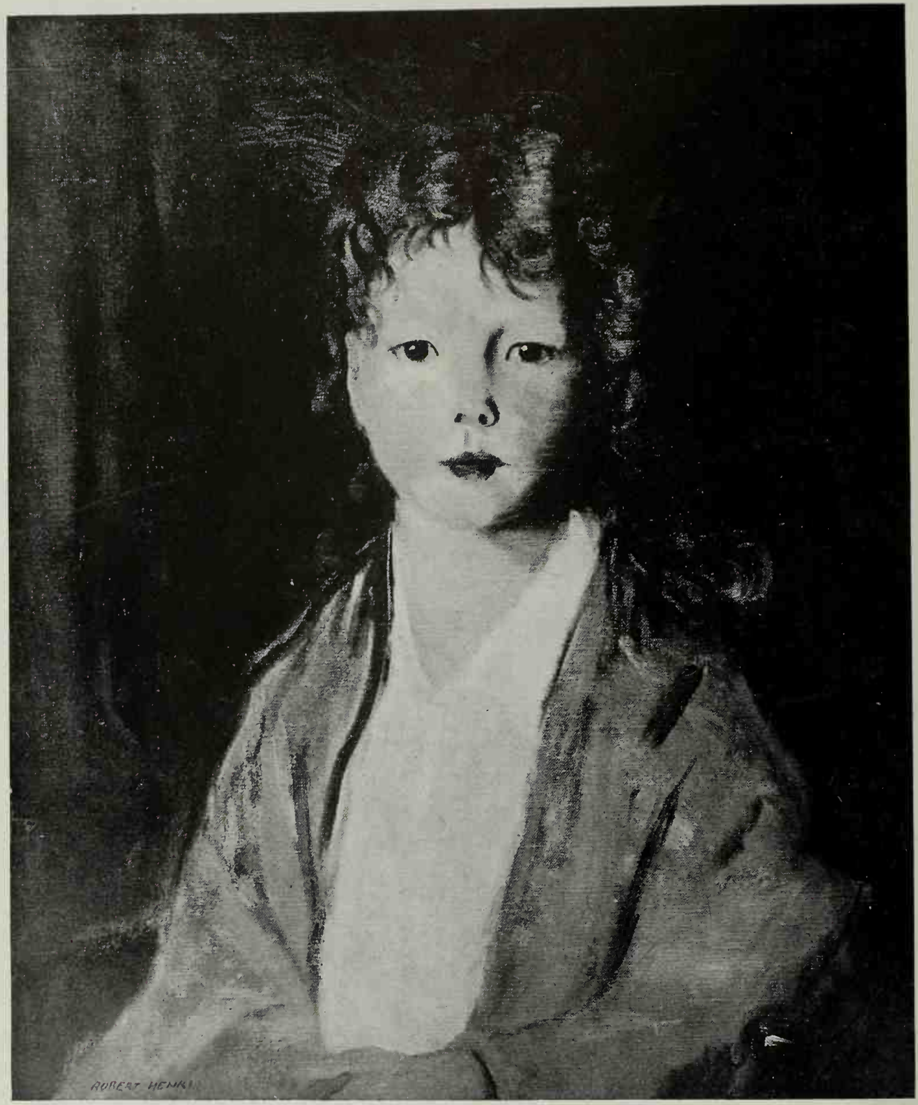
JOSEPH A. JUDD,
President, Arts & Decoration.



Period
Interiors
and
Occasional
Furniture

B. Altman & Co.

Madison Avenue-Fifth Avenue, New York
Thirty-fourth Street Thirty-fifth Street



PORTRAIT OF JEAN

By ROBERT HENRI

THIS portrait is hung in the annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy at Philadelphia. It is of interest that Mr. Henri at the beginning of his career gained, like Degas or Manet, a reputation as a painter of the ugly.

ARTS & DECORATION

The Foremost Magazine of the Fine and Industrial Arts

ARCHITECTURE · SCULPTURE · MUSIC · PAINTING
DRAMA · INTERIOR DECORATION

VOLUME XII

NUMBER 5

March 25, 1920

P. T. Barnum and America

VINCENT O'SULLIVAN concludes his Lettres anglo-amèricaines—December *Mercure de France*—with: "Ah! Barnum, comme vous étiez supérieur a tous ces fantoches." The fantoches being American novelists. The letters are on American literature. "Barnum, what genius! I am happy to find this occasion to pay my tribute to this man, one of the greatest of my compatriots, who, without effort, while Emerson sought painfully over Europe and Asia for his 'representative men,' formed young America in his likeness." Is this a literary trick, the idle gambol of a man of letters, a sensational somersault, a sleight-of-hand, or one of those stunning truths which are so perplexingly similar to exploding bombs in a camp of sleeping men? Most of us will rub our eyes a little before we open them to confidently take in this dictum. New York City itself, since the war, has displaced certain rusticities of provincialdom to take its place as a truly cosmopolitan city. Elsewhere in the country there may be a growing tendency to weigh balances, a growing dislike to exaggerate the slight favoring tilts of the scales.

Perhaps America's position in the world chaos is bad for its soul's good—bad, that is, if souls are really good, Christianwise, in proportion to their humility. But who can tell about that? The Barnum psychology is not built upon a foundation of humility—far from it. Indeed, it may very well be that in its pointed réclame of the exotic the Barnum psychology has a parallel in those collectors of the day who would prefer a sickly three-legged work, or another "What-is-it" to the best of the better works that live in duplicate. It would perhaps be unfair to Mr. O'Sullivan—he visited or revisited us but a short time ago—to translate his idolatry of Barnum into an idolatry of American bluff. He is too much a literary man to permit himself to be carried away by so palpable a motif, so palpable or so hackneyed. It may be newer to France, though, even there, twenty years ago, they spoke of American bluff not infrequently.

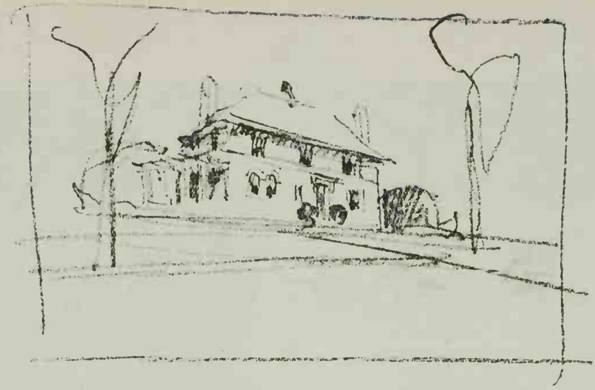
Mr. O'Sullivan is happier in this little essay on American novelists when he refuses to accept O. Henry because of his sentimentalism and refuses to accept Puritanism as the erector of the moral barbed wires by which the freedom of American novelists is restricted. Of course, we've heard before of the love of nakedness displayed by the Puritan fathers, who could speak truth with more blatancy than a Greenwich villager and, when opportunity offered, stare it equally well out of countenance. The fact remains, however, that their philosophy was not built upon a basis of truth; it was, on the contrary, motivated by an idealism which gave the lie to truth in most places of contact, which denied matter while wreaking every sort of flagellation upon it. It is the spirit of this idealism which has come to us under the name of Puritanism, the rudeness of the original Puritan notwithstanding.

Statues of the nine muses, Calliopoe, Clio, Euterpe, Thalia, Melpomene, Terpsichore, Erato, Polymnia, and Urania, ornament the front of this palace, built by the Austrians at Scutari, in Albania. It now has an Italian tenant, General Ferraro, and is also headquarters of American Red Cross units desirous of temporary hospitality

Perhaps Barnum's—if it wasn't Barnum's it should have been—"You can fool all of the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time," has been the greatest influence upon American morals, or, as writers might prefer to have it named, principles. It is a safe presumption, anyway, the presumption that with most American artists, whether writers, painters or musicians, the line of safety is drawn with the spirit of that often-repeated phrase or query, as it is written here: "Can I get away with it?" Can I really make enough people believe that "Jo Jo, the dog-faced boy," is really the rarest soldier in a regiment of exotics, or that this hurried fabric of my harrassed brain, of my borrowing and therefore pseudo-inventive faculty, is really a child of great talent or, with good fortune, of genius? I haven't a tremendous amount of faith in it myself. This psychology could have been neither Rembrandt's nor Shakespeare's, although the temper of the people allows a great many of their mediocre works to "get by."

There are so many credited masterpieces that are not masterpieces at all, that our Barnumian conviction on the paying nature of advertising is made stronger than ever. Never was there a time in the history of American art when the young artist was more anxious to get into the public prints and so successfully accomplished this end. A movement in painting is put on its feet here with the introductory blare of scare headlines. The famous Armory show, wherein New York and a large part of the country was first introduced

(*Continued on page* 374)



The First Idea—a three-minute freehand sketch

Architectural Impressions

Illustrated by the Author

AYMAR EMBURY, II

Editor Department of Architecture

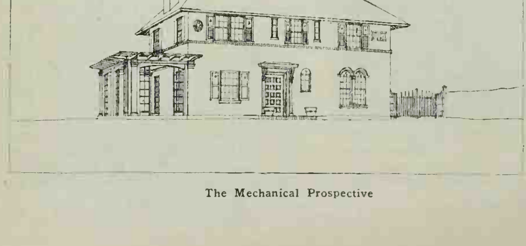
How Your House Will Look

THE more thoughtful and discriminating a man is, the more apt he is to be disappointed in the appearance of his house when built, unless he is one of those rare people who can read drawings as well as an architect. If a person isn't very particular as to just how he wants his house to look, and has a competent architect, he will very likely be pleased with his result: the vaguer the mental picture he has formed, the easier it is for him to believe that the result is in exact accordance with his preconceived ideas. On the other hand, the man who knows very exactly his desires, will almost inevitably be disappointed, for it is very difficult indeed even for an architect to fully visualize the structure to be erected from his drawings or to make drawings which, when followed, will produce the result he may have visualized.

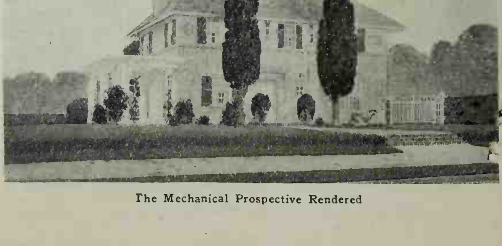
The problems of the architect differs from those of a painter or a sculptor in that his work is first an attempt to meet the requirements of others, and second, is very largely executed by others, where the painter and sculptor rarely have to conform their works to certain fixed and definite conditions, and are able to work out their conceptions with their own hands, their only limitations being those inherent in their mediums. I sometimes wonder how well a painter such as Millet would have painted the "Angelus," if he had been told in advance the exact size of the canvas, the number of figures required, the colors of the garments, and the finish of the surface: yet the restrictions placed upon an architect are quite as definite as these, and he is expected to produce a work of art, is blamed if he fails; but, to the credit of the profession be it said, in a surprisingly large number of cases succeeds amazingly

Take the processes through which every house has to pass; examine them and be convinced that the successful house is a real triumph. In the first place, the house is built for a specific client, who requires certain things in the way of rooms, halls and closets, for which he can pay but a certain sum. The property he owns has certain features which, for purely practical reasons, require that these rooms be placed in a more or less definite relation to each other; to arrange these rooms so that every advantageous circumstance will be utilized, so that living conditions will be comfortable, and so that no undue expense is incurred, is the architect's first problem. This is the plan. He is then required to inclose this plan between walls and a roof of materials selected by the owner. We will assume that he is able to make sketches which indicate that this can be done satisfactorily. The sketches are turned over to his draftsmen, who make the working drawings and the full-size details of ornamental parts, from which the house is built. The building is then let to a contractor, who buys the materials specified, and has sub-contractors and mechanics perform the final stage, by which the owner's conception of his needs is translated into terms of brick and stone and steel and wood, and becomes—perhaps—the home he has longed for.

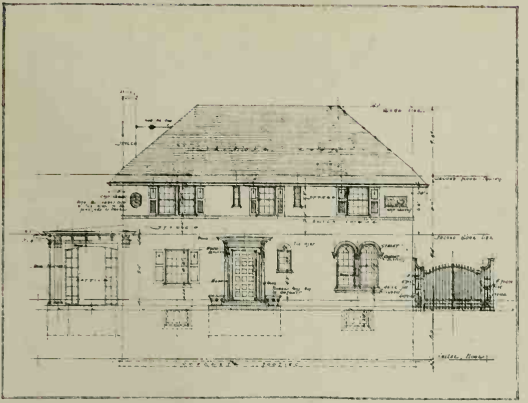
Now it is obvious that in this act of creation by deputy there are many steps upon which the original idea may stumble or fall. It may be in the final step in the erection of the materials; the individual mechanic interests himself not at all in the result of his work: he does as he is bid; or as he has been trained to do and feels no responsibility for the result; and I think that few people realize how greatly the appearance of a house is affected by the mechanical processes of its erection. One can specify a certain kind of brick, a certain mixture of mortar, and a certain width and type of joint, but there will remain room for endless variance in texture of surface in laying the brick; the mechanic must



The Mechanical Prospective



The Mechanical Prospective Rendered



Working drawing of the front elevation

Photograph of the completed house

be shown exactly the effect intended before it can be secured.

Going back a step, the architect may have in mind a very definite conception of the color and texture of the materials required to perfectly express his conceptions; and will find that the exact shades and surfaces cannot be obtained: they are not manufactured, or are too costly for use: he must build with what can readily be obtained: and according to his deftness in combining materials at hand to approximate his conception so will he be successful.

The making of drawings which will carry out the intent of the sketches is not usually so difficult. While it is improbable that the architect will be able himself to make many or perhaps any of the working drawings, his draftsmen will usually be so comprehending of his ideas, and so sympathetic with his views on architecture, that the work will be as well done as if he had done it all himself: but in the working drawings themselves there will be many points about which the architect and his draftsmen will be none too sure; it is extremely difficult to understand the exact effect which will be produced in three dimensions of what is shown in two on the drawings; one doesn't know exactly how this shadow will fall, or how much that overhang should be, and awaits the executed work with anxiety—and sometimes remembers it with regret. The architect employs in making the working drawings all his experience of what has proven good and what bad; his years of study of the results of the common experience of past generations of architects (which is called good architecture) and an ability to visualize results in excess of that granted to the common run of men, a power which has been sharpened and stimulated by years of practice: this is not true of the owner, who builds no more than one or two houses in his lifetime: and as the problem for the architect is first to discover what his client wants, and second, to give it to him, everything that will help him to understand his clients' wishes should be tried, and conversely the client should neglect nothing which will enable the architect to understand him. When the architect meets the owner it is as if two people speaking different languages were met, and endeavoring to discuss a matter of mutual importance and great urgency. They have a few phrases in common, but for the most part must communicate by pictures.

A model can be viewed from any point (model by Yona Studios)

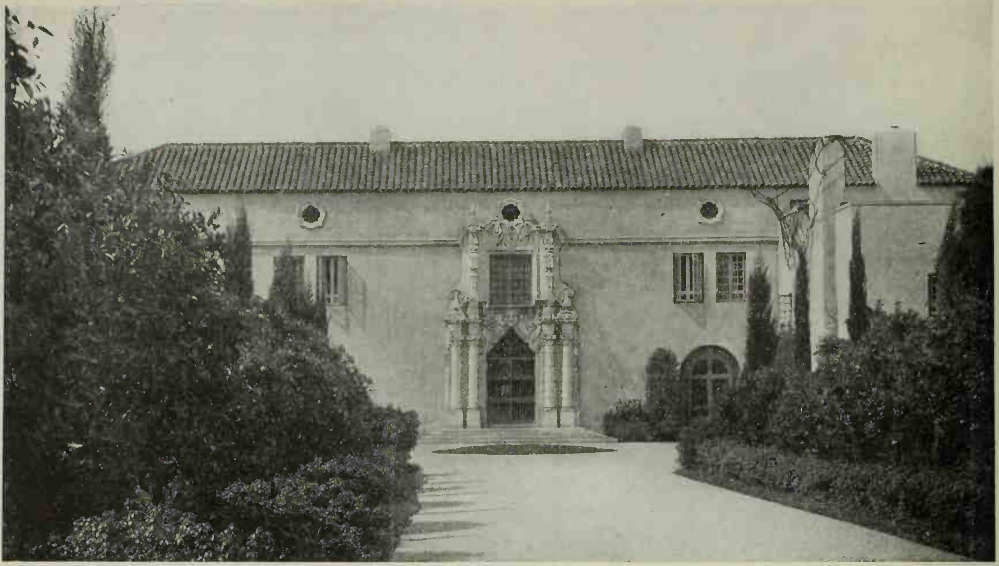
Therefore, to begin work with your architect, you should be able to show him what you do like either in houses with which you are both familiar, or by pictures of houses that have in them the qualities you desire in your own. And you should, before going to him, select out those which are harmonious and which you most prefer, and not produce a lot of miscellaneous clippings which illustrate the vagaries of your temporary fancies, and which you know yourself are not susceptible of assemblage into a single building, but those pictures which illustrate your true desire from various angles. It is preposterous to expect an architect to combine Georgian and Italian and English motives into a single building and produce a smoothly harmonious whole; yet people very often expect just this thing; and when they do they must expect their architects to take the matter out of their undecided hands and design what the architects think they ought to have, and not what the owners think they want: I have done just this on many occasions; in general, my clients have been pleased.

Further, do not bring to your architect illustrations which are obviously inapplicable to your particular case. If you want a house with a hall through the middle and rooms on each side, with a resultant plan nearly square, do not show him a sketch of a long, low rambling house and say your house should look like that, or if you want a house of a small

(*Continued on page 373*)

The courtyard side of the model

The garden front of the same house



The Entrance Front

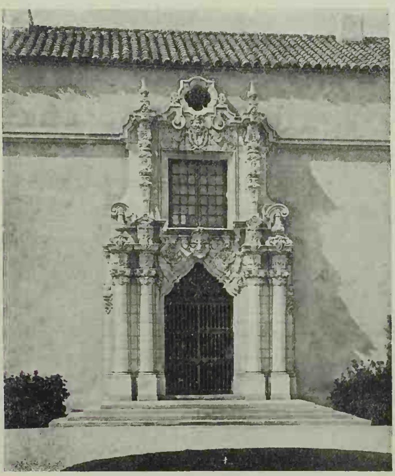
"Mi Sueno"—Estate of Herbert Coppell, Esq.

Pasadena, California

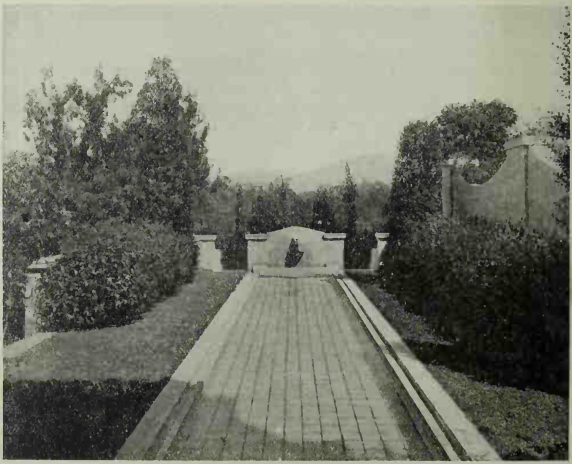
PASADENA is, after all, a suburb of the already large and constantly growing city of Los Angeles. "Mi Sueno," therefore, must not be regarded as a country house in the exact sense, rather it is a palace, of limited size, to be sure, but still a palace, similar to that which a Florentine of the Renaissance might have built in the immediate outskirts of the city, but hardly what he would have regarded as fitting at any great distance. But times and means of locomotion have changed and automobiles make the 15 or 18 miles that separate Pasadena from Los Angeles seem scarcely what half a mile or so would have seemed in the 16th and 17th centuries. Being a suburb, dealings in real estate in Pasadena therefore are not a matter of acres but rather of front foot, and Mr. Coppell's property, consisting of between five and six acres, is therefore one of the largest.

Social life in Pasadena is on a very grand scale, and the house has been devised chiefly with its convenience for entertaining. Originally merely an orange orchard, the entrance avenue was obtained by doing away with two rows of orange trees, planting each side heavily in order to hide the bare earth that seems to be an unavoidable accompaniment of successful orange culture.

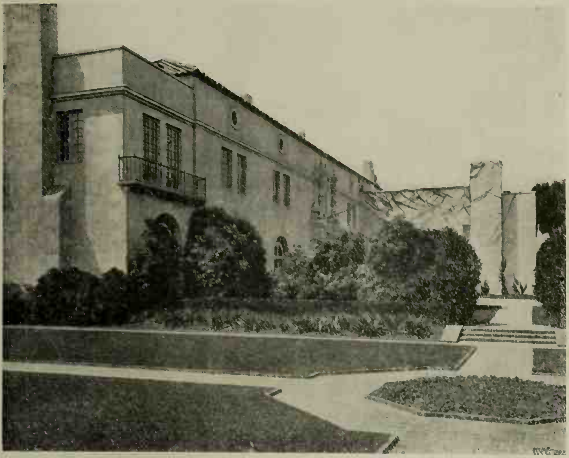
In architectural style the house is distinctly Spanish, simple, even to bareness, but relieved by ornament that so far from being simple is of the wildest type of Churrigueresco. The magnificent live oaks have all been piously preserved, and the lawns



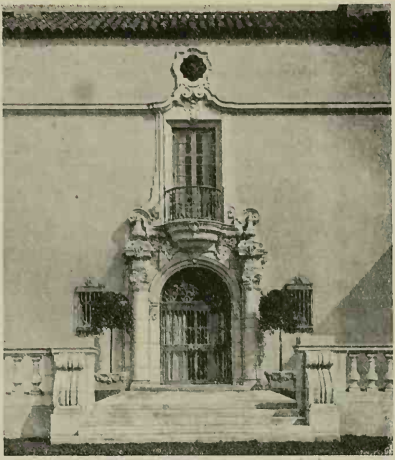
Detail of Main Entrance



A Garden Walk



A Corner of the House



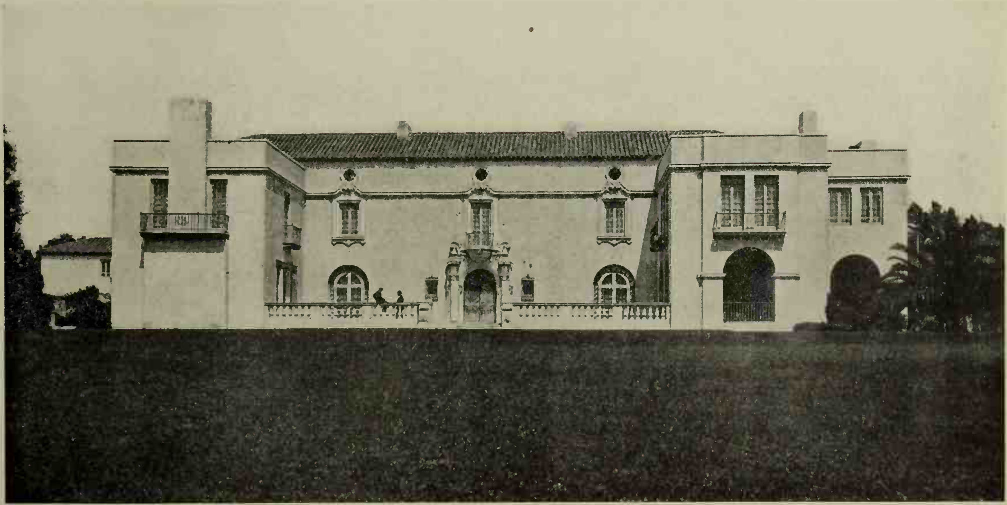
Detail of Garden Entrance

are among the most perfect of their kind in the United States.

The house is long but very narrow, so that the entrance hall and living room are lighted from both sides. The staircase, of marble with iron balustrades, is double, and, ascending, meets the second story at a sort of carriage lodge that forms the upper portion of one side of the two-story hall. In the second story there are five or six bedrooms, each of considerable size, and each, of course, with its connecting private bath. Though the house is Spanish, a concession has been made here to modern taste and conveniences, and the gray-panelled bedrooms are rather French than Spanish. Downstairs the drawing-room is almost 60 feet long by about 25 feet wide. Its ceiling beams, spanning the room after the Spanish manner, are of mahogany, but not so red as is usually the case with mahogany furniture, but rather of a brownish gray. At the end, opposite the entrance, is a great mantel, the lower portion of stone, elaborately carved, and the upper part of polychrome gilt, like the reredoses of the early 18th century both in Spain and Mexico. This serves as a frame for a very charming landscape by Magnasci. On the other side of the entrance hall is a small apartment, that serves as a meeting-place for the enjoyment of the before-dinner cocktail, and the after-dinner coffee and liqueur, or did so serve until the present oppressive American laws dealing with such indulgence were put in force. The centre of this room is taken up by a small fountain, executed by Marie Apel. It represents a female figure, kneeling and holding a shell under one of the jets. This may possibly symbolize the placer mining Argonauts, though the lady is altogether too charming and too fragile to have been one of them. The pedestal to the figure is of green bronze and the basin below of verde antique marble. Couches heavily upholstered in brocade and little tabourettes sufficiently indicate the uses to which this apartment is put.

Beyond the fountain-room comes the dining-room; not so large as the drawing-room, this is still of very considerable size, and with its elaborately gilded and inlaid "artesonado" ceiling and black and white marble floor, it is distinctly the most successful room in the house. As in the case of the drawing-room, the mantel is placed at the end opposite the entrance, and is of stone, high enough to form a recess, lined with old and very beautiful Spanish tile. The chimney breast above is exactly covered by a piece of extremely good needlework, French or Flemish in origin. The dining-table—there are three of these, each a duplicate of the other, but these are not used together except on state occasions—is of Italian walnut, while the chairs are entirely gilt.

Due to a curious prejudice of the owner, the Italian landscape in the drawing-room mantel is the only picture in the



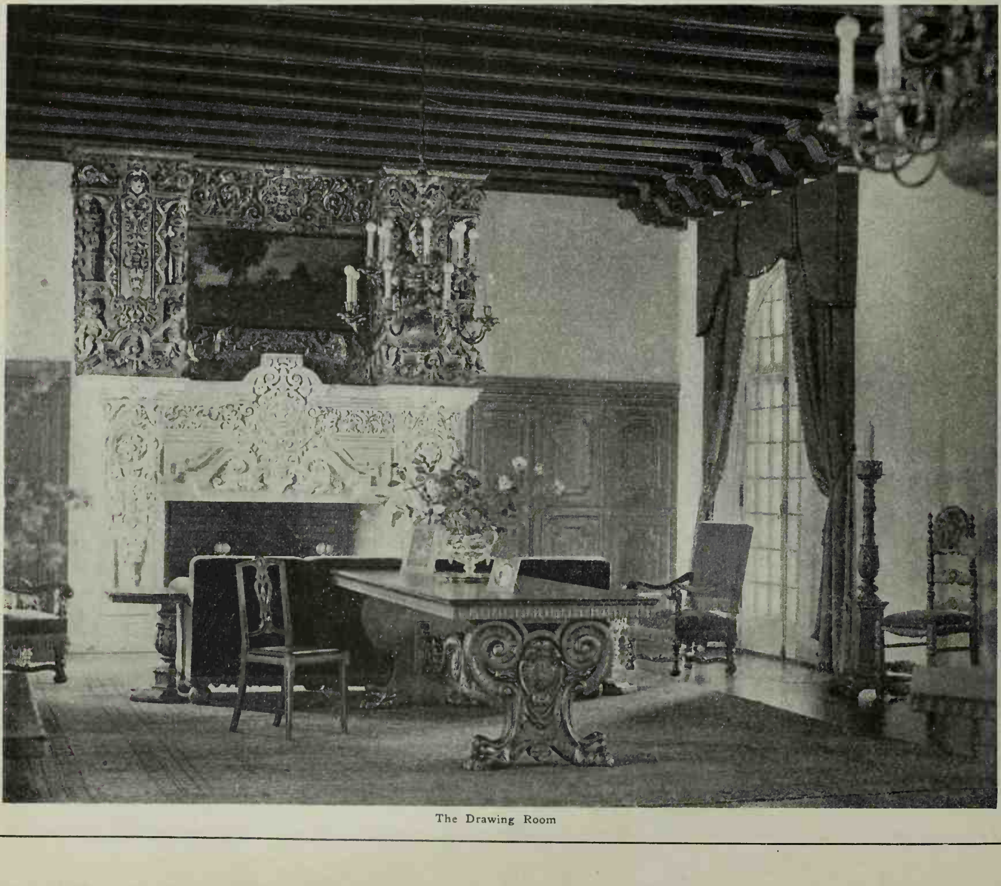
The Garden Front

house, and the walls, except for the brocade curtains at the various openings, are absolutely unrelieved white plaster.

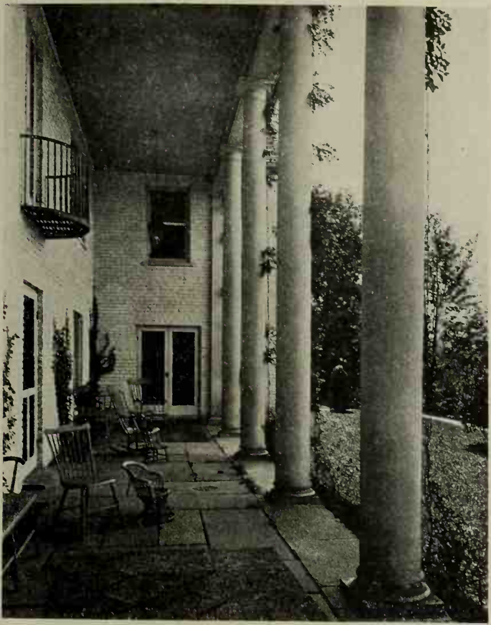
Since on three sides the place is surrounded by public streets, the property has been enclosed by a high precinct wall, over which masses of foliage and flowers now hang, and through the infrequent doorways the outsider obtains glimpses of the house and gardens within, tantalizing in their fragmentary quality. At one corner, though successfully hidden from the house, is the service entrance, with its gardener's cottage and garage.

Some suggestion of the European garden in this, of the European garden which has always been, philosophically, the antithesis of the American garden. The American garden had been the twin brother of the brownstone front, a masque put up to hide from the passerby the common brick out of which the house was built. The back yard of that house, meant for the eyes of its inhabitants alone, was a sore to them and a secret to hide from the visitor. An American front was another American bluff. The beauty of the home was upon its surface despite that we borrowed even then from England and France, who may orginally have borrowed from Constantinople in the period of the Crusades and of drawbridges and moats the ideal of the sanctity of the home. New riches, quite obviously, bring with them a desire to prove their possession. Riches are no longer so new here. And gardens need no longer be built in order to impress the Jones as they go by with their heads held high.

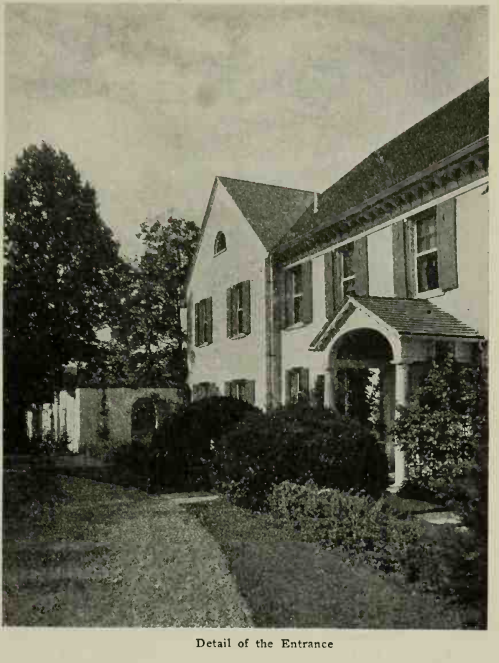
A Corner of the Dining Room



The Drawing Room



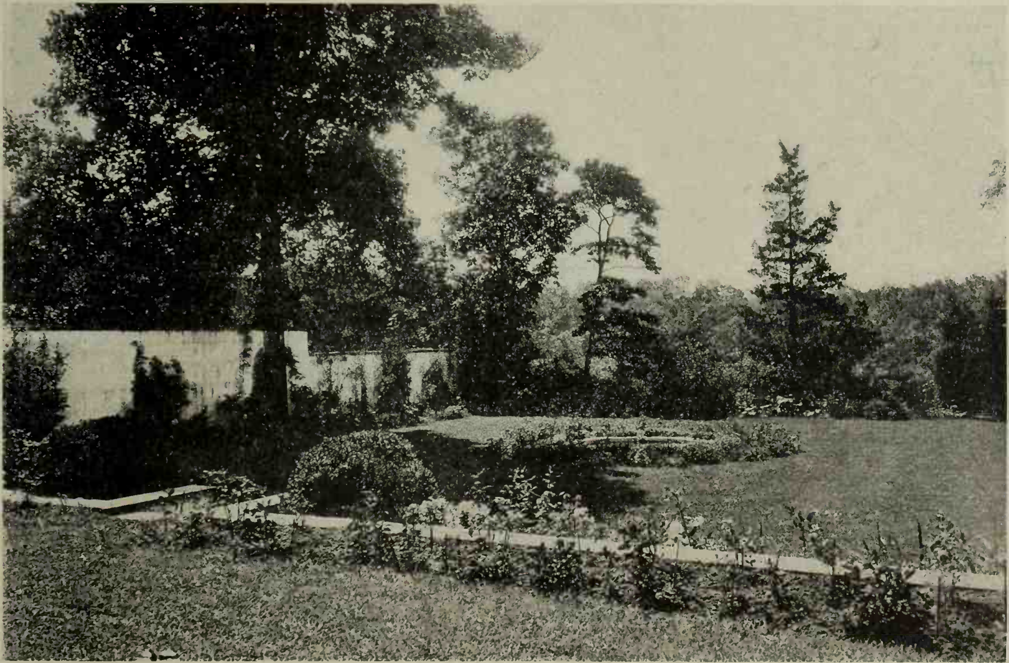
The Piazza



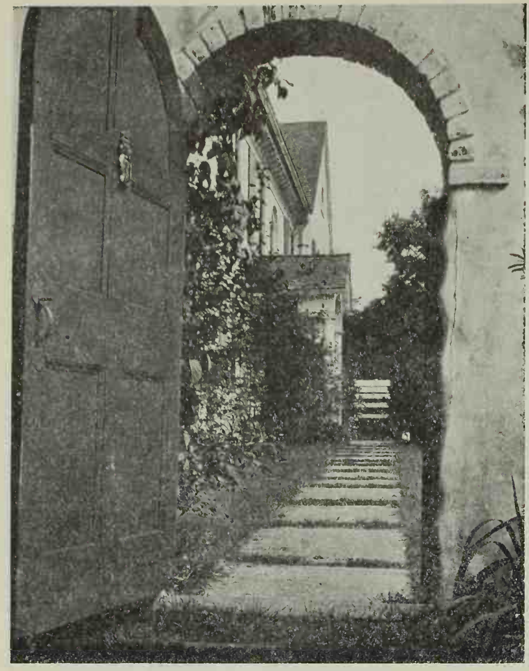
Detail of the Entrance

Reeves Sibley House, Far Hills, N. J.

PEABODY, WILSON & BROWN, ARCHITECTS



The Lawn from the Piazza

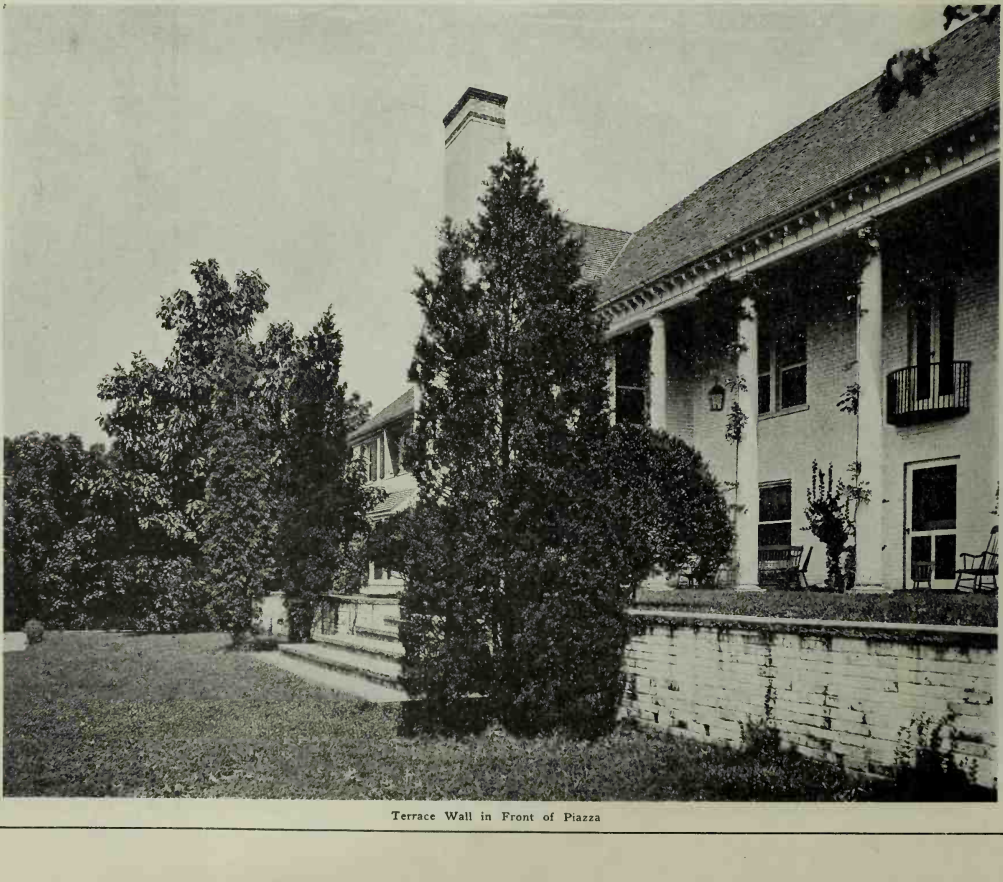


The Entrance from the Service Yard

Note on the Reeves Sibley House

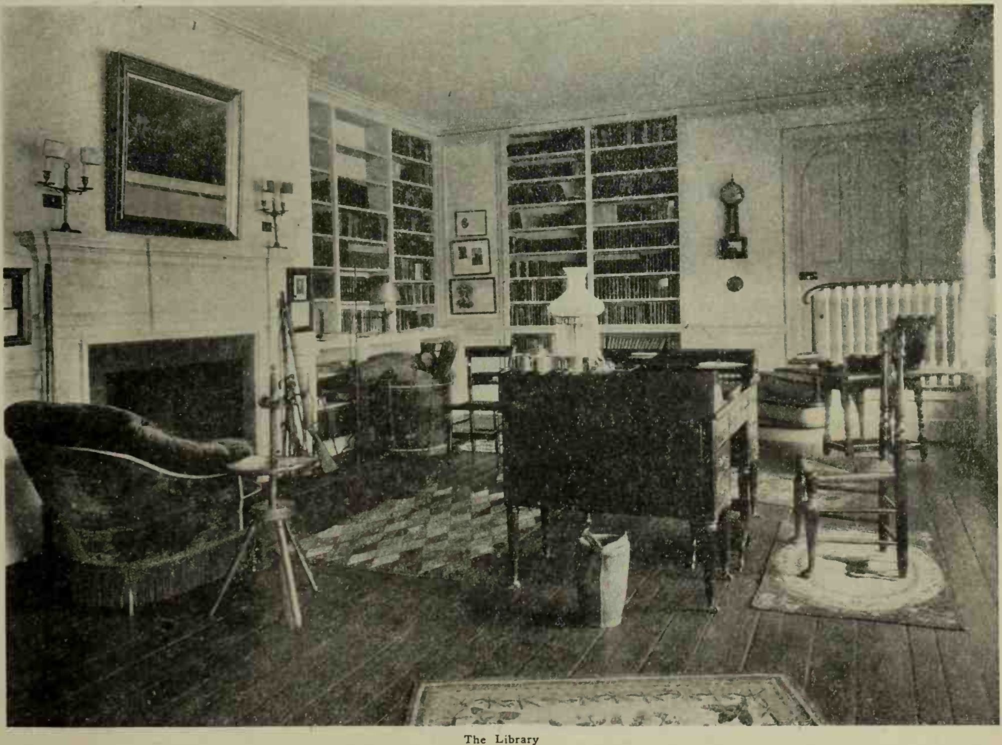
WHILE houses of English and Italian genesis surprise us by their novel beauty, we can hardly tire of our own plain and handsome Colonial—when it is well used. A house like this one never gets tiresome. Its immediate appeal may not be so great as that of a house of less familiar architecture, but the simple and homelike dignity of the style is as refreshing as water to a thirsty man. The house has all the elements that are best in our Colonial. The order is neither stereotyped nor bizarre; it is graceful, free from too strict adherence to precedent, and eminently suited to the design of the building. The walls are of white painted brick, without any but the natural texture, and decorated only by the well proportioned and admirably disposed windows. The chimneys are simple, the iron balcony of the plainest possible type, the terrace wall of materials obviously found ready at hand, the piazza floor of simple rectangular flags. Yet the house as a whole is of a delightful quality, suggesting not parsimony but an admirable restraint.

These characteristics mark the interior as well as the exterior. The furniture is for the most part of precisely the character of the exterior: the library is especially good, with the wide board floor relieved by a few hook rugs. The Washington desk is not only good to look at, but comfortable to use; the book shelves suggest a cultivated taste in the owner, and even such details as the clock and the lamp are becoming to the room. Altogether the house has been designed and furnished with a singular unity of spirit in the architects and the owner.



Terrace Wall in Front of Piazza

The Living Room



The Library

How Music Should be Helped in America

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

I HAVE never taken young Lorenzo seriously, though he talked well on music. What right had he to link music with morality—he who had watched his Jessica rob Shylock?

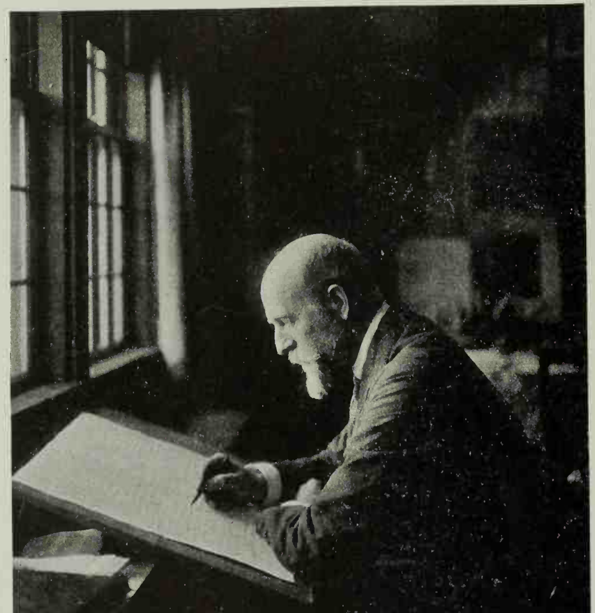
The man "who hath not music in himself" may be a traitor, fit for treasons and the rest. But shall we take Lorenzo's word for it? Happily, very few are tone-deaf in America. Most people whom we meet love music. Our cities ring with symphonies and operas. Our villages delight in glees and gramophones.

To millions of Americans music is an unfailing comforter; a friend, who cheers, uplifts and warms the heart. The races whom we are merging in our melting pot are largely musical. The Italians, Swedes, Norwegians, French and Slavs bring to these shores an inherited love of music. The least responsive are of English stock; and chiefly those who hark back to the Puritans. Yet Maine has turned out more than one sweet singer, and Boston gave us our most famous orchestra.

In San Francisco they are music-mad. As I look back to what seem pre-historic days, I recall the eagerness with which, before "the fire," the San Franciscans thronged their opera house, the recklessness with which they gave their gold to hear Sembrich, Eames, Caruso and Olive Fremstad.

The Californians are still music-mad. So are the people of the Mid-West, East and parts (a few) of the New South. In New Orleans music has long been popular. And in New York, of course, it reigns supreme. Year after year and season after season have seen an excited growth of interest in music. This winter the metropolis has heard three opera companies. Recitals have been almost done to death. Great instrumentalists, from many lands, have flocked here: Novaes, Kreisler, Casals, Elman, Hofmann. Great singers, who are household words abroad, have filled our concert halls. For those, again, who hunger for "pure music," New York has lately heard six symphony orchestras. The latest addition to the list is the New Symphony.

There is no doubt as to the longing of Americans for music. To some—a few—it is a fad, a fashion. To most it is much more than that—a passion. And it is one which should be fostered and developed. An art so high and lovely in itself should be encouraged, till our musicians can compete, on even terms, with the now dominant foreigners.



Charles M. Loeffler, Mr. Meltzer's first choice for Director of an American Conservatory

Look overseas, to any land in Europe, and everywhere we find states and cities helping their musicians. Even England, which is rather cold to art, has for long years maintained a College of Musicians and a Royal Academy of Music. France points, with proper pride, to its admirable Conservatoire Nationale, in Paris, and to provincial schools of the same kind in other centres. In little Belgium the Conservatoire of Brussels ranks with the best. The Italians have at least eight subsidized music schools. The most famous of them is, perhaps, the Neapolitan Conservatory of San Pietro a Majella. Besides this there are similar establishments in Rome, Bologna, Venice, Milan, Parma, Bergamo and Pesaro, in which students may learn every branch of music, from harmony and composition to singing for the stage and concert room and performing upon instruments.

The Royal and Imperial schools of Europe long did splendid work. The Kaisers and the Czars spent money freely to assure their usefulness. Nor in the agony of Russia have the Leninists let the art of music perish.

The foundations of all music in the Old World are the Conservatories. Without these all-important institutions all efforts to maintain and foster music must be tentative and empirical. With them, however, it is possible to preserve standards, to keep up traditions, to put order into what might turn to chaos, and to encourage native art.

It would need volumes to give adequate descriptions of these Old World schools. They differ in detail, but not in principle. The model and most famous of them all, the Conservatoire Nationale of France, is devoted to instruction not only in music but also in "declamation" (which includes acting, elocution, diction and articulation or enunciation). The Director of the school is always a composer of high rank. His associates are men (and sometimes women) known to the whole world.

When Berlioz was a student at the Conservatoire, that institution was directed by old Cherubini, whom he detested and annoyed. When Sarah Bernhardt, in her teens, applied for admission to the school, it was old Auber, then an idol of his countrymen, whom she enchanted with her sweet and golden voice as she recited La Fontaine's "Two Pigeons." It was that Auber (he was nothing if not cynical) who, at a well-remembered *concours* (or "exam"), dozed off while one of the young women candidates was singing a test air, and answered the loud protests of her mother with "In music, madam, sleep voices one's opinion!"

As an annex, although not as a dependency, of the Paris Conservatoire, there has for generations been the great orchestra of what is known as the Société des Concerts. Its members are professors who stand high in France—as high as the best artists of our own Boston Symphony.

The students of the Conservatoire have not the privilege of attending public performances of the Société des Concerts. It is reserved for subscribers, who cling like leeches to their seats, and hand them down, like family jewels, to their children.

All branches of the art divine are taught in the Conservatoire, and special care is given to the grave matter of the enunciation (or, as Victor Maurel calls it, the articulation), of French words in song. In France they do not compel students to learn foreign languages. They insist on their obtaining ease and clearness in the expression of their own tongue. It is only by employing their vernacular that librettists and their interpreters in any land can hope to express themselves. In France and Germany, in Austria and in Italy, the language taught and sung, first in the Conservatories and later in the opera houses, is the vernacular. And till this rule—the rule of sense and logic—has been adopted in America, our composers and our singers will lag limply, as they do, at the heels of foreigners.

It would take time, and much more space than could be devoted to the subject in one article, to explain just how the methods of the great Continental subsidized music schools agree and disagree with those of the Conservatoire of Paris. For some of them, until the war broke out, financial backing was supplied by the heads of States. For others, funds were provided by the municipalities. While some depended on both these supports. Nearly all, however, had one thing in common—their schemes included a useful feature in the shape of a students' orchestra. A student who had written, say, a tone-poem, could have his work tried over by his fellow-students. Then later on, if it deserved the honor, his effort might be played by a symphony orchestra.

The chief music schools (or Conservatories) of Germany were (and still are) at Cologne, Berlin, Munich, Leipzig and Dresden. The most important Austrian Conservatory is in Vienna. I have already named the large Italian cities which boast subsidized academies. Rossini once presided over the destinies of the Pesaro Conservatory. Wolf-Ferrari, the composer of "The New Life" and "The Secret of Susanna," was for some time the head—the unhappy head—of the Venetian school. Ponchielli, of "La Gioconda" fame, and Catalani, one of the earlier and most gifted Italian "Veritists," were in turn Directors of the Milanese Conservatory.

If we are honest in our wish to establish music on a firm and abiding basis, as a beginning we must have a National Conservatory. And we could have one, if we chose, without much trouble. We have more wealth at our command than any rival in the Old or New World. With money, and the examples of the foreigners, we could accomplish everything.

The cost? It might take ten—or twenty millions. With twenty we could build an impressive school; endow it in a large and liberal way; and recruit a faculty which would compare well with the best in Europe. What are ten millions? What are twenty millions? We spend as much more upon a single battleship. We have wasted fifty times as much on guns. And very soon the ships and guns are scrapped. But art, once founded, would endure forever.

It is time to rid ourselves of foreign swaddling clothes—to establish music on a national basis. We have the means. The will is all we need. Five years from now, if we will only *will*, we may be independent of the foreign schools. Some Congressmen, at least, already see that music is to millions of Americans not, as has long been thought, merely a luxury, but a necessity. The first essential is the help of Congress, with what that means, of course, the needed money. The next and not least important step will come with the selection of the Director of the Conservatory. He should, if possible, be an American. And one or two musicians might at once be named as fitted, above all, for the high task and privilege of leadership. First might be mentioned the composer, Charles M. Loeffler, a musician of unusual gifts and daring, modern in his style, scholarly in his taste, admired by all who know how long and well he has worked for art. Another possibility is Frederick Stock, who succeeded the regretted Theodore Thomas as Director of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. No dry-as-dust professor of the old school should be considered.

Frederick S. Converse, who might lead the Department of Harmony or Counterpoint

To complete a Faculty would not be hard. Hofmann suggests himself as head of the piano classes. Ysaye might be induced to head the violin department. Philip Hale would make an excellent librarian. Frederick Converse might take charge of harmony or counterpoint. Quite twenty artists, properly trained and qualified, might be picked out offhand as professors of singing. The greatest care, however, would be needed in choosing the man or men to be entrusted with the teaching of dictation and articulation or "enunciation." For, as the basis of instruction in a real National Conservatory, we should, we must, we shall some day have English.

Frederick Stock, Director of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and another suggestion for Director of an American Conservatory

The Director of the school should not be tied down to scholastic drudgery. He should be looked to, not as an administrative slave, but as a leader, guide and inspirer of his students. The routine work could be entrusted to assistants, who, in due course, might rise to be professors.

Some think—indeed, most think—that the best place in which to erect a National Conservatory is the national capital. And, if musicians only longed for peace, this might be true. But music students, above all, need to assist them a real musical environment, a place in which they can hear concerts and enjoy opera. Now Washington is not distinctly musical. The headquarters of art in the United States is not the capital, but the metropolis.

In time State schools, supported by State subsidies, should be founded, as occasion served, to supplement the first great parent school. The faculties of all these local Conservatories could be drawn partly from the National Conservatory. The teaching in them all would thus be uniform; or at least modeled, more or less, on the same plan.

We have many skilled musicians, even now, teaching music in academies and schools. But they are lost in a vast crowd of quack instructors. As things stand, few have dignity or authority.

The first purpose, and the highest, of an American Conservatory should be to foster the creation of good music. Once give us a few great composers and we shall find it easy to produce interpreters. Next, we should think of training those interpreters, conductors, singers, actors, instrumentalists. Nor should we quite forget that our composers—with an exception here and there—need good librettists to inspire them to write operas.

And then? What then? When we have trained our students?

We shall need outlets for our singers and composers; for our conductors, instrumentalists and librettists. Those outlets must before long be supplied. Or, when we have trained our artists, they may starve. Our instrumentalists may largely help themselves by forming orchestras and multiplying concerts. But our composers and opera singers must have opera houses built for them. Not two or three or five or even ten, but fifty opera houses.

And, to begin with, they should have at least one National Opera House in which the graduates of the National Conservatory would have a hope of making their appearances in public, with famous artists, trained like themselves to sing, not in dark, foreign tongues, but in our English.

At present we have just two permanent opera companies—or three, if we include the New Orleans organization—which could compare with all the hundreds of lyric companies to be found abroad. Then as to theatres, we have the New York Metropolitan—a splendid place, but kept up mainly for the foreign stars, under foreign management. Chicago has its excellent Auditorium, which, like its more ambitious New York rival, is still

(Continued on page 350)

Music as Decoration

Mr. Carpenter Uses It Skilfully in His New Pantomime

DANIEL GREGORY MASON

YEARS ago I met a young composer who gave promise of the finest achievement. To a musical heredity and a rare native talent he had added a thorough training in Europe, and when I first saw him he was not only bursting with ideas, but knew how to express them. His friends were sure that in a short time thousands would share their delight. But then followed, gradually, insidiously, disaster:—no other word suffices when one compares the richness of his promise with the respectable mediocrity of his performance. The youthful afflatus slowly ebbed as from a leaky balloon, and left his mind, in middle age, collapsed upon itself. He persistently and exhaustingly peddled his wares to famous performers; he organized concerts of his compositions, advertised them in newspapers and programs, made propaganda for them with publishers. In short, he propagandized with such feverish energy that he had no time or tranquillity left for composition. He spent all his thought on his labels and trademarks, and forgot to "deliver the goods." Needless to add, he was an ardent advocate of everything that announced itself as "All-American"—the best advertising label of them all.

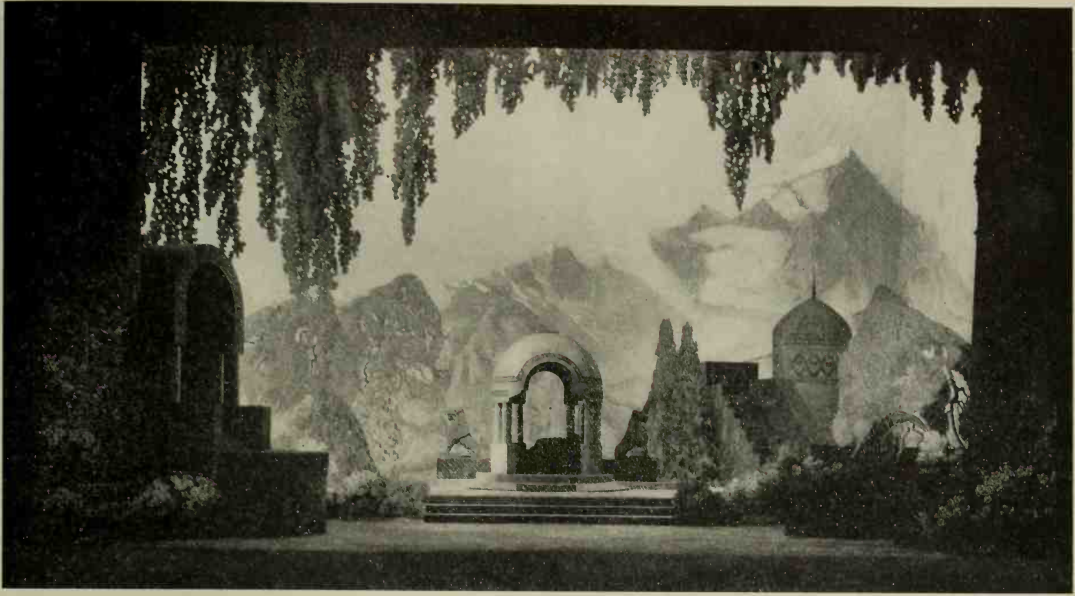
The sad story of this gifted youth who advertised himself to death often recurs to me as typical when I meditate on the failure of all the booming and boosting, of all the puffing and pushing, to give us music that does not have to pose as "All-American" in order to interest us. Perhaps the chief reason that our home-made music is for the most part so desperately dull is that its makers have not realized that it must be not only home-made but well-made. And to that end the flowery, sociable by-paths of "propaganda" and "organization" do not lead, but only the dusty high-road of hard work, of laborious, long-continued, solitary study. It is because few have the character to undertake such solitary work that our music remains on the whole sloppy, half-baked, and amateurish. So long as most of us talk about it intsead of working at it, it will so remain. On the other hand, wherever there is a good workman to be found, too busy minding his job to stop for palaver, there will music—not "American music" only, but plain "music"—be making a solid advance.

I am inclined to think that Mr. John Alden Carpenter is one of our few capable craftsmen of this rare type. There is accumulating evidence that he is quietly but steadily at work. The latest and not the least convincing item of such evidence is his pantomime, "The Birthday of the Infanta," produced by the Chicago Opera Association in New York on February 23rd. Whatever reservations one might wish to make about the originality or the expressive potency of this music, one could not but be deeply impressed by its admirable workmanship, its technical competence. It could bear comparison with any European score in this respect—it did, in fact, hold its own beside Ravel's "L'Heure Espagnole," one of the most diabolically clever products of the modern French school. And sound workmanship, if the foregoing analysis of our gregarious national desire to escape the laborious solitude it entails is correct, is precisely one of the rarest and most precious qualities for us that a work can have. A single work that has it ought to do more for our music than half a dozen "Societies for the Americanization of Art," or even than the much-needed but as yet unfounded "Society for the Discouragement of Botchers."

Some of Mr. Carpenter's critics have taken him sharply to task for the reflection in his music of the style and methods of Rimsky-Korsacoff and Stravinsky. The Russian tinge in "The Birthday of the Infanta" is indeed undeniable, but for this I should be inclined to praise rather than to blame its composer. It is not every "American composer" who can write with the brilliance and decorative vividness of Rimsky and his *enfant terrible* pupil! But aside from this obvious retort there is a deeper reason, too often lost sight of, why influences are not to be ferreted out and condemned like unconfessed sins, but ought rather to be noted with respect as stages in artistic development. The itch for originality at all costs has been more of a curse than a blessing to our art: it has canonized as independence and liberty that very amateurishness which is the bane of so much of our music, and which in a true analysis is simply ignorance and ineptitude; it has encouraged that indifference to technical mastery, that abandonment to the mere subjective sense of the unutterable which may feel like originality to a self-centered artist but which sounds very like crude dullness to a candid public; it has hindered the patient study of great models which alone can release true creative personality. How far would Beethoven have got if he had feared the influence of Haydn and Mozart? What a labyrinth of influences is that stout mesh which is the style of Bach! How much chance of "Tristan" and "Parsifal" should we have had if Wagner had not sat at the feet of Meyerbeer in "Rienzi," and of Weber in "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser"? The kind of originality many people seem to desire (for those they criticise) is the kind that lands a man in the asylum. True originality is infinitely sensitive to influences, pliably social, patiently studious and selective, and willing to wait for the individuality that comes only with maturity and that when it comes is widely representative and humane. And it is bound to come later now and in America than perhaps at any time or place in the past, because technique is more complex and eclectic than ever before, and Americans

(*Continued on page* 362)

THE DEATH OF PEDRO



GARDEN SCENE, ACT II.

Wagner Returns to New York "Parsifal" in English

DANIEL GREGORY MASON

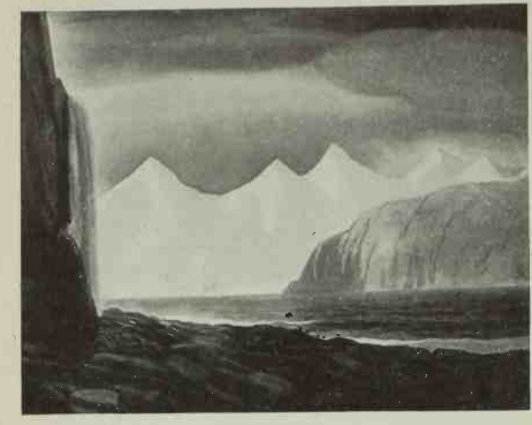
IT is a curious coincidence that Wagner's "Parsifal," which was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York on Good Friday, April, 1917, when America was just entering the war, and was thus the last of the music-dramas to be heard here, should be the first, now that the war is over, to come back to the stage, not as it left it, but transformed by intervening events from a "Bühnenweihfestspiel" into a "Consecrational Festival Play," with text in English. There were, of course, other changes noticeable in the performance of Thursday afternoon, February 19th. While Mr. Artur Bodanzky conducted in 1920, as he did in 1917, and was by the way quite the hero of the hour, and while Margarete Matzenauer again impersonated *Kundry*, and Clarence Whitehill *Amfortas*, the other participants were new. Also the scenery was new. Wagner's almost childish need of having everything represented to the eye, leaving nothing to the imagination, which leads him to fill his stage as full of properties—magic spears, sacred doves, and the like—as the Victorians filled their drawing-rooms with bric-a-brac, receives less and less sympathy from modern taste, which, educated by plays like the "Yellow Jacket" and stages like that of Copeau's French Theatre, tends constantly toward greater simplicity and suggestion. Thus Mr. Joseph Urban provided several admirable settings, and did away altogether with the panorama.

But doubtless the most significant change was that of the text into English—significant in its bearing not only on this performance, but on the whole problem of opera with vernacular text. The time is passing, I hope, when this problem presents itself any longer as a question of the desirability of opera in English. Most of us are now convinced that opera cannot have any true and vigorous life among us except as it is in English. The snobbish or "high-brow" conception of it as an art in which the verbal element is to be both indispensable and incomprehensible has revealed to us its absurdity. The problem has become, therefore, not a theoretical question at all, but a practical one: What elements, we ask ourselves, contribute to the effectiveness of an English text, and how far does any given performance succeed in providing these elements?

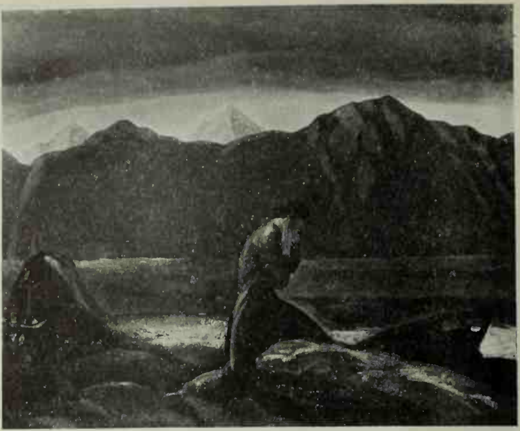
PARSIFAL AND KUNDRY.

Mr. Henry Edward Krehbiel's English version of Wagner's text succeeds admirably, for the most part, in a very difficult task. It is not so many years since the grossest literal transliterations were accepted without a frown, or even a smile, by the musical public. The spirit of the man who translated "In und ausländischer Zeitungen" as "In and Outlandish Papers" animated, or rather disanimated, all such work. There was a version of Schubert's "Der Leiermann," for instance, in which it was stated of this long-suffering person that "up behind the village grinds he what he can." Now, not only has Mr. Krehbiel got miles away from that whole unhappy region of "song-English," but he has envisaged the more delicate decisions and choices of his task, even where he has not wholly mastered them, with the tact not only of a man of letters but of a musician. Thus to one of the subtlest matters of all, that of the natural verbal rhythm and accent of each language and its true marriage to the musical contour, which many purely "literary" translators have completely ignored, Mr. Krehbiel, thanks to his musical sense, is keenly alive. "Kundry kommt," for example, he renders, not as "Kundry comes," but "Kundry 'tis," since the last note is too short for the English syllable comes, distinctly longer than the German "kommt." It is on the right adjustment of such details as this that intelligibility largely rests. It is probable that even in ordinary conversation we sometimes catch but a small percentage of the actual sounds: we get a vowel or two and the *rhythmic profile* of the phrase, and imagination supplies the rest, as may be seen by experimenting with such

(*Continued on page 362*)



BEAR GLACIER



WRECKAGE

Rockwell Kent, Incorporated

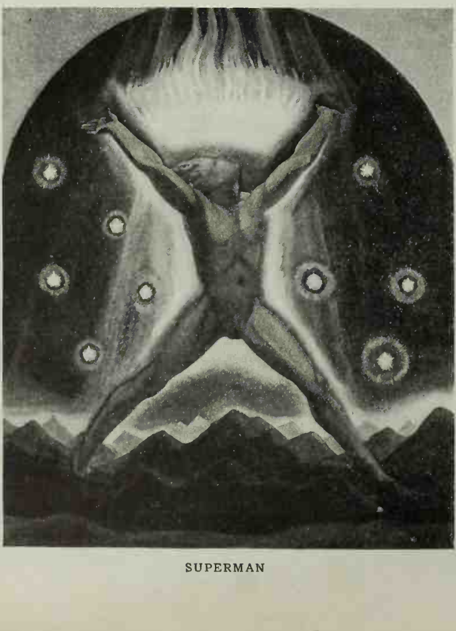
FORBES WATSON

PERHAPS it is part of the American quality of Rockwell Kent that he is America's first incorporated painter. If companies are formed to develop oil wells, why should companies not be formed to develop the untold possibilities of wells of art? That was apparently the line of Mr. Kent's excellent reasoning when he incorporated. So he straightway formed a company and the stockholders bought Kent painting stock. Mr. Kent receives a salary as manager of the corporation, leaving him free to paint, and in return for the money invested the stockholders receive a certain percentage of the profits realized from the sale of Kent painting stock, preferred and common. Dealers have often invested in painters, trusting to ample future profits to repay them doubly, but this is, so far as I know, the first time that an artist has formed himself into a company. If inventors do it why should not artists—inventors also—go and do likewise? Certainly one could never lose faith in the sanity of the painter who uses such direct, businesslike means to solve his financial problems, instead of whimpering in a corner because the world will not support him.

There is not a whimper in Mr. Kent's nature. Boylike exuberance is the keynote of the writer and the painter. His book, "Wilderness" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), published simultaneously with the opening of his exhibition of Alaska paintings, is a boys' book—not so much a book for boys as a book by a boy. The book is illustrated with drawings accompanying the text and by the paintings shown at the Knoedler Galleries, and both the book and the exhibition belong to the same experiment.

No one who reads the book, which the author further describes accurately as "A Journal of Quiet Adventure in Alaska," will regret the undertaking. In lucid style and diary form Mr. Kent records his daily life on Fox Island. He picks us up and puts us there with him. He writes clearly, at times poetically. His description of life in the wilderness is vivid, and the sympathetic participation in his adventures which he creates in the reader is a tribute to the writer.

We are with him from the start, from the arrival on a summer day, rowing in a dory with his little boy to the remote northern island. Their reception by the lonely old Alaska pioneer, Olsen, and the finding of the cabin to live in, are almost as incredible as a fairy story. Yet we are willing to accept everything as fact—willing?—we are determined to believe an adventure so improbable and enchanting, and when the boy and the man—a boy himself—come back from the little town with their supplies we are with them, we are interested in the nature and the quantities of their supplies. Won't they need more candles? Is fifty pounds of flour going to be enough? And wouldn't it be a good thing to advise them to take a few more utensils? In short, the reader is involved in the enterprise and is going to live with the two Rockwell Kents, big and little, until the book is read.

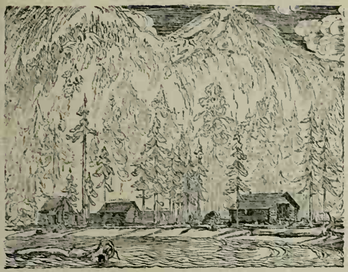


SUPERMAN

So clear and sharp is the picture of that lonely, happy life on the storm-swept island that when you have read it you will never be able to convince yourself that you have not been there. In this the visual imagination of the painter has served the writer admirably. The very monotony of the account—rain, snow, wind, cooking, eternal woodcutting and stoking the stove—all add to the effect of reality. And the persons of the story are presented distinctly, the positive figure of the hospitable old Olsen, the lovable young soul of the little boy, and the artist, a clever craftsman, finding his life in the act of creating, whether it be a picture or a house to dwell in. At last the preliminary work is out of the way and the real work of life is resumed—painting and drawing.

When Mr. Kent writes simply of his daily labors, his painting, his enjoyment of work and play with his son, he is a personality. He is least interesting when he theorizes. On one or two occasions, when he reflects on the war, on social and political problems, he indulges in the supermanly bathos which is his besetting weakness, and shows the complacent facility of those self-appointed "idealists" who condemn all the attempts of their fellowmen to deal with social problems, without themselves having the slightest grasp of the problems. But no matter. The artist gives himself—why ask for that which he has not to give?

The book was written, the drawings and paintings conceived between August, 1918, and March, 1919. In August, 1918, Mr. Kent carried out the plan, formed some years before, of going to Alaska. If it comes to sheer courage, there is something sublime in the two Kents taking their

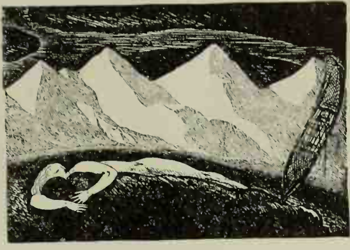


FOX ISLAND, RESURRECTION BAY, KENAI PENINSULA, ALASKA

snow-baths in Alaska and letting the world go. As for good taste, one should bless this artist for not having concocted war-atrocities from moving pictures, or sold a weak composite painting of Red Cross nurses for many thousands, or in any way made commerce from the war. An entry in his diary states that he registered for the draft and bought some supplies. He made one or two other observations about the war and arranged to get the news of peace by signal fires. He read Nietsche, Defoe, Blake and other writers, sang, painted, sawed wood and played. The reader of "Wilderness" takes away from the book the impression that the author contemplated the troubles of a "porcelain-tubbed age" from snowy heights so far away that humanity was practically invisible. He takes away the impression that Mr. Kent is more interested in glaciers than humanity, and this in spite of the fact that the author succeeds completely in conveying his conception of ideal relations of a young father and a young son.

Mr. Kent is advertised as the "American Blake." But Blake is unique, both when he is sublime and when he is ridiculous. Blake had his inspired moments and he had moments, too, in writing and in drawing, when an uninspired Blake was merely going through the motions of an inspired Blake. When Blake was inspired he blazed. Mr. Kent, on the other hand, though he has learned a great deal from Blake, under whose influence much of his work has been done, does not blaze. His Blakelike drawings and his Blakelike paintings are deliberate to a degree and amazingly clever illustrations. Not in vain did Mr. Kent graduate from the Henri school first in his class. He is highly dexterous.

Many of his drawings are clear-cut, well formulated in style and not as much affected by the surrounding sights of nature as might have been expected, although formal mountain ranges and starry skies appear in them. They are more affected by William Blake's work than by anything else, and if Mr. Kent traveled to Alaska for fear of contamination from the influence of another artist, he traveled in vain. After all, why should he be afraid of influences? Being afraid of anything is the only thing that could hurt him. When he was not afraid of Homer he did the best work he has ever done.

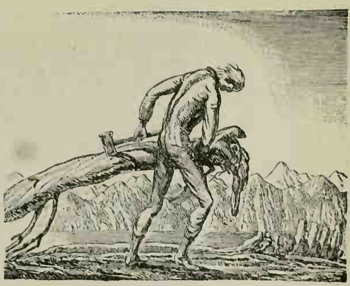


THE SNOW QUEEN

It has been observed by an acute painter that Mr. Kent is a whole-hearted realist and less than a half-hearted mystic. This observation comes very near the truth. Those who look beneath the surface of Mr. Kent's avowedly mystic illustrations, both the paintings and the drawings, cannot fail to see how cool in feeling are the best of them, how strained are the worst.

It is only necessary to look, for example, at the Superman and the North Wind or at the Ecstasy. Here Mr. Kent is straining for an effect which does not reflect a convincing feeling. He does not appear to be so much carried away by the actual idea, it would seem, as he is carried away by the idea of being carried away. This is not in the least to suggest any lack of sincerity on the part of either Mr. Kent, the manager of the Kent Corporation, or Mr. Kent, the painter of the Kent Corporation. On the contrary, it implies that the making of a Blake-like drawing or painting must be a deliberate undertaking.

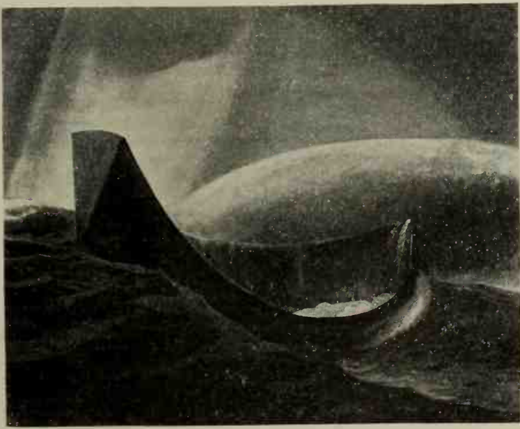
There is one thing certain—no one will ever accuse Mr. Kent of being an artistic Francophile. And he quite obviously has no intention of becoming one. In these days this fact gives to his development a peculiar, almost a unique interest. He has accepted mentally the oft-repeated modern axiom about form built with color, and his education in color has advanced a step. His ablest paintings are still reduced to the simplest color terms, and, straightforwardly realistic, they have the great virtue of expressing a clear idea in a consistent style. This consistency and clearness are his power just as his theatrical, supermanly mysticism is his great weakness. The visual world awakens his imagination and brings out the poet in him. He is himself clear-eyed, dramatic, American. On the contrary, in such paintings as the "Superman," a bit of illustration, Mr. Kent's inspiration has cooled to the freezing point and Blake has been parodied. It is a dead Blake, a kind of Germanic corpse of Blake.



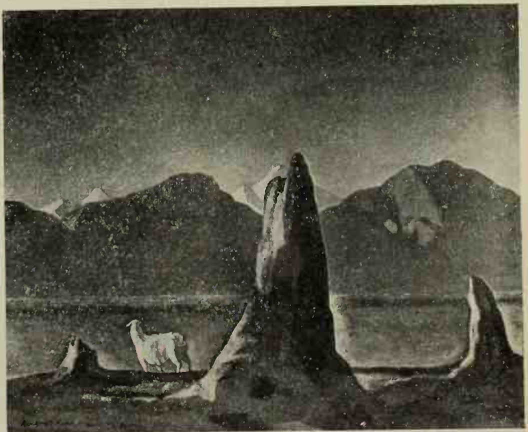
DRIFTWOOD

When Mr. Kent studied with Abbot Thayer he was considered a genius, and when he studied with Mr. Henri he was likewise considered a genius. This terrible little word carries in its two short syllables more debilitating influences than a double attack of mental "flu." Mr. Kent, at his best, is able, and knows a great deal about painting, and when all is said, his trip to Alaska has given us a most readable journal, three or four excellent realistic paintings, and half a dozen imaginative drawings.

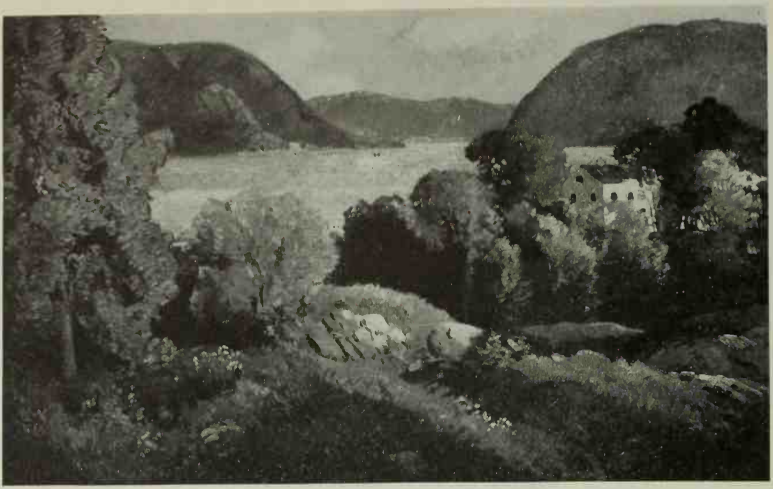
Monhegan, Newfoundland, Alaska. . . . Perhaps next the North Pole. Between Newfoundland and Alaska Mr. Kent shed a good many of the Germanic trappings, and it may be that he will set sail on his next voyage leaving them all behind. Much depends, doubtless, on whether the Kent corporation prospers in its present venture, on the advice which Mr. Kent, corporation manager, gives to Mr. Kent, the corporation's painter, and on whether Mr. Kent's admiring friends stick to their resolution not to use the word genius with that fine American abandon with which it has been used.



DORY ADRIFT



INDIAN SUMMER



Gate of the Highlands, by Gifford Beal at the Pennsylvania Academy

American Art

The Pennsylvania Academy and the Independents

GUY PÈNE DU BOIS

THE Spring exhibition of the National Academy of Design will be held in the Brooklyn Museum as were the Zuloaga, Scandinavian and Boris Anisfeld exhibitions and the French exhibition a year or so ago. It is to be a larger and more varied show than ever given heretofore by the National Academy of Design. It will be, that means, as large or larger than the annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy in Philadelphia. It will not be, it is possible to predict, a different kind of show. The different kind of show is open at the Waldorf under the auspices of the Society of Independent Artists, a show minus a jury and with a hanging committee minus all power of initiative. In any of these shows, whether it is conformist or non-conformist, there will be reflected wholly or partly the temper of the people, philosophical, psychological or political; viz Taine.

It is a perhaps too obvious thing to do to take for granted that the one thousand odd pictures of the Independent show will reflect the epochal temper more fully than the others. Over every one of these exhibitions there is the envelope of a certain set of convictions, the drive of organizers restricted in whatever freedom they seek to give rein to by an *a priori* notion of the quality or of the nature of freedom. One group will define freedom as noisy and disordered, the other as quiet and ordered and whether the exhibition is assembled by a restricted or by a free or autocratic hanging committee it will own the kind of harmony in the minds of the ruling majority of members.

If we take the Independent show and the Pennsylvania Academy as extremes we may find something of that similarity of extremes of which Herbert Spencer spoke. The Pennsylvania Academy exhibition has been considered one of the most open-minded exhibitions held in this country. The Independent show, is, surely upon the surface, one of the most open-minded exhibitions in this country. The first of these, in any case, is theoretically free, the second is physically free. In one there is inspection of freedom, in the other there is no inspection of anything in the nature of art. The Pennsylvania Academy attempts to hang *ensemble* those pictures which will nudge elbows sympathetically, it attempts to make out of a multitude of units a monument to harmony. Its hanging committee is armed with powers of selection, which is to say that the body of the Academy is willing, perhaps naïvely, to trust human nature. The Independent Society, though it loves freedom more loudly, owns no trust whatever in human nature. It says to its members "you may exhibit that which you like" and it says to its hanging committee, a purely automatic committee, "you must be fair, this is a free society, the members of which were all created equal." Of course, when they speak of members they really mean works of art for the works of art and not the makers of them are hung on the walls at the Waldorf.

Perhaps the loudest talkers in freedom are those who, having talked their energy out, have none left for action. Anyway these liberators remembering the equality of man and having with love of liberty a great fear of its consequences demand that man's work be hung in alphabetical order; the A's in one room, the Z's in another. The way that this method works in a dictionary is the way that it works at an art exhibition. The Pennsylvania exhibition which begins in chaos ends in harmony. The Independent exhibition which begins with a most determined regulation ends in chaos.

Thus the Pennsylvania exhibition may contain a great number of insignificant units and still, as a whole, retain an air of dignity, whereas the Independent exhibition will hide a great many good pictures in the general chaos resulting from its socialistic hanging. There is something of the folly of casualness in a conclusion which finds one of these methods superior to the other. If we treat art with a capital A, as do the dealers, or with fertive whisperings, as do the ignorant, if we wish to consider it a thing of supreme preciousness we shall lean toward the method of the Pennsylvania Academy. If, on the other hand, we agree with the skeptic Independents that human nature cannot pass judgment upon the work of human nature, that there can be no sound critical judgment of a contemporary work, then their method is, very obviously, the only one.

From the symbolical point of view both methods are valuable since each represents a camp of art having an analogy in the political division of the day. There are a great many very bad and a great many very good pictures at the Independent show. It is unfortunate that the latter are difficult to discover. Possibly they are contaminated by their neighbors. Possibly the conglomerate riotousness contaminates them all. But it has always been, to some extent, an exciting exhibition. The Pennsylvania Academy is not that this year. In it the word dignity might be translated by unfriendly wags into fatuousness. The desire to arrive at harmony in hanging probably makes for as much autocracy as the autocratic leveling of all works. The clique spirit enters at the Pennsylvania Academy, the "name tyranny" (Clive Bell) too, along with friendship and the other associative weaknesses. The jury here, with perfect trust, is permitted to be human. Perhaps it is too human. But the house when they leave it is in order. No mechanical efficiency here, no justice via the alphabet and the blindfold; no pictures attempting to out-speak their neighbors, no crowding, no pushing, nobody hurt. An art that is regular and that is regularly or sympathetically displayed; sympathetically with the reservations that are made by the knowledge of human weakness.

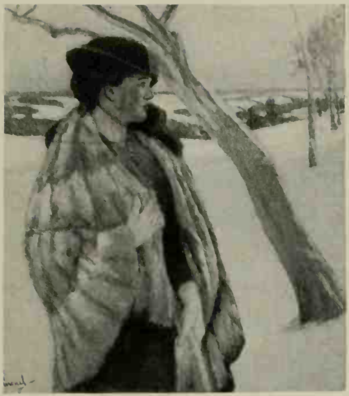
Order is not everything in art and life but it is a great deal. It makes for peace just as much as it makes for complacency. Either of these has its rythm. So has the riot at the Waldorf. But the riot at the Waldorf does not defer to art. It writes on its walls that art is democratic. Art is not democratic. Art does not grow from the masses. It pictures the masses, it expresses them. Art is, above everything else, autocratic. I was going to say anarchistic—but it is not anarchistic. It cannot detach itself from the order, measure and proportion of the time in which it is created. It is evolutionary which is to say that it is not isolated. It is the expression of the essence of a period and place.

Perhaps the Pennsylvania Academy for this reason is preferable to the Waldorf exhibition. I am not sure—The Waldorf show is like the ravings of Rivington Street egotists, neighbors who cannot be neighbors. It makes virtues of eccentricity and ignorance since it does not edit them. It has faith in everything which is like saying that it has faith in nothing, for it includes intelligence and ignorance in one summary and with an equal or with an automatic welcome.

The exhibition of the Independent society was its fourth annual, the Pennsylvania show is the one hundred and fifteenth annual. In the one, and this is just as true as it is obvious, youth with no tradition and no experience behind it, has its fling, sows its wild oats, while the other, in its age and dignity, bows to these things, to modes, to manners, to the superficialities of etiquette while carrying along with superstition and no particular strength, the weight of tradition. This weight with the approach of age grows heavier. It is technic. It would seem as it bears down more and more to bring decadence. The Pennsylvania Academy is more anxious that men dot their i's and cross their t's than that they have something so important to say that these things might seem negligible and puny in comparison. Thus men who obey their teachers may seem more important than men who have graduated from this obedience, more important than men who, having felt and seen for themselves, are no longer able to abide by the sight and feeling of other men. But perhaps it matters very little where we go to view American art, or any national art. These two extremes of it are generally superficial. They both, in an almost submerging majority of their exhibits display a technical preoccupation, a very evident self-consciousness or embarrassment in language. In one camp the preoccupation is with correctness of diction, in the other it is the reverse of this, in the other broken laws are taken as evidences of individuality. And individuality in this guise is placed upon a pedestal which can be nothing short of mythical, for the reverse of any given theme is nothing more than the balance of it, as night to day or black to white. The first is suggested by the second so that he who finds the second does nothing more than to follow a logical sequence to its end. These two extremes in any case will invariably be superficial, will invariably be unsound, and will invariably represent the mass of art.

Lotus Land, by James R. Hopkins at the Pennsylvania Academy

This is not written as a brief against American art. Indeed, to write a brief against any national art would be radically unfair, for art is never self-willed. It is a creature of its environment. It is so much a creature of its environment that to make any attack upon a national art is to make an attack upon the nation or the national temper which produced it. Art is a synthesis of that temper. Those who look forward with longing eyes to the time when we shall "produce a truly national art" really mean a racial art. There can be no better picture of the character of America than the one given by its art. If the art is faulty, if it is weak, vapid, superficial, or if it is these things reversed, that is because they predominate in the synthesis of the national character.



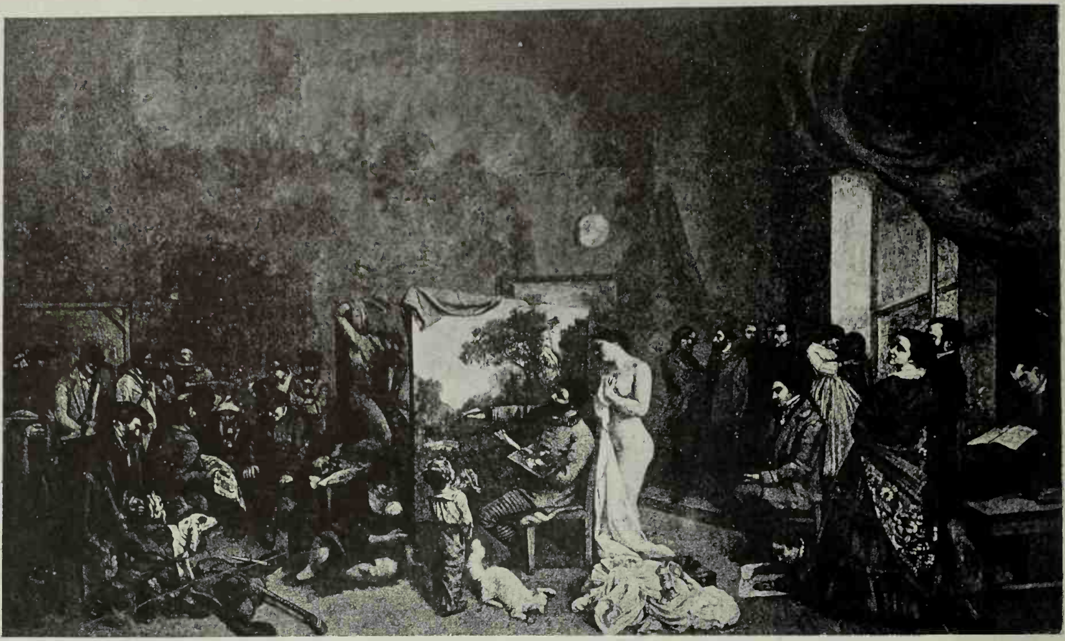
Autumn Sun, by Edward Cucuel at the Pennsylvania Academy

An important quality of the artist is receptivity, which puts his hand upon the pulse of the time and holds it there. It is true, of course, that receptivity cannot be of the same use to the artist that it is to the dilletante. The dilletante need not know how to organize his impressions and to reproduce them. The artist must. He must do more than this. He must be able to express in his revelation of a time and a place the personality which makes him a valuable variation of the common run of mankind. Perhaps it is impossible to be ahead of a time—though so many painters have been lauded for that reason—but it is certainly possible to be ahead of the stupidity of a time for it would seem, as we view mankind in these two revelations of him, that one half of him is reactionary and the other revolutionary; and that both are happy within the hampering restrictions of another fellow's dogma.

In the Pennsylvania Academy catalogue there are five hundred numbers, while in the catalogue of the Independent artists there are one thousand numbers, and if either of these exhibitions has the advantage of the other in hanging room it is the one at the Pennsylvania Academy. It is not fetching too far to say that the difference between the two is equal to the difference between the usual department store and the department store of the five and ten cent variety. And perhaps, after all, the former, presenting American art with a great deal more deference, represents it a great deal better. The advantage of the latter is a negative one. It is in the creation of an atmosphere of doubt, or in the strengthening of one already existing in the minds of many Americans to whom art has always been foreign matter. I do not know if this virtue has any definite argumentative value or if it is a virtue at all. Of course, when the Independents take the stand that there can be no contemporary judgment of contemporary work, they do away with or attempt to do away with every sort of didactic judgment of art. They not only say that every individual manifestation has a place in art, but that every painted piece of canvas, whether it is or whether it is not a manifestation, has a place in art.

Perhaps this catholicism is born of fear, perhaps of bravery, perhaps of wisdom. But within our own generation we have seen how far off judgment of art could go. We have seen the Impressionists condemned and, with almost the next breath, commended. Degas in his own lifetime sold a picture for one hundred dollars and saw the same picture bring ninety-five thousand at public auction. We have watched the rise and fall of the nineteenth century military painters, and the acceptance and rejection, both within a decade, of the mass of examples of a very vital movement in art. If these examples had taught some artists to be broadminded alone, all would be well, but it is to be feared—as can be judged by the Independent show—that they have also taught some atrists to be spineless.

Before art the American public has always had a minimum supply of bravery. Men remove their hats in galleries here as in churches and eternally whisper tentative opinions which are not really opinions, but borrowings from the art jargon of friends, newspapers and magazines; hypocritical stuff. About pictures they hardly dare to think, much less give an outlet to whatever thought comes. It is curious that artists should imitate their timidity, and excuse their negligence by adding their voices to the millions clammering: "We don't know anything about art," which, moreover, is the only thing they are willing to say aloud on the subject of art, for the satirists have taken away from them, from the most sophisticated of them, anyway, their famous rebuttal: "But I know what I like." To-day's atrocity may be tomorrow's Manet. The worse things found by contemporary criticism in France of the nineteenth century are now crowned with the glory of wall space in the Louvre. How are we to tell? Besides, to judge rashly is one of the Christian errors. Better not judge at all. Better live in a world wherein are neither doubts nor masterpieces, sins nor virtues; where every man's whim, borrowed or original, has a right to be heard and no right to be passed upon.



Courbet's "L'Atelier de l'Artiste"

A NOTABLE addition to the collection of modern French paintings in the Louvre was made recently by the purchase, for 700,000 francs, of Courbet's picture, "L'Atelier de l'Artiste." For a picture of such prime importance its history, since it was painted, has been comparatively uneventful. Bought from Courbet himself by Haro, it was sold to M. Desfossés, in whose collection it remained until purchased last November by a syndicate of Parisian dealers and placed on exhibition at the Galerie Barbazanges. Although the picture hitherto had not been seen very widely by the general public, it was nevertheless celebrated among connoisseurs as one of Courbet's greatest works, and when it was exhibited the question of its purchase by the French Government began immediately to be agitated.

The author of an article in *La Renaissance de l'Art Français et des Industries de Luxe* wrote in a state of nervous trepidation of the danger of this French masterpiece passing into foreign hands. Sweden, Denmark and Norway, extensive purchasers of modern pictures, especially when enjoying the profits of the neutral, were regarded as competitors greatly to be feared. Our own country was represented as likely to bring to bear the final and unanswerable argument of the highest price.

The writer consoled himself, however, with the thought that at least Germany was out of the running; for, although tentative negotiations had been begun from Germany, the action of the group of French dealers had been prompt and energetic enough to put a stop to that danger.

Considering the demand for modern French paintings, and expecially the work of Courbet, in foreign countries today, the anxiety was natural enough. But the French authorities, who have these matters in their keeping, have learned from experience, and Courbet's "Atelier" is now safely at home in the Louvre, where it will afford a fitting complement to another great picture by Courbet, the "Enterrement à Ornans," which has long been hanging there.

In the article quoted above an extract is given from a letter written by Courbet to his friend Champfleury about "l'Atelier," which is interesting enough to repeat, freely translated:

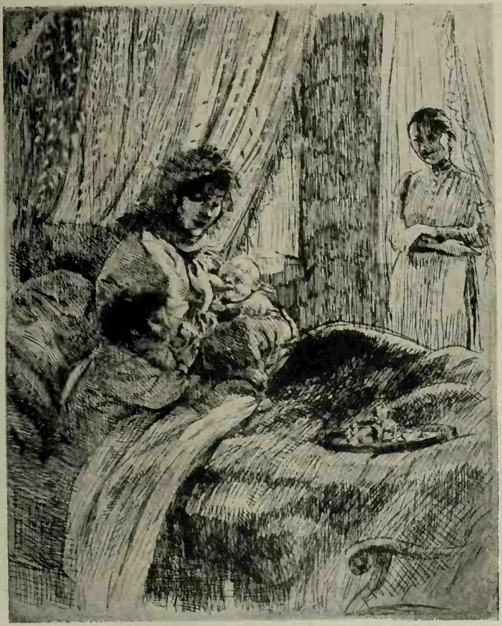
"My Dear Friend—In spite of attacks of melancholy I have begun an immense picture, twenty feet long by twelve high, larger, perhaps, than the Enterrement; which at least shows that I am not dead—nor realism, either. It is the spiritual and physical story of my studio, the people who serve me sustaining my idea by participating in my activities. It is society in its upper, its lower, its middle planes; in a word, it is my way of seeing society in its interests and its passions; it is the people who come and are painted by me. The picture is divided into two parts; I am in the middle, painting, surrounded by the other personages—that is to say, friends, workers, amateurs in the world of art (among these are portraits of Champfleury, Promayet, Bruyas, Prudhon and Baudelaire). On the left another world; ordinary life; the people, misery, poverty, riches, the exploited and the exploiter. A strange picture. My mind is very sad; my soul empty, my liver and my heart consumed with bitterness."

The picture is in fact a superb example of Courbet, who has been perhaps the most momentous influence in modern art. In his own time he was regarded as a revolutionist, his work was considered ugly and gross. Critics applied to him such phrases as the "brutaliser of painting." Probably such estimates of his work were affected by the violence of his political opinions violently expressed, for he was a Communist. He was an aggressive fighter for his art as well as his politics, and it is likely that his contemporaries could hardly see the painter for the agitator. All that is forgotten now. His work stands; and has had a profound effect on all French painting since. But it has been standing for something like seventy years now, and just why it should have such a sudden and feverish vogue among artists at the present moment is not quite a simple matter to explain. This sudden fever would be easier to understand if Courbet had not been admired by artists for so long. It is comparable to the nouveau collector's discovery of Renoir a quarter of a century after everyone else had discovered him.

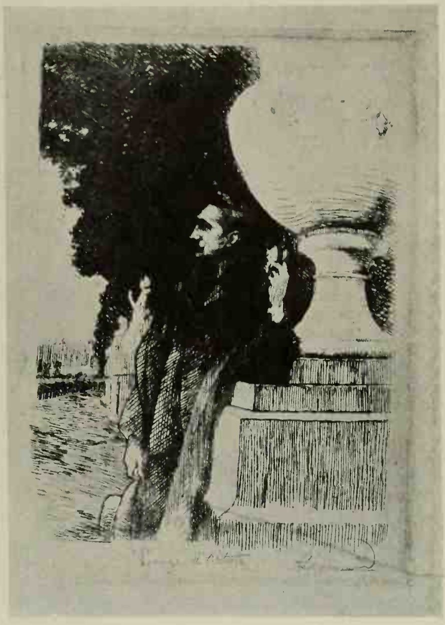
Courbet was a most direct and forceful painter of actualities. Is the present excitement over his work a reaction from the ideas of an "abstract" art which have been in the air of late? Or is it because so many "modern" artists are striving, through their theories, for a sense of bulk and volume which Courbet attained instinctively. Renoir, whose supremacy in present-day Franco-American painting is of course recognized, gave the Franco-Americans a lead when he said to Matisse, who was admiring some painting he was at work on, "No, no, there is not enough Courbet in it."

The remark has since been published and artists are very fond of playing the game of follow the leader. But it is curious to think of the radiant painter, Renoir, feeling in that way about Courbet with his sombre palette. The secret lies in Courbet's heroic sense of form, in the energy of drawing which his black color could not kill.

To come back once more to the picture of his studio. How the forms seem to move in the darkness. The air in the great room envelopes the figures, calling to mind inevitably the studio of Velasquez, the little princess and the attendant ladies. Yes, it is comparable to Las Meninas and Courbet takes his place, as all great men do, however revolutionary they may be thought during their lifetime, in the "great tradition."



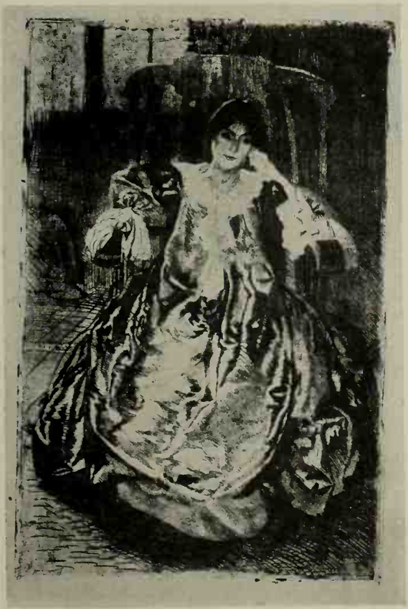
Le Dejeuner from the Series of "La Femme."



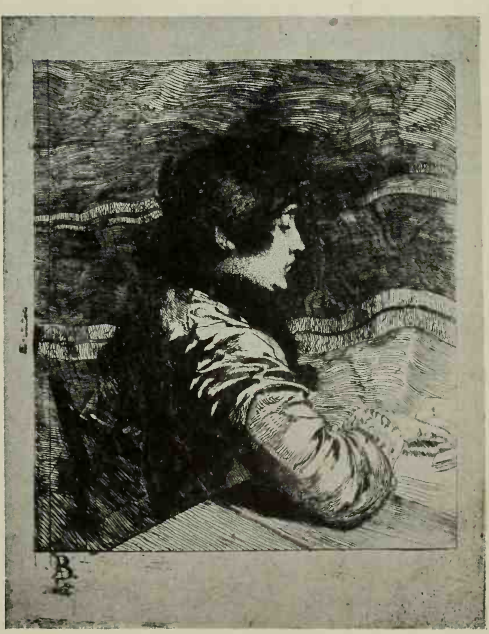
Portrait of Count Robert de Montesquiou.

Four Etchings by Albert Besnard

From His First American Show



Pensive.



Portrait of Mme. Besnard.

Magic of Antique Stuffs

Colors of Gems, Gold of Phrygia, Romance and History, All Unite in Old Fabrics and Embroideries

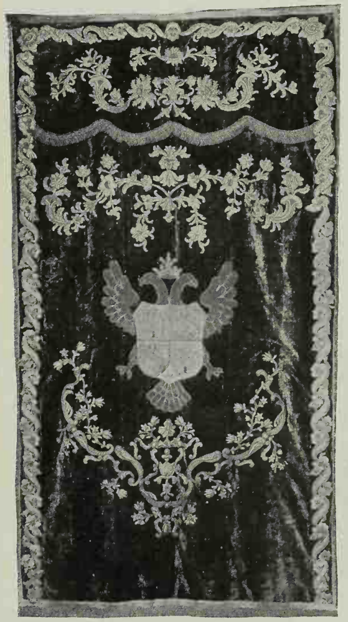
A CERTAIN bachelor, tiring of club and hotel lodgings, rented impulsively a furnished flat. With the retiring landlady vanished every aspect of the charm which had impelled the tenant to take this particular apartment. No, the charm had not lain in the vanishing lady, but in the dressing of the walls, which she had gathered up in her flight. Therefore the bachelor smoked his pipe in the barren place, cogitated, and resolved.

Next he went to a dealer in artistic luxuries and demanded antique fabrics and bewildering embroideries. A bale of them went to the flat. Then he spent an evening tacking them up on the desolate walls—and presto, his home was a palazzo on the Grand Canal. Every piece of furniture counted for twice its furnishing value and three times its beauty.

But that which no word can describe was the atmosphere of elegance, of heart-warming welcome, of poetic luxury that was given to the place by the enchanting fabrics. The rooms were of the simplest finish, a mere six-inch base-board, a three-inch picture moulding, a shelf-mantel, representing all the woodwork save doors and windows; while the walls were finished in rough plaster painted in warm putty color.

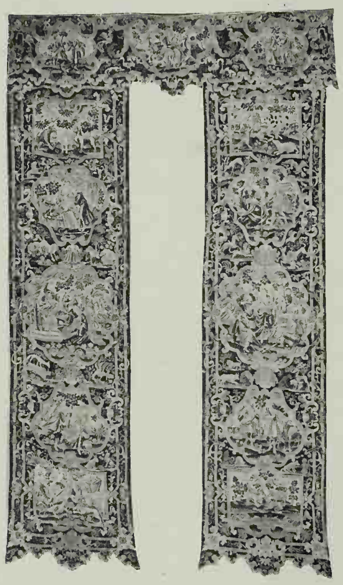
It is plain that to the cleverly hung fabrics was due this effect of a palace, or a rich man's villa on a Tuscan slope. And that is the magic which old stuffs are potent to work.

If you know a room lined with red velvet of the Sixteenth or Seventeenth Century, you know what it is to step into the heart of a glinting, burning ruby, and feel its psychic warmth inspiring your imagination. That is the ideal, a chamber hung with unbroken lines of unfigured velvet of the marvelous color and weave of the time when color and weave were matters for artists and artisans of high standing.



The arms of Castile and Leon with the Imperial Austrian eagle furnish the raison d'être of this Spanish embroidery of gold on red velvet.

Few such rooms exist. None have been composed of late. The velvet is all gone. There is almost none to be had, for the old churches which had it to sell have all been exhausted. But velvets and other fabrics remain in smaller forms.



P. W. French & Co.

This magnificent example of needlepoint in the form of a portière with fine medallions shows the perfection of workmanship and beauty attained in the period of Louis XIV.

It is these smaller articles that make beauteous the rooms that are furnished *en style,* or that are furnished in a piquant hodge-podge of *objets d'art,* not forgetting the larger quanties of antique damask and brocatelle that may cover entire walls with gorgeous effect.

Apropos, let me urge the hanging of these elegant stuffs with a shade of fullness, as though hung and not pasted flat like a wall paper. How much of their beauty is gone if one may not see the suppleness of the rich fabric, and the play of firelight or sunlight on the rippling folds of glancing color.

Those who in past ages had big wooden beds and threw over them coverlets of velvet and silk all richly embroidered should have our thanks today. One of these wide bed-spreads makes luxurious an entire room as it spreads its color over a side-wall. It may be red velvet, or a warm green, or, best of all, it may be blue, and embroidered in silver, but in any case its owner is to be congratulated, for these, too, are rare, these large squares of velvet.

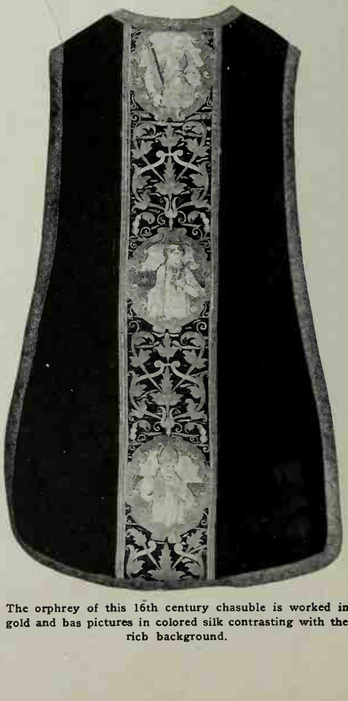
Long ago we gave up all remnant of prejudice against decorating our drawing-rooms with vestments once consecrated to church uses. The prejudice was long in dying, so at first we cut the vestments up and sewed them into squares, lest their origin be apparent.

But then came the matter of orphreys, the magnificent gold thread orphreys, who could have the heart to cut them from their original setting? So, after a few mutilations, the vestments were left intact, and we find ways to use them that are so beautifying that all sense of shock is gone.

The cope is perhaps the most satisfactory on a wall, making a large field of richness and color. The dalmatic needs spreading on a table, unless it is required for chairs, in which case the panels of embroidery fit the use most admirably. The chasuble calls for a table on which to extend its length, unless it, too, is taken apart and made into a flat runner with the embroidered band running through the center, a band which elegantly begs all detritus in the way of bibelots to desist from covering its rare surface.

The tale of fabrics is a long one, interesting more and more as it draws one on. But that is too deep a study to take up here, where we may touch only as lightly as a butterfly touches the hint of erudition in beauty.

And the study of embroidery is as wide, and takes up the study of ancient peoples and of civilization's highest development. If one had time, how fascinating it would be to sit awhile with Queen Matilda's Norman maidens while they stitched that astounding Bayeux embroidery for the fête days of their



The orphrey of this 16th century chasuble is worked in gold and bas pictures in colored silk contrasting with the rich background.

church, the while that William and Harold were enacting the history they portrayed.

And how more than piquant to peep at Mary of Scots, the noted royal needlewoman, setting fair her stitches while Darnley watched or Rizzio intrigued. And Madame de Maintenon—let us forgive her much stolid conventionalism in art and linger a while with her and her aristocratic but penniless maidens at her school of St. Cyr, where they worked the most exquisite and skilful *petit point* that has ever been produced.

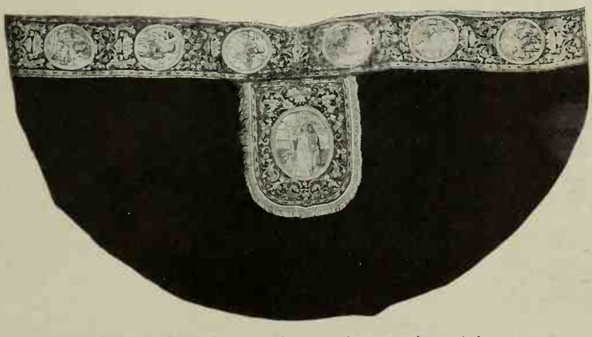
Fancy sitting among those fresh sweet maids of a June morning, the wondrous roses of France garlanding the windows of the workroom, the vagrant breeze carrying their perfume to stimulate young sentiment. Small wonder their work was exquisite, and that big artists liked to compose pictures for them to copy with dainty touch. If you like prices—a chair covered in part with their work sold recently for $2,600 and a sofa for $15,000, which is a commercial way of telling how much of skill and talent went into the work of that rose-garden of girls.

Characteristic of the Regency chair is this covering of petit point showing a scene of galantry.

In Spain, while loafing about, get the guardian of a cathedral's treasure to show you the vestments. He will take you to a guarded place, a low-ceiled chamber, and in this unimpressive haven will show you racks and racks of copes, dalmatics, chasubles, in the overpowering abundance of the department-store clothing section. Look closer and that simile is lost in another, the visit of Sindbad to the fabled caves of riches. All these garments, each one of them is worth a king's ransom, each one is a marvel of the art of the embroiderer of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. And then comes the realization that Spain was the country par excellence of the ancient embroiderers.

The gold embroideries of the sixteenth century were similar in both Spain and Italy, but Spain is richer in the amount of this type. I allude to those serious and bewilderingly rich embroideries which were executed in scenes, and together formed bands which served as orphreys.

This decorative fire-screen frames a valuable example of petit-point illustrating the famous reception of the Queen of Sheba by King Solomon.



A note of elegance is added to the entire room when a superb cope is hung upon the wall or on a wide chimney-breast.

The ground is formed of gold thread patiently sewed, line after line, upon a linen base, to form a corded surface like gold reps. On this ground is worked in colored silks, fine as spiders' web, a scene of saints, or a history of Christ.

Thus is produced a type of painting in silk and gold that has never been surpassed for the marvels of its technique. Not content with the simple reps effect of the gold background, the workers, with infinite cunning, stitched or couched it into tiny geometric patterns. Thus they formed a border or frame around each panel. Do you know and adore this type of embroidery? If not, then hie to the antiquarian or the museum and find a new reason for thanking Heaven you have eyes—even though they have not been entirely open.

The embroidery that comes to mind most forcibly in remembering Spain is the high stuffed work in which the workers excelled. This done in gold, on red velvet, is most eagerly sought to hang upon a barren wall. To such perfection did this work come in the late Gothic period that it could be used as a retablo, just as wood-carvings were used. Later on came applique in flat effects, but evidently an outgrowth of this.

To give variety, scenes in medallion shape were introduced. And this gave a whole new department of embroidery a place, the smooth satin effect of soft untwisted silk that could draw a picture almost as well as could a brush. And no picture was too difficult for these embroiderers to undertake. There are scenes from the Life of Christ like unto Pinturicchio, others like Van Eyck, for it was both Italy and the Lowlands that sent its early Renaissance models to Spain.

Cross stitch, a term both reasonable and exact, has lost itself in its French equivalent, which, after all, is not as descriptive. Where it originated the cave-women might know, so ancient is its coquetry. But we ourselves know that its most ravishing perfection was reached in the seventeen and eighteen hundreds. It is a work we can understand. Crewel work, its immediate antecedent, needs a special setting, but where is the room that is not beautified by a chair or screen of *petit point?* Late in the reign of Louis XIV were made those generous chairs which spread their comfortable backs for the display of the rich deep colors of this embroidery. I know an otherwise "lonely hearth" which is glorified and made magnetic by the presence of an antique walnut chair of this period, covered with *petit point,* in which the dominating colors are a deep ultramarine blue and a deep apricot red. It invites, it caresses. It belongs to the bachelor apartment whose rooms inspired this article. The embroidering of scenes in cross-stitch reached its height about 1700, when two sizes of stitch were used. The work was done on canvas as a ground, the needle taking up two threads in coarse work and one thread in fine.

A rustic scene in needlepoint enhances the beauty of this early Georgian chair.

This made the terms *gros point* and *petit point,* the latter used for little scenes and human faces; the former for the entourage of foliage. The same methods are in use today. Why then is the modern work not as lovely as the old?

Simply because the hand of time has a more bewilderingly beautiful touch than even the hand of a lady when it comes to fabrics, for it deals with colors after the manner of a magician, shading them with a subtlety past imitation.

Ironwork, New and Antique

With an Eye Turned Happily to the Past, We Produce Models for Today

IT is really not so very long ago since ironwork was represented by a grille on a basement window, or by a cast-iron lawn fence left over from mid-Victorian errors. Now one can look joyously on present-day ironwork and praise heaven for being alive during its flowering—for the art of working in the obdurate metal is undoubtedly having a Renaissance.

Praise for the artist in iron may well be sung, for he must have within him some of the qualities of the material with which he works, virtues such as strength, endurance and evenness of temper. These, coupled with a profound knowledge of design and the soul of an artist, may make of a man a good smith.

A peep into the cathedrals or into the palace courtyards of old Europe shows the title to be one of honor, for even time has not been able to hurt the beauties of the ancient iron as forged by the men whose artistic talent found expression through this medium. It is only the valiant who could work in iron, only he who could laugh at the obstacles presented by the stubborn metal.

A little different it is in these days of processes and perfected tools. The men who have left us Gothic iron to wonder over, and those who reflected in their work the beauty of the Renaissance, were forced into harder work than the men of today, who can compose a ramp or a grille and hand the design to the group of assistants, who execute it.

When Spain was building her cathedrals with their many side-chapels, in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth centuries, each chapel called for a protecting screen or reja, made usually of vertical bars. The forging of these simple bars was a more difficult process to the smith than that of moulding a human figure. A round bar of great length—some rejas requiring a length of twenty feet—demanded painstaking almost beyond one's imagining. The iron was taken in the bloom or in ingots and welded and hammered at the forge until, bit by bit, the round bar was pieced out to its length, being kept of uniform thickness and perfect rotundity only by the greatest patience and persistence. The making of the square bar was even more laborious, for the angles were to be kept sharp and symmetrical by hammering only.

Happily different it is now, when the worker finds his iron bars supplied by the rolling mill ready for bending to his use. Something is lost, of course, that indefinite charm given always to hand work, that sense of intimacy between craftsman and art-lover which is established through work done by human hand.

Not fearing labor, the Spanish worker in iron played many pretty tricks with his iron bars which men of other countries were not tempted to do, for the Moors had given to the country the tradition of grilled windows. These were not a mere fancy of the architect but were a domestic necessity for any man married to a charming wife, or one who was father to a tempestuous young daughter of thrilling beauty.

Veritable lovers' barriers were, and still are, these Moorish-Spanish grilles, which fact drenches them with essence of romance with which it is difficult to invest the modern grille, meant only to prevent the sneak thief from stealing our coats and hats.

The iron bar, then, that makes this barrier, the man of the forge pierced its horizontals at short intervals, and through the piercings thrust the uprights, thus forming squares. Going still further as he improved his tools and his patience, he divided his bar into two strands, and these he spread into an outlined design, re-uniting the strands again, only to repeat the process if the grille were a tall one. More marvelously still, he split his bar into three strands as though it were woollen yarn, and twisted it in an open spiral.

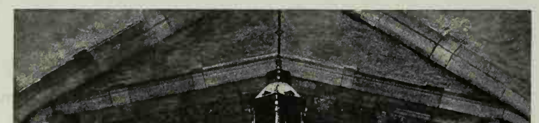
Then at last he came to the spindle, a pattern set for him by the Renaissance and which he brought to highest perfection, or rather which he made in highest perfection from the very start. Later on he looked to ornament its symmetry, and added acanthus scrolls chiseled while cold.

The need for high grilles or rejas being greater in Spain than elsewhere, the ironworker became in that country a veritable magician, working out his ambitious flights of artistic fancy on these ecclesiastic screens. It was in the Sixteenth Century that the clergy decided upon a change in the interior arrangement of churches, which set the priests' choir down into the nave of the cathedral, where it faced the high altar. In order to make this arrangement practical, the choir was protected by a high reja. This, added to the imposing reja of the major chapel, and those of the many minor chapels, make of the Spanish cathedral the place of all the world in which to study an art which reached its perfection during the Renaissance.

The artist-artisan here felt no restriction in his stubborn material, but soared beyond all detentions. The pilaster was adopted and developed into the square ornamented column, as in that marvel of marvels, the grille of the Royal Chapel at Granada.

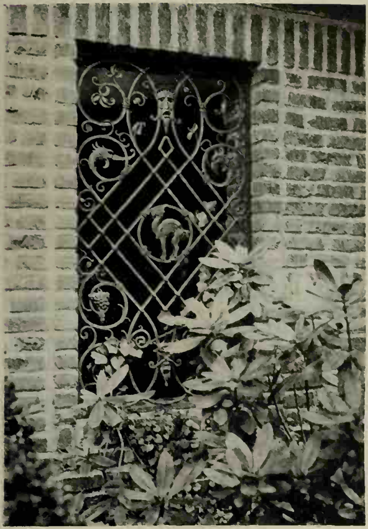
Bands of low relief ornament appeared, and involved a new process, that of beating red-hot iron into prepared moulds.

One of the greatest of marvels was shown in the development of the cresting of the grille which grew from the simplicity of the Gothic



Designed and Executed by Bach.

Metal work in open design combines beauty with strength, and recalls the spirit of the Sixteenth Century in bronze



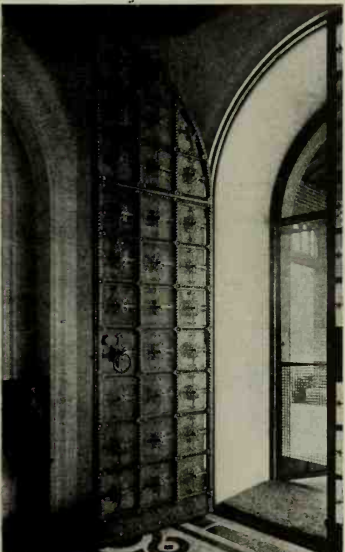
Designed and Executed by Bach.

This design of excellent merit possesses the elements of restraint and beauty which characterize the modern American type.

to those wonders of design and of manual skill such as crown the reja in Granada's cathedral. As for the time occupied in executing such work, an army of smiths was kept busy for seven years on a single reja and altar.

Certain iron gates of cherished memory in Italy may make the sentiments rebel against too much praise of Spanish iron; but in Italy conditions were not such as would push the art ahead.

Italy, whose intellectuality was finding a thousand erudite outlets for her ability to create beauty, confined her metal moulding less to iron than did Spain. The majestic reja was not a *sine qua non* of her chapels.



Designed by Van Buren Magonigle. Executed by Yellin.

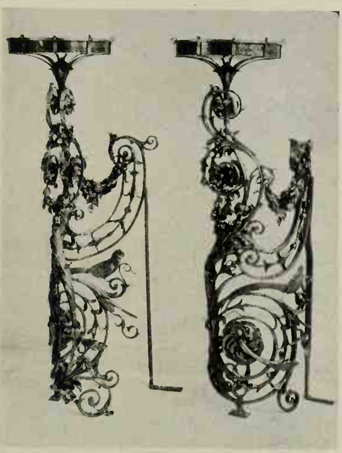
The chaste beauty of this iron grille it would be difficult to surpass. The arch of the door is happily filled with resort to a lunette.

Yet who can deny the fame of even so small a piece of ironwork as the Strozzi lamp, which is the ideal of its kind? Copied everywhere, often with much curtailing and loss of proportion, it still sends the spirit soaring with its aspiring pinacles, which seem to make a heavenward thrust.

Associated with Italy are wondrous brackets, long curving lamp or candle holders, and firedogs and guards—all of which small articles help to beautify and finish the work of the architect.

Perhaps the most alluring entrance gate the Italian made in the times when the hand was freed from too great classicism, was the grille on which were attached clinging grapevines, rich with leaves and small clusters of fruit. Such a gate promises a bounty of pleasures on its further side.

Iron furniture appeared in Spain, such as bishops' chairs, and there were also tables, but more usual was the table of wood stayed with iron braces forged in satisfying curves. This was late in the Renaissance, but Italy waited for a later century before freeing her hand for the consoles of iron on which were applied scrolls of hammered sheet iron. Such consoles were freely gilded and colored with paint. France in the Eighteenth Century made her share of these graceful consoles—indeed, the cabriole leg of Louis Fifteenth's time was more logical when forged of iron than when made a precarious support of carved wood.



Designed by Cross & Cross. Executed by Jackson.

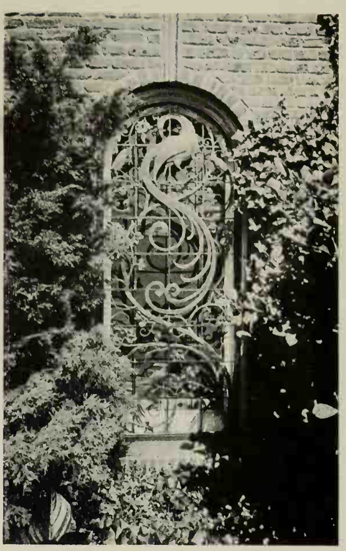
Detail of iron rails, wrought in exquisite and intricate lines of beauty, which adorn the marble stairs of an American home.

The best of today's workers are reviving every good style of past centuries, and we can only marvel at their courage. Gates and doors are being forged of pierced and chiselled iron that excite wonder, and window grilles that charm. More and more the architect calls for iron as the finest note of embellishment for his façades, and the worker—who may himself be also silversmith or architect—supplies him with products of increasing beauty.

Reminiscent these objects are of the best work of the ancient masters, but also they are full of the zest of the present day.

A close study of the plates on these pages will show the trend of the metal workers of today. Talent is evident in the bronze doors which recall work of the Sixteenth Century, yet which suit admirably the stone building of today.

The wrought iron design with open squares is adaptable to a town home and harmonizes with any house in which elegant detail predominates. It has the charm of that simplicity which is only achieved by study.

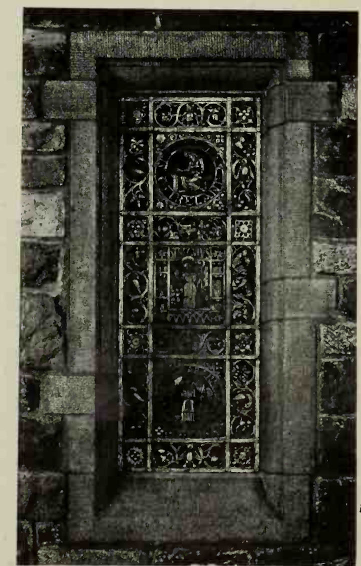


Designed and Executed by Bach.

This design is full of strength and spirit, showing a masterful manipulation of a material so unpliable as iron.

Window grilles, set well within the masonry, take grotesques and the decorative lines of a bird as ornaments, so skilfully drawn as to divert the mind from the fact of needed protection to the windows.

The possibilities that lie in stair-rails are suggested in the fragments showing the use of iron as forged in the Eighteenth Century. Innumerable adaptations are, however, being used, involving the iron bar in its variations of splitting, also the exquisite spindle, as well, the patterns of flowing lines. The worker of today finds himself ready for the technique of each kind.



Designed and Executed by Bach.

This grille, set well within the stone window frame, is of an extraordinarily beautiful design in bronze.

Franklin Duryea

The loggia, with its cool, wicker furniture and wind-swayed palms, is the pleasantest part of the house as spring advances

A Random Word on Curtains

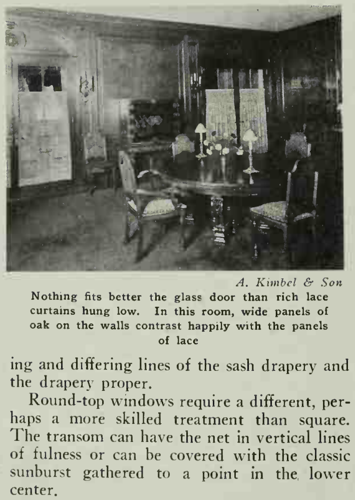
The Temperamental Difficulties of the Transom and the French Window

As architects give us ever new styles in windows, so must we find ever new styles in which to drape them. Previous experience seems to help but little, for previous experience has never given us just the same thing.

A few protestations, a few mild plaints are made to the architect over the puzzles he has prepared inside by drawing such charming windows outside, but in her heart the new owner of the new home is delighted with the change from old styles.

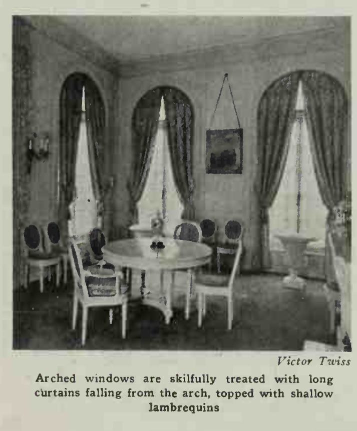
Perhaps the hardest problem to meet is the transom. In each room where the window is finished with a transom the difficulty differs. The matter has to be settled at once whether the transom is to be used or not, for in case of its opening, draperies must be made to comply with hard necessities. This is not a case for the amateur, but for the experienced decorator.

The appearance from the outside is another vital consideration. The transom may be net-curtained separately, as are each of the French windows, but the lines of the net must not hurt the lines of the architecture. Nor must the net sash-curtain be thin and scant, to exhibit the lines of a different scheme of draping which may be followed by the heavy draperies within. Nothing is uglier than to see from the outside of the house the conflicting and differing lines of the sash drapery and the drapery proper.



A. Kimbel & Son

Nothing fits better the glass door than rich lace curtains hung low. In this room, wide panels of oak on the walls contrast happily with the panels of lace



Victor Twiss

Arched windows are skilfully treated with long curtains falling from the arch, topped with shallow lambrequins

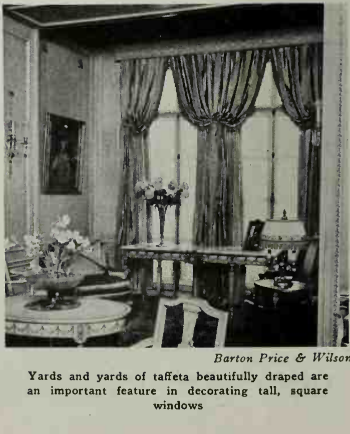
Round-top windows require a different, perhaps a more skilled treatment than square. The transom can have the net in vertical lines of fulness or can be covered with the classic sunburst gathered to a point in the lower center.

Long draperies for French windows meet difficulties peculiar to the situation. The windows must be free to swing inward. This matter is not simple to meet, cannot be met, unless the curtains hang from the highest part of the window instead of from a bar at the base of the transom with lambrequin above. A lambrequin is used with good effect, but it is a shallow affair of graceful scallops.

New styles of houses have given us windows receiving a lessened portion of light, like windows giving on a loggia, or windows, like so many in modern apartments, where one room opens into another. Doors, these latter really are, but take on themselves the properties of windows.

Could any curtaining for such as these equal that of lace, creamy, hand-made lace, fitted to the opening or hung like the "bonne femme" curtains with open space above them?

These are made in an infinitely various arrangement of lace panels and squares of cutwork put together with bands of Venetian point. The name comes from a French fancy that the bonne femme hides herself modestly behind a curtain while at work in her kitchen, although she allows herself a peep over the top while she is standing, keeping her person invisible. This low method of hanging a sash curtain is a blessing for apartments, in that it lets in the light.



Barton Price & Wilson

Yards and yards of taffeta beautifully draped are an important feature in decorating tall, square windows

Cups of early American work took this design about 1780

The Old for the New

"The Good Fairy at the Christening"

HELEN CHURCHILL CANDEE

American silver in the 18th Century rivalled the English

NONE can escape, not the rosebud girl, not the bachelor with a bored air of detachment, far less the person of sober pace. The newly christened babe must have presents brought to him from everyone. "Unto us a child is given" shout the proud parents, loud enough to be heard way, way beyond the family circle, so that everyone shall take notice.

The Three Kings of sacred history set a far-reaching example, one that it is the present fashion to follow with vessels of gold and vessels of silver. The babe does not care mightily, but the mother—it is to make her eyes sparkle that we hie us to the gold and silversmith.

And that same smith is ready for us. Perhaps according to the wares he sets before the buyer of presents he should be called a jeweller, even an antiquaire. He has widened the department of machine-stamped silver and gives us as well most charming objects in hand-made work, besides laying on the counter bewildering specimens of old silver whose dates wander back through the centuries.

A cup every babe must have, if for no other reason than to bang it on the table or tray on which its food is served. Popularly milk is supposed to be drunk from it, but as a secret you should be told it is made purely as an engine of noise.

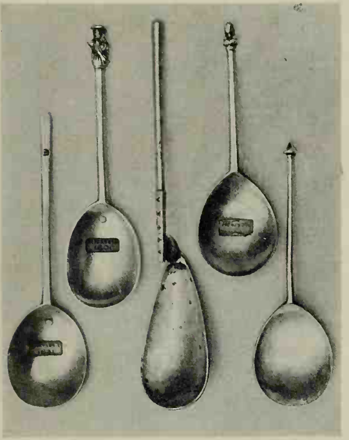
The ideal cup is one of such charm that it will live after its owner's lacteal days have passed, live to take its place among silver, table or ornamental, and not be condemned to the darkness of the safe until Jones junior grows up to have a family of his own.

What kind of a cup, then? Those who have the love of the antique upon them will look to old silver of Hallmarks or of early American make. To them an antique cup is not merely a milk container, it is an object grown sacred by long and intimate association with human affairs, by the infinite caresses of infancy, by the clutches of small, clumsy fingers, the adherence of dewy baby lips.

There is another matter—the old silver maker was an artist in a sense that modern ones can scarce afford to be, and this shows in his work which was his alone.

He created the design himself, he melted and smelted the silver, he ingeniously hammered or applied his ornament, in short he did the entire piece and used his entire skill.

Besides this is the wider history of the old silver, the times and its spirit that inspired the artists. A lovely cup of the late Seventeenth Century gives an idea of the grace in design that Edinboro displayed at a time when the strap-work of Jacobean ornament had not been forgotten. For it was made in Scotland, a rare birthplace for important silver. Its owner's mark is three letters in a pyramid, in which case the top letter is always the initial of the surname. This rule was invariable.



Crichton Bros.

Historic English spoons, and one found in Cyprus dated about 200 A.D.

A two-handled cup of the time when Charles II was seeing how gay a royal Stuart could be, is not forgetting that France is the inspirer of art and thus reflects with entrancing delicacy the acanthus leaf in gentle repose. Fancy a very violet-powdered baby grasping this with both soft dimpled hands and sustaining his cherished life by drinking therefrom the special brand of pap prescribed by science. Such a cup goes under the name of porringer when the child is older; and later on mamma serves in it whipped cream or marmalade, or other dainty to her guests.

This is a day of spending, so they say, yet we have only to remember the time of Charles II in England to find such use of silver as makes our extravagance seem economy. A silver mug—what is that compared to silver fire-dogs and a silver dressing-table, for such things fine ladies had to ornament their bedrooms. Yet a cup left over from that period is a lovely relic for the child of today, particularly when his parents have the taste to collect old silver.

Those wonderful brothers Adam, a century later, laid their skill on silver moulding of the day, and from their delicate classicism came many designs of almost Greek purity.

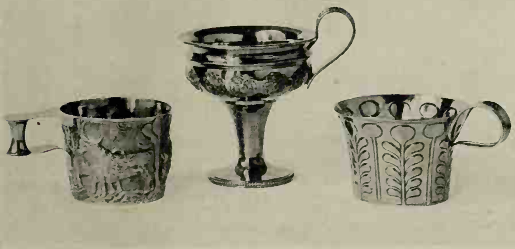
America felt their influence strongly, and our jewellers or smiths made after them the most entrancing of our early silver. If, by chance, one does not know it well, he should be off to the best museums and spend an hour amid its satiny marvels—just by way of being still more proud of a country that could follow art, even though gravely occupied in following a new-made flag.

So serious a matter as a grave and humorless excavator of dead cities and age-old tombs, seems far from the subject of rollicking babes. But here we have the happy combination of the two in cups of wondrous beauty discovered by the one and copied by our modern silversmiths for the other from Minoan models, these models having been executed almost as many centuries before Christ's birth as we live after it. It is not likely that these prehistoric cups were made for the nurseries of the Isles of Greece—but nothing is too good for our delicious babes of now-a-days; and besides, the cup is an ornament for a lifetime.

Mycenae and Troy attach their names to the original of these cups, which are, of course, safely housed in the British Museum and other gay spots; but in reality they are from Minoa and Cnossus, having been taken as gifts from their native isle to Mycenae and to Egypt, where the scientific excavator finds such treasures. That was in the days when ambassadors brought offerings and the warning arose, "Trust not the Greeks bearing gifts."

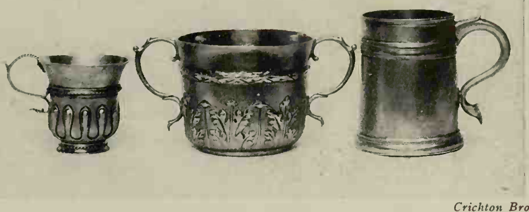
Vaphio, near the ancient Amyclae, is the spot where the cups depicting bull-netting

(*Continued on page* 351)



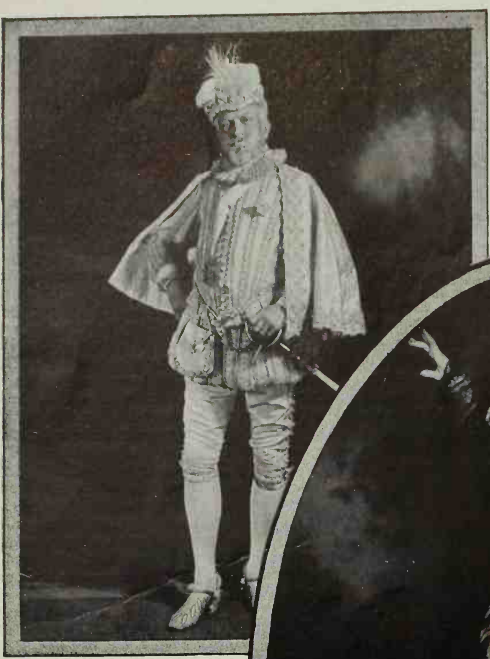
Brand-Chatillon

Three cups copied from early Greek models in gilded silver, the Vaphio, the Goblet of Troy and the Palm Leaf

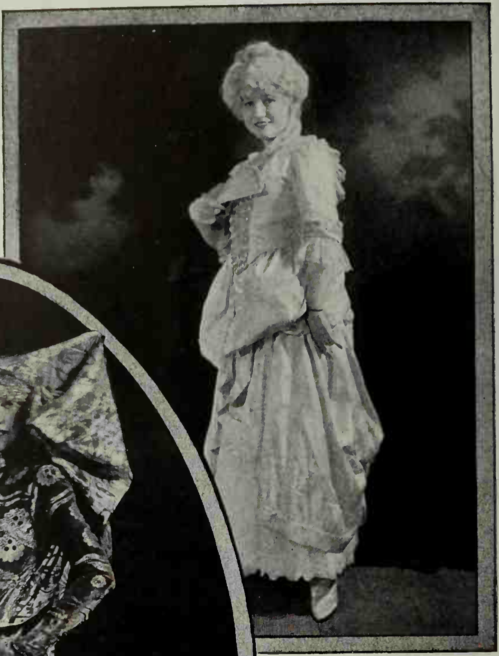


Crichton Bros.

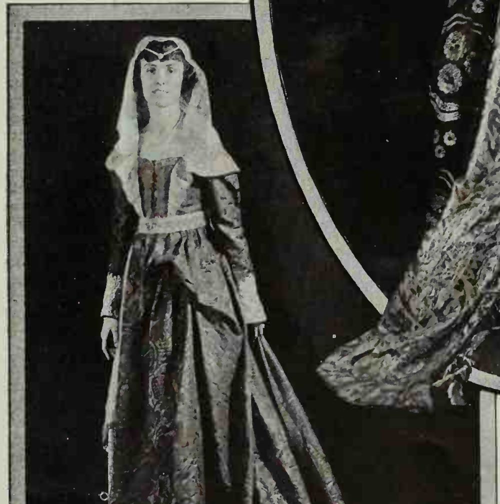
Three antique English cups showing Jacobean strap-work, Charles II acanthus leaf, and the thread applied of 1700



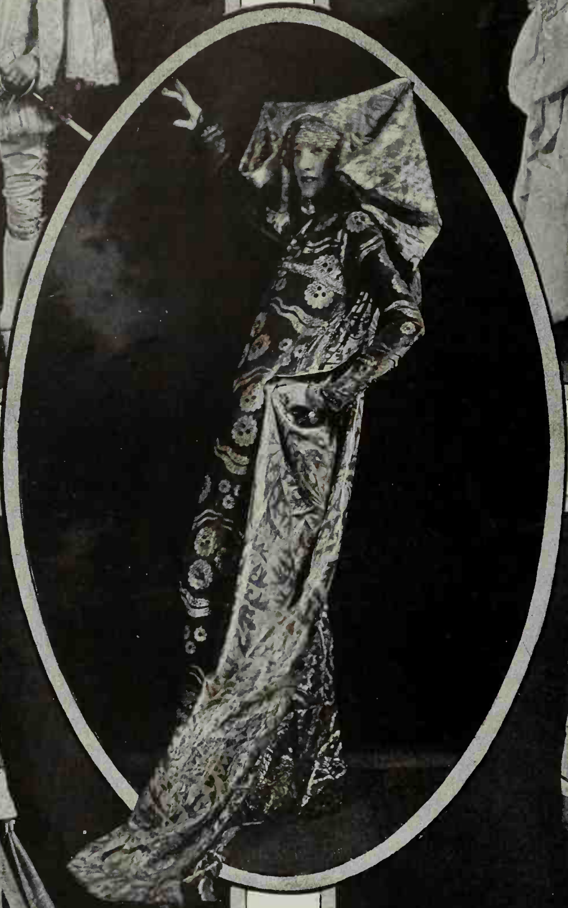
MR. JAMES L. BREESE
As the Duc de Guise recalled vividly the troublous times of the Huguenots



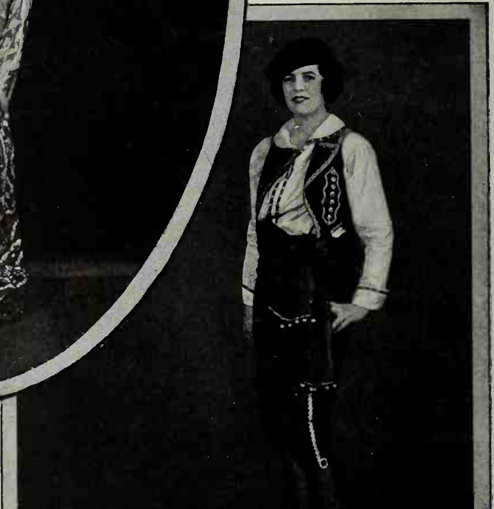
MRS. KENNETH NORTON
As Court Lady of the Eighteenth Century lent a note of lightness and grace



MRS. J. THEUS MUNDS
As she appeared in the Pageant



MRS. HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY
The Gothic costume is executed with more than usual correctness and elegance, and the pose is in accord



Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood

MRS. VAN RENSSELAER KING
Appeared as a page in the Pageant

The Beaux Arts Ball

The Fight for Culture in the New World

Modes, Morals, and Manners of Today

ROLAND WOOD

IT is refreshing, in these days of mad Leninism, to meet a writer who will not bow to Demos; who refuses to fall in with the new radicals; and who protests against materialism.

The writer in the case is Katherine Fullerton Gerould, whose "Modes and Morals" (lately published here by Scribners) is just now causing a good deal of varied comment. Her latest book includes twelve brilliant essays. They voice the feelings with which many well-bred women view the new teachings which conflict with old ideals.

It takes courage in some quarters, nowadays, to defend those ideals; to proclaim, with Mrs. Gerould, that there are higher, nobler things to be aspired to than food and raiment, comfort and ease and luxury. But, though they look at life from many standpoints, Americans at large still go to church, and profess obedience to the Ten Commandments. Not all of them are engaged in profiteering. There is something to be said for Americans who, according to the author of "Modes and Morals," are guilty of materialism, because they lay too much stress and plume themselves on their devotion to good plumbing and porcelain baths. I am sure most women, with or without ideals, regard the vacuum-cleaner as a sign of culture. They do not even scorn the electric toaster or the humble slop-pail.

A love of decency and neatness in one's home is not, *per se*, a proof of gross materialism. Are we not taught that, next to godliness, we should cling to cleanliness? Of course, one may attach undue importance to domestic comforts. But those who swear by them are not always quite incapable of spiritual exaltation.

One of the problems of the day is how to find wealth enough to allow of indulgence in the labor-saving devices we all need so much, now that the housemaid and the once common maid-of-all-work seem as extinct as the great auk and dinosaurus.

WELL-BRED women and, for that matter, also well-bred men, have, for the past few years, been suddenly confronted with strange annoyances which would have been unimaginable to their grandmothers. Before the war, of course, it was growing evident that "help" was very hard indeed to secure here. When the munition factories took to boosting wages, to the well-bred what had been merely a worry and a fret swelled almost to a tragedy. Millions brought up according to Victorian standards had to readjust themselves. A girl who could earn five times more in a factory than in "service" could not with reason be denounced as unfaithful if she preferred making cartridges to dish-washing. Her Thursdays and Sundays out seemed poor equivalents for new chances of nightly joy-rides and unlimited "movies." The well-bred men and women deserved sympathy. They could not change the natural course of things.

To adjust themselves to the new world they saw around them meant toil and sacrifice, the giving up of many a cherished privilege, the doing of distasteful tasks long left to others. But, worse than all, to those in whom Mrs. Gerould is especially interested, it seemed—but only, I think, seemed—to mean the gradual lapsing from what they had loved and respected in the past as culture into inculture; the loss of beauty, art and education; the end of music, drama, sociability and travel, which had been part of their old, easy, normal lives.

Many millions of well-bred and cultured persons, neither poor nor really rich, looked forward with dismay to a reconstructed world in which Public Schools would wipe out ancient colleges; in which symphony societies would be replaced by gramophones and Shakespeare by "movies." They had visions of a drab and drear Society in which they would henceforth and forever be mere drudges. How could they hope to avert these dire calamities? How could they bear the thought of dragging up their children in cramped, cheerless rooms? Only by making up their minds to become ascetics, by putting away what they had known as happiness, by steeling themselves against their coming martyrdom and holding closely to "plain living and high thinking."

YET, pessimist though she be, Mrs. Gerould sees a feeble ray of hope in the possibility that, when they are surfeited with the delights of riding in motor cars, sick of over-eating and weary of over-dressing, the newly-rich (including a few thousand millionaires) and millions of labor folk, whom she regards as allied enemies of culture, will perceive the value of the things the well-bred love, and make them accessible. She admits that, while the State has neglected art, the rich have spent at least a fair proportion of their fortunes on encouraging art.

If they had trusted to the people whom she voices, where would our sculptors and our painters be today? Those who talk most of art and culture in our cities are shy of supporting them.

Winged (plaster) Victories and Venuses (also plaster) are found in many homes of the well-bred. But too seldom, on the walls of those same homes, does one see paintings by our young and struggling artists.

Noblesse oblige. Or, if you will, *richesse oblige.* And (praise be) it is an unquestioned fact that the newly-rich ere long become collectors. It takes some centuries to produce an English lawn, they say. It may take twenty, fifty or a hundred years to bring culture (in the true sense of the word) into the daily lives of the new labor-world. But let us not forget that, while the standards of our Public Schools have sunk, huge legacies are increasing the activities of our Universities, our technological schools, our museums. I do not think, as some do, that the alarming exodus of teachers from our schools will go unchecked. A way will soon be found to increase the earnings of those injured and useful citizens.

And "training minds" will be recognized, by the least cultured, as more important to a civilized state like ours than "minding trains."

"Plain living and high thinking." Glorious both. They should not be incompatible with modest joys. For those of us who cannot treat themselves to opera stalls, there will still be balconies. The symphony concerts are not costly luxuries. The museums and libraries have not been closed. We need not even be cut off from theatres, if we will throw away our strangely snobbish prejudices and frequent the gallery. Our "little theatres" and our "neighborhood playhouses" have prepared the way for ventures far more artistic and much cheaper than the older ones. The newly-rich may often err in taste. But the curators of our museums will serve as guides and correctives.

I agree with Mrs. Gerould when she exhorts us to "be as little materialistic in our temper and desire as possible." But we shall fight on to preserve the sweet amenities, though radicals may rave and Soviets threaten.

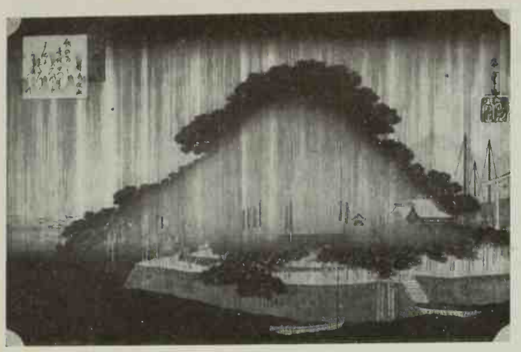
Big millionaires, we know, support our opera houses and make it possible for the less fortunate well-bred folk to hear Wagner and Puccini, Verdi and Massenet. The cult of ham and eggs and near-silk gowns may absorb mulitudes. But the revulsion may come sooner than we fancy. The love of art just now may seem confined to a favored few. Yet the future may teach even the half-educated, who scorn Greek and history, that art and spirit are not empty words, but facts which mean much more to them than motor cars. "Standards of beauty and truth," to quote Mrs. Gerould again, may not just now "be rigidly held up." The "grand style" has, alas, "gone out," and "the classics are back numbers." But we are passing through a phase which may be brief. And I, for one, refuse to be a pessimist.

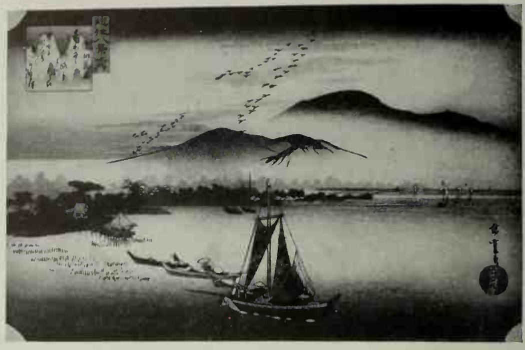
DEMOS already has a love of music. Orchestras, recruited from the ranks of working folk, are rehearsing symphonies. Opera appeals alike to rich and poor. The summer concerts crowd the public parks; and the best, by which I mean the least vulgar, programmes are the most popular. Of all the arts, perhaps, none has more charm to the untutored mind than music. There would be hope in even the multiplication of the gramophones, if those who deal in them would burn most of their records.

We should do everything we can to foster taste: In music, drama, painting, books and dress. The taste of many of our prosperous labor people may be primitive. But the ambition—and the wish—for higher things, all men may see in them. The fondness of the average prosperous work girl for gowns and hats which disconcert the critical none can deny. But, like the well-bred, they should have their chance of adjusting their new selves to new conditions. We must give them time. Some labor men who have grown well-to-do of late may strain and strive to copy their bosses' styles in dress. But those who do are very rare exceptions. A sense of humor saves most from such follies. In Germany, I have seen people, who would have called themselves educated, eat peas with their knives. I do not now recall a single instance of such sins against good form among the American artizans with whom I have foregathered.

Mrs. Gerould, though she does not say so plainly, seems to have had her patience tried by crimes of the kind in question. She writes bitterly of "Nature's noblemen." And yet a woman of her taste and breeding can surely not have known much of the Grand Street world. She has also a deep grudge against

(*Continued on page 363*)





Hiroshige

In the Real Hiroshige was Found the Great Native and National Landscape Artist of Japan

YONE NOGUCHI

PART II

THERE are many cases in which our Japanese art or literature or what not, when seen through a Westerner's blue eye, comes out suddenly, revealing a strange meaning, or what we never before had expected to exist. I have one instance in the words that generally pass as Hiroshige's farewell verse, saying: "I leave my brush at Azuma, and go on the journey to the Holy West to view the famous scenery there." I cannot accept it innocently, and even doubt its origin, as it is more prosaic than poetical. It is only that he followed, perhaps, after a common fashion of his day if he really left it when he died, as the verse itself is poor and at best only humorous; but when it is taken by the Western seriousness, translated into English, the words grow to carry another strong effect. Thus Hiroshige, since discovered in the West, was interpreted and reconstructed by a decidedly new understanding; so he is, to a certain great degree, a discovery or creation of the Westerners. I think, therefore, it is proper (and even a courtesy) to look upon him with the Western point of criticism; and Hiroshige seen through the Japanese eye would be more or less different from the "Hiroshige in the West." It goes without saying that our recent criticism of Hiroshige is pleased to put its foundation on the Western opinion.

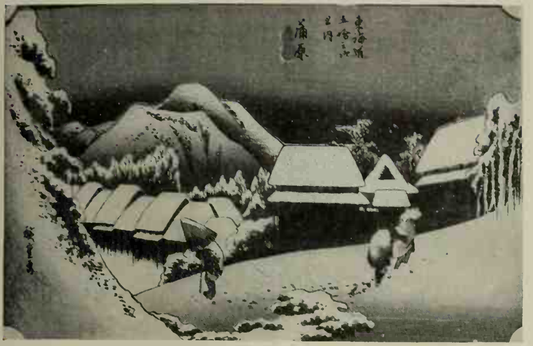
I said before that Hiroshige owes much to Chinese landscape art; and I like now to think of him as a Chinese poet. Upon my little desk here I see an old book of Chinese prosody; there is a popular Chinese verse, "Hichigon Zekku; or, Four Lines with Seven Words in Each," which is almost as rigid as the English sonnet, and the theory of the sonnet can be applied to that "Hichigon Zekku" without any modification. We generally attach an importance to the third line, calling it the line "for change," and the fourth is the conclusion; the first line is, of course, the commencing of the subject, and second is "to receive and develop." It seems that Hiroshige's good pictures very well pass this test of Hichigon Zekku qualification. Let me pick out the pictures at random to prove my words. Here is the "Bright Sky After Storm at Awazu," one of the series called Eight Views of the Lake Biwa; in it the white sails, ready to hoist in the fair breeze, might be the "change" of the versification. That picture was commenced and developed with the trees and rising hills by the lake, and the conclusion is the sails now visible and then invisible far away. Now take the picture of a rainstorm on the Tokaido. Two peasants under a half-opened paper umbrella, and the Kago-bearers naked and hasty, are the "third line" of the picture; the drenched bamboo dipping all one way and the cottage roofs shivering under the threat of Nature would be the first and second lines, while this picture-poem concludes itself with the sound of the harsh oblique fall of rain upon the ground. You will see that Hiroshige's good pictures have always such a theory of composition; and he gained it, I think, from the Chinese prosody. In the East, more than in the West, art is allied to verse-making.

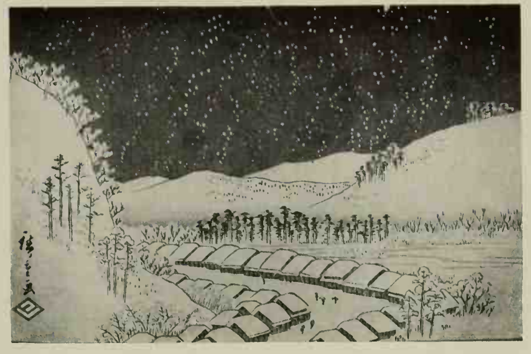
A certain critic of modern English poetry who believes that the unit of the true poem is not the foot, the number of the syllables, the quantity, or the line, talks on the Greek word "strope," from the point of emphasizing the necessary element of circular swing or return; and if we can interpret this strophe as obvious effort at balance or prizing of the sense of contrast, I think that Hiroshige fully and truly practised it in all the pictures of his landscape. Now take a little vertical print entitled the "Bow-Moon," one of twenty-eight moon sceneries, where the slender moon, white, in tranced ecstasy, climbs up from between the crags, as Arthur Davison Ficke writes, "straying like some lonely bride through the halls of Kabla Khan." How well-balanced is the bow-moon with the leaping torrent below in the picture. And what a pictorial contrast in these walled crags on either side, with the ghastly pilgrim of heaven between. And, again, how the poem inscribed on the top keeps a balance with Hiroshige's signature below on the left. This lovely rhythmic performance in art of balance is so old in the pictorial kingdom of the East; our Japanese artists, indeed all of them, have the secret of it in their blood hereditarily. But it will give certainly a valuable suggestion to the Western artists.

"Hiroshige in the West" is entering, I think, into his third period, that is to mean the period of adjustment or real criticism, when his pictures, hitherto unknown, what a fragment they be, will receive full justice from their artistic merits alone. The first period, when he was a mere curiosity, and the second period, when he suffered, as Hokusai once suffered, from an indiscriminating foolish reception, are now, I hope at least, a past history. But I feel shamed to say that he is only entering into his second period in Japan, where he was born and worked.

I always say what use is there to talk on Hiroshige the Second or Third. I would like to understand the word "Hiroshige" not personally, but as a very synonym or title of artistic merit in landscape pictures. If there are pieces, as in fact there are many examples, much below the Hiroshige merit, while bearing his own signature, I shall never care (who will care?) whether they are called the work of the Second or Third.

THE hyper-æsthetic Utamaro, with his insistence on exaggeration, even impossibility, in the pliant, almost supernatural figures, might be called the beginning of the decadence of Ukiyoye art; but Sharaku, a colossal and tragic genius of graphic characterization and devastating contempt, or even Toyokuni, of course the First Toyokuni in a splendid triptych, "The Journey of Narihira," or "The Ladies and Cherry Blossoms in the Wind," will often make the severe critic sit up, who inclines to think that with Kiyonaga of beautiful technique (which comes, as somebody remarked, nearer to the Greek sentiment toward the nude than any other artist except Toyonobu) this Ukiyoye art had already reached the zenith of its development. If Hokusai, a marvelous, encyclopædic Japanese mind of art, had never made his appearance upon the horizon, how much should we have lost! It was this Hokusai, "the old man about drawing," who as a chief propagandist created the most permeating atmosphere of the landscape prints-period, into whose enchantment many Ukiyoye artists of his age were called in spite of themselves. It is nothing surprising to find them in one way or another indebted to his free enthusiastic art; and one who was once influenced by him, as in the case of Yeisen, burdened, to use Pater's words on Balzac, with "an excess of curosity—curiosity not duly tempered with the desire of beauty," and was often obliged to stay as his slave. But it was that greatness of Hiroshige that, although was





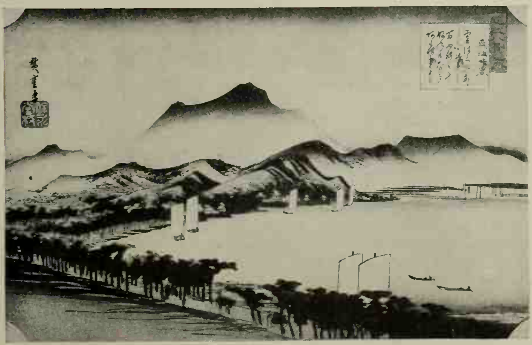
doubtless charmed by this wonderful debaucher of art, as proof may be seen in some pieces of "Tokaido Gojusan Tsugi," as others, his distinguished art more allied to a musical harmony born out of a temperament or inner vision soon came to develop independently. I agree with the author of "Hiroshige and the Landscape Art," who said in one of his articles that this series of sixty-nine Kisokaido pictures might be called a challenge or flag of revolt against Hokusai. It is said that Hiroshige, when he was asked to criticise somebody else's pictures, used to make his standard of appraisal out of the point whether they were influenced by Hokusai or not; that shows what a high, awe-inspiring pedestal this creator of "The Thirty-six Views of Fuji," "The Bridges," "The Waterfalls," and other landscape pictures, occupied in his contemporary's estimate.

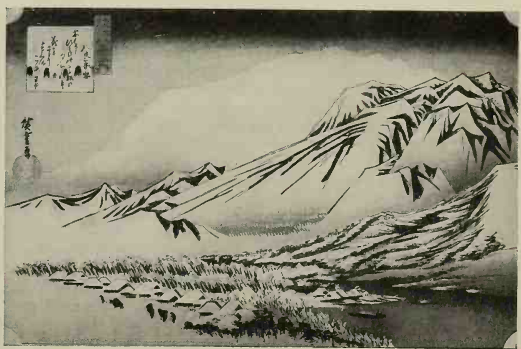
A WELL-KNOWN American critic writes on the Hokusai Mangwa, a fifteen-volume series of miscellaneous drawings: "All existence thrilled him as it did Walt Whitman; and each object on which he turned his eyes stirred him with the desire to record it in his pages. Though we grant our admiration to the enthusiasm, sharp vision, and clever draughtsmanship of these sheets, we may still find in this undiscriminating passion a quality incompatible with the highest reaches of artistic greatness. It is a vast and dull enthusiasm; a celebration of the victory of the will to live over the will perfect; a triumph of meaningless sensation over the just judgments of the discriminating mind." And the same critic then hails Hokusai as a great master in the landscape prints above mentioned, because, he says, being then no longer the dupe of realism, he brings us his dreams. The whole series of the "Thirty-six Views of Fuji" and the "Bridges" having been published, Hokusai was temporarily resting from his productive greed, and, accepting Mr. Kojima's reasonable supposition, was perhaps hiding himself at Yokosuka, from his ill-principled licentious grandson, when Hiroshige, with Yeisen as a collaborator, brought out the "Kisokaido Rokujuku Tsugi," and attempted to emphasize the success he had already earned from his Tokaido series. It seems that he was making much out of the occasion when Hokusai was silent.

This Kisokaido, although not blessed by the flowery procession of a powerful lord or the snowy peak of Fuji above the serpentine coils of clouds, had many poetical aspects, saddened by the occasional bells around a horse's neck; unlike the Tokaido, where a cheerful life was lyrically endorsed by the humanized nature, here, as is well expressed in "Kisoji no Tabi" or the "Journey by the Kiso Road," by Yekken Kaibara, the overwhelming cold power of Nature seems faintly but unmistakably smiling, touched by the warm pulses of the human heart which echo to the water of a valley or snow-covered stones of a mountainside. This lonely nature, wild but still human, certainly appealed to the poetical sympathy of Hiroshige, whose subtle renderings of aerial perspective and poetical atmosphere had already conquered people's minds; he, as I said before, with Yeisen's collaboration, attempted, often successfully (and admitting that many of these plates of the Kisokaido series are uninteresting) to evoke the characteristic mood of the scenes. Some one writes: "The village life of the Kisokaido gradually formed on traditions and customs that had fermented through many centuries, for the reason that this highway joined two great cities, Yedo and Kyoto, could not help feeling a touch of new fashion or civilization perhaps in popular songs or perhaps in girls' flowery hair-pins, that blew in as if a spring breeze; and when Hiroshige and Yeisen brought out the series the nature of the Kisokaido seemed at once harmoniously tinctured with the somewhat uncouth but lovely humanity peculiar to the region."

ONE year before his death, Hiroshige again brought out a scene of "Kiso in Kiso no Yama Kawa" or "The Mountains and Rivers of Kiso," in which this great master of the Ukiyoye school expressed his marvelous adaptability to the limitation of the color-print technique; the triptych is a most wonderful specimen, simply and felicitiously executed, the greater part of the sheets being left blank to represent the snows. I think that such a simple, graceful art came into existence, because the general taste of the people in Yedo, when the time advanced toward the Grand Restoration, had become tired of ostentatious gaiety and extravagance, and sought its ideal of refinement in the divine precincts of simplicity where the soul's highest rhythm was thought to be singing. The Tokugawa civilization, most naturally, had her downfall when she reached her highest development; again, Hiroshige died most happily at the time when he had mastered his highest art, that is, the purest art of simplicity.

Perhaps it is true that his technique of art is sometimes awkward and often harsh; but there is nothing like his successful arrangement in white and blue (what a magic of simplicity), where silvery poetical music is really uncomparable. I will step backward some ten steps from such a picture as Whistler used to do when faced to an admirable landscape, and slowly raise my face, nay, my ears, to the music played by a combined rhythm of the simplest colors. Hiroshige's music is low in voice but inexpressibly deep. How I should like to be led by my personal taste, while opening the pictures of this magical artist of showers and sunsets diversified into a thousand prisms, and calm and clarify my imagination's ears, and awake to his wonderful music.





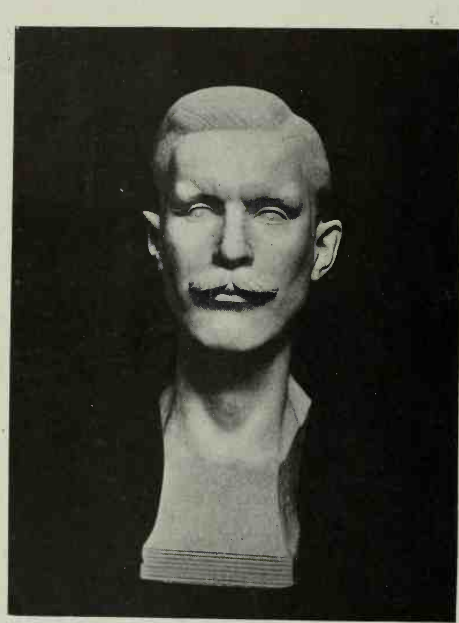
Who's Who in American Art

ALBERT EUGENE GALLATIN

Writer, Collector, Connoisseur, Exhibitor, Discoverer, Policeman

ART is an ocean full of snags. A lot of credulous swimmers are drowned in it. A lot no stronger but more spohisticated grab on to the snags and are saved. They have different names, those snags, and different epithets, an immense variety, are hurled at the parasites who live by them. These come from the swimmers, in a large majority, though it frequently happens that the parasite on one snag will try to discomfit the parasite on another. Most of the snags, anyway, are academic, they are safety zones left by schools of thought. None in the American ocean can be literally official, because the American Government, or, more correctly, the United States Government, takes no official recognition of art at all. Perhaps it is too busy with labor. Anyway, whenever one of the young parasites, they are never very logical, wants to hurl something mean at one of the old parasites, he cries in a voice which he makes as sardonic as adolescence permits: "Official!" Of course, the older fellow will not rise imitatively to the occasion because, having learned to harbor his life a long time ago, long enough ago so that it has become a habit, he has had time left to learn to harbor his dignity. This he nurses with a maternal vigilance which, somehow, may at times border upon viciousness. These two extremes of the art ocean occupy, in any case, the largest, which is to say the most prominent snags. They are those best seen by the timid people on the shore, who may sometimes wet their feet but usually are too lazy and too timorous to wet their knees.

Mr. Albert Eugene Gallatin, collector, writer, inconographer, sometime chairman of the Committee of Arts and Decoration of the Mayor's Committee of National Defense, has not been so reticent as many another layman on the shore. He has gone into that treacherous and enigmatic ocean in a manner truly valiant. He has got wet in it, from the soles of his feet to his neck. Upon occasion he has bathed in it, it is treacherous, it is paved in pitfalls, until the water closed over his head, and the writer, inconographer, chairman, was lost to view. And he has found snags, too, when death threatened, and been, by the people on the shore, recognized as a discoverer. He has fathered more than one painter, and arranged more than one exhibition of the Gallatin collection, an admirable collection of smaller works by greater artists (of which more later), and arranged, with the assistance of Augustus Vincent Tack and Duncan Phillips, a War salon. This, it will be remembered, occupied all or nearly all the space in the American Art Galleries, and was seen by a number of people who came armed with sufficient small change to pass the gate man. That it was a review rather than a first view is neither here nor there, is not Mr. Gallatin's fault, even if it was a fault in the collection on exhibition to which people paid admission. It was, moreover, the only War Salon, except the English one at the Anderson Gallery, which was not called a War Salon, of any size held in this country. No other man, in any case, had the vision to see art as so closely allied with war. It was as a member of this committee, the Committee on Arts and Decoration, that Augustus Vincent Tack arranged the Avenue Window Display, that exhibition of the American artist's lack of contact with the war, that remarkable revelation. Mr. Gallatin appreciated that it was a revelation, for he gathered the pictures that had been shown to every passerby on the Avenue and displayed them once more, this time authoritatively, under his direct and amiable and unegotistic nor vainglorious patronage at the very well known American Art Galleries.



ALBERT EUGENE GALLATIN
One-time Chairman of the Arts and Decoration Committee of the Mayor's Committee of National Defence

Everybody was impressed in one way or another. It is indeed quite possible that Mr. Gallatin was himself impressed. Who can tell? He has and had at that time arranged other exhibitions of other collections besides his own, and this War Salon, an exhibition of drawings and lithographs by Steinlen and Forain at the Arden Gallery for one, but none so large, none so impressive, none, anyway, so bass-voiced. His books have never made so much, nor such thunderous noise. They have been clothed in delightfully tasteful bindings and printed beautifully. They have said whatever they had to say with the calm and the purity and the inevitable gentleness of a gentleman. They have reintroduced certain well-known realists or they have, as in the case of the Whistler books and the one on Vermeer, tied together under one package a great deal of scattered data, of scattered valuable data. They are truly not negligible at all. It must certainly be due to Mr. Gallatin's reticence, as an artist, that they are not more often spoken of. Who, this is no hypothetical question, knows more of Whistler and Aubrey Beardsley—he is responsible for an iconography of Beardsley's work—in this country? Who? despite the pretensions of Mr. Joseph Pennel of Philadelphia. That is a question that answers itself. We shall therefore make no such blatant mistake as to answer it ourselves. It is not curious that a gentleman should be patient nor is it curious that he should have the ferret-like qualities in the via of collecting of a Cousin Pons who was certainly as pussy-footed as any hypochondriac might wish in his most nervous moments. The admirable Pons could see behind the dust of forgotten masterpieces, or, which may be better, mislaid masterpieces. He found them in garrets. He found them in the murky blackness of damp cellars. He found them, like the hero of one of Poe's tales, in places so obvious as to be very frequently overlooked.

Unfortunately for the continuance of the simile, it is not Mr. Gallatin's habit to seek ancient or forgotten masterpieces. He is a patron of an art still in the process of growth. He is a patron of American Art. A father to American artists. (This is no literal sense, be it understood). Like Balzac's hero again—although Pons discovered monuments to the genius of men and not men—he is apt to be found discovering artists in the most obvious places. His eyes do not look without seeing. Mr. Daniels had handled the work, for example, of Mr. Max Kuehne for a great many years before Mr. Gallatin discovered him, discovered him as he (Mr. Gallatin) has himself suggested in an introduction to a catalogue or in an article. And having discovered him he has very thoroughly presented him to that small circle within the large one (the world), which is thoroughly, this word is as good as any, thoroughly interested in art. Mr. Max Kuehne cannot object to his discoverer.

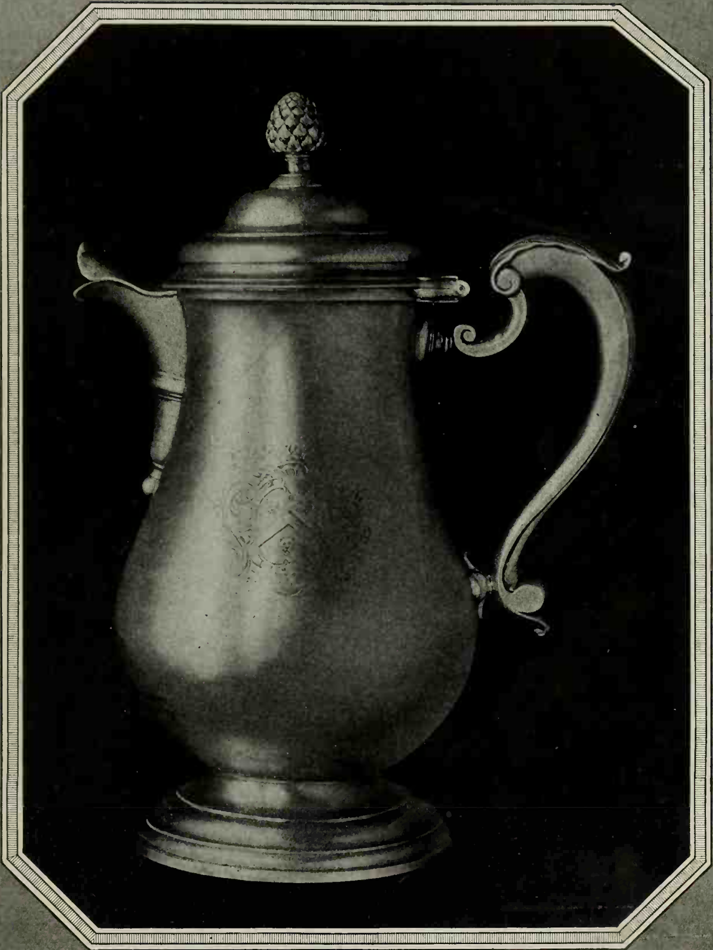
That discoverer is also one of the few connoisseurs in this country. He probably began his career as a collector with the acquisition of a few things by Whistler, etchings probably, and then added, as time went on, with a well-developed sense of associative values, a lot of Whistleriana, a Way portrait of the master and, among other things, caricatures of him. And then carrying the associative theme along he began gathering things by those men, Impressionists they were called then, who exhibited with Whistler in that famous Salon des Refusées of the third Napoleon. Thus there is to be found in his collection the names of Manet, Degas, Renoir, and the figure painters who either exhibited with them or who, coming later, continued their manner; men like Forain and Steinlen and Toulouse-Lautrec in France, and in America, Glackens, Sloan, Shinn, Hassam and Boardman Robinson; men, all these, who

(*Continued on page 352*)

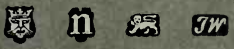
CRICHTON BROS.
of London
GOLDSMITHS and SILVERSMITHS

BY APPOINTMENT
TO THEIR MAJESTIES
THE KING AND QUEEN

In New York: 636, Fifth Avenue
In Chicago: 622, S. Michigan Avenue
In London: 22, Old Bond Street



A HANDSOME OLD ENGLISH SILVER JUG OF SIMPLE DESIGN STANDING TWELVE AND A HALF INCHES HIGH, MADE IN LONDON IN 1748 BY JOHN WIRGMAN.



THE ABOVE HALL MARKS APPEAR ON THE JUG

OLD ENGLISH SILVER—Rare examples of the master silversmiths' craft of the Queen Anne and Early Georgian Periods—on exhibition in our Galleries.

The Diagnostic Age

All the World's a Laboratory and All the Men and Women in it Guinea Pigs

H. I. BROCK

WHEN Thomas Jefferson presumed to hire a French cook, a sterling old-fashioned American contemporary—probably a Federalist—proclaimed in tones of deep disgust that the Father of Democracy had abjured his native victuals. It had got to be rather the habit, even before the War, to say that the confused age in which some of us elders now find ourselves groping about rather like babes in the woods—that this age had surrendered to the feminine influence. The grumblers complained that a reputedly practical Western world—or, anyway, the writing and talking part of it which has usurped the centre of the public stage—had abjured its birthright of objectivity and gone in for the subjective and introspective stuff which is the proper—or improper—concern of the contemplative East. In the grumblers' minds it appeared that the East was feminine, even if feminism is not oriental.

Now the War—Western machine-made, as it was—instead of curing the disease has aggravated the symptoms. More than ever, the preoccupation of fiction, of politics, or economics, of sociology, of conversation polite and less so, is the insides of things—the inmost insides of almost everything. It may be that the omnipresence of machinery is itself partly responsible. Insides of machines are highly important. A knowledge of those insides is insidiously disseminated by the practice of motor transport among all conditions of people and the language of the street, the office, and of home-keeping and home-shunning circles, alike, is cluttered with metaphors borrowed from the versatile machine shop and the sprightly internal-combustion engine.

Metaphors are perilous. They produce extraordinary mental reactions and lead to even more extraordinary mental confusions. You hitch on to an innocent and promising analogy and you get carried, before you know it, beyond the point where it ceases to lie alongside and begins simply to lie. You are tied to a tangent, not a parallel.

You let yourself think of men and women. the state and the social organism, in terms of machinery, and the inevitable result is that you begin to try to take them to pieces and name the parts. So far as the mere physical human being is concerned, that was a job which medicine had undertaken already in some detail. And medical men have been as busy lately as mechanics. Usually medical metaphors come as readily to the tongue-tip and the pen-point as the mechanical sort. The jargon of the two trades is recklessly jumbled in common talk.

Women (always and notoriously curious creatures, prodigiously intrigued by their own emotions and reactions and by the reactions of those emotions upon the emotions and actions of others) have almost universally got the credit—or the blame—for the introspective trend of modern fiction. It is assumed that they read most of it. It is known that they write a lot of it. As sentimental vivisectionists they exhibit unrivaled powers of casting reticence to the winds. A May Sinclair can turn the eye inward and look at anything she finds there with ruthless disregard for her own or anybody else's qualms. Her absorbing interest in her own quivering emotions is her sufficient excuse.

Also, as women have plunged violently into sociology and politics and war and business and every other activity devised by man for his own special use, there has been a colorable pretext, at least, for charging the intruders with spoiling the detachment of the scientific and professional attitude toward a very large number of important matters. Habits of thought have certainly been jarred and sometimes upset by the new and active member of the firm.

But it seems to be the fact that the prevalent method of dealing with all these subjects—fiction as well as the rest—is not so much merely introspective as militantly diagnostical. The method is that of the medical man attacking a "case" rather than that of a private person gratifying a passionate and morbid curiosity. No doubt the passion of curiosity is present tangled up with the rest. But the method is masculine, not feminine.

IN other words, the likelihood exists that this so-called woman's world in which we seem to ourselves often so shockingly out of place that we appear to be committing an impropriety by being in it at all—that this world is really a doctor's world. We are all in the Clinic. We are "cases"—ourselves, our institutions, and our complex man-made machinery for saving ourselves trouble by making more of it for everybody else. All are subjects of "survey" to determine content and how much of it ought to be allowed to stay in. To add insult to injury, the preoccupation of the doctors is not principally anything of good or ill to be done to us personally. Their primary concern is the collection of scientific data to be used in demonstrating the all-rightness of theories destined to make the world an Elysium for posterity.

So the serious novel of the day is not a record of adventure. Neither does it represent a mere yielding to a fierce passion for self-revelation. Instead, it is a clinical study of men and women in their intimate sentimental relations. A devastating flood of self-revelation may serve as material. But the author carefully assumes an objective attitude toward the most subjective material. That is, assuming that it's she, she painstakingly presents herself (in disguise as her heroine) as a "case." There is your Mary Olivier in a nutshell. It does not even have to be herself or even she. It may be he, a study in shell-shock, as in Rebecca West's "Return of the Soldier." But it is superfluous to multiply literary instances.

In the field of fact, a book on Bolshevism, if it is up-to-date and orthodox, makes small pretense of picturing life as it is lived under the benevolent despotism of the Red Guards. There may be glimpses and flashes of the drama—the most extraordinary the world has seen since the French Revolution. But the solid business in hand is the presentation of a clinical study of human nature standing Sovietically on its head. It is survey, not history; laboratory material, not life.

Again; a plan for organizing an army to save the world for Democracy is devised by doctors of psychology, who only grudgingly admit the co-operation of military men in the task. What the doctors of psychology primarily and instinctively envisage is not the defeat of the Germans so much as the creation of a vast clinic for studying the human animal in conditions which allow them to experiment with individuals as nearly as possible as if they were guinea-pigs. As a preliminary, they establish smaller clinics or experiment stations, the specimens being candidates for miscellaneous soldiering duties. Thus they collect data enough to bolster up several ingenious laboratory theories, and invent and launch a marvelous system of charts and card indexes. The design is to eliminate the personal equation, and thus make all military selections and decisions mathematical, automatic and infallible.

So completely is this the doctor's age that such a system was actually imposed upon an army of four million men. In theory, at least, what we used to know at school as "marks" were substituted for gumption as logically as logarithims are substituted for guesswork in gunnery practice. The inclusion of the incommensurable personal factor in the calculation did not deter these doctors of super-organization from the application of their pretty new system to each of the four million. They proceeded as confidently with their rules made overnight as the artillery officers did with the principles of Euclid.

But it is medically notorious that diagnosis by a specialist is subject to error, owing not only to the limited range of the specialty, but to the right-of-way of preconceived notions in the constitutionally single-track mind of the specialist. In medical practice the error may occasionally or infrequently bring about the death of the patient.

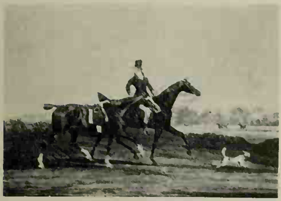
Fiction, therefore, offers to humane enthusiasts for the diagnostic method peculiar advantages. It does not always dull the interest even where it dims the romance. And if the set sum cannot be done—if the figures added up give the wrong answer, it really doesn't matter. Since the whole thing is figmentary, it is perfectly feasible to let the answer stay wrong. And it is not impossible to make the answer right in defiance of the figures. A novel is not a ledger. It does not have to balance.

APPLICATIONS of the diagnostic method to real problems of real people are fraught with more serious consequences—the more serious in proportion to the bigness of the problem and the consequent inadequacy of the experience of the specialist who ventures the diagnosis. As, in medical practice, a wrong diagnosis, conscientiously acted on, may kill the patient, so in politics a wrong diagnosis (though firmly based on a doctrinaire publicist's deepest conviction of what is best for the world) may bring about grievous complication of the problems of half a dozen suffering and populous nations.

Thomas Jefferson not only abjured his native victuals, he solemnly wrote into the Declaration of Independence the eloquent, if self-evident, untruth that all men are created free and equal. President Wilson's phrase about the self-determination of peoples is another bit of eloquence which with equal equanimity leaves solid facts out of account. Arrived at deductively in the closet, and not inductively from a wide experience of practical international politics, it figured as a sovereign pre-

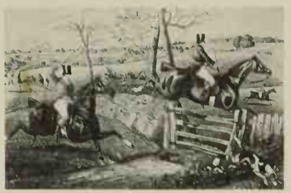
(*Continued on page* 364)

OLD SPORTING PRINT



ONE OF A SET OF FOUR
AFTER J. POLLARD

OLD SPORTING PRINT



ONE OF A SET OF FOUR
AFTER H. ALKEN

A FINE

COLLECTION

OF

Old English Sporting Prints

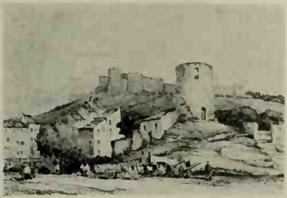
AND

WATER COLOR DRAWINGS

ON VIEW AT

ACKERMANN GALLERIES

WATER COLOR DRAWING

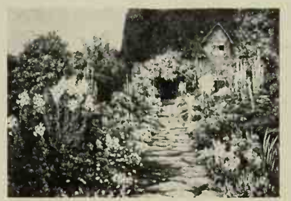


BY ANDREW F. AFFLECK

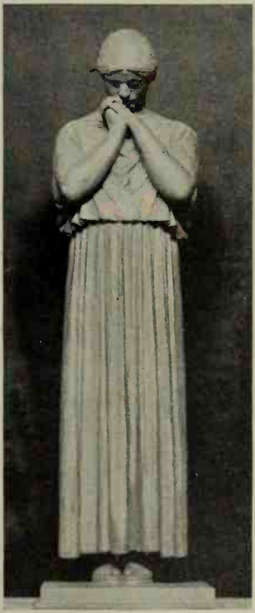
10 East 46th Street

New York

WATER COLOR DRAWING



AN OLD ENGLISH GARDEN
BY LILIAN STANNARD



© 1914, Mario Korbel

Memorials, Garden and Decorative Figures, by our prominent American Sculptors, of a distinction that is as unique as it is appropriate, are constantly being shown.

Correspondence Is Invited
Illustrated Brochure and Designs Furnished
on Request

GORHAM GALLERIES
Fifth Avenue at 36th St.
NEW YORK

The Passion Flower with Nance O'Neill

HAMILTON EASTER FIELD

THE Passion Flower (La Malquerida), at the Greenwich Village Theatre is a play which thrills the spectator with the suspense of its development and with the intensity of its emotion while at the end it leaves him wondering over the complexity of its deep meanings. Williams Haynes, in a recent number of *The Dial,* quotes Jacinto Benavente as saying of another of his plays, "It has no inner meaning except the very obvious outer meaning which nobody understands." The story of the play has been so often told as hardly to need repetition here. It is an excellent variation of the triangle plot with the excitement of a mystery thrown in. And, as if this were not enough, there is in each of the three protagonists a strggle with what seems to him an inexorable destiny. That the struggle is vain, that fate is relentless, that a tragic outcome is inevitable, is due to the tyranny of a superstitious religion and to the repressive effect of a moral code whose emphasis is always, "Thou shalt not." The irony of the denouement, the death at her husband's hands of Raimunda, whose every wish has been for good rather than for evil, complicated the question of the playwright's intention. Does Benavente wish us to accept the belief of Raimunda and her neighbors that her second marriage was an offense against heaven? that her daughter has hence been made the passive instrument of heaven's revenge? that her husband, good by nature, has been pursued by the Erinnyes and driven to a madness of feeling and act which he himself can neither understand nor resist? Or shall we see the tragedy as merely the logical result of a fear that brings its own calamity? Is it Euripides or Ibsen or George Bernard Shaw or mere vulgar melodrama?

Nance O'Neill in The Passion Flower

La Malquerida is Acacia, daughter of Raimunda and step-daughter of Esteban whom, from childhood, she has refused to accept as father. "This Man" is what she calls him. Her hate first sprang from fear lest he steal her mother's love, then from a greater fear lest she come to love him more than her mother, a fear that turns her hate into a passionate and dreaded love which gives her secret joy. The fascination that her antagonism has aroused in Esteban, compelling him to a love for the girl, which he abhors as unholy, strengthens its hold on him in proportion to his resistance.

That Raimunda is haunted by a sense of impending doom is felt throughout the play, although at its opening moment the spirit of her dead first husband seems appeased and his daughter, whose fatal charm is made the tool of his revenge, is about to be removed from the house by a suitable marriage. But this is not to be. The crisis which shapes the action of the play comes at the end of the first act in the murder of the girl's betrothed by her step-father's orders and turns the course of events from the peaceful channels of everyday life into the current of a *tragic destiny.*

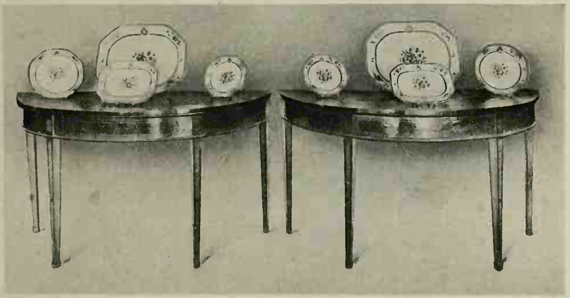
The play is greater than its presentation. With one or two exceptions the actors seem suited to a less restrained type of emotional acting than is demanded here. They do not seem Spanish. In voice, in pose and gesture, they too often keep their stagey sophistications. "The inhabitants partake of the nature of the land, which is vast, parched, austere." Thus the program note speaks of their Spain. "They are a proud, God-fearing people whose speech is the gravest and most sonorous of modern tongues. * * * The hand of tradition rests heavily upon the simple peasantry, who live in perpetual contact with the other world. * * * Biblical severity is at the same time shot through with a wild, ferocious, Oriental passion, which smoulders beneath the restraints of Christianity, to break forth in moments of intense excitement like hidden fire." Nance O'Neill, in particular, falls short of her capabilities. While conveying the intensity of feeling, her methods are seldom those of restraint. She has the power for a tense, dramatic quietness, shown now and again in brief moments. Why, then, indulge in such clutchings and gaspings, such eye-rollings and arm-wavings, such frequent exaggeration of movement? There are in the play lines of a classic severity which lose their force through an over-emotional utterance. This is especially evident in the third act where the husband lays bare his very soul and begs his wife's forgiveness. Here Charles Waldron, as Esteban, shows a dignity and simplicity which give his speech the most convincing sincerity. His acting throughout the play, while lacking perhaps in force and in artistic finish, has directness and restraint. Edna Walton, also, as the fatally charming Acacia, is at times admirable. These two suggest the Spanish type; Robert Fischer, as well, in spite of his Irish accent. It is a play which must retain its distinctive national traits.

The first act is in Raimunda's village home, with immaculate tile floor, shrine of the Virgin, and the simple ornaments and fripperies of respectable and well-to-do village folk. At its close the scene shifts to the more primitive house in the woods. Here the rude and beautiful interior, with its unadorned walls and time-darkened floor, with its great wooden doors, its bare tables and plain chairs, tells us through the eye that the superficialities of civilization have been put aside. The country seen through the open door (*i.e.,* the painted back-scene), though wild enough in its features, somehow misses its full dramatic possibilities, perhaps because of a wrong lighting. It is lurid, false, unconvincing. The furnishings, brought from Spain, give a reality to the scene which helps to offset any deficiency of racial characterization in the actors. The play is very complex. If, as we have been told, it is not of Benavente's best, it yet shows the modern temper of the man and his extraordinary intellectual and emotional richness. His people are real and so compounded of good and evil as to keep the development of the plot open to as many variations as are human impulse and will.

INTERIOR OF ONE OF OUR GALLERIES

The ROSENBACH COMPANY *of* PHILADELPHIA

ANNOUNCE the opening of their new Galleries at 273 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK (near 40th St.), with an exhibition of Paintings by Artists of the Barbizon School, Antique Furniture, Rare Books and Manuscripts.



Pair of half circular inlaid Heppelwhite Console-tables, 51 inches wide, circa 1780.
Part of rare old Lowestoft service, consisting of 74 pieces.

Interior Decorations,
Old French and English Furniture,
Needlework, Tapestries, Porcelains,
China and Glassware

H. Koopman & Son

16 East Forty-sixth Street, New York
Opposite Ritz-Carlton Hotel

John Drew and the Fixed Idea

A Classical Conversation in a Club with Highly Miscellaneous Modern Instances

CARTER IRVING

ARISTOPHANES had just seen John Drew doing his bit as a super-gardener. As the principal Athenian author of musical comedy and a professional and successful satirist of the legitimate drama, a stage so excessively legitimate as any stage becomes as soon as John Drew appears upon it was bound to attract his critical attention.

"The question is," he said to the Professor of Dramatic Literature, as they tinkled the ice in their glasses of loganberry juice and settled back in the deep leather seat to the left of the fire in the lounge at the Harvard Club, "the question is whether a play which presents Mr. Drew in gardening togs instead of immaculately in a morning coat or impeccably in evening dress—whether such a play *is* legitimate drama? Your public has adopted a fixed idea of John Drew, and a public's fixed ideas must be respected."

"As a matter of fact," interrupted the Professor of Dramatic Literature, "John Drew hasn't by any means always figured behind the footlights as the perfect pattern of a modern man-about-town. Quite recently he was late Georgian as Pendennis. I remember him admirably Eighteen-Twenty as Sir Jasper Thorndyke in 'Rosemary,' fastidiously Louis XV in 'A Marriage of Convenience,' punctiliously regimental in 'The Second in Command.' And he has often played Shakespeare—including the tamer of the Shrew."

"All the persons you mention except the ruffianly Petruchio are dressy figures," replied Aristophanes. "In this ornithologically named and biologically illustrated piece of Major Rupert Hughes—this 'Cat-Bird' which we have just found so amusing at the Theatre of Miss Maxine Elliott, Mr. Drew is delightfully himself. But in the first act he wears 'bags.' He is not dressed at all in the social sense. Rightly or wrongly the fixed idea of this estimable actor does in fact call for an up-to-date fashion plate exterior. Anything else is distinctly disappointing to a large and respectable public carefully brought up on the Empire Theatre, Mr. Drew and Miss Maude Adams. Clearly Major Hughes himself was not insensible to the rights of that public. At the end of the first act he has Mr. Drew say, 'Where are my evening clothes?' And in the second and the third acts evening clothes are worn—even though they must be extracted from moth-balls for the purpose."

"I would remind you, however," remarked the professor in testy tones, "that we have got beyond the Empire stage of the drama."

"Perhaps you have," said Aristophanes, "but John Drew hasn't or John Drew's public."

"Those fixed ideas," announced the Professor sententiously, "are not only almost always wrong. They are fatal to the development of Art."

"They are the guardians of the portals of the Temple of Art," retorted the Athenian. "—thought I admit that some of them never ought to have been admitted to the Force. I have a little list here. The other night I chanced to be present at a performance of certain foreign dancers and singers. It was a performance which as nearly as possible served as a magic carpet to bring to your Broadway the real Russia of the people, simple, sensuous, shamelessly eloquent of joy and sorrow alike, pouring out liturgies and love-songs with equal passion, flaunting a primitive appetite for color after the fashion of the East. An elderly Russian sat beside me—an expatriate who had lived in New York for many years. 'I grow home-sick,' he said, 'for the village beyond the Volga where I was born.' And one of your most esteemed modern painters sat not far off and itched for his palette and his brushes. I saw him do it."

"But in the act he wears 'bags.'"

Mlle. Vera Zimileva—Russian Isba.

"Where are we getting?" interrupted the Professor.

"To the point," replied Aristophanes. "The director of the show—a man with a very tolerable baritone voice to exhibit—had his fixed idea. Which was that he himself was the show and not that entire vivid and solid chunk of Muscovy. The public thought otherwise. It applauded long and loudly the other performers—notably a man dancer who enacted a leaping whirlwind and a girl dancer who combined the poetry of motion with the lithe body of temptation. The director's clacque had to take care of the polite handclapping afterward when the baritone solo (cruelly delayed by repeated calling back of the gypsy girl) was finally delivered. Yet the solo was meritorious."

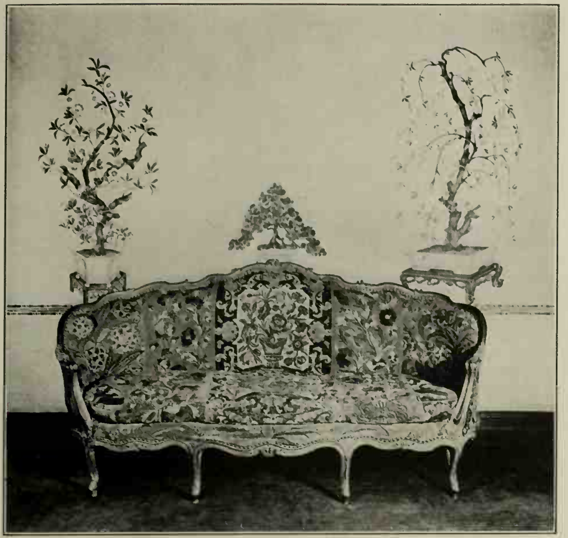
"Ah!" said the Professor, "I perceive that you are one of those who have fallen for that so-called Russian Isba—isba, I gather, is Muscovite for cabin. Your director, doubtless, is Serge Borowsky, late of the late Imperial Petrograd Opera."

"He is," said Aristophanes, "and he deserves well of this city—in spite of his fixed and erroneous idea of his own place in his Isba. The Isba itself is admirable. It is enchanting. It gave keen pleasure to many on whom the spectacle of John Drew not dressed for company would have wasted its piquancy."

"Personally, I prefer Mr. Drew," snapped the Professor. "These Russians have been dancing us to death ever since Pavlowa."

"They have only one rival in the art—the Spaniard," said the Athenian. "The fire of both and the infernal rhythm is, I suspect, borrowed from the East—from the Tartar and the Moor. But I think I understand your irritation. There appears to be a fixed idea among certain Russians, who come among you to dance, that any dancing done by themselves is transfigured into a New Art. I attended upon a certain evening at your Metropolitan and official Opera House. For two hours the vast stage, richly hung with the curtains of yellow brocade, was occupied by a man and a woman who changed their costly clothes a great many times, and between changes

(*Continued on page* 354)



SOFA, REGENCE PERIOD, COVERED WITH YELLOW POINT
FINEST EXAMPLE IN EXISTENCE

OBJETS D'ART
ANTIQUE FURNITURE

ELSIE DE WOLFE

DISTINCTIVE INTERIORS

TWO WEST FORTY-SEVENTH STREET

NEW YORK CITY

INTERIOR
DECORATORS

Panelled Rooms
Furniture
Draperies

CHICAGO:
Fine Arts Building

Antiques

Old Residences
Remodelled

Enclosed Porch—Residence of Walter Stewart, Esq., Toledo, Ohio.

C. VICTOR TWISS COMPANY

HENRY F. BULTITUDE, ASSOCIATE

14 EAST 50th STREET
NEW YORK

Another Portrait of a Woman

Marian Forster, a Countess of the Tea Cups

LAURENCE HAGUE

SINCE Thackeray poked fun at one inefficient Amelia, English fiction has seen few such sheep in angels' draperies, and English authors have become almost as industrious vivisectionists of womankind as their French neighbors. The wilful incuriosity in the presence of woman is dropped. They give tongue to the subject. This never unconsciously and never with that analysis of pure physique, of anatomy as a machine, which separates the phrenologist and psychologist from the surgeon. The symbolism in the contours of matter! The mind's the thing now—not a counting and combing of the cerebral cells, but of their activities. These are ever on the table for examination and reëxamination in bulk and in detail. The scrutiny of morals and motives never reaches immobility. As may be said elsewhere in these pages, it is one of the feminine furores of the time, and it must therefore, of necessity, be treated seriously. And perhaps more especially seriously if it is true that in seriousness there is death.

The puppets in the new novels, anyway, are not required to move. Indeed, all action in the new novels is negligible. Heroes and heroines carry caged tragedies, the keys to the gates of which are in the hands of the novelists. Behind those gates, through whose bars we dare to look only hurriedly and timidly, a mere peeking—no such bashfulness on the part of the novelist—is the seat of most contemporary romance, the strings of most of its movement. The heroine will be discovered within the hedgerows of her admirable country estate. In the sweet-scented arbors of her garden there is range enough for her lagging footsteps, and, incidently, range enough for the requirements of her creator. If she does go to London, which she sometimes must, she goes perfunctorily. London is a part of fashion and fashion is a part of the romance to which at least one group of English novelists is given. With social upheaval we must have social analysis. And, besides, society, when the bricklayer's wages exceeds the teacher's, may become sentimentally, which can be to say pathetically interesting. Let's have our eyes on the time-clock of the world's progress and change. All this at random.

Perhaps it refers particularly to Mr. Frank Swinnerton's Marian Forster, heroine of September, which George H. Doran has recently published—perhaps not. Marian Forster, in any case, is in no sense comparable to Anna Karenina, that root of fires and faults, whose voice might have disclosed the one and whose uncurbed impulses might have proved the other, or did prove them both. Her last grand gesture was the masterpiece of a magnificently reckless career.

Marian is thirty-eight and already very old or crystallized. Not a rampant impulse there, no stray uncontrolled wantonesses. Her lover is stolen from her by a chit of girl, Cherry Mant, nineteen or twenty, beautiful, impulsive, young; a symbol of youth. She masters her rage—she has a moment of it—as she mastered one other big impulse. Perhaps she is bodiless, though that box within which the story moves, wherein is all its machinery, is described as beautiful. In the end we find: "Marian, quite unconscious of any need for comparison, since she knew herself to be as imperfect as Cherry, sat looking at the fire, with Cherry's head against her shoulder. The day outside darkened as great storm-clouds darkened the sky. The room was in gray half-light, well suited to the mood of these two, who sought to plumb the depths of their sympathy and dissonance. Marian was now very composed and resolute, and entirely mistress of herself, as she had always been and as she always would be. She was able to feel sympathy and understanding because she had the power to give inexhaustibly; but her reward thenceforward was to lie in the love and trust of her fellows rather than in any satisfaction of her own passion for happy existence. If Marian could have prayed for a gift, she would have demanded joy in her life. Instead, nature had given her as compensation the strength and courage to endure her own pain and the ability to imagine and soften the pain of others. If it is not the first of gifts it is among those rarely bestowed upon poor mortals, and is without price."

These sour compensations take too much of the moral dictum for granted.

The House of
ESTEY

THE name ESTEY on a piano insures the purchaser the measure of satisfaction which is always sought and implied but which is not ofttimes secured.

Satisfaction in a piano is secured through that indefinable something which is built into a piano as a result of years of experience. With infinite pains satisfaction is built into the ESTEY, an instrument which has behind it many years of as satisfactory service as any piano that has been built on the American continent.

Estey Piano Company
New York
New York Studio and Retail Show Rooms
THE WELTE STUDIOS, INC.
Six Sixty Seven Fifth Avenue

There's a true English climax. It is quite possible that this last sentence—it ends the book—or sentence—will be construed as an attempt on the part of the author to ease the pain of soft-hearted readers. To those other readers who may want a mite of patience with Marian, who may have wanted to see her lose the smallest fraction of control, in some weak human way, there is here a beautiful English moral as perfect and inhuman as anything in the history of the Puritan states. Shades of Pamela! Marian may be another "Disagreeable Girl," though girl does most assuredly not suit this so mature and self-controlled woman.

"Marian herself was rather tall, fair and candid, her eyes serious, her brow rounded, her chin firm and beautiful. She carried herself with dignity, but without hauteur; her hands were still the slim hands of youth, but all her movements were deliberate and controlled. She looked less than her age. . . . In her expression there was neither sorrow nor contentment, for Marian had long ago found in her day's work full occupation for her mind, and if she ever had regrets they were never seen by others. She was extraordinarily reserved, completely, it seemed, mistress of herself in every emergency."

THIS is the picture of herself she presents to the world. Mr. Swinnerton sees the masque off, momentarily, in the privacy of her own room, he catches her in the presence of her lover when a fleeting second of weakness causes the lines of pain to creep into her face. She turns it away from the man she loves. To him she is expressively with slight, woefully slight, variations passive. Max Stirner might have described three-quarters or more of her ghost. Her masque is a lady's. Lucky those, and they are strangely numerous, able to find the woman behind it. Her lover had, he must have had, many doubts. She has no "hauteur," but neither has she pliability. Few gracious women have been, on the surface, so inflexible or inelastic. She is the victim of a habit of restraint which results in crystalization. When she would have Nigel kiss her—as an example—a desire to be ashamed of in quieter moments, when she would have his arm about her, she cannot let him see and the moment is lost. Another comes, a thing of seconds, and it is the only one. She is a very sensitive and active barometer, whose face never registers the working of its machinery. She is Anglo-Saxon. And still it is to her that the neighborhood brings its confidences and in her that it is confident of finding sympathy. Why? She gives sympathy, is warm in that, but is not of those who exchange confidences. She takes and soothes. She never gives. She is to be trusted. At thirty-eight she is rather settled, almost satisfied and rather old. The richness of her knowledge has been culled from the experiences of others drained through her understanding. Perhaps she and not Swinnerton should have written this book. She is one of the wisest heroines, but she is not exciting. She is not half so exciting as Galworthy's weak woman in Saint's Progress, who hadn't reserve, who hadn't any dignity, who had considerable human understanding along with considerable art. Marian is monotonous, monotonous as the tone of the book she moves in. Both are bare of surprises.

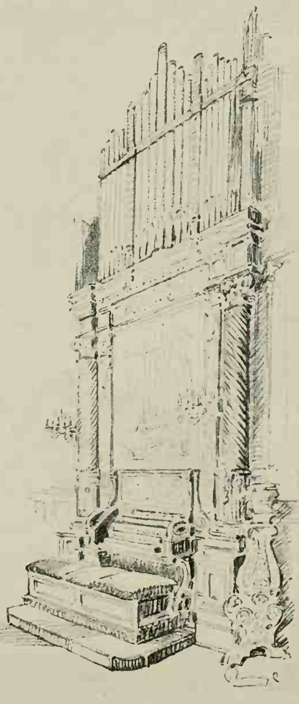
SHE is a Countess of the tea cups. If she has tragic moments they never are sent over the cups. She lives them on the near side, taking care that her eyes might not be, tritely, the windows of her soul; especially when that is tortured. No one knew her at all, though at least one woman might have guessed as Swinnerton did. Everyone accepted her masque, that masque which had become fixed beyond control, beyond her own control. Public opinion modeled it and would see that it was not, even momentarily, destroyed. She had married Howard Forster when he was physically attractive. His mind could meet hers not more than halfway. Set aside from the world, she is too passive to regret her marriage. He is the only really masculine spirit in the book, and he is never very amusing. He begins to re-love Marian when his jealousy is aroused—perhaps he had never ceased loving her. Plain men will like in him his want of introspection. He is one of them. And he is there when his wife wants him most. It is too bad that the couple never had children. Really they are, both of them, bourgeois. She is a fine hostess, an excellent conversationalist; a failure in any rôle which over-rides conventional habit. She cannot let go. She is too successfully a lady to answer generously or unconsciously to the sudden associative tugs of the merely human. She is the apotheosis of a nice, refined British civilization. Certainly there are many women and men, for that matter, like her, ladies and gentlemen in whom the habit of years will destroy the inspiration of a sublime moment. Perhaps they are cowards. We may be sure that they are slaves.

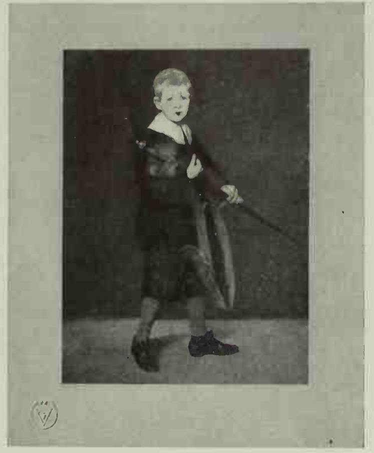
Marian herself has a counterpart in the world of art among those timid practitioners whose impulses are rigidly checked by a powerful dread of technical standards Not stylists these men although their deference to style and their study of it are increasing. That which they do can only be done within the restrictions of formal gesture. They acquire ease in formal gesture only after years of imitative devotion. They sit at the oars of its galley. And, like Marian, when they want to cease rowing that galley it is too late.

Your Plans should include the
Welte Philharmonic
Pipe Organ

No single feature of any residence is a source of greater pride to its owner or of potential credit to its architect than a Pipe Organ. People of discrimination and means readily react to suggestions for installing a fine Pipe Organ. ℂ *The Welte Philharmonic is the only genuine Reproducing Pipe Organ in the world. Through it, alone, are reproduced the personal interpretations of the greatest world's organists, with every intimacy of personal color reflected.* ℂ *Those who do not play the organ can hear the World's Greatest Organists whenever they wish, and, by means of the expression-control levers, can play according to their own interpretation. Those, on the other hand, who are organists, can play as they would on any organ.* ℂ *Thus the Welte Philharmonic Organ satisfies both classes of music lovers.*

The Welte Studios
665 Fifth Avenue at Fifty-third Street





Boy with a Sword—(10 x 15)
By Edouard Manet

THE VERMEER COLOUR PRINTS

Reproductions of Four Important Paintings in The Metropolitan Museum of Art

Young Woman Opening a Casement
By Johannes Vermeer of Delft—(11x14)

Scene in Venice—"The Piazzetta"
By Canaletto—(12x12, square)

Madonna Adoring the Child—(12x12, round)
By Lorenzo di Credi

Faithful in colour; suitable for study and framing. Mounted on boards 1′3¾″ x 1′8″ and with a description of each painting. Price, $2.00 apiece, and 10 cents postage.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
Fifth Avenue & 82nd Street

REAL ANTIQUE CHINTZ

Also exquisite silks and damasks just received from Europe.
Architects and Decorators are cordially invited to inspect these rare fabrics from
ENGLAND FRANCE
PORTUGAL

CARVALHO BROTHERS
of
PORTUGAL
30 West 58th St., New York
SPECIAL DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE

How Music Should be Helped in America

(*Continued from page 321*)

largely foreign. In New Orleans they sing in foreign tongues. The operas heard in all are wholly foreign.

What hope is there for Americans in those theatres? Can our composers write to Italian words? Should our young singers have to go to Germany or Italy or France to win their places in the sun, like foreign artists?

To ask such questions is to get the answer. No. Surely and emphatically no. We are Americans. Let us prove it in our music and through the help we give it.

Artur Bodanzky, Musical Director of the New Symphony Orchestra

Editor's Note.—Arts and Decoration has long felt the need of some organized recognition of music in this country, whether it be official or private. In every one of the arts there are societies of one kind or another which devote themselves to their members and which either further their interests or protect them.

In Architecture there is the Society of Beaux Arts Architects; in Painting, such societies as the National Academy of Design in New York and in Philadelphia the Pennsylvania Academy, and in Sculpture, the Sculptors' Society. Mr. Meltzer's article is therefore in full accord with the editorial policy of this magazine.

The Swiss-Austrian Art War

PAINTING and propaganda are constant companions in these after-the-war days. In Europe especially strident claims for justice toward national art are being put forward. From Zurich word comes that feeling has grown exceedingly bitter between the friends of Swiss as opposed to the friends of Austrian art. Swiss artists have held a meeting of protest against "foreign art propaganda," and dispatched a telegram to their president. He is asked to take measures to protect artists and to limit the importation of works of art. The Swiss have been particularly annoyed by the activities of Austrians, and, following the meeting of protest, the artists in attendance went in a body to a gallery where Austrian art works were being exhibited to demonstrate their disapproval.

Modern toyland vivifies this modern silver set

The Old for the New

(*Continued from page* 335)

were found, and although of Cretan workmanship, they take their name from the place of discovery. As the originals were in gold, so also are the copies heavily plated with gold over silver.

Fascinating is the use of bulls in this type of ornament where taurus was looked upon as an agile and frisky bit of caprice—a conception which has gone out of fashion. The use of palms with the bulls or in a charming repetition is more than graceful.

As well as cups and porringers there are spoons as offerings to the *nouveau-né*. He is not born with one in his mouth these days because such fine ones must be bought, and particularly they must be sought, if the gift is to show nice discrimination on the part of the donor.

And here again one turns to the antique. It is not a fad, not a fashion of the moment unless interest in romantic history of fascinating persons can be thus described. There is, for instance, the spoon of spoons that comes down the ages from afar. The British Museum sent out an expedition to Cyprus and there it was found with eight others by excavators. It is of the Third Century, it is beautiful and it is practical. And how it stimulates the charmed imagination of one who has eyes that see.

Coming a bit nearer in history one finds in old silver an English spoon of the time of Richard Coeur de Lion. Read Hewlett's romance of that great wanderer and wonder over the bit of shining metal. In Henry VIII.'s time was that quaint bit of decoration on the end of a spoon's handle which gave the spoon the name of Maiden Head. Did sarcasm lurk in the model? Was it inspired by the sad heads of all the maids the king married?

It was in Elizabeth's reign that some ingenious soul inaugurated the Apostle spoon. How neatly can one fit the gift to the name, at a christening, by giving St. Matthew to little Mat, or St. John to little Jack, *et cetera*. It was this ancient fashion of giving but one such spoon at a time that makes of the genuine Apostle spoon an affair of singleness and casts suspicion upon the dealer who has them for sale by dozens.

The subject is a long one, even though we drop it here, but the case is already proved that the new baby must have a gift from everyone and each gift must have a lasting artistic value.

That is perhaps the very commendable trend of the day, the effort to procure for our homes objects of use which nearly approach objects of art. Let us add to this the courage that sends hideous bits of old-fashioned silver to the melting pot.

Fine finish and perfect proportion distinguish a child's table set

G. W. Richardson & Son
Established 1812

Interior Decorators

Antique Furniture and Reproductions

753 Fifth Avenue, at 58th Street
New York

Also at Auburn and Syracuse, N. Y.

LANS
ANTIQUES

THIS CHARMING LOUIS XV ARM CHAIR IS ONE OF A SET OF SIX WE HAVE JUST SECURED. PAINTED IN DELICATE BLUES AND GREENS. COVERED IN GROS POINT NEEDLEWORK.

554 Madison Avenue, New York
CORNER OF 55th STREET
Branch: 406 Madison Avenue, between 47th and 48th Streets

DECORATION OF COUNTRY HOMES FOR THE COMING SEASON SOLICITED.

WATTERSON LOWE CO.

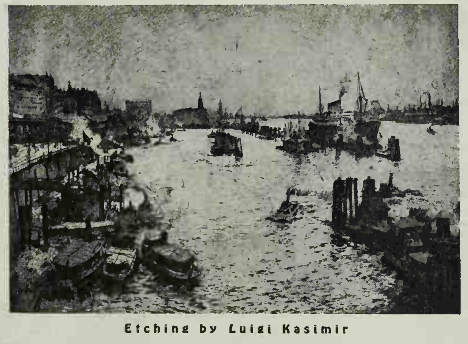
SPECIALIZES IN DISTINCTIVE LIGHTING
INTERIOR DECORATIONS

42 WEST 48TH STREET

TELEPHONE
BRYANT 9222

FORMERLY
HERTER LOOMS
AND
HAMPTON SHOPS

Hanfstaengl Galleries



Etching by Luigi Kasimir

Special Exhibition
of Etchings
by
LUIGI KASIMIR

153 WEST 57TH ST., NEW YORK
OPPOSITE CARNEGIE HALL

Who's Who in American Art

(*Continued from page* 340)

could do slight works in idle moments, truly human men. We find Honoré Daumier there also, Daumier, who is one of the greatest forces in the art of today, and was the greatest force among the younger men of his own day. Besides this main stream are many men of different moods. Perhaps Aubrey Beardsley, quadron refiner of the vicious, is the most prominent of them. He may stand with the men of the main stream as an individual, he does not stand with them in any philosophical way, Lautrec excepted. He was not so healthy. He had not so much gusto. But, like the decadent Persian miniaturists, he had a far greater love of the refinements of detail, and a line of febrilous sensitiveness. But Mr. Gallatin probably knows better than anyone else why Beardsley is in his collection. Whistler himself was not without those subtleties of refinement which contribute so much toward the negation of the blatancy of a large statement, and, besides, Mr. Gallatin knows or can find out on very short notice where every Beardsley is located in this world. He it was who contributed most to a recent attack on a series of drawings, purporting to be by Beardsley, which were shown in one of the lesser-known galleries. It is not known whether anything resulted from this attack. The drawings were not on sale. No one could have been financially the worse for them. But it became known, at this time, that Mr. Gallatin, besides being writer, iconographer, collector, connoisseur, discoverer in the field of art, was also one of its policemen. A busy man, then, is Mr. Albert Eugene Gallatin, whose devotion to art has few parallels in this egotistic world, from which, if it takes any color at all, it takes very little, and though assiduous never overreaches the ethics of the dilettante.

Random Notes from the Field of Art

Bjorkman on German Drama

ACCORDING to Edwin Bjorkman, the famous authority on Scandinavian drama, German, Russian and Scandinavian drama are of one class in that they are all "northern." Of the three, Mr. Bjorkman has least praise for German drama, which he characterizes as lacking in principle and decadent.

Russian drama, Mr. Bjorkman declares, while original, is formless. Scandinavian drama, to which, of all "northern" drama, he gives highest place, is, in his opinion, unexcelled. Dating back to 1860 and having its roots in a thousand years of Sagas, every word hits the mark.

Weimar for Potsdam

"GERMANY," writes Cyril Brown, Special Correspondent of the New York *World*, "is on the threshold of a brilliant renaissance of arts and letters. Signs of the coming big revival in the world of art and literature, music and the drama, make it appear as if the passing of the Germany of Potsdam had cleared the track for the return of the Germany of Weimar, although in ultra-modern form. You can," says Mr. Brown, "expect to live to see a silver age of literature in Germany, with the appearance of some really great new poets, writers and dramatists."

The College of the City of New York

AN important step forward in architectural education is that recently made by the College of the City of New York, which, beginning with the present season, is inaugurating a series of three sixteen-week evening courses in building construction. Architects' and builders' assistants will especially benefit by these courses, offering, as they do, an opportunity to take up at night branches of study hitherto available at City College only in the daytime.

Rebuilding Italy's Churches

THE more than six hundred ruined and damaged churches of Italy are being restored. Of the $10,000,000 required for this gigantic task, it is hoped to raise $1,000,000 at least in America. The path of the destroyers is indicated in the following table, which shows the number of churches destroyed in each diocese: Tento, 140; Gorizia, 61; Treviso, 43; Padua, 42; Ceneda, 27; Udine, 24; Belluno, 12; Vicenzo, 8; Concordia, 7; Venice, 7; Feltre, 5; Brescia, 1. The New York headquarters of the Society to Help Devastated Churches in Italy are in Aeolian Hall, New York City.

The British Tax on Art Exports

APROPOS the proposal on the part of British parliamentarians and academicians to put a tax on all art works exported from Great Britain, it is interesting to note that the value of such exports during the past year amounted to considerably over $6,000,000.

Sir William Davison and Sir Aston Webb are the leading spirits in this movement. More than a hundred members of Parliament and thirty members of the Royal Academy signed the note to the Chancellor of the Exchequer urging a duty.

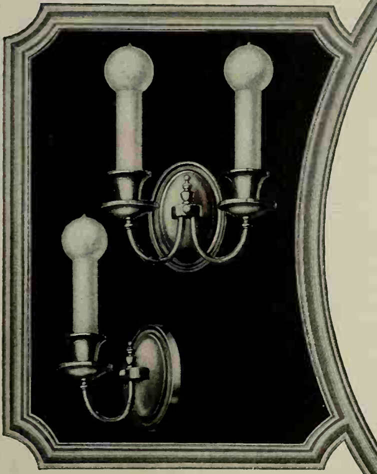
Writing desk covered in old red damask

H. F. Huber & Co.
13 East 40th St.
New York

Decorations
Furniture
Draperies
Antiques

FACTORY:
18th to 19th Sts., Ave. C
WORKROOMS:
551 W. 42nd St.
PARIS:
18 Faubourg Poissonnière

MILLER LIGHTING FIXTURES



ARTISTIC lighting fixtures will enhance the appearance of any home.

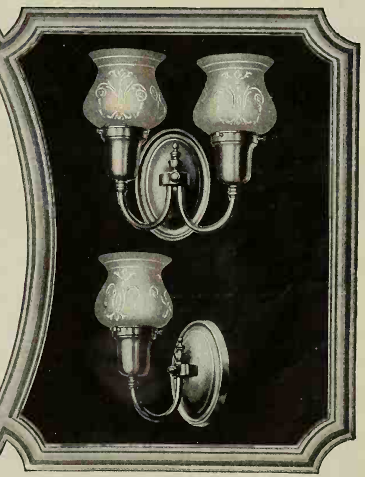
Graceful simplicity of line, exceptional craftsmanship, and harmonious finish of MILLER Fixtures appeal to people of fine taste.

Imagine such handsome brackets as *these* brightening the walls of your own home!

Because of improved methods of manufacture and distribution, MILLER Fixtures sell for less now than before the war.

Write and we will put you in touch with the nearest MILLER Distributor.

EDWARD MILLER & COMPANY
Established 1844
MERIDEN
CONNECTICUT



The refinement and restraint of these Colonial designs makes them suitable for any environment.

Choice is offered of Dull Brass, White Enamel, and Colonial Silver Finish.

DREICER & C^O

NOTED FOR

Pearls, Precious Stones and Jewels

FIFTH AVENUE
at FORTY-SIXTH

John Drew and the Fixed Idea

(*Continued from page* 346)

exhibited a not inconsiderable expertness in the execution of a limited number of dance steps. Their strained attitudes—which confessed imitation of Italian painting and Greek vases—seemed to me frequently grotesque where they pretended to grace.

"But that was not all. The male performer dressed himself in diaphanous pink—the stuff women call chiffon—patterned like the pajamas of your millinery musical comedy. So arrayed, he made effete and effeminate motions to the music of Bizet and called the thing he did the dance of a bullfighter of Spain—*torrerito, torreazo*. The woman—she was pretty and shapely—likewise performed a dance of Spain—with a comb in her hair, indeed, but with her feet naked and her legs unclothed to the last inch when she set her single skirt spinning like a cart wheel. There is a fixed idea that a Spanish dance requires (of a woman) a comb, a fan, a sufficiency of petticoats and high-heeled shoes. If the high heels be red, so much the better. There is also a fixed idea that a fighter of bulls is a manly figure. The fixed idea of these particular Russians, you may name for yourself. I have said that they called it a New Art of dancing.

"The Russian dances of the pair had preceisely the same relation to the real Russian dancing of the people in the Russian Isba that their Spanish dancing had to the real Spanish dancing of, say, the accomplished Bilbao and La Argentina. Or of that wild gipsy thing, like a gust of flame from Tophet, who translated into moving passion the music of Valverde in a medley from Spain that cheered the jaded first-nighters along your White Way a few years ago. Doloretes, they named her."

" 'The Land of Joy,' " said the Professor. "I never saw it. The legitimate stage absorbs the one evening a week which I can spare for going out. I remember hearing ravings at the time. But these Sakharoffs——"

"These Sakharoffs," replied Aristophanes, "are doubtless quite worthy persons and sufficiently competent and well-trained performers. The trouble was that they found a rich patron to back them and put on as High Art at the Metropolitan what your tired man of business, as I am informed, is in the habit of seeking at the Winter Garden. I have myself found entertainment at the Winter Garden."

"Another fixed idea?" suggested the Professor.

"Exactly," replied the other, "exactly. Art is known by the stage she shows on. If 'The Italian in Algiers,' third-rate Rossini, happens at the Metropolitan, it is Grand Opera. If 'Ruddigore,' first-rate Sullivan, happens at the Park Theatre in Columbus Circle, not a musical critic in town need trouble to go there. Though 'Ruddigore' is a classic and had not been played in thirty-three years, or within the critical lifetime of most of these excellent men. Here, still another fixed idea enters. Grand Opera, like Paris fashions, is imported, foreign. Rossini is Italian. And if Sir Arthur Sullivan is English, it does not help. Because the book (though W. S. Gilbert wrote it, and it also is a classic) is likewise English. Everybody knows that English is the language of your public schools and is spoken brokenly and with an accent by most of your impressarios."

"Anyway, we have 'Parsifal' in English," said the Professor, "and that at the Metropolitan Opera."

"It took a World War to do it," said Aristophanes. "A lot of fixed ideas got unfixed by that affair. But we were talking of John Drew. While you were playing the High Brow Vampire to the young person with the yellow hair like the honey of Hymettus, for whom so excusably you deserted me between the acts of 'The Cat-Bird,' I called on Mr. Drew in his dressing-room.

"Mr. Drew said he was having a lot of fun doing Major Hughes's 'God from the Biological Machine.' And I said that, after all, the part conformed perfectly to the real fixed public idea of John Drew upon the stage. Because the true nature of a John Drew part is that it contrives to make True Love which refuses to run smooth arrive, nevertheless, at the goal of the Happy Ending. A biologist is as good for the purpose as a nice bachelor uncle—and much more up-to-date. And Mr. Drew said that if he did frequently wear evening clothes in modern plays, he never did so except after six o'clock in the evening. And that, in general, he had the notion that if you played in modern plays you wore the clothes other people wore according to the time of day and the employment—whether they happened to be riding breeches or loose tweeds or the uniform for afternoon tea.

"Once in a while you could be baggy at the knees, like Professor Gloade among his tulips and his spiders and his amorous scorpions. Similarly, in costume plays, you could be rough and disorderly as Petruchio. And Mr. Drew began to talk about 'Ruddigore' and agreed with the Gilbertians that Basingstoke never ought to have been changed to Yonkers. He was urbane and delightful. I do not mind saying that I also found him delightful in Major Hughes's play, though I am certain that, as a play, it offends against a very particular fixed idea—fortified by the authority of Shakespeare—that the play is the thing. But what did the young person with the honeyed hair say?"

Random Notes from the World of Art

Sumerian Tablets Prove Woman Innocent

H. L. MENCKEN, in his "In Defence of Woman," and that other brilliant essayist, Vance Thompson, in his recently published "Woman," outdid one another in their gallant compliments to the "fair sex," but they, in turn, have been outdone by Dr. Stephen Herbert Langdon, the famous archæologist, who, in his capacity of curator of the Babylonian section of the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, has, apparently, access to some startlingly sensational evidence proving that, far from being the cause of the downfall of the human race, woman herself, and no other, accomplished salvation. This evidence is in the shape of hieroglyphics on thousands of Sumerian tablets found in the ruins of Nippur. Antedating the Biblical record of "the fall" by some 2,000 or 3,000 years, these tablets, which Dr. Langdon has translated, make no mention of Eve, of Adam or the snake. Besides absolving woman of all guilt in connection with the creation, this latest archæological "find" provides an apparent history of man—and woman—back to 14,000 years before Christ.

Greece—Art

THE Hellenic Renaissance Society, under the auspices of the Greek Legation at Washington, has recently been organized, with Mr. Kanellos as director-in-chief. The objects of the Society, according to the Secretary, Mr. A. Aristeidon Athenson, are as follows: "To revive the paradisiacal vision of the antique charm that once invested Greece; to cultivate the Hellenic arts of the theatre, often misinterpreted in this country; to help revive the Olympian festival at the Stadium at Athens annually; to arouse the interest of Greeks in this country through the publication of a magazine, *The Hellenic Renaissance,* to be devoted to the Hellenic arts and ideals." It is the hope of the founders and organizers of the Hellenic Renaissance Society that the work it has undertaken will be appreciated by the multitude of American lovers of Greece, ancient and modern.

The Women's War Memorial

"SOMETHING big, permanent and dignified," is the way Lady Markham sketched her idea of a Woman's War Memorial in her address on the subject at the Hotel Savoy, London, recently. Such a memorial should, in Lady Markham's opinion, take the form of a national hall in London, in which could be housed every association and interest connected with women's work and aspirations. Suggestion was made that there be a courtyard with a memorial statue or monument to women who have fallen in actual service. It is rumored that a suitable site on the Thames Embankment near the Houses of Parliament has already been offered.

Metropolitan Museum's Advocacy of Music

IN his recent annual report summarizing the activities of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Robert W. de Forest, President of the Corporation, said that there had been a complete demonstration of the desirability of adding music of a high order to the other attractions of the museum. He cited the fact that the eight orchestral concerts given at the Museum during the year had been attended by almost 40,000 persons. The attendance at the Museum during the past year was said to have broken all previous records, totaling 880,043, an increase of 227,886 over the previous year.

Polo in America

"A POLO field must be dedicated to polo and used for no other purpose," says R. H. Wilcox in the latest issue of *Landscape Architecture.* In the opinion of this writer, polo in America has come to stay, and in proof of this he cites the fact that most country clubs today are being developed with some present or future provision for a polo ground.

America-Advertising Art

WITH Amy Lowell challenging the "colyumists" and Joseph Pennell scolding the cartoonists, journalism's vaudevillians are having a hard time of it. And the poor-rich ad-man has not been spared his portion of blame. Mr. Pennell chose for the scene of his diatribe a point on Beacon Hill, and his lecture was entitled: "American Illustrators in the Past, in the Present, Will There Be Any in the Future?" Here are a few high-lights from Mr. Pennell's address: "The average teacher of illustration never made a decent illustration himself, the average teacher of printing does not exist. The cartoons and advertisements of the day are terrible in the extreme. Unless we can educate our cartoonists and our ad-men, we had better put them out of the country—like the Bolshevists." Some one should, seriously, try to placate, to mollify unhappy Mr. Pennell! His moodiness is becoming chronic. A pretty toast delivered at the next cartoonists', humorists' or admen's dinner might be productive of good results. The practice they have had in defending themselves against Miss Lowell's recent attack may stand the "colyumists" in good stead should Mr. Pennell see fit to vent his spleen in their direction. No one—artist, printer, teacher—seems to be safe.

(Continued on page 366)

VALIANT
ESTABLISHED 1874

Interior Decorations and Furnishings

An attractive new davenport, luxuriantly comfortable, with character in every line. $245.00 in Denim.

One of the many pieces forming a collection worthy the attention of all those interested in beautifying their home.

Visitors and correspondence always given courteous and prompt attention.

THE J. G. VALIANT COMPANY

J. W. Valiant, President
224 N. Charles Street

Wm. J. MacMullin, Phila. Dir.
1718 Chestnut Street

BALTIMORE PHILADELPHIA

Genuine Heppelwhite Crotch Mahogany Inlaid Sideboard, Date 1780

THE satisfaction of owning antiques depends upon the absolute knowledge of their genuineness and authenticity.

A lifetime devoted to studying and buying antiques and curios of all sorts is La Place's assurance of satisfaction to his clients.

LA PLACE
405 Madison Avenue, New York

The Girl and the Greenhouse.

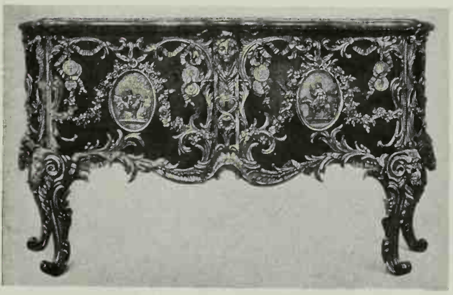
WE'D like to write a story about this picture, but it really doesn't seem necessary.

The delighted admiration of the little girl with her armful of roses—the pride of the old gardener in his craft—and in his greenhouse—the story is all in the picture.

Why not weave a story of your own around *your* little girl (or even your *big* girl) whose life would be made sunnier and brighter if she could grow all the flowers she wants during the long winter months?

Then let us tell you how a V-Bar Greenhouse can make the story complete.

William H. Lutton Company, Inc. — V-BAR GREENHOUSES — 512 Fifth Avenue New York City



Di Salvo
Brothers
Importers of
Antiques

CABINET FOR COINS, DESIGNED BY SCHLODTZ, EXECUTED BY GAUDREAUX AND DATED 1739.

The piece, and several others to match it, came from Versailles, where it graced the apartments of Louis XV.

Madison Avenue at 50th Street
New York City

New York Symphony Goes to Europe

THE entire New York Symphony Orchestra of 93 musicians, under the leadership of Mr. Walter Damrosch, will sail from New York, April 22, on the *Rochambeau* of the French Line for Paris—the first European tour ever made by an American symphonic organization. While the tour has been undertaken primarily for artistic reasons and as a cordial greeting from the musicians of America to their European brothers, it will not be without a social and political effect in testifying to the peoples of our Allies of the sympathy and brotherhood which exists and which will continue to exist between them and ourselves despite any temporary political or economic entanglements.

In order to give further demonstration of the achievements of American art, Mr. Damrosch has invited two distinguished native musicians to appear with the orchestra as soloists on the entire tour. These are Mr. Albert Spalding, violinist, and Mr. John Powell, composer-pianist.

For the opening concerts of the tour on May 4, 6 and 9, the French Government has put at Mr. Damrosch's disposal the Paris Opera House, while the Belgian Government has given the Theatre Royal de la Monnaie for the concert in Brussels.

Paris has formed a great committee of welcome, headed by the Minister of Fine Arts, the American Ambassador, every distinguished composer and conductor of France and numerous persons prominent in the artistic and social life of Paris.

In Belgium a similar committee, headed by the Minister of Fine Arts and American Ambassador, has also been formed, while in Italy the entire tour will be under the patronage of the Ministers dell Istruxione and the Royal Accademia Musicale di S. Cecilia in Rome.

A reception to Mr. Damrosch and the members of the orchestra has been arranged in the great hall of the Paris Sorbonne, tendered by the Minister of Fine Arts and to be attended by the chief musicians and dignitaries of France, headed by Camille Saint-Saëns, Vincent d'Indy and Theodore Dubois. In London a luncheon will be given at the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor, who has also accepted the presidency of the British committee which will have charge of the concerts in London.

At a meeting in London of the British committee on February 9, a reception was tendered to Mr. Engles, and at this meeting final plans were made for five London concerts, which will occur on June 14, 15, 16, 19 and 20, the first four at Queen's Hall and the final one at the great Royal Albert Hall. Present at the meeting were the following gentlemen: Sir Ernest Palmer, chairman of the committee; Sir Ernest Ccoper, Lord Mayor of London; Sir Edward Elgar, Sir Frederick Cowen, Sir Edward German, Sir Frederick Bridge, Earl Howe, Sir Homewood Crawford, Sir Alexander Machenzie, Sir Walter Parrott, Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, Sir Henry Wood, Mr. Landon Ronald, Dr. H. P. Allen, Mr. Charles Sleath and Mr. Augustus Littleton, the honorary secretary of the committee.

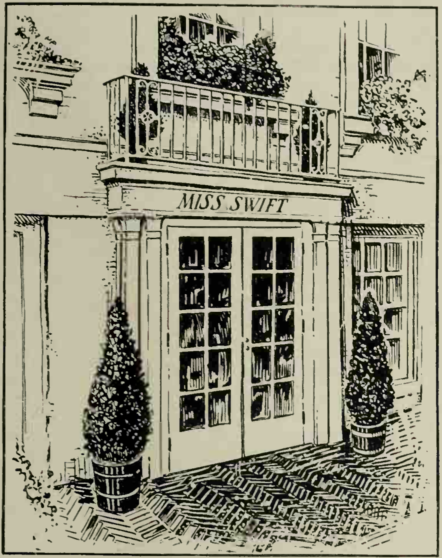
Among the American members of the Committee of Welcome for London, the American Ambassador, Mr. John Davis, heads the list.

Mr. Engles presented to the committee the plans for the New York Symphony Orchestra's tour, the various members expressing their surprise and admiration at the magnitude of the scheme and the number of concerts to be given in England, France, Italy, Belgium and Holland. The Lord Mayor, Sir Ernest Cooper, was elected president of the committee, after which he put the following resolution, which was seconded by Sir Ernest Palmer and unanimously carried:

"That this meeting, having heard from Mr. Engles full particulars of the proposed visit of the New York Symphony Orchestra to London in June next, pledges itself to do all in its power to make the suggested concerts a success."

Coming Spring Academy

THE reception which will open the Spring Academy will take place at the Brooklyn Museum, April 6 next, and the display will open to the public the following day. Works for exhibition must be delivered at the Fine Arts Galleries, 215 West 57th Street, March 18-19. To those who have feared for the success of the exhibition in its new and distant quarters comes the encouraging information that there is a constant stream of visitors to the Museum, averaging about 40,000 a month, and that some 742,000 persons visited the Swedish exhibition there. The Brooklyn Museum galleries are three times as large as those of the Fine Arts Building, New York, and etchings, watercolors and prints will be shown this year. Formerly only two pictures were accepted from any one artist at the Academy exhibitions on account of lack of space, but now any number of good works may be hung.



MISS SWIFT

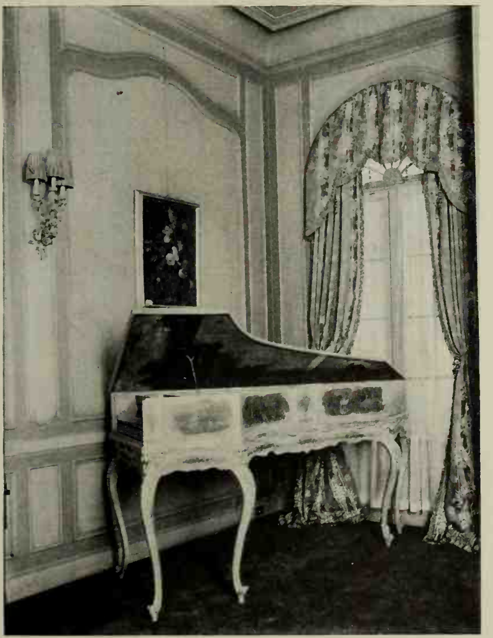
11 EAST 55TH STREET
NEW YORK

INTERIOR
DECORATIONS

FURNITURE, HANGINGS,
MATERIALS, WALL AND
FLOOR COVERINGS

MANTEL ORNAMENTS,
DECORATIVE PAINTINGS

SPECIALTIES IN BOUDOIR
FURNISHINGS, LAMPS,
SHADES AND MIRRORS


Old Italian Spinet restored in the Studios of the Herter Looms

ALBERT HERTER
President

The
HERTER LOOMS
INC.

INTERIOR
DECORATORS

841 Madison Avenue, New York
251 Post Street, San Francisco, California

The Decorative Styles of the Georgian Period

GEORGE LELAND HUNTER

THE Georgian style flourished in England during the reign of George I (1714-27), and George II (1727-60) was contemporary with the Regence and Louis XV styles in France, and borrowed freely from them. Like them it is a mixed style. It is a mixture of Italian Renaissance, Rococo and Chinese, with a smattering of Gothic and Dutch thrown in for good measure. It is a style that has interest and character, whether carried out massively and somewhat classically, as in Early Georgian, or freely and fancifully, as during the years when Chippendale flourished.

It is not a style that appeals to the purist. Isaac Ware in his book on Classic Architecture, published in 1756 wrote:

"It is our misfortune to see at this time an unmeaning scrawl of C's inverted, turned and hooked together, take place on Greek and Roman elegance, even in our most expensive decorations. This is not because the possessor thinks there is, or can be, elegance in such fond, weak, ill-jointed and unmeaning figures, it is usually because it is French, and fashion commands that whatever is French is to be admired as fine."

Also,

"While these French decorations were driving out from the inside of our homes the ceilings that Burlington and Kent had taught us to introduce from Roman temples, and these ornaments of doors which a better taste under Inigo Jones had formed upon the models of the best Roman structures, the Gothic seemed to have seized upon pavilions, and the Chinese on rooms of pleasure."

And later,

"The French have furnished us with abundance of fanciful decorations for these purposes (ceilings and panels), little less barbarous than the Gothic."

But he concludes by recommending a ceiling pattern which the illustration shows to be Louis XV.

Elsewhere in the same book, Ware laments that "Paper has taken the place of sculpture," by paper meaning wall paper, and by sculpture architectural columns and pilasters and pediments and mouldings, in wood or plaster. Probably wall paper aroused Ware's wrath not only because it was an inexpensive substitute for wood and plaster, but also because of its Chinese origin, and the fact that a large proportion of the early French and English wall papers bore designs that were Chinese (more or less) in character, or Chinese and Rococo mixed.

Wall papers more suitable for Classic interiors were the crimson flocks with Genoese velvet patterns, and also the plain flock. The pattern and picture papers were not only printed in colors from large flat wooden blocks, but were also painted by hand—both methods being of Chinese origin—and in the latter case were usually mounted on canvas before being hung on the walls.

Another evidence of Chinese influence was the lacquered furniture that became popular in England at the same time that vernis-martin was acquiring the vogue in France.

Rococo was a Romantic or back-to-nature decorative movement superposed upon a Classical architectural background. While the English architect, William Kent (1684-1748) who studied long in Italy, and who in 1727 published the Designs of Inigo Jones, was composing houses and furniture and decorations in the style of the later Italian Renaissance, the Romantic spirit was abroad in England. In 1742 Langley published a book on Gothic decoration and ornament, and a little later persuaded Walpole to let him build for him a Gothic residence on Strawberry Hill. In 1754 Edwards and Darby published their book of Chinese designs, while Langley, Johnson, Ince and Moyhew, Halfpenny, Manwaring and others saw to it that Rococo was not neglected. By 1750 the heavy architectural ornaments of Early Georgian were in disrepute. The frames of doors and windows had been reduced to simple casings, and chimney-pieces were either omitted altogether, or made smaller and less architectural—like Chippendale's Rococo ones.

We have already seen that in France, during the reign of Louis XV, rooms became smaller, and pieces of furniture more numerous and more comfortable. So in England during the Georgian period. Previously, stools and chests had sufficed, or seats for the lesser members of the household. Now there began to be chairs for all, and interiors not only looked less like Roman temples, but felt less like them—which helps to explain why the Georgian period was so distinctly the age of chairs and afforded so brilliant an opportunity for Thomas Chippendale, the greatest maker of chairs the world has ever known.

By 1727 Chippendale was in London with his father, who was a carver, gilder and cabinet maker. In 1746 he married his first wife, in 1745 he took a shop and in 1754 he published his celebrated book of furniture design, the Gentlemen and Cabinetmakers' Director. Despite the fact that Chippendale introduced his book with an illustrated "Explanation of the Fine Orders," he had no style prejudices whatsoever.

Sketches submitted and estimates furnished to meet requirements

RIGHTER & KOLB, *Decorators*
420 Madison Avenue, NEW YORK

Mrs. Muchmore
Consulting Decorator
Twenty East Fifty-fourth Street
New York City

Begs to announce the opening of her California Studio, The Chateau, two thousand four hundred and two Highland Avenue, Hollywood

Paintings of Individuality

BENTON
BOUCHÉ
BURLIN
DEMUTH
DICKINSON
GLACKENS
HALPERT
HARTLEY
LAWSON
LEVER
MARIN
McFEE
MERTON
MILLER
PRENDERGAST
MAN RAY
SHEELER
STELLA
WRIGHT
YARROW
ZORACH

THE DANIEL GALLERY
2 West 47th Street ***NEW YORK***

The Metropolitan Museum of Art

The Culmination of Greek Architecture in the Age of Pericles

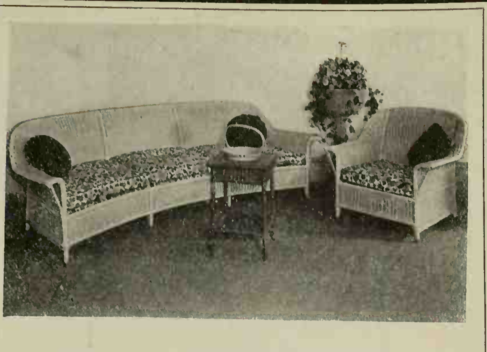
Five Illustrated Lectures March 25, April 1, 8, 15, 22, 1920,

By William B. Dinsmoor

MR. DINSMOOR, the librarian of the Avery Library of Columbia University, who is to give the course, has recently returned from Greece, where he devoted ten years largely to the study of the Periclean monuments. He was the fourth of the fellows in architecture sent out to the American School of Classical Studies at Athens (1908), and after four years in this capacity he served for six years on the faculty of the school as its Architect; he spent an eleventh year at Athens as assistant military attaché with the American Legation. The architectural fellowship at Athens was instituted with the purpose of securing for architects and archaeologists, before the unavoidable concealment of evidence and the placing of details in inaccessible positions had made it too late, accurate measured drawings and descriptions of the monuments now in course of restoration. For the Greek Archaeological Society, and subsequently the Greek Government, had undertaken the mechanical work of mending, hoisting and laying in their original positions, as far as possible, the disturbed or fallen blocks belonging to the masterpieces of the ancient Athenian architects, but they were not primarily interested in the matter of publication. The American School at Athens therefore took over the literary and scientific investigation of two of the structures recently rebuilt, the Erechtheum and the Propylaea of the Acropolis, and for the work on the Erechtheum (1903-1905) summoned Mr. Gorham Phillips Stevens, now director of the American Academy at Rome; the restoration of the Propylaea was carried out during Mr. Dinsmoor's residence in Athens, and was terminated, for the present, on account of the active participation of Greece in the war. These two monuments will be published in detail under the auspices of the American School, which, during fifteen years of uninterrupted activity, acquired an enviable reputation and practically a monopoly in this field of the architectural investigation of the Acropolis.

Aside from his work in connection with the Propylaea, Mr. Dinsmoor's long residence in Greece enabled him to carry on other investigations, not only in Athens itself, but also in outlying parts of the country. Some of this material has been published by the Archaeological Institute of America; the results of his researches at Delphi, a French excavation, were written up at the request of M. Homolle, then director of the museums of France, and were published by the French School at Athens. Other material has remained unpublished; and this is now to be presented in such a manner as to depict, from various points of view a single period of Greek architecture, its culmination in the age of Pericles.

This period is chosen because it has been so frequently discussed that the Parthenon and the Erechtheum, the Propylaea and the temple of Athena Nike (Wingless Victory), have become familiar to all. The audience will therefore be in a better position to discern just how far the picture, somewhat loosely presented in the various histories of architecture, has been filled in and connected by the latest scientific researches. During the first two lectures the viewpoint will be historical. A preliminary survey of the rise of Athenian architecture, which was a late and sudden development as compared with the pure Ionic and Doric styles of the east and the west, will show how the two distinct styles were gradually welded into a harmonious unit by the eclectic architects of Athens. Next will be discussed the careers and works of the Periclean architects, both those sufficiently famous to have been mentioned in ancient literature, and one, anonymous but prolific, known only from his temples; with these will be noted briefly the decorative sculptors and one city-planner. The third and fourth lectures will show the ancient architect and his subordinates at work, the creation of the designs, preliminary schemes and final results, constructive problems and how they were solved, methods of erection, and the accounting for the cost. In the last lecture the subject will be considered from another viewpoint, that of the preservation of the monuments, the propriety of "restoration," the methods of rebuilding and the results attained. Throughout the course an attempt will be made to take the audience behind the scenes, so to speak, and to indicate the processes by which unknown facts are discovered and inferences are drawn; and it is hoped that this feature will not only be of general interest, but will have some value for the few who may in the future be thrown into actual contact with Greek monuments.



Genuine Reed Furniture

Unusual Designs Created Exclusively for Homes of Refinement, Clubs and Yachts

HIGHEST QUALITY
BUT NOT HIGHEST PRICED

CRETONNES, CHINTZES, UPHOLSTERY FABRICS
Interior Decorating

The REED SHOP, Inc.
581 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

"Suggestions in Reed Furniture" forwarded on receipt of 25c postage

M. de ZAYAS
549 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

PAINTINGS BY

COURBET RENOIR MATISSE
MANET CEZANNE PICASSO
DEGAS GAUGUIN DAVIES

ASIATIC ARTS

DARNLEY *Inc.*

DECORATIVE OBJECTS
FOR THE
TOWN OR COUNTRY HOUSE

34 EAST 48TH STREET NEW YORK

WARD & ROME

EIGHTEEN EAST FORTY-NINTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Painted Furniture specially designed and decorated
to furnish particular rooms

Lamps and Parchment Lamp Shades

No Catalogues

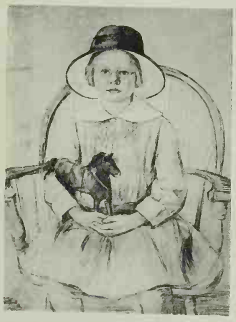
IRVING & CASSON
A. H. DAVENPORT CO.

DESIGNERS AND MAKERS OF
FINE FURNITURE AND INTERIOR FINISH

DECORATIONS :: UPHOLSTERY
WALL HANGINGS

BOSTON
573-575 BOYLSTON ST.
COPLEY SQUARE

NEW YORK
601 FIFTH AVENUE



Clover Boldt Miles, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Graham Miles.

**Exhibition of
Children's Portraits
in Pastel**

By Evelyn Enola Rockwell

**AINSLIE
GALLERIES**

**Established 1885
by Geo. H. Ainslie**

**615 Fifth Avenue
New York**

Philadelphia

The Philadelphia Art Alliance

THE Philadelphia Art Alliance was opened formally on October 17, 1917. The purpose of the association is the correlation of the arts of architecture, sculpture, and the crafts, drama, literature, music, and painting.

The success of the Alliance in the two houses which it temporarily occupies on Rittenhouse Square amply justifies, and even demands, the erection of a larger building, better fitted to the needs of the organization. The proposed building, plans for which have been made by Ralph Adams Cram, will easily accommodate the seven great arts and express their fundamental unity.

Among the most interested in the Art Alliance are the president and the board of directors who are at present engaged in its management. The president of the Alliance is Dr. George Woodward; the vice-president is Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson; the secretary is Mrs. W. York Stevenson, and the treasurer Mr. Horatio G. Lloyd. The board of directors contains the following names: Mr. Samuel Price Wetheral, Mr. Alba B. Johnson, Mr. John H. McFadden, Mr. John Grubbel, Miss Harriet Sartain, Mrs. Sydney Thayer, Mr. John Frederick Lewis, Dr. R. Tait McKenzie, Mrs. Harold Yarnall, Mr. Havey Watts, Mr. Thornton Oakley, Mr. Paul King, Mrs. Edward W. Biddle, Mr. Samuel S. Fleisher, Mr. Edward J. Lavino, Mr. Charles M. Lea, Mr. Winthrop Sargent, Mr. John P. B. Suikler, Mr. J. Levering Jones, Mrs. Carroll Williams, Mrs. Leopold Stokowski, Mrs. Otis Skinner, Miss Violet Oakley and Mr. John D. McIllhenny.

The coalition of experienced business men and lawyers with artists of distinction in this board of directors recalls one of the expressed purposes of the Alliance: "The applying of proved and worthy business methods to the production and sale of works of art," in order that the vital thought currents which have been given in America to the building of an industrial supremacy may be turned into channels of altruistic effort toward the fostering of those cultural forces by which the history of a nation lives or dies.

Many interesting exhibitions of painting, architecture, and the crafts have already been shown in the buildings temporarily serving as a home for the Alliance. The Alliance has also frequently arranged for the presentation of plays and the hearing of good music.

Among the exhibitions of paintings have been one by William M. Chase, another of the work of Twachtman, one by Childe Hassam, and one of the water colors of Winslow Homer.

In order to familiarize Philadelphia with the work of its own artists, a number of exhibitions by the Philadelphia Water Color Club, the Fellowship of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts and by members of the Art Alliance have been given.

In order to familiarize the members with the work of the Entente Allies, an exhibition of British War Lithographs, two exhibitions of French War Posters, and the Official Persian Exhibition have been displayed in the galleries; while early Italian music and the music of the Czecho Slovak Republic have been heard.

Among the many interesting lectures which have been given were one by Violet Oakley on "The Idea of Illumination in Books and on Walls," and one on water color by John McClure Hamilton.

Recognizing that art is no limited field of human endeavor, but occurs all over the world among the most diverse races and peoples, the Alliance has made it possible to hear "A Talk on the Spirit of Indian Drama," by Swami Paramananda; "The Flower Art of Japan," by Kichi Harada, and "Indian Life, Legends and Dances," by Peahmesquiet, an American Indian of the Ojibwa tribe.

In ending this short appreciation of the Philadelphia Art Alliance, we should note that the alliance itself is in its infancy, and that it will probably in time fill a very useful place in the community.

The Wilstack Collection at Memorial Hall

RECENTLY the Wilstack collection has been rehung in rooms which have been carefully prepared for it. The lighting is improved and the color of the walls is changed to a light neutral tint. Some of the canvases have been cleaned and restored, but the majority have been simply rehung in better light than formerly.

The painting which benefits most by the change is Whistler's famous "Yellow Buskin." This beautiful canvas was believed to be turning dark with age, but when placed in a better light, with the lighter color of the walls, it appears to unbelievably good advantage. Most people who were familiar with its former appearance think that it has been restored. Fortunately, nothing of the sort was necessary.

The Sargeant portrait of Lady Edin, recently acquired by the museum, hangs in the same room with the Lady of the Yellow Buskin. It is interetsing to compare these two great Americans, Sargeant and Whistler. There is, however, a certain rare quality in Whistler's work with which it is most difficult to compare the work of another. Sargeant makes Whistler look frail, but more than ever an artist.

(*Continued on page* 368)

In the Galleries of Emil Feffercorn may be found furniture of wide variety in point of period style, accompanied by antiques of guaranteed authenticity and reproductions of the utmost faithfulness.

Rare tapestries, mirrors, sconces, porcelains and other decorative objects are here in subtle charm and profusion.

Mr. Feffercorn will be pleased to make appointments for consultation with out-of-town clients.

EMIL FEFFERCORN
126 and 128 EAST *28th* STREET
NEW YORK CITY

For Every Kind of Water-color, Wash and Line Drawing—

J WHATMAN
GENUINE HAND-MADE
DRAWING PAPERS
AND
"AA" QUALITY BOARDS

Artists, Illustrators, Architects, Engineers, etc., pronounce them without equal. The regular use of them by the Student tends towards an improved standard of work.

Stocked by Dealers in High-grade Artists' Materials.

If any difficulty in obtaining Whatman Papers or Boards, write direct to

H. REEVE ANGEL & CO.
INCORPORATED
7-11 Spruce Street New York

Sole Mill Representatives for the Continent of North America

DEVOE
ARTIST'S OIL COLORS

Are prepared from carefully selected pigments thoroughly incorporated with the purest oil—single and double size tubes. Used and endorsed by leading artists.

At the request of a number of prominent artists we are now putting up a line of "Devoe Artists' Oil Colors" in studio size tubes.

Canvas, Academy Boards, Brushes, Water Colors, Artists' Materials, etc.

Write for Pamphlet on Our New Equalized Spectrum Colors.

Color Makers for over 150 years.

DEVOE & RAYNOLDS CO., Inc.
NEW YORK CHICAGO

Music as Decoration

(*Continued from page 322*)

have, even less than Europeans, any inherited traditions.

Mr. Carpenter, then, has studied to such good purpose the best models of the Russian school, as in earlier works like his "Perambulator" suite he studied those of modern French impressionism, that one is encouraged to expect from him the final emergence of a genuinely significant personality. Already he has extricated himself from the graceful dalliance and the effete luxuriousness and intellectualism that have confined the French impressionists within their charmed circle. The influence of environment should not be exaggerated, but it was probably fortunate for him that though educated at Harvard he early escaped from the Boston-Cambridge rarified atmosphere to Chicago, where business shares his time with music. "The Birthday of the Infanta," at any rate, is vivid, solid, vibrant, picturesque, not too preoccupied with harmonic confectionery, and unashamed of frank contagious rhythm. It is anything but anæmic. The good brass music of the bull fight is as gorgeous as the scarlet scarves of the toreadors. The long "suspension" that accompanies Pedro's appeal to the Infanta has something of Bach's manly force of dealing, though used to such different ends. The employment of slow whole-tone scale harmonies and stopped trumpets when the Infanta discovers his dead body is not put in by recipe (though stopped trumpets are nowadays becoming a vicious convention), but by intuition. This is a style, in short, of vivid and apposite decoration, the tonal analogue of the broadly laid, sharply contrasted color-masses of the scene—green mountain, pink sky, black grill barring them—and the gorgeous mass effects of the costuming. It is Spain, the Spain of the theatre, realized for the ear. Its limitation, perhaps unavoidable in its kind (though I think not), is that it seldom gets below the surface, it rarely penetrates below the decorative of the deeper function of music, in which alone music is most itself, that of emotional interpretation and mood-creation. One could wish that there were more pages like that lovely one of harp and wood-winds with an entrancing *basso ostinato*, where Pedro rises from his wild dance before the mirrors. Perhaps there are in the symphony reecntly played in New York, which I was unfortunate enough to miss.

At any rate, Mr. Carpenter is an American composer who does not need to remind us of his nationality.

Wagner Returns to New York
"Parsifal" in English

(*Continued from page 323*)

phrases as "Sooner or later," or "Good morning." The loss of a sound or two is not serious in such cases, but distortion of the rhythmic profile at once results in unintelligibility. Mr. Krehbiel has done wonders in this matter, but of course he was at a disadvantage in working from music to text, and from a music planned for the formidable German freight trains of thought, in which the verb rides in the caboose, to the lighter rolling stock of our English speech. The best results will doubtless always be obtained by working from verbal to musical phrase. As the musical critic of the Brooklyn *Eagle* pointed out recently, Sir Arthur Sullivan had a positive genius for finding in music the precise inflection and cadence of English speech. Many more "serious" composers could profitably go to school to his scores.

But no matter how perfect the cadence of a text, it will suffer in the mouths of those not accustomed to it by daily use. The far-reaching significance of this fact was revealed in the present performance by the difficulty of understanding Mme. Matzenauer, M. Rothier and others who spoke their English with a foreign accent. Until we have adequate means of training our own singers in our own schools, as thoroughly as European singers are trained in European schools, our opera composers will have to work under a serious handicap. Mr. Orville Harrold as *Parsifal*, however, and Mr. Whitehill as *Amfortas*, made many of their lines clearly audible. And finally, it is worth remark that if English diction ever does come to be carefully studied among us as a part of operatic training, it should have an excellent reflex effect on our spoken language. Our tendency as a nation to swallow all our final consonants, and otherwise to save ourselves trouble, for instance, by inserting R between any two vowels (as in the good American phrase "the idea-r-of"), might prove to some extent amenable to the pervasive influence of good standards and models on the lyric stage.

The Fight for Culture in the New World

(*Continued from page 337*)

"originals"; against all who pose as unconventional persons. "The conventional person," she declares, quite rightly, "may bore you, but he will never put you, verbally or practically, into a nasty hole."

I, TOO, have lived in Arcady. There was a time in my green salad days when I frequented the "Boul Miche", like other youths, and rather fancied myself as a full-fledged "Bohême." We were more "real", though, on the "Boul Miche" than the Bohemians—so-called—of Greenwich Village. To some extent I can quite sympathize with our author in her abhorrence of our posturing mock-eccentrics. I agree with her in what she says in her essay on "Tabu and Temperament." "You can be pretty sure, if you are strictly conventional, that you are following genius," though a long way off. Unless we are geniuses, the lone hunt is not worth while. Unless we are geniuses, there is more fun in "playing the game." Originality may, quite often, be only unconscious plagiarism. And, "dead sages, if there were only retroactive copyrights, could sue most of our modern wits for their best things." Bobby Edwards, tinkling a stringed instrument in the Greenwich Village Inn, or at the "Blue Parrot," does not impress me half as much as he does when he appears in the character of a hired minstrel on the commercial stage. The excellent ladies who preside over "artistic" tea rooms in Sheridan Square and other "Bohemian" haunts seem rather pathetic, to some of us. The studios of New York—or most of them—disturb, more than they charm, one by their too evident straining after the unconventional and the picturesque. To quote Mrs. Gerould, "to be conventional may mean not wearing your heart on your sleeve." When you stoop to rescue a falling handkerchief, you don't always want to "rub your shoulder against a heart."

IN the later chapters of her book on "Modes and Morals," Mrs. Gerould has a fling at the British novelists of the hour. She finds that many of them are lacking in real character. For instance. To her, Gilbert Cannan, Compton Mackenzie, Oliver Onions, Hugh Walpole and W. L. George (Heaven save the mark, even W. L. George) look all alike. If she believes that W. L. George reads like Hugh Walpole, all I can say is that she is curiously unsensitive. For W. L. George is truly one of the rare writers of the present time who have strength and character which, in days to come, may give him a high place, beside Conrad, Hardy and Butler. He comes nearer in his way of viewing humanity, perhaps, to Butler—a master—than to the others I have named. He has style and he is merciless in his honesty. Our author will not worship Mr. Wells, nor can I blame her for her reluctance. She admits (though rather grudgingly and not over graciously) that Mr. Bennett is "not impersonal, he does have an attitude." But she reproaches him for his love of the Yahoos he sees in his "Five Towns." She is sure that Mr. Galsworthy has "gone dwindling" since he produced "The Man of Property." I am not so sure. But I am with her when she talks lightly of Mr. Walpole.

In an earlier essay, she had thoughtfully pointed out that the changed ways of women in our day had led to a corresponding change in the heroes of contemporary fiction. We get no more Rochesters and Sir Willoughby Patternes in our literature. Men such as they have ceased to exist in the new world. "Jane Eyre" was once Mrs. Gerould's favorite novel. She confesses that, when she grew up, she admired the "Beloved Vagabond", though, like most well-bred persons, she balked at his really disagreeable trick of leaving his hair brush lying on his butter dish. Why does she gird at the writers of today because they paint characters whom they meet, not those Miss Brontë met? They should surely hold the mirror up to nature.

Au fond, Mrs. Gerould is quite out of touch with life as it is. Life for the nonce is very far from lovely, and to some cultured folk it seems disheartening. Those who but yesterday were poor and who now thrive are distressing problems to others who have not shared their good fortune. But—well, besides "plain living and high thinking," there is optimism. And, after all, it must always be consoling to feel sure that, despite Leninists, one remains well-bred.

Copley's "Laurens" Found

A LONG-LOST portrait of Henry Laurens, president of the American Congress in 1777 and 1778 and one of the leaders in the American Revolution, was recently discovered in a country house at Clonmel, near Tipperary, Ireland, according to *The London Times.*

The portrait was painted by John Copley. The portrait of Laurens, says the newspaper, was purchased by dealers and sent to the United States, March 1.

John H. Hutaff inc.

101 Park Ave at 40th St. New York

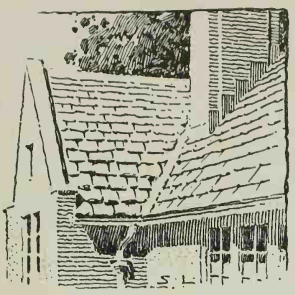
Decorations

Furniture

Hangings

Antiques

Spanish Brasero XVI Siglo



Tudor-stone
Roofing Slate

Different architectural styles and conditions demand different roof treatments. Our roofs are designed and the material is manufactured under trained architectural supervision.

RISING & NELSON SLATE CO.
WEST PAWLET, VERMONT
Architects' Service Dept., 101 Park Ave., N. Y. City
Since 1869 Miners and Makers of Roofing Slate
CHICAGO :: BOSTON

DIXON'S
ELDORADO
"the master drawing pencil"

Made in 17 leads—one for every need or preference.

Artists who know the joy of penciling—and there are many—will find DIXON'S ELDORADO a virile, versatile medium of expression. Particularly will you find it helpful in penciling for high-light halftones to which modern engraving methods are giving such charm and distinction.

SAMPLE OFFER
Tell us the kind of work you do, and we will mail you full-length free samples of your favorite leads. Also write for interesting free booklet—"Finding Your Pencil."

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
Pencil Dept. 162-J, Jersey City, N. J.
Canadian Distributors:—A. R. MacDougall & Co., Ltd., Toronto

The Diagnostic Age

(*Continued from page 342*)

scription for the ills that hard-won peace was left the harassed heir to. Yet this diagnosis of a specialist in a humanitarian idealism subjectively extracted from a studious and academic life is applied to war-torn Europe, still maddened with her wounds, as confidently as were the tests of the military psychologists to the selection of men to lead other men to death and victory.

Your specialist is by definition (and by force of that very human nature which he so sanguinely seeks to subdue to mathematics) a man of one idea. Your diagnostician is sure he is right. A diagnostical age, therefore, is full of specialists, each ready with a certain diagnosis of what is the matter with something or everything. Where such zealous seekers' special province is in realms which, however objective the treatment, are in fact accessible only subjectively and introspectively, they are not less cock-sure. Rather they are more so. Whether spinners of webs out of their own insides or out of the insides of their special provinces of investigation, they are, as a class, prolific in militant advocates of infallible remedies for political, social, industrial and alcoholic evils. To put it mildly, they are useful men, especially tempted to abuse their privilege of exclusive knowledge.

VERY few of them are blessed with the open mind of the scientific expert in differentiating human aptitudes who undertook to devise for our army elimination tests for No Man's Land scouts. Obviously, it was desirable that men upon this perilous employment should if possible enjoy the maximum vision in the dark. If they had cat's eyes they would be invaluable. The expert was familiar with the fact that the pupil of the cat's eye automatically expands in the dark so as to gather such light rays as even the darkness allows to sift through. He also remembered that oculists are accustomed, for certain ends of their own, to expand the pupil of the human eye by the application of belladonna. Accordingly, he caused belladonna to be put in the eyes of half a dozen bright and ambitious young sergeants and corporals (recently shipped back from the A.E.F. for experimental use) and took them on a simulated scouting expedition on a particularly dark night. When he found that the young men optically assisted with belladonna could not see nearly as well as he did in the dark—or anywhere—he came back and reported unqualifiedly against the scheme—though it was his own.

"Why didn't you ask me about it beforehand?" said an eye doctor camouflaged as a Lieutenant-Colonel, Medical Corps. "I could have told you it would not work."

"I preferred to find out for myself," replied the expert.

As a doctor of psychology he was cynically distrustful of doctors of medicine even on their own ground. But he was no bigot. And bigots were what many of the professors of the new science of military psychiatry turned out to be, notwithstanding that the limits of their special knowledge were so far from being coincident with the bounds of practical military requirements that the two provinces actually overlapped only a little.

It is a matter of record that preconceived notions as ludicrous as that of the belladonna treatment for night vision were not only not abandoned, but heroically applied to puzzled and dumb young men in wholesale lots.

The fact is, the doctors of medicine and of all the mental ologies never had such a prodigious professional opportunity in all the history of the round world as was freely supplied by the Army of the United States for the duration of the Emergency. It furnished—that army did—an experimental clinic such as the most sanguine of them never in their wildest dreams had hoped to have the range of. And the patients were bound and gagged by that military law whereof the terror and the rigor of the penalty is succinctly expressed in the phrase, "Death or such other punishment as the court-martial may direct." As they sing in "Ruddigore":

"Duty, duty must be done,
This rule applies to every one.
"Distasteful though the duty be,
To shirk the Ta-a-a-a-s-s-k were
fiddle-de-dee!"

In the army nobody could shirk the duty of being a "case." The "nut-picks," as the men called the psychiatrists, had things their own way.

No wonder the diagnostic or clinical spirit has got firmer hold of every branch of human endeavor since the War. If literature was feminine before August, 1914, and if it is pathological now, that is only a reasonable evolution. The women and the doctors have always been in a conspiracy against the rest of us. Admitting this to be a doctor's world, it has not ceased on that account to be a woman's world as well. Mere man remains—mere man.

Paris Displays of Note

FOR a synoptical view of the latest developments in French painting the exhibition organized by M. Paul Guillaume at the Galerie Devambez should be visited, but one who seeks information as to the evolution of taste in art matters in social circles could not find more exact data than at the Cercle Volney's annual display.

For the Cultivation of American Genius

THE American Academy in Rome celebrates its 25th anniversary not only by inaugurating three new fellowships in musical composition and three new fellowships in landscape architecture, but by the opening of its doors, in every one of its departments, to women.

It also makes this anniversary the occasion for extending to the millions of people throughout the United States, the privilege of helping to support the great work the Academy has accomplished in the cultivation of fine arts and letters in America in the past quarter of a century. The Endowment Committee (on which serve such prominent artists and philanthropists as S. Breck Trowbridge, chairman, Edward P. Mellon, James C. Egbert, C. Grant La Farge, Charles A. Platt, Francis C. Jones, Ferruccio Vitale, Edgar I. Williams, Paul Manship, George Koyl, Barry Faulkner, Frank Crowninshield, T. Leslie Shear, Felix Lamond), are launching a campaign for a million dollar fund.

But the accumulation of this million is only half of what the sponsors and trustees wish to accomplish. They wish to make the people of the United States realize that the American Academy in Rome belongs to them—the public at large; they want the people in America to take as great a pride in this institution as the French people take in their Academy.

What the Academy is and What it Has Accomplished

The American Academy in Rome is an institution for the cultivation of American genius. The prize-holders, who are termed *fellows,* are given the exceptional opportunity of living in an environment which makes for that peace of mind and joyousness of spirit which is absolutely necessary for creative work. In addition, they have the privilege of the contact of great minds in their own and allied arts and letters, as well as the beautiful and wonderfully inspiring background which only the Eeternal City can provide.

The Academy was founded in 1865 by a group of men—the finest product of our American citizenship—headed by Charles F. McKim, St. Gaudens, Frank Millet, each a master in his chosen art, and assisted by such men of prophetic vision as Daniel Burnham, J. Pierpont Morgan, William K. Vanderbilt, Henry Frick and Henry Walters.

Before this time, America had been accused, and no doubt rightly, of having no artistic background. Of course, the United States had produced artists and men of letters, even before the Revolution, and she has since turned out many inventors, financial geniuses and talented authors, but the fact remains that her quota of celebrated painters, sculptors, musicians, architects and men of letters whose influence has been international, is very small compared with that of France, Germany, Italy, Spain and Great Britain.

That the American Academy fills a long-felt want, and that the plan upon which it was founded is ideal and its realization fine, is attested by the fact that during the past quarter of a century the Academy has produced, in fine arts, such architects as John Russell Pope, H. Van Buren Magonigle, F. Livingston Pell, Harry Allen Jacobs; such sculptors as Paul Manship, Hermon A. MacNeil, Albin Polasek, Charles Neck and such painters as George W. Breck, Harry Faulkner, Ezra Winter and Eugene Savage. From its classical studies fellowships, the Academy has furnished our universities and schools with nearly one hundred and fifty professors trained in the humanistic as opposed to the pedantic spirit, among them such men as and women as Howard Crosby Butler, John R. Crawford, Dean Lockwood, Walter Lowrie, Ralph V. Magoffic, Esther B. Van Deman and James C. Egbert.

The American Academy holds out to the gifted youth throughout the union exactly the same privileges which the French Academy offers to the geniuses of France. The direct influence of the French Academy upon the cultivation of its national creators in art is proven most conclusively. When this institution was founded, in the reign of Louis XIV., musical composition was not included in its fellowships. And at that time there were no noted composers in France. It was Napoleon who inaugurated the *Grand Prix de Rome* in the department of music. The immediate result was in the production of such world-famous composers as Berlioz, Gounod, Bizet, Massenet and Debussy—all of them at one time or another, fellows in the French Academy.

It is natural, then, to expect that the three new fellowships in composition, inaugurated in the American Academy this year, will do as much for the musical art of our own country.

And in dedicating these fellowships, the trustees of the Academy wish to emphasize that the Academy is not, in any sense, a rival of the schools of music in this country. On the contrary, the heads of these various schools will be asked to act on the juries to select the men and women who show promise in musical composition, as the candidates for the fellowships.

In fact, in all of the studies of the Academy, students, as the word is commonly used, are not eligible. Those who are acceptable must be men and women who have already acquired the preliminary education and necessary technique for chosen work; they must give evidence of being potential creators of art of the highest order, as well as have previous training.

The largest selling quality pencil in the world

VENUS PENCILS

17 black degrees and 3 copying

BECAUSE of their silky smoothness and uniform dependability, VENUS PENCILS are in constant use in artists' studios throughout the world.

To know the dependable and uniform quality of VENUS in every degree, write today for

free

samples of the degrees of lead which you prefer

American Lead Pencil Co.
234 Fifth Avenue
New York
and London, Eng.

Weber Artists' Materials

Tempera Colors
Tempera Canvases and Academy Boards
Students' Tempera Colors
Finely Prepared Artists' Oil and Water Colors
Pastels and Pastel Painting Materials
Fine Quality Brushes
Catalogue on Request

F. WEBER & COMPANY
Manufacturing Artists Colormen Since 1854

Factories and Main House
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Branches: St. Louis, Mo.; Baltimore, Md.

Studio Oil Colours
The product of the master-mind in colour making
Mat Water Colours
Opaque for Poster Work—better than tempera
Moist Water Colours
In whole and half pans and tubes
Lexington Sketch Boxes
Unequalled in finish and convenience
Pen Painting Outfits
Fascinating, beautiful work—easily learned

Ask your dealer or write for Art Catalog "A"

WINSOR & NEWTON INC
31 EAST 17th ST.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Decorative Leather Screens

Charles R. Yandell & Co.

Leather Furniture Covering

M. J. Kilmartin

Tel. 1905 Bryant
" 1655 "

7 West 45th Street

ESTABLISHED 1871

The Story of Jesus

Compiled and Arranged by

Ethel Nathalie Dana

The book was first made for Mrs. Dana's children and is now reproduced at the solicitation of friends who desired copies for their own children. It contains 40 beautiful reproductions of paintings by Italian Primitives (some of which are in private collections) with the Bible text which they illustrate.

Fifteen by Giotto
Thirteen by Fra Angelico
Nine by Duccio
One by Barna da Siena
One by Gentile da Fabriano
One by Ghirlandaio

Bound in heavy library buckram with decorations in gold, printed in five colors on cameo paper and boxed. PRICE $16.50. Delivered for $17.00. Special bindings at $50.00 to $100.00 or more.

Sample pages on request

Marshall Jones Company, Publishers
212 Summer Street
Boston, Massachusetts

The Etching Show at the New York Public Library

ETCHING is with us today. Ever since the impulse toward original etching which this country witnessed during the eighties of the last century, the movement thus inaugurated has persisted. Not always vigorously, but on the whole with increasing force. Today the art flourishes in a manner heartening and, in a measure, perhaps also calling for caution, for fear of overdoing. As Rajon once said, "It is so easy, so very easy, to make an etching, and so hard, so very hard to make a good one." A review of present achievement seems timely and in order. Hence, the arrangement of an exhibition of "American Etchings of To-day," in the Print Gallery of the New York Public Library, to be on view during March and April.

The older movement—the initial one—referred to, had organized expression in the old New York Etching Club. It projected into the present day activity in etching a number of artists of whom some (such as C. F. W. Mielatz, recently deceased) carried their practice of the art into a rich maturity in these later times, while others (such as the late J. Alden Weir, and C. A. Platt and Stephen Parrish) laid aside the etching needle. Their work and that of Mary Cassatt, A. Schilling and the late C. A. Vanderhoof and A. T. Millar, must find its place in an exhibition such as this.

The Painter Gravers of America, Brooklyn Society of Etchers, New York Etching Club, Chicago Society of Etchers, form rallying points to-day. The more recent arrivals include artists of various minds, moods and degrees of ability. They illustrate the adaptability of the etched line to figure pieces, portraits, landscapes, city scenes, architecture and still life. They exemplify the interest of home scenes and the lure of old-world subjects. They show the influence of great individual masters of art—Rembrandt, Whistler, Meryon—evidenced in that gradation of variations lying between imitation and adaptation. They offer the incisive line in pure etching, the velvety richness of drypoint, the quivering crayon-like stroke of soft-ground etching. They give us the etched line in clean-wiped nakedness and clothed in the gauze of rétroussage or the heavier garments of aquatint. They demonstrate the possibilities of color in prints. They give the choice of technical dexterity and of a personal force that thrusts back technique into its proper place as a language.

All of this is presented in the non-committal arrangement of a strictly *alphabetical sequence*. No emphasis of position on the wall except the fortuitous one brought about by the chance coincidence of a given alphabetical place and a given place on the wall.

Random Notes from the World of Art

(*Continued from page* 355)

The Art of Pageantry

THE name of George Pierce Baker—Harvard's "47 Workshop" director—suggests playwriting more than pageantry, but the fact that he has been chosen by the Pilgrim Tercentenary Committee to write the pageant which will be the central feature of the forthcoming anniversary, reminds us that some of the most notable pageants of recent years came from his pen. Professor Baker, who is now in Holland gathering material for the pageant book, believes that pageantry is something more than the re-writing of historical scenes. The ideal pageant should, he claims, have a vital message, and, furthermore, all of the arts should go to its making. The spoken word is of as great importance, Professor Baker believes, as processions and group movements. Louis K. Liggett, Charles W. Morse and William Carroll Hill are three prominent New Englanders who will father the Plymouth-Provincetown spectacle.

Pinero in Holland

PINERO'S "Mid-Channel," given at Amsterdam recently, marked the first occasion since the war of the production of British dramatic art anywhere on the Continent. Plans were immediately made for a visit of the "Nederlandsch Toonel" to London and the production under its auspices of "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice," and an original Dutch play.

The American Academy in Rome

THE campaign of the American Academy in Rome to raise an endowment fund of $1,000,000 had for one of its objects the establishment of new fellowships in music and landscape architecture. To Italy, if anywhere, we must go to find landscape architecture and landscape gardening at their highest state of development. During the war, American landscape architecture came to a summary standstill, and it is still suffering from the setback it received.

The
Whitney
Studio
Club

147 West Fourth Street
New York

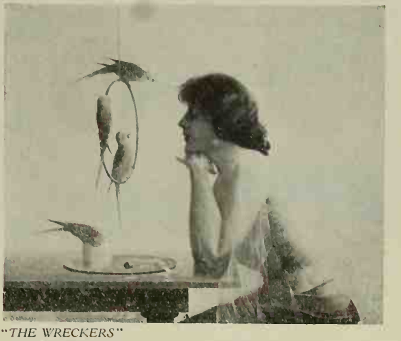
Second Annual

Spring Exhibition
of
Works
by
Members

Throughout April

Open Daily, 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.
Sundays, 2 P. M. to 6 P. M.

HOWARD YOUNG
GALLERIES



"*THE WRECKERS*"
by H. W. WATROUS

Important Paintings
by
AMERICAN *and*
FOREIGN MASTERS
620 Fifth Avenue
AT FIFTIETH STREET
New York

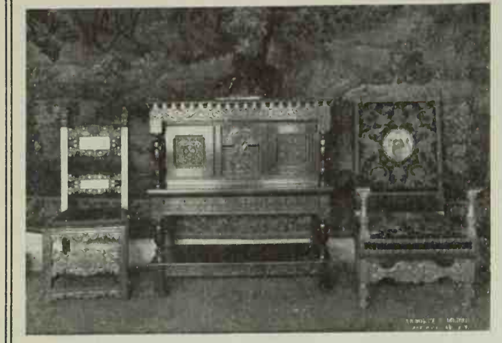
ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE
ON REQUEST

C. W. KRAUSHAAR
ART GALLERIES
680 Fifth Avenue
New York

On View Important PAINTINGS *by*

LUKS
GIFFORD BEAL
LE SIDANER
MYERS
TACK
SLOAN
TORAIN

INTERIOR PAINTING EXTERIOR
JOSEPH DILLON & SONS
DECORATORS
Established 110 Years
715 MADISON AVE., at 63d St. Tel. Plaza 7098
NEW YORK



Early English Cabinet in Oak, 2 chairs, Italian type, covered with embroidered red velvet.

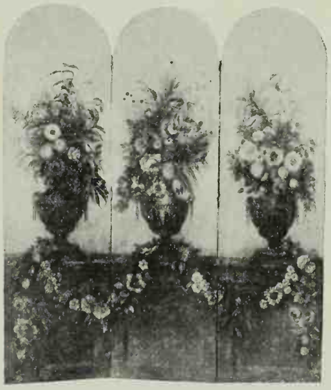
A. Lowenbein's Sons, Inc.

13 EAST 47th ST., NEW YORK

For Sixty Years this Firm has Designed and Executed

ORIGINAL DECORATIVE INTERIORS

meeting in distinctive forms, the social and home requirements of the most discriminating clientele. Especial designing of furniture, draperies, etc.



Decorative Screens

Rare and exclusive designs, antique and modern.

Exquisite Mirrors

Unusually smart incised and colored glass framed mirrors.

GEORGE ROETZEL

Antiques

500 MADISON AVE.

Corner 52nd Street

PLAZA
8961

Philadelphia

(*Continued from page 360*)

Many other American painters are represented in the gallery. Among them are Tarbell, Chase, Mary Cassatt, Innes, John W. Alexander, T. H. Harrison, Joseph Decamp and H. O. Tanner.

But the collection is chiefly remarkable for its great number of foreign masters, ancient and modern. Perhaps the modern French school is best represented. Rousseau, Jules Breton, Troyon, C. F. Daubigny, Millet, Gerôme, Corot, Jules Bastian Lepage, Gustave Courbet, Girard David, Narcisse Diaz, Bouguereau, Carolus Duran, J. C. Meissonier and Gaston La Touche are all to be found in this assembly. Add to these a large group by Lucien Simon in his able manner, two strong studies by Géricault, and several by Isabey, and a hair-raising Delacroix, and one forms some idea of the strength of the exhibition. One of Rosa Bonheur's finest, though smallest, canvases is to be found here, while a number of Barye bronzes add variety to the fauna of the exhibition.

A fine painting by Munkacsy hangs against the east wall. Munkacsy's tonal power is very great; yet it in no way interferes with the drawing and expression of his characters, as it might in the work of a less controlled master.

Among the English painters are Sir Thomas Lawrence, Lavery, and J. Constable and Gainsborough. One of the finest canvases in the exhibition is by Alfred Stevens. It represents a young girl, dressed in the walking costume of her day, inviting "Fido" to go with her. Stevens has indeed made of the little incident a very charming and dainty arrangement.

Other canvases are by Adolph Schreyer, J. F. Raffailli and Heinrich Von Zügel.

A very fine Sarolla, representing children playing in the sun and waves, is on the north wall of the corridor. One of the few badly hung things in the exhibition is by the Russian artist, "Olga Boznanska."

The older masters are quaint and interesting, as one guesses from the list of names, which includes Jacob Van Russdale, Jordans, Frans Snyders, David Teniers, Albert Cuyp and Jan Steen. Two Van Dykes are in a more fluent style.

An interesting story is related of the "Salome" by Carlo Dolci. In cleaning a picture of a young girl who carried a dish of fruit and flowers, it became apparent that the objects on the tray were of later date than the rest of the painting, and upon removing them a head of John the Baptist came to light, making of the young woman a Salome and establishing the authenticity of the painting.

A Recognition of Mr. Hugh H. Breckenridge

MR. BRECKENRIDGE, for many years an instructor in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts' Schools, has been made the head of the Art Department of Maryland Institute.

An exhibition of his work was recently held in Baltimore. The governor of Maryland and the mayor of Baltimore, with their wives, were among the hosts and hostesses at the reception given Mr. Breckenridge at the opening of this exhibition.

The Maryland Institute cannot fail to benefit by the acquisition of Mr. Breckenridge. His success as an instructor at the Academy of Fine Arts was so marked that in the spring of 1919 he was awarded the Temple Gold Medal for his long and faithful services.

Beside teaching in the Academy schools for years, he and Mr. Thomas Aaschutz conducted a summer class called the "Darby School of Painting." On the death of Mr. Aaschutz, Mr. Breckenridge continued the class alone. His object was to demonstrate to his pupils Monet's principles of the relation of color to light and atmosphere. Many indeed of the present Philadelphia artists remember the school with gratitude.

While Mr. Breckenridge is an enthusiastic modern, his advice to young students is always to keep their heads, and never to try to paint anything which they do not understand.

Beside his teaching activities, the great number of juries of selection upon which he is asked to serve is another proof of the esteem in which his judgment is held.

D. R. M.

The Stanford White Memorial

THE memory of the late Stanford White is to be perpetuated through the erection of a pair of bronze doors which the friends of the distinguished architect and art lover will present to the New York University.

This memorial will be installed at the entrance to the Library building of the University, which Mr. White designed.

The trustees of the University have formally signified their acceptance of the gift and the committee in charge of the memorial will begin at once the work of collecting subscriptions to cover the cost.

It is the purpose of the committee to appeal for funds solely from friends and admirers of the late architect, and subscriptions from the general public, while they may not be refused, are not desired.

Graceful Settee of the late Louis IV period—frame of beech, patined, and cushions in rose color silk cut velvet. Reproduced in France from the original.

DUNCAN FRASER, Inc.

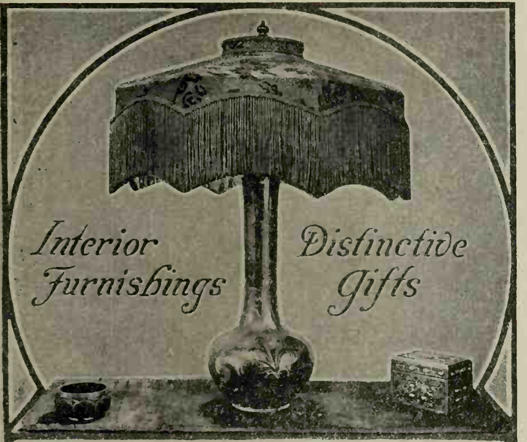
603 Fifth Avenue

New York

INTERIOR DECORATIONS AND FURNISHINGS

Originals and Reproductions of

Wood Panelled and Painted Rooms, Mantels, Furniture and Fabrics, Scenic Wallpapers, etc.

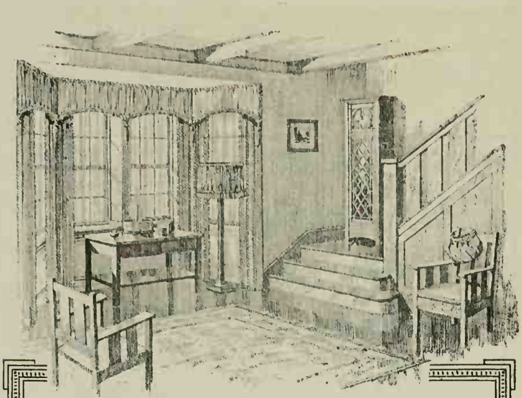


Lamps that possess Beauty and Character.
Gifts that express Individuality

The Studios
of
TILE CRAFT
INC.

TWENTY-TWO EAST
FORTY-EIGHTH STREET

NEW YORK
CITY.



KAPOCK

Springtime's Sunny Draperies

With the first breath of springtime let soft, silky *KAPOCK* radiate the message of its loveliness through the windows of your home.

GUARANTEED
KAPOCK
DECORATIVE FABRICS
REGISTERED
"NOT A WORM SILK"

Choose from a gorgeous variety of "Long-Life-Colors" for your draperies, upholstery, cushions, etc. KAPOCK, carefully handled, washes beautifully and the double width permits of splitting.

It's economical for you to insist on getting genuine Kapock. Look for the basting thread in the selvage.

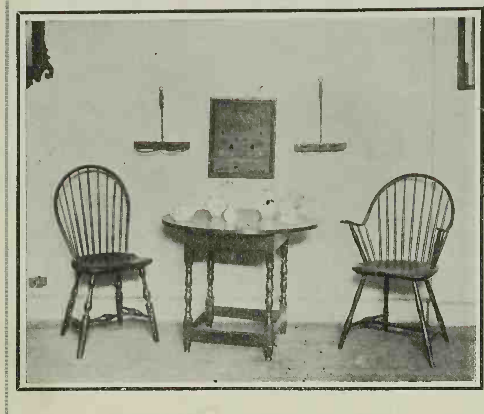
Request your drapery dealer to write us for our new "KAPOCK SKETCH BOOK," suggesting in actual colors practical furnishings for your home

A. THEO. ABBOTT & CO.

PHILADELPHIA

Dept. U

The COLONY SHOPS
GINSBURG & LEVY
ANTIQUES

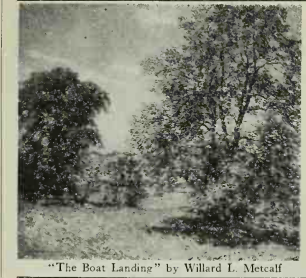


A few useful pieces on our Colonial floor

COLONIAL Windsor chairs—1760.
Early American stretcher table—1700.
2 rare hand-forged toasters.
Early American samplers.
Set of Lowestoft tea service.

397 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK

MILCH *Galleries*



"The Boat Landing" by Willard L. Metcalf

AMERICAN PAINTINGS
and SCULPTURE
ETCHINGS and MEZZOTINTS
EXHIBITION PAINTINGS
by
Willard L. Metcalf
March 17 to April 3
New illustrated booklet, "Art Notes," sent on request.

108 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York
(Adjoining Lotos Club)

Teachers and Professional Workers
SEND FOR OUR NEW SUMMER CIRCULAR
New York School of Fine and Applied Art
FRANK ALVAH PARSONS, Pres. *10 COURSES*

BEGINS JULY 6th

LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE; INTERIOR DECORATION; POSTER ADVERTISING

COSTUME DESIGN; INDUSTRIAL AND TEXTILE DESIGN; LIFE, ILLUSTRATION, ETC.

SUSAN F. BISSELL, Sec'y. 2239 BROADWAY NEW YORK

The Death of George D. Smith

GEORGE D. SMITH, internationally known book dealer, fell dead of heart disease at four o'clock yesterday afternoon at his bookstore, 8 East Forty-fifth Street. He was sitting at his desk when the end came. W. Lanier Washington, who recently sold a valuable collection of books to Mr. Smith, was talking to him when he collapsed.

Mr. Smith, one of the best-known dealers in rare books in the world, was the representative of Henry E. Huntington, the millionaire book collector, who is reputed to have the finest private library in existence, with the exception of the library of the British Museum in London.

In 1911 Mr. Smith purchased the E. Dwight Church collections of Americana, Shakesperiana and other books and manuscripts. Most notable in this collection was the original of "Franklin's Autobiography," said to be the most valuable of all American documents, with the exception of the Declaration of Independence. The price paid for this collection was $1,250,000. It contains, in addition to the "Autobiography," some letters of Christopher Columbus and George Washington; a first edition of Milton's "Comus" and "Paradise Lost," and a first edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

In 1914 Mr. Smith purchased the library of the Duke of Devonshire, containing the most valuable copy of Shakespeare in existence, a Hamlet quarto of 1603. The only other copy in existence is in the British Museum. For this library Mr. Smith paid $1,000,000.

In the summer of 1914 Mr. Smith overbid the dealers in the London market and spent over half a million dollars in bidding for the Huth collection, a selected portion of the Earl of Pembroke collection, and the T. G. Arthur collection. Mr. Smith had contended there existed in London an organization through which dealers there were enabled to keep the prizes away from Americans. His unusually high prices caused the London dealers to lose courage and he thus succeeded in breaking up the ring.

Mr. Smith again came into prominence last January when he purchased for Mr. Huntington the Britwell Court library, containing a small volume of the fourth edition of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis," in London for $75,000. He often purchased entire libraries for himself as well as for collectors whom he represented.

The Industrial Arts Movement

THE Industrial Arts Council has recently been organized to develop ways and means for establishing a practical method of educating American designers and craftsmen. At the first meeting, held February 10th, twenty-nine industrial, art and educational organizations were represented by delegates. W. Frank Purdy of the Gorham Co. was elected chairman, and John Clyde Oswald, editor of the *American Printer,* vice-chairman.

The organizations represented included: Association of National Advertisers, Architectural League of New York, Art Alliance of America, Association of Commercial Artists, Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, Paper Cover Manufacturing Association, National Society of Craftsmen, National Society of Decorative Arts and Industries, Dress and Waist Association, National Retail Dress and Goods Association, Association of Manufacturers of Decorative Furniture, National Ornamental Glass Manufacturers Association, American Institute of Graphic Arts, Greeting Card Association, Society of Interior Decorators, Jewelry Crafts Association, National Society of Manufacturers of U.S., Millinery Chamber of Commerce, Monumental Crafts Association, Municipal Art Society, National Arts Club, Public Education Association, School Art League, School Crafts Club, Silk Association of America, Sterling Silverware Manufacturers, Society of Illustrators, Toy Manufacturers of the U.S.A., Upholstery Association of America and Wall Paper Manufacturers' Association of the U.S.

The subject for discussion was "City, State and Federal Interest in Industrial Art Education." The speakers included William T. Bawden of the Bureau of Education at Washington, Leon L. Winslow of the New York State University, and James P. Haney, director of Art in the City High Schools. "We are two generations behind Europe in our art education," said Dr. Haney. "The present situation is that we have an unexpected demand for talent; we have gifted young people, but there are few opportunities for training. The economic conditions demand an immediate effort to supply well-trained designers and craftsmen, manufacturers, artists; and educators must unite to accomplish this. Mobilizing our forces is necessary, and the Industrial Arts Council can do much to bring this about through its organization and influence.

HIGGINS & SEITER
CHINA INC. GLASS
9 & 11 EAST 37TH STREET

In Town or Country House the honours due the good taste of your guests and yourselves deserve such consideration as is expressed in

CHINA and GLASS from HIGGINS & SEITER

which meet all demands for social functions and informal use.

Not only Costly Services—but the "Inexpensive Little Things" as well—when tastefully chosen, contribute to the decorative value and harmony of the home

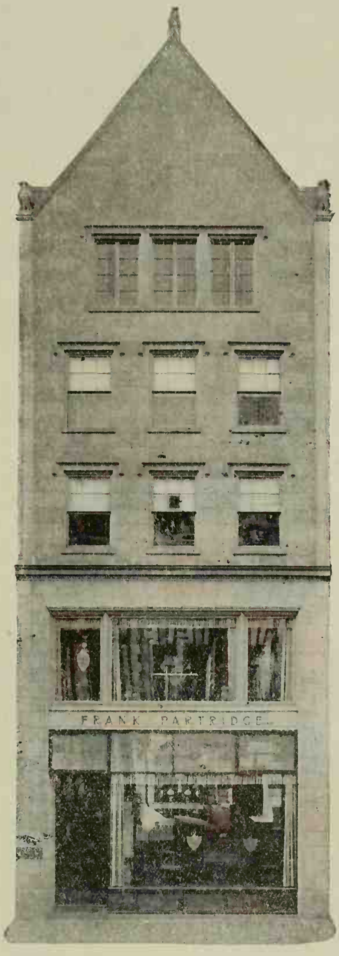
John Sparks
of London

Old Chinese Porcelain

707 Fifth Avenue, *at* 55th St.
NEW YORK

The Philadelphia Art Galleries
AND AUCTION ROOMS
So. E. Cor. 15th and Chestnut Sts. Philadelphia, Pa.
REED H. WALMER, Auctioneer
Weekly Public Sales of
Important Art, Furniture and Ceramics
Estates and Consignments Solicited
PERMANENT EXHIBITION
Appraisals of Art and Literary Property, Jewels and Personal Effects of every description for Inheritance Tax and other purposes.

Frank Partridge
INC



ANTIQUE
ENGLISH
FURNITURE

Tapestries Chinese Jades
Interior Decorations

6 West 56th Street, New York
LONDON, 26 King Street, St. James

Walls finished with Cabot's Old Virginia White. Roof stained with Cabot's Creosote Stains. J. W. O'Connor, Architect, New York

Cabot's Old Virginia White

The Modern Architectural Outside White

The clean, brilliant "whitewash white" effect of Old Virginia White has real distinction. It is a softer and yet a brighter white than paint, and its texture and color-values are essentially different in character from the heavy, hard paint coating. This makes it especially appropriate for the modern "Colonial," because it gives the house at once the aspect of well-groomed old age—a result that it would take years to accomplish with paint.

Cabot's Old Virginia Tints

This softness and textural quality have led many of the leading architects to call for the same compound in tints, and Cabot's Old Virginia Tints are now made in a wide variety of delicate shades. The tones are almost pastel-like in quality, and the effects produced are most unique and pleasing.

*You can get Cabot's goods all over the country.
Send for samples and name of nearest agent.*

SAMUEL CABOT, Inc., *Mfg. Chemists*
14 Oliver Street Boston
525 Market St., San Francisco 24 W. Kinzie St., Chicago

Oleo Tempera Colors

—says
The Modern Master:

" . . . and these Oleo Tempera Colors, with just water, give me the same effect as water color, pastel and oil painting. Ground so fine they can be used with air brush, and speed ball or lettering pen. . . ."

For full details and instructions send for Folder E4.

A. Sartorius & Co., Inc.
57 Murray Street, New York City

Book Reviews

ESSAYS ON ART. By A. Clutton-Brock. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THIS little group of essays by Mr. A. Clutton-Brock, reprinted from the *Times Literary Supplement*, with a few additions and corrections, makes a book which should have, through the simplicity, directness and normal nature of its argument, a wide appeal.

The author says in his introduction: "After years of criticism I am more interested in this question than in any other that concerns the arts. Whistler said that we could not improve it; the best we could do for it was not to think about it. I have discussed that opinion, as also the contrary opinion of Tolstoy, and the truth that seems to me to lie between them. If these essays have any unity, it is given to them by my belief that art, like other human activities, is subject to the will of man. We cannot cause men of artistic genius to be born; but we can provide a public, namely, ourselves, for the artist, who will encourage him to be an artist, to do this best, not his worst. I believe that the quality of art in any age depends not upon the presence or absence of individuals of genius, but upon the attitude of the public towards art.

"Because of the decline of all the arts, especially the arts of use, which began at the end of the eighteenth century and has continued up to our own time, we are more interested in art than any people of the past, with the interest of a sick man in health. To say that this interest must be futile or mischievous is to deny the will of man in one of the chief of human activities; but it often is denied by those who do not understand how it can be applied to art. We cannot make artists directly; no government office can determine their training; still less can any critic tell them how they ought to practice their art. But we can all aim at a state of society in which they will be encouraged to do their best, and at a state of mind in which we ourselves shall learn to know good from bad and to prefer the good. At present we have neither the state of society nor the state of mind; and we can attain to both not by connoisseurship, not by an anxiety to like the right thing or at least to buy it, but by learning the difference between good and bad workmanship and design in objects of use. Anyone can do that, and can resolve to pay a fair price for good workmanship and design; and only so will the arts of use, it will have none in the 'fine arts.' To aim at connoisseurship when you do not know a good table or chair from a bad one is to attempt flying before you can walk. So, I think, professors of art at Oxford or Cambridge should be chosen not so much for their knowledge of Greek sculpture as for their success in furnishing their own houses. What can they know about Greek sculpture if their own drawing-rooms are hideous? I believe that [illegible] notorious fallibility of many experts is caused by the fact that they concern themselves with the fine arts before they have had any training in the arts of use. So, if we are to have a school of art at Oxford or Cambridge, it should put this question to every pupil: If you had to build and furnish a house of your own, how would you set about it? And it should train its pupils to give a rational answer to that question. So we might get a public knowing the difference between good and bad in objects of use, valuing the good and ready to pay a fair price for it.

"At present we have no such public. A liberal education should teach the difference between good and bad in things of use, including buildings. Oxford and Cambridge profess to give a liberal education, but you have only to look at their modern buildings to see that their teachers themselves do not know a good building from a bad one. They, like all the rest of us, think that taste in art is an irrational mystery; they trust in the expert and usually in the wrong one, as the ignorant and superstitious trust in the wrong priest. For as religion is merely mischievous unless it is tested in matters of conduct, so taste is mere pedantry or frivolity unless it is tested on things of use. These have their sense or nonsense, their righteousness or unrighteousness, which anyone can learn to see for himself, and, until he has learned, he will be at the mercy of charlatans.

"The critic is sure to be a charlatan or a prig, unless he is to himself not a pseudo-artist expounding the mysteries of art and telling artists how to practice them, but simply one of the public with a natural and human interest in art."

UNHAPPY FAR-OFF THINGS. By Lord Dunsany. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

LORD DUNSANY'S plays are perhaps more dramatic than most of those written today. In them we may find that their author's whims are never seriously interrupted by literal truths or by plain facts. He is a colorist who can let his feeling, an indubitably mystic feeling, carry away the barriers erected by the physical conformities which logical eyes recognize. As the title of this book suggests, it is written in a romantic vein, which is to say that every fact in it is dipped in the color pot of romance before it is presented to us. The result may be that we shall accept his facts with reservations, at the same time that we may accept, without reservations, those minor truths, romantic as they are, which can

(*Continued on page 378*)

Architectural Impressions

(*Continued from page* 313)

size and moderate cost, do not show him a façade of many motives and elaborately carved; he will either design the façade you want, and you will not be able to afford it, or he will design one in accord with your means and the size of your house, and you will forever after tell the neighbors "my architect didn't catch my idea at all."

The important point, after all, is, *how can you be sure that your architect has caught your idea?* He shows you drawings. You do not know if they indicate the house you want or not. Very likely he doesn't, either. How are you going to find out?

I am sure that a direct elevation of a façade means little or nothing except to an architect or builder. A direct elevation is drawn as if you were exactly opposite every part of it at the same time: it has none of the effect of perspective in foreshortening surfaces (especially roofs), and unless it is rendered, there are no shadows or shades to give solidity to the mass. Most school designs ("projects," they are called) are direct elevations rendered in accordance with a convention as old as the time of the Romans, by which light is assumed to descend upon them in direction of the diagonal of a cube, that is, at 45° both horizontally and vertically. Such drawings help the client to understand which spaces are intended to represent windows and which columns, but do not convey a very good idea of the shape of the building, because only one side of any thing is shown, and it is impossible to see a building that way: if you stand in front of the middle of a building you will see the bottom of the cornice and the sides of the windows. Also, if the building is a house with a sloping roof, the roof will seem much too high, because it is not foreshortened by perspective. Architects have grown so used to automatically allowing for the foreshortening that they often wonder that their clients, not understanding it, complain that roofs are too high.

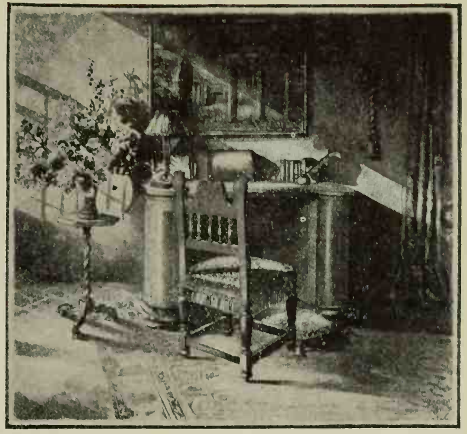
A VERY important step in making clear to an owner what his house is to be like is the mathematical perspective. Any building can be drawn as it will appear from any given point by mathematical means, which are as exact as a photograph of an executed building; it is too complicated a process to explain here, but it is based on the same principles which determine focus in making a photograph, if you understand them (I don't), and are subject to the same possibilities of distortion that occur in a photograph when the wrong lens is used: however, these distortions can be guarded against, and a line drawing made which will be a mathmeatically exact representation of the house.

Unfortunately, like all mathematics, this result does not appeal very strongly to the imagination, and here is where the architectural rendering comes in. The drawing can be colored to match the colors desired in the house, trees, grass, and other accessories drawn or painted, the shadows painted where they would occur at some given time of day, and in general a picture made as complete and as correct as a painting made of the house made from the same point of view after it is built. If the drawing is honestly done without "faking" to eliminate bad features, or emphasize good ones, and the coloring is so done as to approximate actuality, a very excellent test of the architect's comprehension of the client's ideas is had. All drawing and painting is based on a convention, just as all books use the conventions of letters to express words; our convention of drawing is as universally understood as is print, although we cannot understand the Oriental convention any more than we can understand Japanese type. Therefore the best means of finding out if the architect understands what we mean is to induce him to employ a convention we can comprehend, and not one which is one of the "mysteries" of his guild.

Not a bad thing is to ge the architect to make from time to time little free-hand sketches of different parts of the house to illustrate his meaning; these we generally understand, for they are the same sort of drawings that we used to make on our own slates at school, a little better drawn, perhaps, but still of the same character, and often these little sketches will serve to determine whether or not he has in mind what we want in mind, quite as well as the larger, more beautiful and very expensive colored perspectives: these take so much time and cost so much that an architect can rarely afford more than one on any one house.

There is still another way in which to try a sample, as it were, of the house, and this is by having a model made of it: but if the model is to produce the effect of reality it must be so carefully made and so accurately colored that it is a very expensive proceeding indeed, and one warranted only by special circumstances: however, these models do give an impression of reality which no drawing can give, and have the further advantage of being visible from every possible viewpoint, where a perspective only shows one. Defects in composition will be revealed by a model which will never show in a house, and in spite of their expense, since they are the only possible way in which every part of the house is shown, they will always be needed for special cases.

The various types of drawing



Barton, Price & Willson
5 East 54th Street, New York

Distinctive Interiors

Furniture Antiques
Works of Art Wall Hangings

5th AVENUE WEEK, APRIL 5th to 10th
A NEW YEARLY EVENT

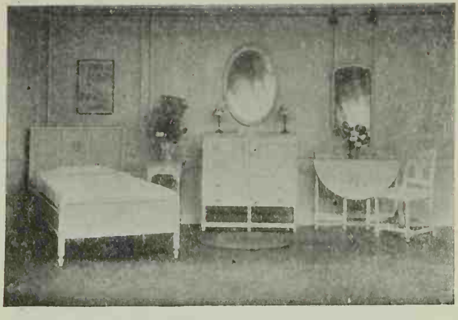
Decorative Painting—The Temple of Diana—copy of Roberts in The Metropolitan Museum—Antique Italian Chest original polychrome—Spanish Arm Chair—Venetian Side Chair.

NANCY BARROWS

Interior Decorations

12 West 40th Street
New York City

KATHARINE PARK STUDDIFORD, Associate



Danersk Decorative Furniture

HAVE you thought of the new homes, like classic palaces that crown the hills around Santa Barbara; the gracious dwellings near Lake Minnetonka in the Minnesotas; all the lovely houses in the suburbs of our cities; and the great estates on Long Island? In each one of them there are rooms where DANERSK FURNITURE is not only appropriate, but offers the largest measure of beauty and originality in proportion to its cost.

Our well constructed chairs and cabinets are to our artist finishers as the canvas to the painter. You choose the pieces that you want and we finish them in some lovely scheme that is in harmony with your fabrics and draperies, without added cost.

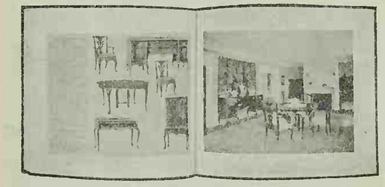
Buy through your decorator or dealer or direct.
Send for the latest number of "The Danersk K-3"

Charming Sets on Exhibition at

ERSKINE-DANFORTH CORPORATION
2 West 47th Street, New York
First Door West of Fifth Avenue — 4th Floor

FIFTH AVENUE WEEK—April 5th to April 10th

How to Select
FURNISHINGS FOR THE HOME
A Portfolio in Two Parts



Showing Part II—Size 9" x 12"
A Guide to beauty and comfort in the Home

50 MODEL INTERIORS, picturing modern styles of furniture, rugs, draperies, and all decorative accessories. A treatise on color, and 20 COLOR PLATES showing harmonious color schemes for every room.

Shows at a glance how to arrange your furnishings attractively.

When redecorating you simply select a color scheme that best suits your individuality and let your own dealer carry out your plan.

Price, $4.00. Page samples on request.

GOOD FURNITURE MAGAZINE
The Dean-Hicks Co., Publishers
Grand Rapids, Michigan

P. T. Barnum and America

(*Continued from page* 311)

to the work of the Extremists was heralded, some time before being hung, with something over one hundred columns in all kinds of publications throughout the nation. The exhibition was "got away with" and to no negligible extent so was the movement in art which followed it and which was and still is to a very great extent one of a lot of idle borrowers whose egotism is, at best, rather lazily superficial. Superficial because these young men are as satisfied with getting away with a semblance of individuality as with individuality itself.

All America is not following in the footsteps of the imaginative Barnum but a great deal of America is and that may be because America, being still very young, retains a great deal of love of experience and a great deal of curiosity and curiously enough a great deal of credulity. Barnum played with the last—his disciples are true to him.

Two New Books

THE CHILD'S OWN ART BOOKS.
By HELEN STRONG and MAURICE LE COCQ, Brentanos, N. Y.

THIS is the age of a great many things. How many nobody knows. In one man's mind it is the age of industry, in another's of machinery, in another's of psychology. For the purpose of this note it can be said with great determination and a semblance of gusto, this is the age of children. With that premise all generalizations cannot be wrong, at least one is right: this is the age of children. There are all kinds of laws to protect, all kinds of systems to perfect them. They are taught how to play in one educational camp and in another their whimsies are carefully watched and as carefully followed. In the matter of children we go from nationalization to anarchy. A thinking world may be a dangerous world. But a cowardly world is probably worse —Who can tell? In one place high-school children are taught the manual of arms, which is to say, movement *en masse;* in another individuality seen as a hot house flower, a kind of fragile hybrid, is nurtured and nurtured and nurtured. But whether in one school or another there is always management, always some kind of rubber coat against the pernicious ravages of one local storm or another. The child who says, "I'd like to draw" or is caught drawing, like Gainsborough or Benjamin West, on the sidewalk, is told in no very uncertain terms that this is not for him or that this is very much for him. In one case they are forbidden drawing, in the other made to draw. It is not so long ago that some very wise old maid or old bachelor, for they are those who know children best, decided that to begin with a proper education in art is to end a connoisseur. Thereupon a set of prints of masterpieces of the world's art was hung in the class-rooms of a great many educational temples. Perhaps a great many children, certainly those who looked at the prints, grew to know great from mean art with no trouble at all to themselves before they had in any other way matured. Anyway it is certain, if the foregoing is not absolutely assured, that they learned to know the greatness of the art which their professors considered great. Professors are not infallible. On some of these walls their charges could look at dogs by Landseer, at angels by Bouguereau, at goddesses by Sir Frederick Leighton or at the classical themes of Alma Tadema.

In the Child's Own Art Book, however, are only pictures which have been acclaimed as masterpieces for a century or more, pictures by Murillo and Greuze, one sophisticated in the saccharine, the other fluid; Velasquez, Botticelli, think of beginning children on that exotic; Titian, Leonardo, Rubens, Franz Hals, Rembrandt, Raphael, Guido Reni, Nicholas Maes and Hobbema. Here is a description of the "Picture of a Little Boy, by Greuze."

"How tired this little boy looks! He has just come home from playing, and you know how tired you can be when you have been playing all day long. He and his friends have been playing 'Tag.' If you haven't played Tag, you certainly have missed a lot of fun. You run and run until you are ready to drop to the ground from weariness. But instead, you keep right on running."

Subject matter, all this, and at a time when we have all modern art going on Oscar Wilde's probably stolen axiom "Art begins where representation ceases."

CHEAP COTTAGE AND SMALL HOUSE. By GORDON ALLEN. CHAS. SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York.

THIS book was originally printed by B. T. Batsford, Ltd., London. To quote from the preface, "it appears at a time when the country is considering reconstruction, when the national need for additional cottages and houses was never before so urgent, and when the problem of building has become complicated by adverse conditions." Further on the author says: "This book is called The Cheap Cottage and Small House, in spite of the word 'cheap' having unpleasant associations. But if cheapness be understood to mean simple fitness, no fault can be found.

Maple Couch or Day-bed with original rush seat. Circe 1700

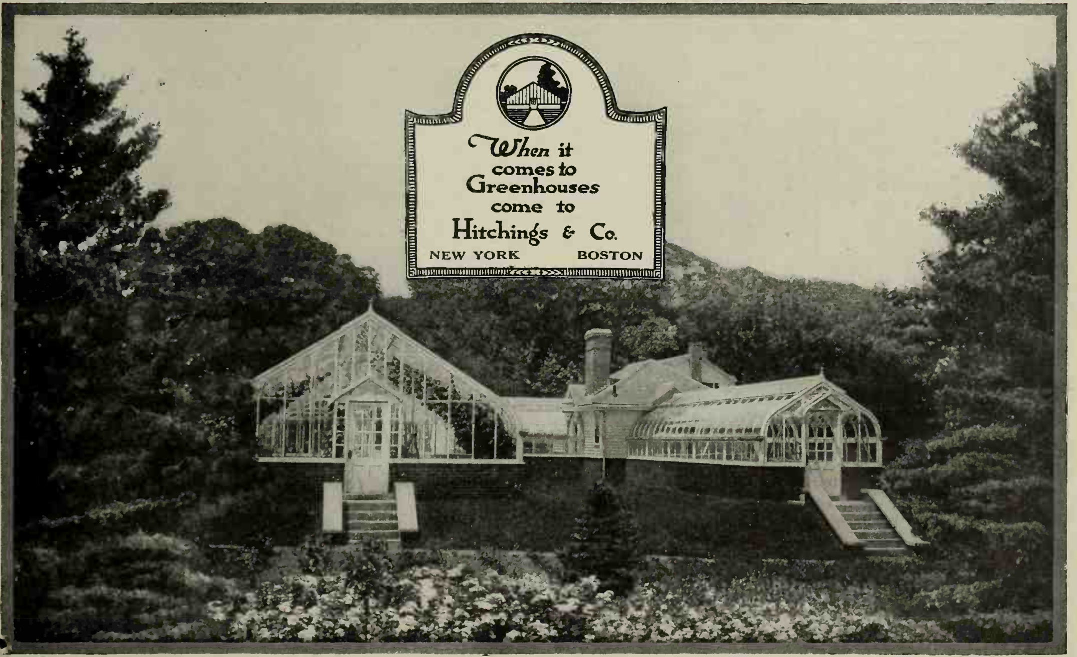
American Antiques

The interests of our clients are served by the personal direction of Charles Woolsey Lyon, the son of the late Irving Whitall Lyon, M.D., author of "Colonial Furniture of New England." Mr. Lyon is a collector and recognized authority on early American antiques and works of art.

Charles Woolsey Lyon
INCORPORATED

416 Madison Avenue
near Forty-eighth Street

New York


When it
comes to
Greenhouses
come to
Hitchings & Co.
NEW YORK
BOSTON

THE C. M. TRAVER CO.

ANTIQUE FURNITURE AND FURNISHINGS ✻ ITALIAN FRENCH, ENGLISH AND SPANISH

23 EAST 62nd STREET
NEW YORK

RARE EARLY AMERICAN PIECES:
PINE, MAPLE, CHERRY, WALNUT

AT THE SIGN OF LEONARDO
For Votaries of the Distinguished and Princely in Life.
Lovers of the Rich and Rare
Leonardo da Vinci 1452-1519

Walter & Company

DEALERS IN
ANTIQUE FURNITURE

WE have a collection of rare antique furniture in both original and restored condition, always on hand, which is at all times at your disposal.

Phone 526 Academy
1017 Columbus Avenue
Cor. 110th Street

TEL. 5281 CIRCLE

Lillian
Lawrence
Interior
Decorator

50 WEST 56th ST
New York

LAMP SHADES
PAINTED FURNITURE
SCREENS, TRAYS
SCRAP BASKETS
DESK SETS

Bonaventure
Galleries
601 Fifth Avenue, New York
Near 48th Street

Books
Paintings
Furniture
Drawings
Art Objects
Engravings

When you long for a
COMFY FIRESIDE DINNER
When you are sending a very
SPECIAL GIFT OF CANDIES
GO TO
36th Street and 5th Avenue
WHERE IS
Mary Elizabeth's

Architectural Impressions

(*Continued from page 373*)

are illustrated on these pages, and by comparison of them it can be seen how differently the same house appears as drawn in the various conventions. It is to be regretted that no series is available which shows all types of illustration of the same subject, but the value to the owner of comprehending what he is building will, I think, be made plain. Also, I find on reading over what I have written, I seem to have been inclined to tell the owner what he should and should not do rather than the architect: but, after all, this is written for the owner: I could tell the architects (including myself) quite as severely where they fail to use their utmost endeavors to reach the root of the client's thought, and so to treat it, that the flower would be that perfection for which we strive.

A Famous Art Dealer Dies

LONDON, March 4. — *The London Times* announces the death of Louis J. Duveen, the London representative of the art firm of Duveen Brothers, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street, New York.

The firm of Duveen Brothers, with establishments in New York, London and Paris, conducts probably the largest business in the world in art and antiquities of the rarest and most valuable kind. Among the best known collections purchased by the Duveen Brothers are the famous Oscar Hainauer collection, which sold for $2,500,000, and the purchase a year later of the entire Rodolphe Kann collection for $5,000,000. They bought the collection of Maurice Kann, Rodolphe's brother, in 1908 for $2,500,000.

Henry Duveen, senior member of the firm, was intimately associated with the formation of the collection of the late J. Pierpont Morgan, and it was through the New York branch of the firm that Mr. Morgan obtained possession of the marvelous collection of Chinese porcelains which he lent to the Metropolitan Museum of Art and which the Duveens bought in 1915 for $3,900,000.

Other Morgan Purchases

A short time later they purchased from Mr. Morgan his famous collection of Fragonard paintings for $1,000,000, and following that they bought all of the eighteenth century furniture and sculptures in the Morgan loan collection on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum for $4,000,000. In 1916 the Duveens bought three more of the Morgan collections. The early Italian bronzes, the Limoges enamels and the Italian majolicas were purchased by them for $3,000,000. In 1917 the Duveens brought to this country the famous painting of "Judith With the Head of Holofernes," by Andrea Mantegna, and popularly known as the "Pembroke Mantegna," which had been in the collections of the Earls of Pembroke since the time of Charles I. The panel was valued at $200,000, a record price for a painting of its size, as it measured but twelve inches in height by seven inches in width.

The firm of Duveen Brothers was started in the 70's in London by Joel Joseph Duveen, who kept a small shop in Oxford Street, where he sold old Dutch potteries and later dealt in period furniture. He had the natural intuition to understand the artistic worth of things and prospered so well that, just before his death, in 1908, he was knighted by King Edward as Sir Joseph Duveen, in recognition of his generosity in building a gallery for the pictures which Turner, the great English artist, had left to the nation.

Came Here in 1880

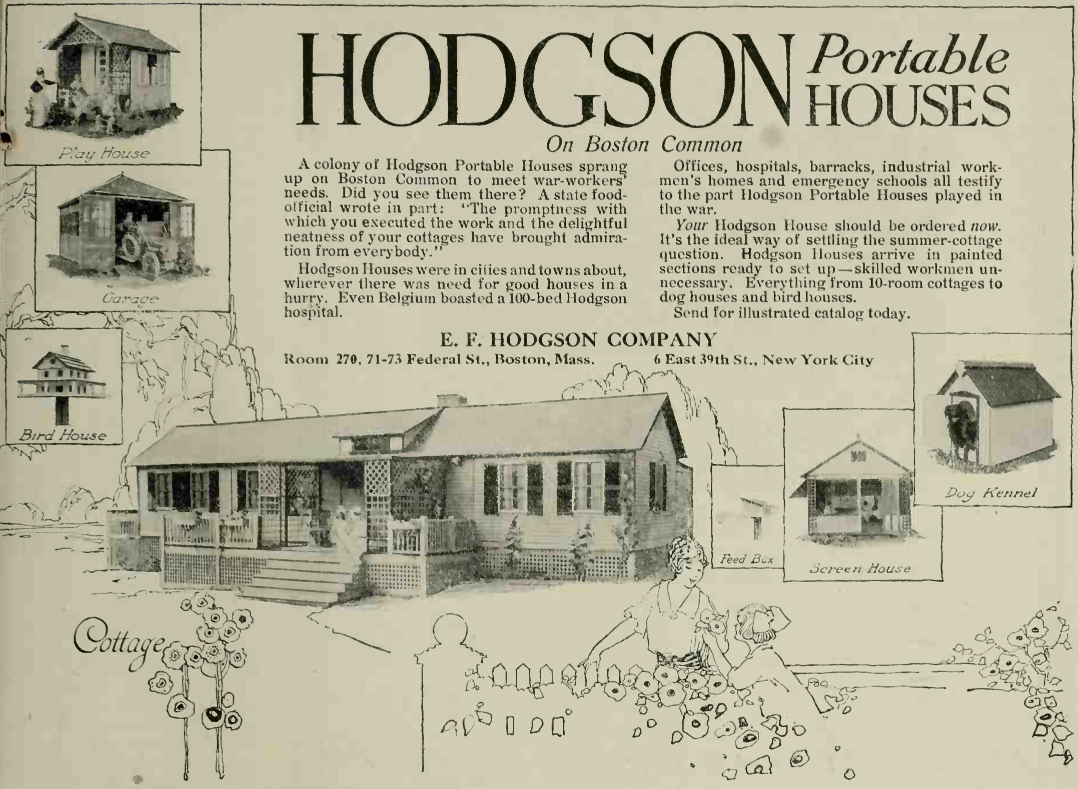
Henry J. Duveen, a younger brother, came to this city about 1880 and opened a small art shop in John Street, where he dealt in antique silverware, ivory carvings, rare porcelains, period furniture and Oriental rugs so successfully that he was soon taken into partnership by his elder brother in London, which was the forming of the firm of Duveen Brothers.

The present head of the firm is Henry J. Duveen, and there are several sons of the late Sir Joseph connected with the management in London, Paris and New York. Louis J. Duveen was the head of the firm in London.

Dutch Village for France

THE war did extraordinary things to boundaries and governments, but none so remarkable as the transplanting of an entire Dutch village to the heart of France.

A whole town, architecturally speaking, has been given the city of Lens by the people of Holland. The houses are built on an ingenious knock-down plan and will be sufficient to house five hundred refugees.



HODGSON *Portable* HOUSES

On Boston Common

A colony of Hodgson Portable Houses sprang up on Boston Common to meet war-workers' needs. Did you see them there? A state food-official wrote in part: "The promptness with which you executed the work and the delightful neatness of your cottages have brought admiration from everybody."

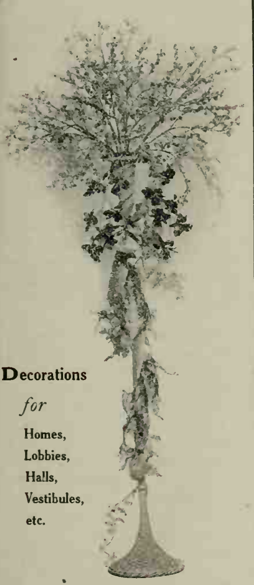
Hodgson Houses were in cities and towns about, wherever there was need for good houses in a hurry. Even Belgium boasted a 100-bed Hodgson hospital.

Offices, hospitals, barracks, industrial workmen's homes and emergency schools all testify to the part Hodgson Portable Houses played in the war.

Your Hodgson House should be ordered *now.* It's the ideal way of settling the summer-cottage question. Hodgson Houses arrive in painted sections ready to set up—skilled workmen unnecessary. Everything from 10-room cottages to dog houses and bird houses.

Send for illustrated catalog today.

E. F. HODGSON COMPANY
Room 270, 71-73 Federal St., Boston, Mass. 6 East 39th St., New York City



Decorations
for
Homes,
Lobbies,
Halls,
Vestibules,
etc.

No. 100—6-foot Flower Stand, Willow Ware, decorated with Silk Ribbon, Artificial Everlasting Spring Flowers, Asparagus Grass, etc. Complete *$35.00*

Ask for illustrated Catalogue No. 11.

FRANK NETSCHERT
61 Barclay St. New York

FRIEDRICHS Artists' Canvas

We carry a complete line of large size linen and cotton canvases for decorators, in stock. Sample books of canvas sent upon request.

MEDIUMS—If you are not acquainted with the famous Durozies Mediums, write to us for the Manual "The Conservation of Paintings."

COLORS—We have in stock a complete line of American, English, French and German Colors, in oil and water colors.

E. H. & A. C. FRIEDRICHS COMPANY
Manufacturers ARTISTS' MATERIALS Importers
169 West 57th Street, New York City
Established 1868

HANDSOME TABLE SERVICE-WAGON

It Serves your home and Saves your time—that is Practical Economy.

Large Broad Wide Table Top—Removable Glass Service Tray—Large Drawer—Double Handles—Larga Deep Undershelves—"Scientifically Silent"—Rubber Tired Swivel Wheels.

A high grade piece of furniture surpassing anything yet attempted for *General Utility*, ease of action, and absolute noiselessness. *Write now for a Descriptive Pamphlet and Dealer's Name.*

COMBINATION PRODUCTS CO.
504-A Cunard Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

BOOKS ON ALL SUBJECTS, including Decorative Art, Drawing, Architectural Design, etc. Text-Books for every examination. Second-Hand and New.

Catalogue No. 437 post free. State wants

W. & G. FOYLE 121-123, Charing Cross Road
London, W. C. 2, Eng.

LIFE STUDIES

Beautiful sepia prints, size 7″x9″ on mountings 11″x14″, from the nude, draped and undraped, of special interest to architects, decorators, artists, painters, art students and sculptors. We publish over 250 different subjects. Six different subjects sent on approval by express on receipt of $5. Three prints for $2.50. Single prints $1. Catalogue of miniature prints sent on receipt of 25c to be applied on first order.

CONSOLIDATED MFG. CO.
Dept. 2003, 32 Union Sq., N. Y. C.
Dealers—Write for our special proposition.

DUBLIN SCHOOL OF PAINTING

DUBLIN, N. H.

CLASSES IN DRAWING AND PAINTING FROM MODELS

THE LANDSCAPE AND THE ANTIQUE

June 21st to August 21st

Conducted by
RICHARD SUMNER MERYMAN
AND
ALEXANDER ROBERTSON JAMES

For circular address A. R. James, Dublin, N. H.

Picture Lighting

EXPERT ADVICE

Reflectors plain and ornamental in design. If our recommendations are followed we will guarantee satisfactory results.

I. P. FRINK, Inc.
24th St. and 10th Avenue
New York

MARTINI TEMPERA COLORS

MADE OF AMERICAN MATERIALS, IN AMERICA, BY AMERICANS

Our product is the standard with which all others are compared.

Our standard is based on continual vigilance in the selection of raw materials and their use in manufacturing.

U.S. DISTRIBUTORS: FAVOR, RUHL & CO. NEW YORK, BOSTON AND CHICAGO USA

Kelsey Health Heated Country House of Mrs. Lisbeth Ledyard, Stockbridge, Mass. H. T. Lindeberg, Archt.

Especially Adaptable To Country House Heating Is Kelsey Health Heat

Suppose, all of a sudden during zero weather, you decide to run up to your Country house for a day or two of winter sports; the question of *quickly* heating it need never deter you, if it's a Kelsey.

In the first place, starting the fire is simplicity itself, as there is no water to turn on—no radiators to fuss with—nothing to do, but just *start the fire*. And the very moment the fire starts, it at once starts heating the rooms.

No water to warm before it can first warm radiators, that after a while slowly warm the rooms.

No steam to get up, before you begin getting any heat.

The Kelsey starts, *from the very start*, warming the air.

Furthermore, in half the time it takes other heats to heat, your house will be cozy and comfortable throughout. Which statement we are prepared to back with facts and figures.

When you leave, there is nothing to do but just let the fire go out.
No water to draw off the system.
No radiators to freeze; ruining walls, floors, or rugs.

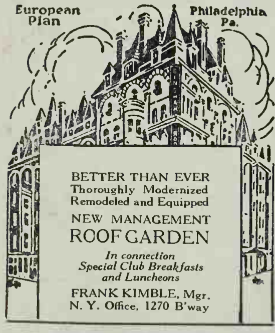
With these facts in mind, we would like to send you more facts, as told in our booklet called "Some Saving Sense On Heating."

NEW YORK
103-T Park Avenue

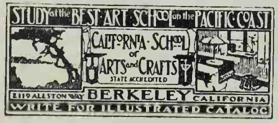
BOSTON
405-T P. O. Sq. Bldg.

THE KELSEY
WARM AIR GENERATOR
241 James Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

NEW BINGHAM
Cor. 11th & Market Streets
European Plan
Philadelphia Pa.



BETTER THAN EVER
Thoroughly Modernized
Remodeled and Equipped
NEW MANAGEMENT
ROOF GARDEN
In connection
Special Club Breakfasts
and Luncheons
FRANK KIMBLE, Mgr.
N. Y. Office, 1270 B'way



STUDY at the BEST ART SCHOOL on the PACIFIC COAST
CALIFORNIA SCHOOL of ARTS and CRAFTS
STATE ACCREDITED
2119 ALLSTON WAY BERKELEY CALIFORNIA
WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOG

HIGGINS'
DRAWING INKS
ETERNAL WRITING INK
ENGROSSING INK
TAURINE MUCILAGE
PHOTO-MOUNTER PASTE
DRAWING-BOARD PASTE
LIQUID PASTE
OFFICE PASTE
VEGETABLE GLUE, ETC.
ARE THE FINEST AND BEST INKS AND ADHESIVES

HIGGINS'
AMERICAN
INDIA INK

Emancipate yourself from the use of corrosive and ill-smelling inks and adhesives and adopt the Higgins Inks and Adhesives. They will be a revelation to you, they are so sweet, clean and well put up.
At Dealers Generally
Chas. M. Higgins & Co., Mfrs.
271 Ninth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Branches: Chicago, London

The Tobey Furniture Co.
Interior Decorations
Our aim is to assist the client, developing his individual ideas in harmonious form.
Tobey-Made Furniture
—the original designs of our studios, executed by hand in our own shops.
NEW YORK: Fifth Avenue at Fifty-third Street
CHICAGO: Wabash Avenue and Washington St.

AMERICAN WALNUT
"The Cabinet-wood of the Elect"
You are rightfully proud of your love for Walnut. May we not send you a copy of the Walnut brochure de luxe now off the press? Write
American Walnut Mfrs.' Association
616 South Michigan Boulevard
Room 1002 CHICAGO

Smith & Watson
Specialists in English Furniture
A London Furniture Shop in New York
20 East 55th Street

Book Reviews

(Continued from page 372)

clothe a barren exterior in a mantle of beauty.

The following is quoted from the little sketch on "The Cathedral of Arras," which begins the book: "On the great steps of Arras Cathedral I saw a procession, in silence, standing still.

"They were in orderly and perfect lines, stirring or swaying slightly. Sometimes they bent their heads, sometimes two leaned together, but for the most part they were motionless. It was the time when the fashion was just changing and some were nearly all in shining yellow, while others still wore green.

"I went up the steps amongst them, the only human thing, for men and women worship no more in Arras Cathedral, and the trees have come instead; little humble things, all less than four years old, in great numbers thronging the steps processionally and growing in perfect rows just where step meets step. They have come to Arras with the wind and the rain; which enter the aisles together whenever they will, and go wherever man went; they have such a reverent air, the young limes on the three flights of steps, that you would say they did not know that Arras Cathedral was fallen on evil days, that they did not know they looked on ruin and vast disaster, but thought that these great walls open to stars and sun were the natural and fitting place for the worship of little weeds.

"Behind them the shattered houses of Arras seemed to cluster about the cathedral as, one might fancy easily, hurt and frightened children, so wistful are their gaping windows and old, gray, empty gables, so melancholy and puzzled. They are more like a little old people come upon trouble, gazing at their great elder companion and not knowing what to do.

"But the facts of Arras are sadder than a poet's most tragic fancies. In the western front of Arras Cathedral stand eight pillars rising from the ground; above them stood four more. Of the four upper pillars the two on the left are gone, swept away by shells from the north; and a shell has passed through the neck of one of the two that is left, as a bullet might go through a daffodil's stem.

"The left-hand corner of that western wall has been caught from the north by some tremendous shell which has torn the whole corner down in a mound of stone; and still the walls have stood.

"I went through the western doorway. All along the nave lay a long heap of white stones, with grass and weeds in the top, and a little-trodden path over the grass and weeds. This is all that remained of the roof of Arras Cathedral and of any chairs or pews there may have been in the nave, or anything that may have hung above them. It was all down but one slender arch that crossed the nave just at the transept; it stood out against the sky, and all who saw it wondered how it stood. In the southern aisle, panes of green glass, in twisted frames of lead, here and there lingered, like lonely leaves in an appletree after a hailstorm in spring. The aisles still had their roofs over them, which those stout old walls held up in spite of all.

"Where the nave joins the transept the ruin is most enormous. Perhaps there was more to bring down there, so the Germans brought it down; there may have been a tower there, for all I know, or a spire.

"I stood on the heap and looked towards the altar. To my left all was ruin. To my right two old saints in stone stood by the southern door. The door had been forced open long ago, and stood as it was opened, partly broken. A great round hole gaped in the ground outside; it was this that had opened the door.

"Just beyond the big heap, on the left of the chancel, stood something made of wood, which almost certainly had been the organ.

"As I looked at these things there passed through the desolate sanctuaries, and down an aisle, past pillars pitted with shrapnel, a sad old woman, sad even for a woman of northeast France. She seemed to be looking after the mounds and stones that had once been the cathedral; perhaps she had once been the bishop's servant, or the wife of one of the vergers; she only remained of all who had been there in other days, she and the pigeons and jackdaws. I spoke to her. All Arras, she said, was ruined. The great cathedral was ruined; her own family were ruined utterly, and she pointed to where the sad houses gazed from forlorn, dead windows. Absolute ruin, she said; but there must be no armistice. No armistice. No. It was necessary that there should be no armistice at all. No armistice with Germans.

"A French interpreter, with the Sphinxes' heads on his collar, showed me a picture postcard with a photograph of the chancel as it was five years ago. To see that photograph astonished me, and to know that the camera that took it must have stood where I was standing, only a little lower down, under the great heap.

"Though one knew there had been an altar there, and candles and roof and carpet, and all the solemnity of a cathedral's interior, yet to see that photograph and to stand on that weedy heap, in the wind, under the jackdaws, was a contrast with which the mind fumbled.

"We came to a little shrine in the southern aisle. It had been all paved with marble, and the marble was broken into hundreds of pieces, and some one had carefully picked up all the bits and laid them together on the altar."

On Laying in a Wash

IN all the rest of Art there is no such profanity as in laying in a wash.

Does it streak? Does it run? Or does it lay heavy like a smudge? Does it show the brush, reveal hard edges and reproduce like sheet-tin?

Then, brother, lay in no more wash until you lay in a stock of

STRATHMORE
ARTISTS' PAPERS and BOARDS

Strathmore has the just-right surface for work in wash and color. Strathmore catches the minutest variation you intend it to catch—but adds no variations of its own. There are no oilspots, no mottles, hairs, bumps or irregularities in Strathmore.

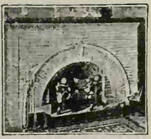
Look for the Strathmore mark, the thistle, stamped on every sheet.

Samples Sent Free

STRATHMORE PAPER COMPANY
Mittineague. Mass. U.S.A.

THE STANDARD WOOD OAK FOR FURNITURE *of* DIGNITY

Oak Div. of the AMERICAN HARDWOOD MANUFACTURERS' ASSN. answers all letters. Address 000, 14 Main St., Memphis, Tenn.



"HOME and the FIREPLACE"

Let us send you this Booklet gratis. A Mint of Information pertaining to Fireplaces and Hearth Furniture. Write today.

Colonial
Fireplace Company
4620 Roosevelt Road
CHICAGO

P. JACKSON HIGGS
CONSULTING SPECIALIST
in
Interior Decoration
Period Furnishing
Antiques and Reproductions
Rare Specimens on Exhibition
15 EAST 54th STREET NEW YORK
Write for Particulars

YALE SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS
YALE UNIVERSITY, NEW HAVEN, CONN.
SERGEANT KENDALL, Director

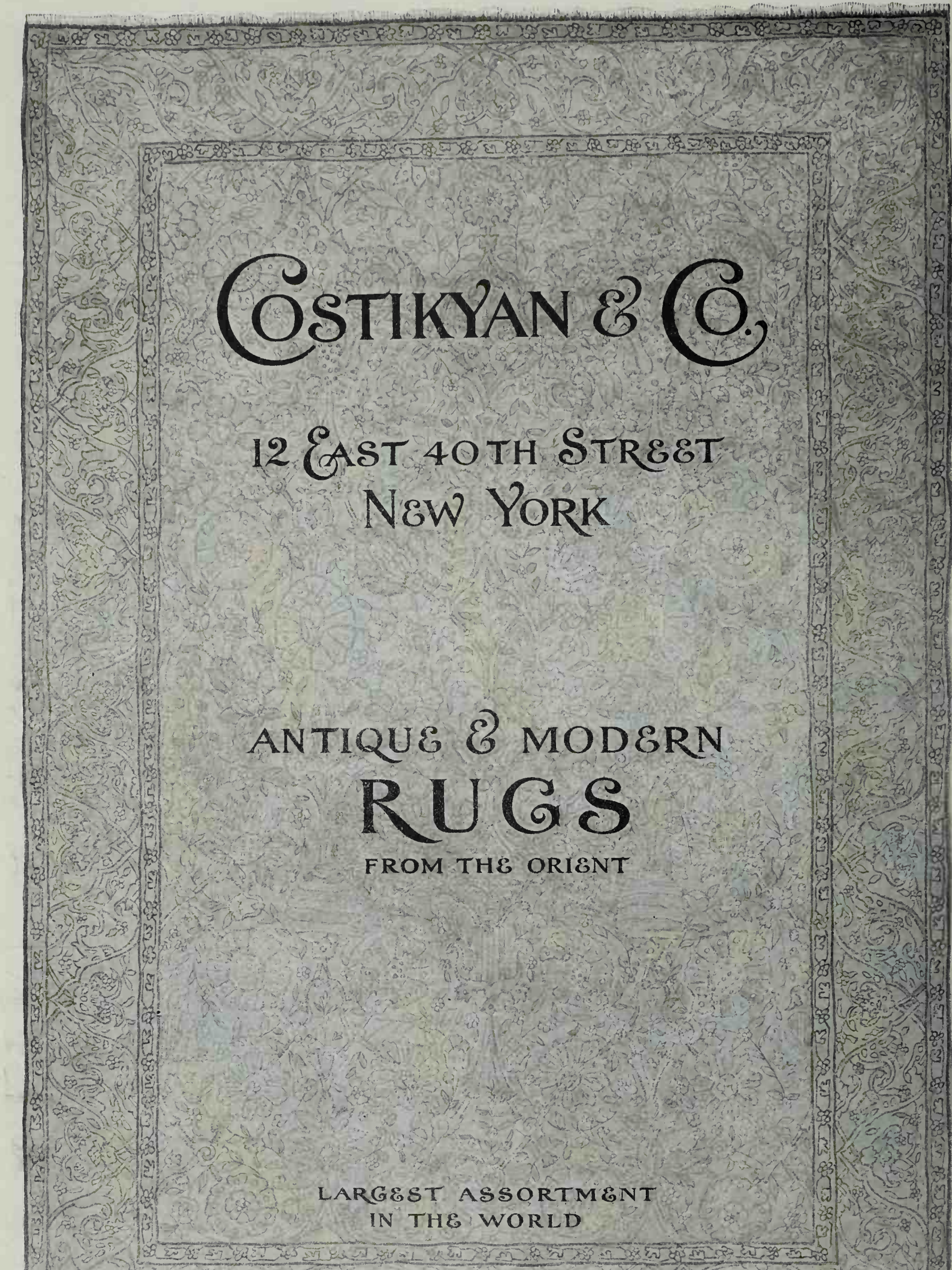
Departments of Drawing and Painting, Sculpture, Architecture
CLASSES IN COMPOSITION, ANATOMY, PERSPECTIVE

FACULTY—*Painting*—Sergeant Kendall. *Drawing*—Edwin C. Taylor, G.H. Langzettel, T. Diedricksen. *Sculpture*—Robert G. Eberhard. *Architecture*—Everett V. Meeks, Franklin J. Walls. *History of Art*—Henry Davenport. *Composition*—Edwin C. Taylor. *Perspective*—Theodore Diedricksen. *Anatomy*—Raynham Townshend, M. D.

DEGREE—The degree of Bachelor of Fine Arts (B. F. A.) is awarded for advanced work of distinction. The Winchester Fellowship for one year's study of art in Europe, the English Scholarship for study of art and travel in Europe during the summer vacation, and School Scholarships are awarded annually.

Illustrated Catalogue A

Address G. H. LANGZETTEL, Secretary



COSTIKYAN & CO.

12 EAST 40TH STREET
NEW YORK

ANTIQUE & MODERN
RUGS
FROM THE ORIENT

LARGEST ASSORTMENT
IN THE WORLD

BLANCHARD PRESS, N. Y.

"A MIGEL SILK"
"MOON-GLO"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

MIGEL
SILKS
ORIGINALITY—QUALITY

"A MIGEL SILK"
"MOON-GLO"
SATIN CREPE

—luxuriously soft—lustrous as the richest satin—"Moon-Glo" Satin Crepe is insisted on by those who appreciate "line" as the first essential of smart attire.

It has become most popular in sports things—as well as in attire of a more formal character.

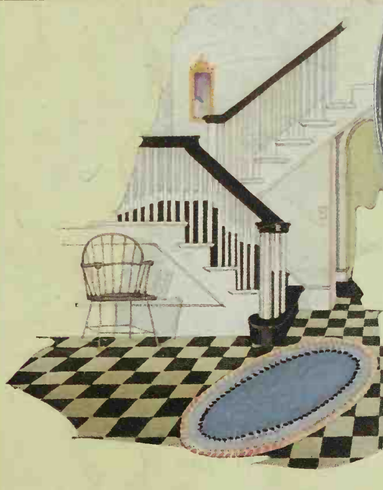
Garments bear a tiny label—the name will always be found on the selvage.

Sole Maker
J. A. Migel
422 Fourth Ave., NEW YORK

Maker of
"Fan-Ta-Si" for Sportswear
"Pierrette" for Sheerwear
"Hindu" for Summerwear
"Moon-glo" for Everywear

NAIRN *Linoleum*

Straight-Line Inlaid



*Kitchen in residence at Long Branch, N. J., showing Nairn in use.

A Good Linoleum is More Than a Floor Covering

THE pattern and color of a floor covering may either enhance or ruin the entire decorative scheme of a room. And it is such a simple matter to select a pleasing linoleum with the infinite variety of pleasing patterns that are found in Nairn Straight-line Inlaids. Nairn gives you a wealth of harmonious floor coverings that will fit the decorative scheme of any room.

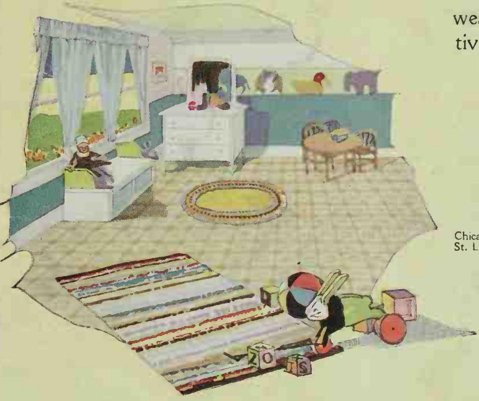
NAIRN LINOLEUM COMPANY, NEWARK, N. J.

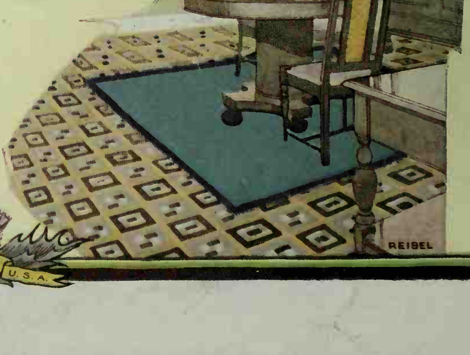
W. & J. Sloane

Sole Selling Agents

575 Fifth Avenue, New York
216-218 Sutter Street, San Francisco

Chicago St. Louis
Los Angeles Denver
Seattle Galveston
Kansas City Portland, Oregon





A complete booklet of designs in full color will be promptly mailed you upon request. Write for your copy today.

---

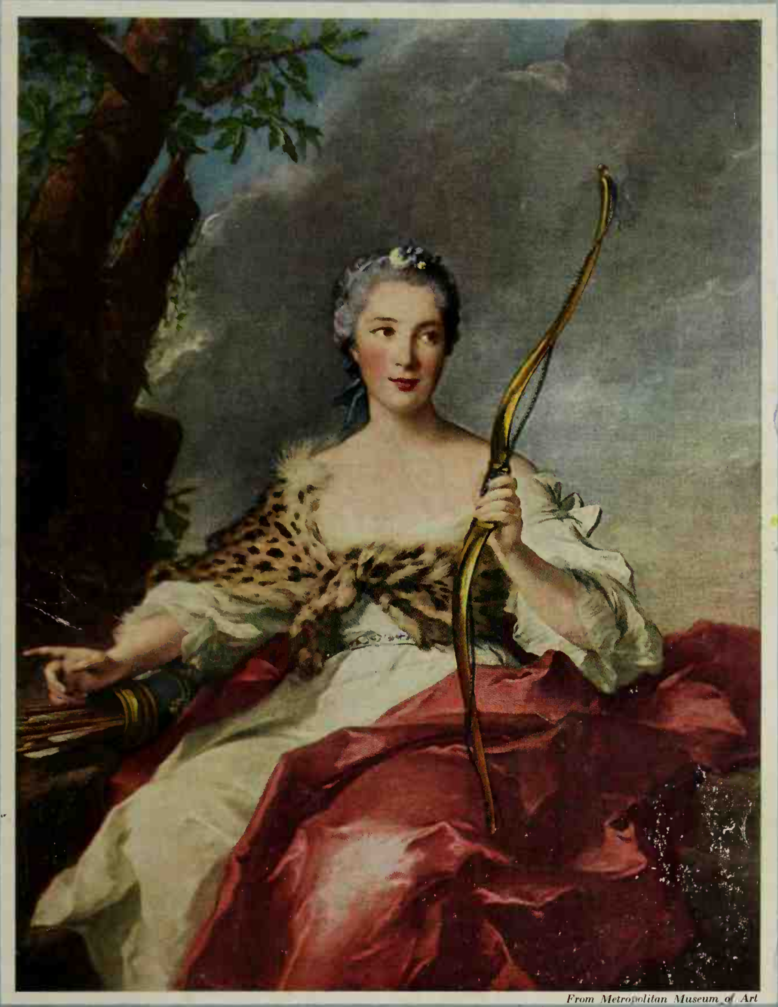
*Name on request.

MADE IN NAIRN'S U.S.A.
REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFF.

HIRTY-FIVE CENTS A COPY

APRIL 25, 1920

ARTS & DECORATION



From Metropolitan Museum of Art

THE USELESS MEMORIAL
GERTRUDE VANDERBILT WHITNEY

BYRONISM IN OPERA
DANIEL GREGORY MASON

STAGE DECORATION
CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

CLAIMS OF INDUSTRIAL ART
LESLIE W. MILLER

THE JOSEPH A. JUDD PUBLISHING COMPANY, Inc., NEW YORK

HOME AND PORCH FURNITURE

Upholding Traditions of Quality
Upsetting Traditions of Price

QUALITY is the greatest furniture tradition of the *past.* *High prices* are the greatest tradition of the *present.* The aim in Sloane Furniture is to *uphold the first and upset the second.*

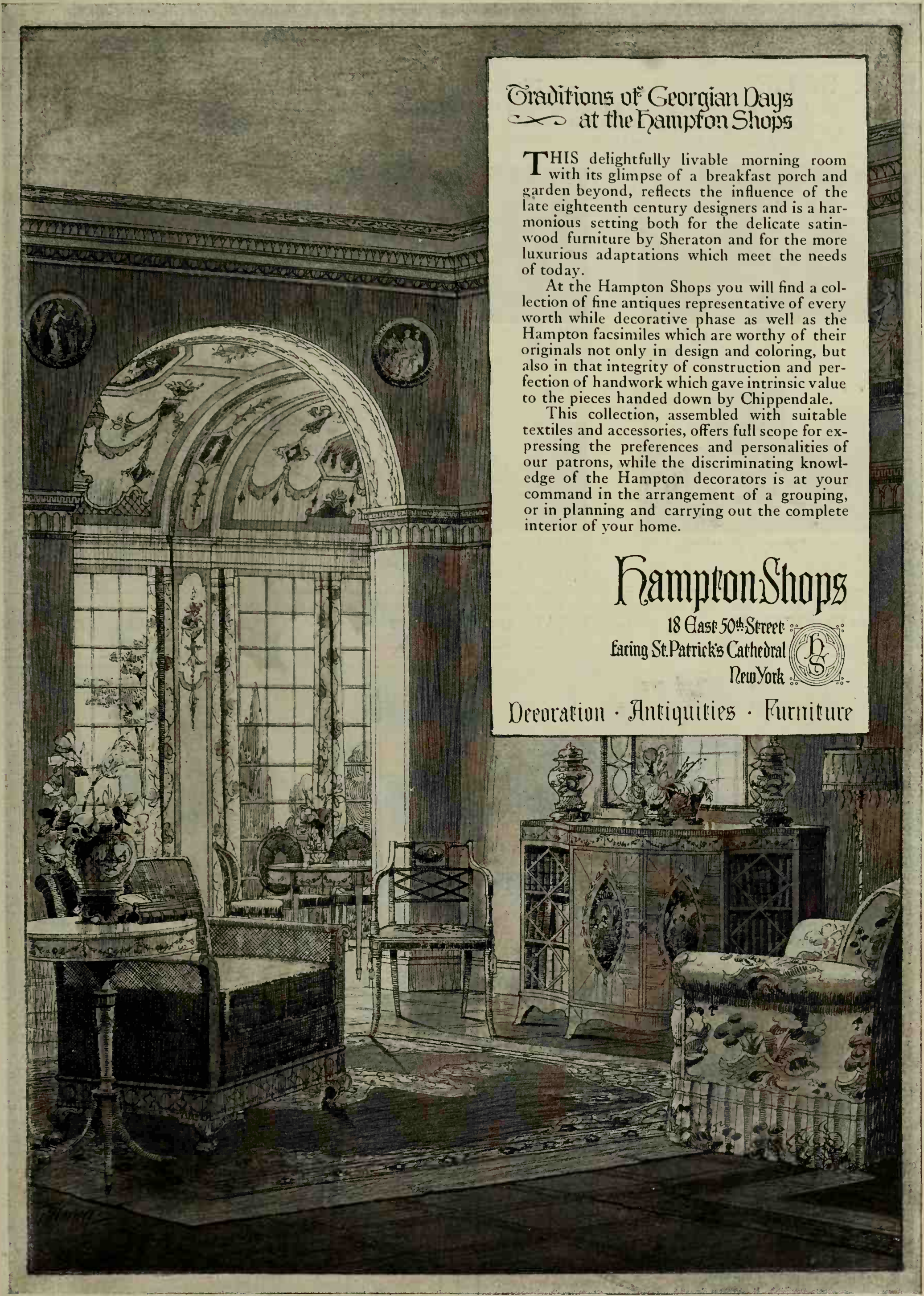
It is possible to have quality without economy. It is impossible to have economy without quality. There is no saving where there is no service, but there is double satisfaction where the prices are reasonably low and the service is unreasonably long.

That is the keynote of Sloane Furniture for dining room, bedroom, or porch, en suite or in single pieces. Refined in design, sound in its construction, and priced as honestly as it is put together.

Furniture Makers
Floor Coverings and Fabrics
Interior Decorators

W. & J. SLOANE
FIFTH AVE & 47th. ST.
NEW YORK CITY

SEP 2



Traditions of Georgian Days
at the Hampton Shops

THIS delightfully livable morning room with its glimpse of a breakfast porch and garden beyond, reflects the influence of the late eighteenth century designers and is a harmonious setting both for the delicate satinwood furniture by Sheraton and for the more luxurious adaptations which meet the needs of today.

At the Hampton Shops you will find a collection of fine antiques representative of every worth while decorative phase as well as the Hampton facsimiles which are worthy of their originals not only in design and coloring, but also in that integrity of construction and perfection of handwork which gave intrinsic value to the pieces handed down by Chippendale.

This collection, assembled with suitable textiles and accessories, offers full scope for expressing the preferences and personalities of our patrons, while the discriminating knowledge of the Hampton decorators is at your command in the arrangement of a grouping, or in planning and carrying out the complete interior of your home.

Hampton Shops
18 East 50th Street
facing St. Patrick's Cathedral
New York

Decoration · Antiquities · Furniture

COUNTRY ESTATES & TOWN HOUSES

FOR SALE :: :: EXCEPTIONAL OFFERINGS

The homes shown are offered for sale through the Real Estate Department of Arts & Decoration. Full particulars as to the terms of purchase, as well as arrangements for seeing these properties, can be made through your own broker, or by direct correspondence with us.

1001A—"Blantye"—Superb country estate in the Berkshires; 240 acres. Modern English residence; 7 master bedrooms, 6 baths, music room with pipe organ. Complete set of outbuildings. Farm land, woods, beautiful gardens.

1002A—"Shadow Hill"—A modern house in the Massachusetts Hills sequestered among ancient trees, surrounded by famous estates. 13 rooms. 8 master bedrooms, 3 baths, complete sewerage. Garage and stable. Electric lights. Bath house.

1003A—A Long Island home of 11 rooms, 3 baths, sleeping porch, 2 car garage. Lot 75x165. Modern in every way. In the Hempstead section. Price, **$25,000**.

1004A—"Stanwich House"—A splendid estate about 10 acres in the hills back of Greenwich overlooking Sound. 5 master bedrooms, 4 baths, adequate servants' quarters, stable and garage, living quarters above. Gardener's cottage.

1005A—A Hudson River estate of 10 acres. 5 master bedrooms, 4 baths, complete equipment. Stable and garage. Gardener's cottage. Beautiful home at a great bargain.

1006A—On the shores of Long Island an estate of 8 acres facing Great South Bay. 6 master bedrooms, 3 baths, 4 servants' rooms, 1 bath. Garage; stable; tenant house; boat house; dock basin.

If you wish to Buy, Sell, Lease or Exchange Real Estate, get in touch with our Real Estate Department. It can help you

ARTS & DECORATION :: REAL ESTATE DEPARTMENT :: 25 WEST 43rd STREET, NEW YORK

A Wonderful Home at Shippan Point

STAMFORD, CONN.

Price $38,500—A $50,000 Value

First Floor:—Hall, large living room with fireplace, dining and music rooms, butler's pantry and kitchen.

Second Floor:—Five master's bedrooms, 2 baths; 2 servants' rooms and bath.

The house is of stucco and some outside timber construction; most pleasing to modern taste; architecturally perfect in all arrangements, improvements and conveniences. Large grounds. Garage. Sound views and privileges of private bathing beach. A year around home and easily accessible for a New York business man.

LESLIE·F·SMITH

442 ATLANTIC STREET
Tels. 2916 and 2917
STAMFORD, CONN.

FOR SALE

A Perfect Country House

MAGNIFICENT country house on the north shore of Long Island—back from the water in the hills between Oyster Bay and Syosset—near the Piping Rock Club in the hunting section.

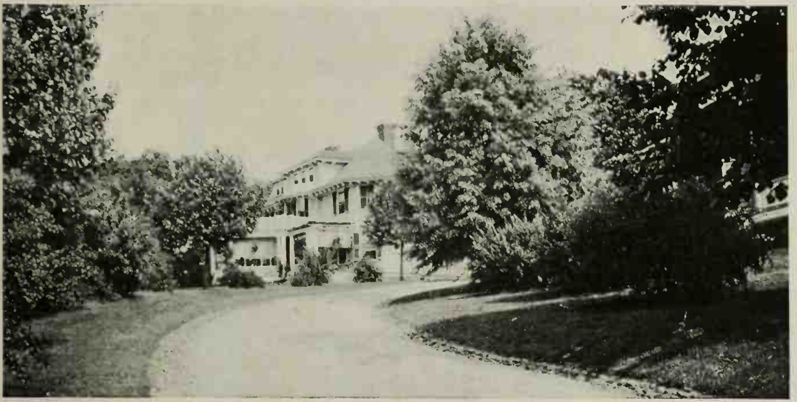
The house is a three-story Red Brick Georgian Colonial dwelling. It is fireproof, and was designed by W. Bosworth, architect. The bricks for the dwelling were brought from Virginia, formerly being in an old Southern manor house. The staircase is from the Bulwer-Lytton house on the Thames. There are 9 master bedrooms, 9 servant bedrooms, 5 master baths, 2 servant baths. On the ground floor is a large entrance hall, a library 25x45, a salon, study, dining room 25x45, reception room, butler's pantry, coat room.

138 acres of high rolling land, a large amount wooded. The house is situated on high ground and commands attractive views.

Outbuildings consist of a white frame farm house for superintendent, a stable and garage accommodations.

For further particulars apply to

Wheatley Hills Real Estate Corporation
Cort. 4657 **95 Liberty Street, New York**



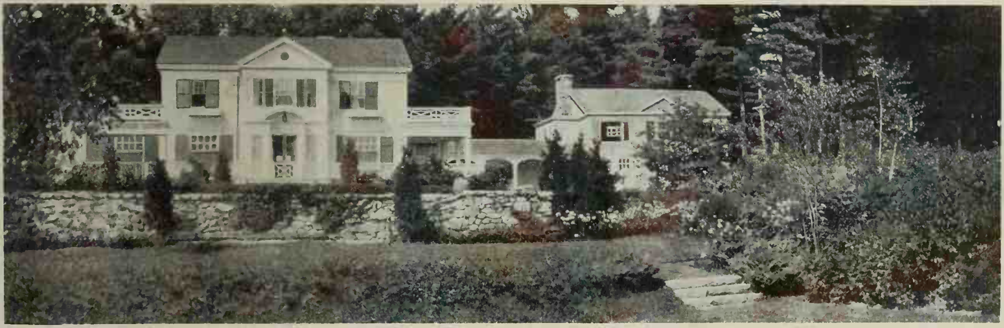
A Delightful and Attractive Shore Front Estate at Huntington, L. I.

The property consists of 72 acres, which has about a quarter of a mile water front on Huntington Bay, on the north shore of Long Island. There is a private lake on the property from which sufficient ice can be cut to supply all summer needs. The buildings consist of a main house, with ten master bedrooms, four baths, dining-room, library, foyer hall, pantry, kitchen, laundry, toilets, etc., together with separate servants' quarters of four rooms and bath. There is a superintendent's cottage, coachman's cottage, each with five rooms and bath; tea house with three rooms, located near the tennis court; a cottage on the hill for assistant gardener; several good chicken houses and runs; cow barn, tower house, ice house, various wells and a pump house. There is also a large green house heated by hot water system. The stable and barn contains five tie and three box stalls for family horses, and in another section five stalls for farm horses, together with feed rooms, carriage rooms, etc. In addition there is a garage, which will accommodate four cars. All pipes, telephone and electric wires are underground. For further particulars of this and other Long Island properties

Write, call, or phone without the slightest obligation
402 Madison Ave. at 47th St.

Thos. H. Todd
SPECIALIST IN LONG ISLAND REAL ESTATE

Telephone Vanderbilt 5595
" Murray Hill 2890



Great Barrington, Mass.

AN estate of exceptional charm, elevation 1000 feet, overlooking the beautiful Berkshire country; 75 acres, 10 acres of woodland, a lake on the property.

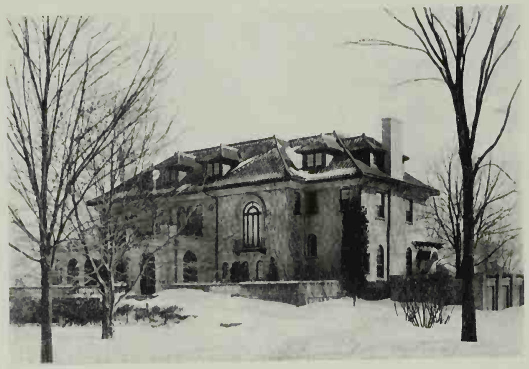
House and garage are thoroughly modern and up-to-date.

For further particulars, apply to

ALBERT B. ASHFORTH, Inc.

Phone,
Murray Hill 1100

12 East 44th Street
New York, N. Y.



STAMFORD, CONN.

52 Minutes from Grand Central

This Delightful Country Place is for Sale

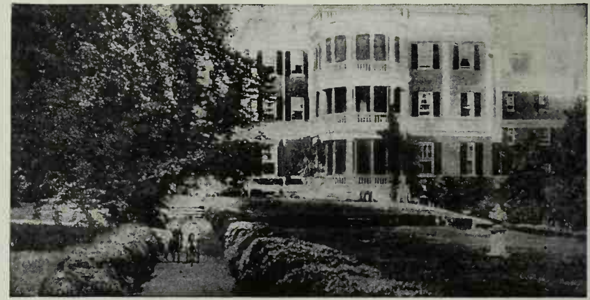
Country Department

DOUGLAS L. ELLIMAN & CO.

414 Madison Avenue **New York**

Verna Homestead

Greenfield Hill, Fairfield County, Conn.



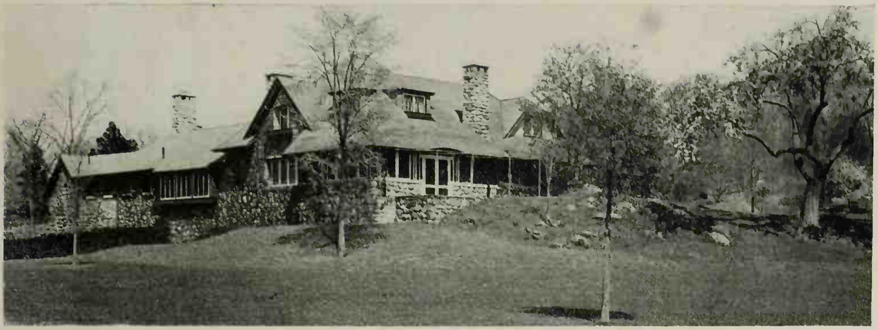
3 miles by good roads from Fairfield or Southport Stations, N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. 8 miles from Bridgeport.

10 acres of ground and lawn.

House, three-story brick, in A-1 condition. Forty rooms, 11 master rooms and 6 baths; 11 servant rooms and 2 baths; 2 sleeping porches; billiard room with complete outfit; house furnished and carpeted; lessee must supply table and bed linen, silver, china and kitchen ware; large coal range and 2 gas ranges; service elevator; fine furnace; garage with room for 3 cars; 4 rooms, kitchen and bath over garage; box stalls for 10 horses; bowling alley. City gas and water connections. Beautiful porches and surroundings. Finest view of the Sound about 3 miles away. To rent for one year at $10,000, or a term of years at $10,000. Caretaker in cottage on premises will show the house at any time.

For information apply to

LAURENCE TIMMONS ***Telephone 456*** **37 Railroad Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.**



A Country House of Charm and Distinction
at
GREENWICH, CONN.

A RESIDENCE DELIGHTFULLY ADAPTED TO ITS UPLAND ENVIRONMENT, SET ON GRASSY LAWNS AT THE EDGE OF RUGGED WOODLAND. A TRULY SUCCESSFUL COMBINATION OF LUXURIOUS COMFORT WITH THE OUT-OF-DOORS.

FOUR BEDROOMS, THREE BATHS, THREE SERVANTS ROOMS AND BATH. GARAGE, FARM BUILDINGS, COTTAGE, TWO GUEST HOUSES, ETC. COMPLETE AND MODERN IN ALL PARTICULARS. **PRICE $85,000.00.** No. 748.

Building and
Decorating Dep'ts

LADD & NICHOLS
GREENWICH, CONN.
TELEPHONE 1717

15 East 54th St.

Town and Country Houses

Buying : Selling : Leasing : Exchanging

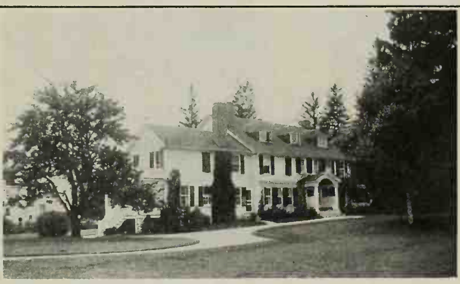
THE Real Estate Section of Arts & Decoration offers the opportunity to interest and establish contact with the most desirable class of prospects for the purchase of high-class properties.

Those desiring to sell, lease or exchange town or country properties will find a responsive and interested audience.

Those desiring to purchase have available for instant service a department that is anxious to be of assistance.

The facilities of this department are at the disposal of both advertisers and readers.

Address
Real Estate Department
ARTS & DECORATION, 25 W. 43rd St., New York

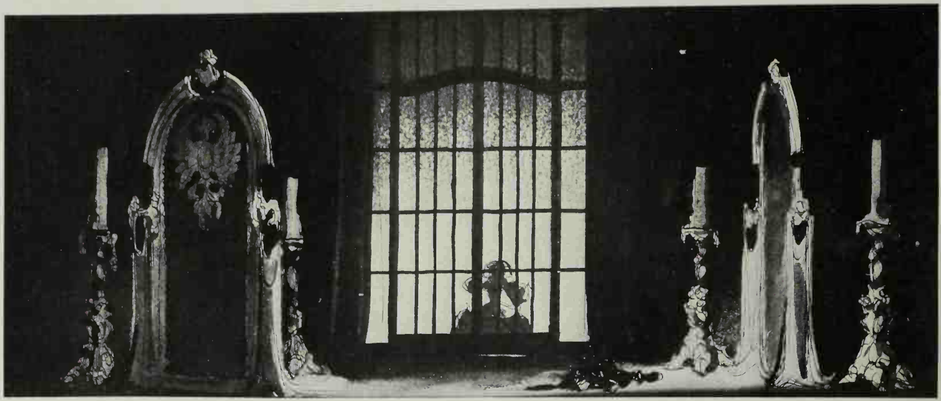


Among the Connecticut Hills

7 acres, 500 fruit trees. Lawns, gardens and shade trees. House, 17 rooms, 4 baths, sleeping porches, open fireplaces. Garage, 4 rooms, bath. Near one of finest links in country. Commuting distance to New York.

GEORGE B. CORSA, 10 East Forty-third St., New York City.

INTERIOR **PAINTING** EXTERIOR
JOSEPH DILLON & SONS
DECORATORS
Established 110 Years
715 MADISON AVE., at 63d St. Tel. Plaza 7098
NEW YORK
ARRANGEMENTS NOW BEING MADE FOR OUT-OF-TOWN WORK



Setting for "The Birthday of the Infanta," by Robert Edmond Jones

APRIL, 1920

CONTENTS

COVER: The Princesse de Conde as Diana—*Nattier.*
Courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Art.

FRONTISPIECE: The Rape of the Lock, *Aubrey Beardsley* 392

EDITORIAL: Three Draftsmen 393

ARCHITECTURE:

Personality in the City House....*Aymar Embury, II* 398
Residence of C. W. Morris, Esq.................. 400
The Philadelphia Residence of C. W. McIlhenny.... 402

ART OF THE WORLD:

Two Paintings from the Forain Show............. 394
John H. Twachtman................*Forbes Watson* 395
Four Portraits by Ambrose McEvoy 416
Bakst and His Decoration 417
Paintings by R. W. Chanler, Decorator............. 418

INTERIOR DECORATION:

A Noah's Ark for Collectors, *Helen Churchill Candee* 410

INTERIOR DECORATION—*Continued:*

Notable French Interiors 412
Antique Laces of American Collectors.............. 414
The Porch as a Refuge and Pleasure............... 415

THE DRAMA:

Shakespeare and Benelli................*Fox Pollen* 396
Jane Cowl in "Smilin' Through" 404
The Drama of the Pistol Shot........*Karl Schmidt* 405
Stage Decoration ....*Charles Henry Meltzer* 408

MUSIC:

Byronism in Opera...........*Daniel Gregory Mason* 424

INDUSTRIAL ART:

Claims of Industrial Art...........*Leslie W. Miller* 428

OTHER INTERESTING FEATURES:

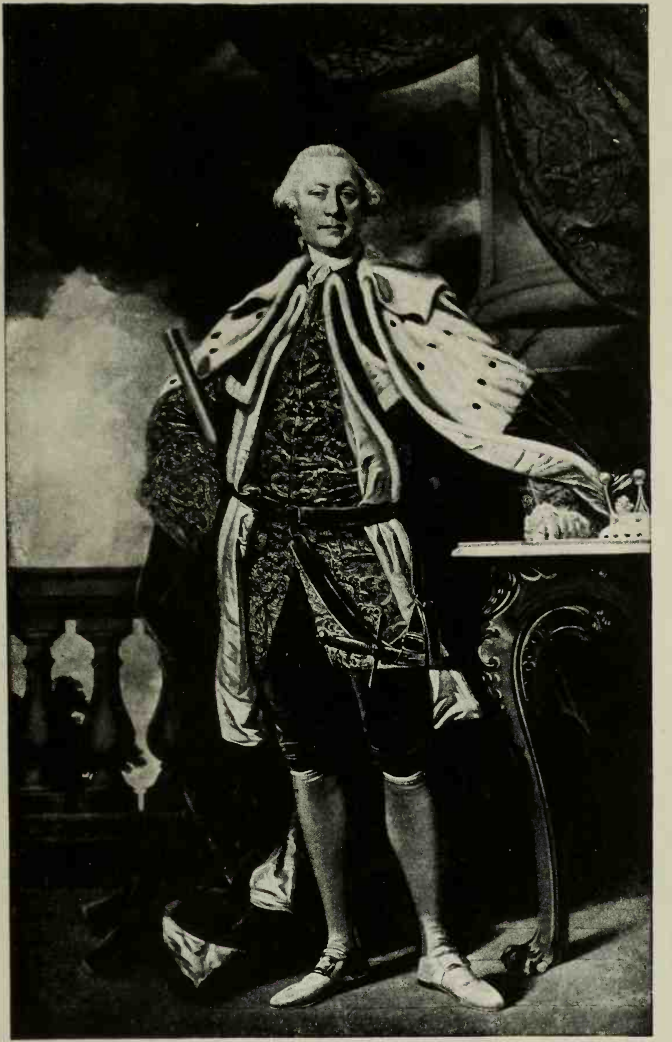
Japanese Sculpture..........*W. G. Blaikie-Murdock* 406
The "Useless" Memorial, *Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney* 420
Three Good Bad Women...............*H. I. Brock* 422
"Kakiyemon" ....*Yone Noguchi* 426

ARTS & DECORATION, April, 1920. Published every month. Volume 12, Number 6; publication office, 25 West Forty-third Street, New York City. Guy Pène du Bois, Editor. Subscription price, $4.00 a year; single copies, 35 cents; foreign subscriptions, $1.50 additional for postage; Canadian subscriptions, $1.00 additional. Entered as second class matter at the postoffice in New York City under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyrighted 1920 by The Joseph A. Judd Publishing Company, Inc. Registered U. S. Patent Office.

TO CONTRIBUTORS—We are always glad to receive and examine manuscripts and photographs, but we cannot hold ourselves responsible for them. All manuscripts and photographs must be accompanied by sufficient postage. **TO SUBSCRIBERS**—Expirations: An advance notice of expiration of your subscription will be sent you on the first of the month of date of expiration. We send an additional reminder on the fifteenth of the month if you have not responded to the first notice. By remitting promptly then, you ensure the regular receipt of the magazine. Change of Address: Must be received before the tenth of the month to affect the forthcoming magazine.

THE JOSEPH A. JUDD PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

25 West Forty-third Street
JOSEPH A. JUDD, Pres't.
New York, N. Y.

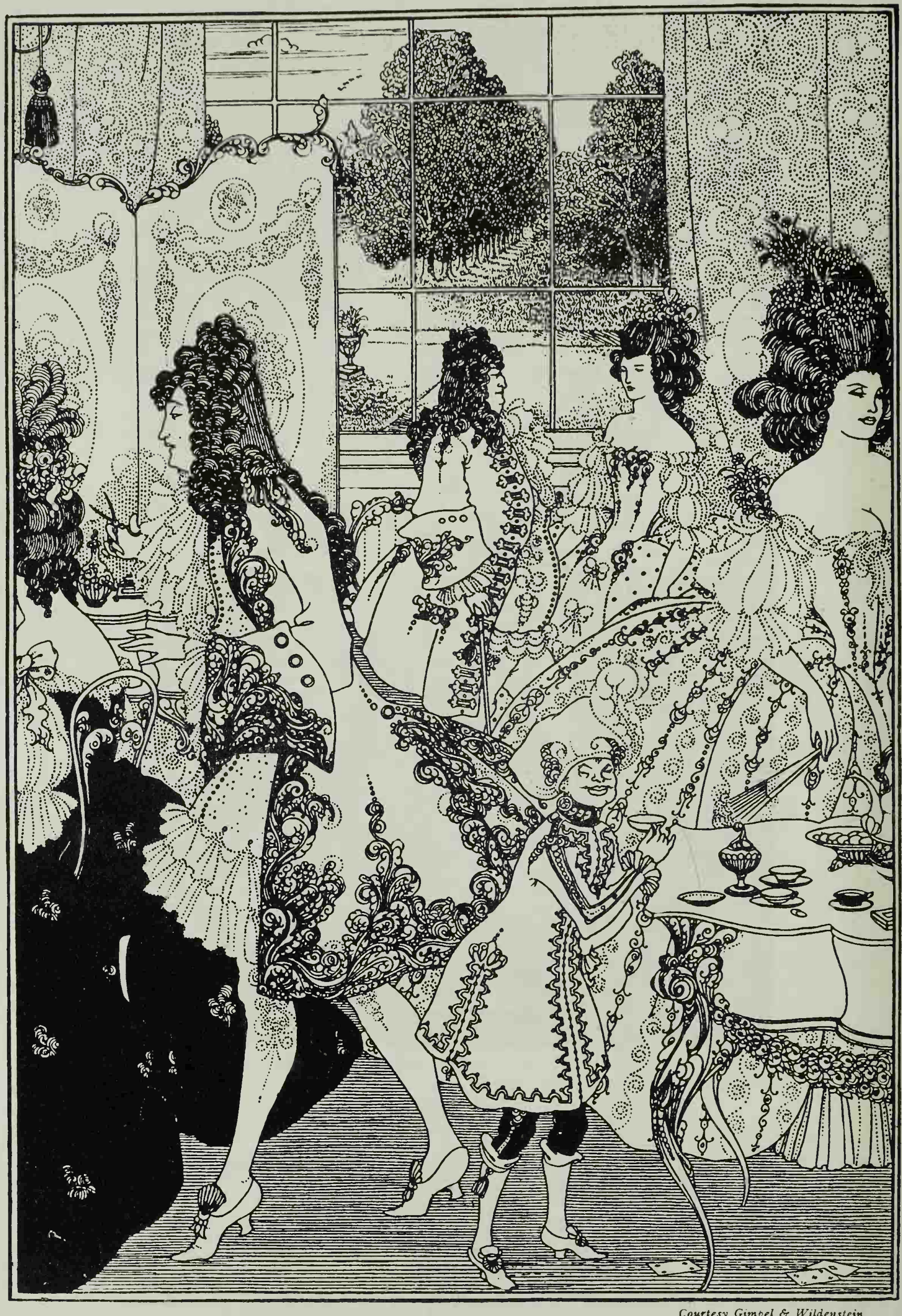


FOURTEENTH EARL OF ERROLL, BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. 93 x 57 inches.
PAINTED 1762. ENGRAVED BY THOMAS WATSON, 1763.

Fine examples of the Early Italian, Dutch XVIIth Century and English XVIIIth Century Schools.

ARTHUR RUCK,

Galleries 4, BERKELEY STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W. 1.



Courtesy Gimpel & Wildenstein

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

AUDREY BEARDSLEY

ARTS & DECORATION

The Foremost Magazine of the Fine and Industrial Arts

ARCHITECTURE · SCULPTURE · MUSIC · PAINTING
DRAMA · INTERIOR DECORATION

VOLUME XII

NUMBER 6

April 25, 1920

Three Draftsmen

NEW YORK saw recently at one time in three galleries, drawings by Aubrey Beardsley, Edgar Degas and Forain. Of these three masters Forain alone is alive. His drawings were supplemented by four paintings, all lending a somewhat dramatic touch to a realistic theme. And yet as we saw him in this collection of his work he of the three is the most realistic. That might raise the question whether realism gained greater force through the concentrated intensities of the dramatic or lost through them that kind of unprejudiced notation which theoretically, at least, should be the point of realism—Zola notwithstanding. With Zola realism marching in the gutter intensified its odors and covered itself, over-richly, with its mire. Realism has come to mean somehow a thing so complete as to contain even the very smell of life. Courbet would have it so. He led horses into his studio so that his pupils might more fully realize their reality.

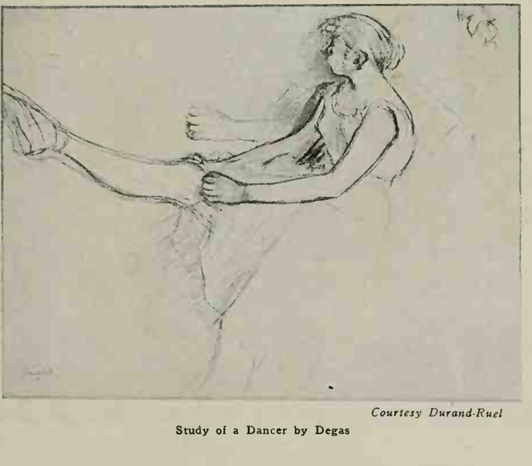
Forain is cooler in his drawings than in his paintings. His "Tribunal" is something of a burlesque on "Madame X," a play which made New Yorkers weep. The "Tribunal" will rather make them laugh. It is the painting of a man who has seen much and acquired through the accruing experience the knack of keeping his balance. It is also the painting of a cartoonist or a caricaturist. This does not necessarily mean that it is vulgar painting, though it will suggest at once, like the make-up of actors, a certain very willful and learned accentuation. Perhaps Forain is more the humanist in his painting than in his drawing. That may be to say that his painting is in closer touch with popular sentimentality than his drawing. His drawing carries the synthesis of Degas a few evolutionary steps further on, but is less intimate, despite that in the intimacies of Degas there was never anything in the ordinary sense suggesting a weakness or a fondness for the subject.

He drew implacably. He investigated, like a scientist or a doctor. Sentimentality seldom, if ever, moved him, despite that in his "The Quarrel" [the title has been changed to "Interior" to save it from a literary English fault] now in the Pope collection at Farmington, Conn., there is an indisputable atmospheric mood. But it is one of nature's and not of his own. His own he kept well in hand. It was fundamentally classic, nearer to Ingres's, his master, than any other contemporary, and almost fervently cold. Degas's vision is that of a man of the world never thrown out of step by the temptation of the moment. He has been accused of cruelty. He never was cruel. He was never kind, and as a fine example of the integral person who cannot be bought he was never casual. Forain is at times. His synthesis is sweeping and, in the later stages, has not infrequently those superficial airs which are born of formula—a formula which drives on with too little respect for variations in the things in which it deals.

Indeed, the only cruel spirit here, in this trilogy, is Aubrey Beardsley, who had the perfervid sensitiveness of an invalid. It will be said that these three are a strange company to be brought into one article. But that is a superficial judgment. All three were equally preoccupied with life, all three have been able to see beyond the literacies of the facts in which they dealt, and to bring into their documents the color of their own personalities. Perhaps Degas is the greatest man, which need not at all be to say that he is the greatest artist. He had so few human weaknesses. Indeed, to judge from his drawings, like Ingres, he was as near to the Puritan ideal of perfection as any man of his epoch, not excepting the so consciously impersonal Constantin Guys.

Beardsley whipped himself to work. Like Charles Baudelaire, he had no interest in the normal, could not be inspired by it, was stupid in its presence. Perhaps the stamp of health bored him. Martin Birnbaum has shown how he worked at night by the light of long candles in a windowless room draped in black. His exoticisms came to him under the stress of exotic conditions, such conditions, in a fury, brought on by the introspection which will come with isolation. These moments he put down with his sensitive pen and an almost superhuman carefulness. Beardsley may have seen the most atrocious ghosts in these silent hours. The very essence of the vicious he caught upon occasion. But he is nearer to Lautrec than to Rops. The last had the greatest health and was the only vulgar one of that trio. In vulgarity Beardsley is miles away from Rops and miles away from Forain, though Forain's precise and decisive line never approaches vulgarity, except it be, now and then, in the quick and casual strokes of an unfamiliar brush. Beardsley's and Degas's works belong to a more conscious, which is to say, probably, a more civilized strata.

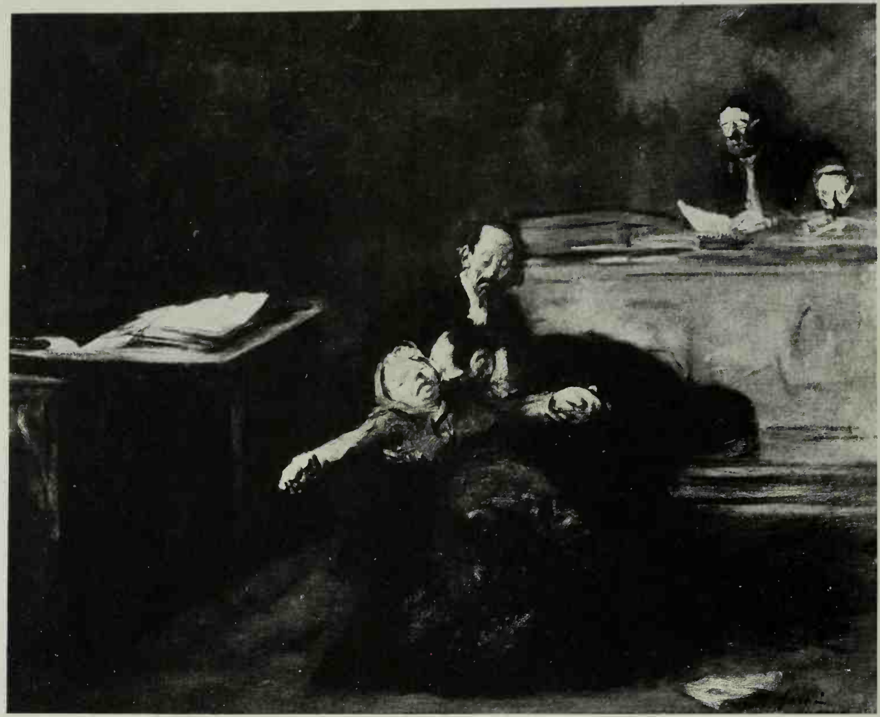
It is possible to imagine either of them shocking Mr. and Mrs. Middleclass into a display of "righteous" anger. Such refinements are not for them nor are such contempts for generalities. And still in Beardsley there is a taint of sentimentality, an English taint, doubtless, which sent him after romance and led him out of his own period. He could not be



Courtesy Durand-Ruel

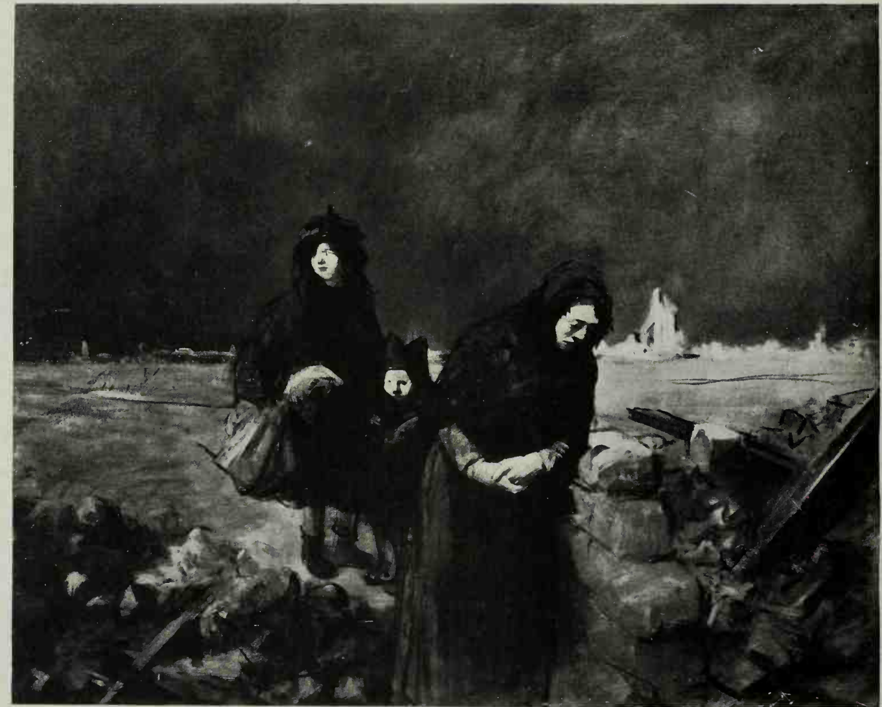
Study of a Dancer by Degas

(*Continued on page 432*)



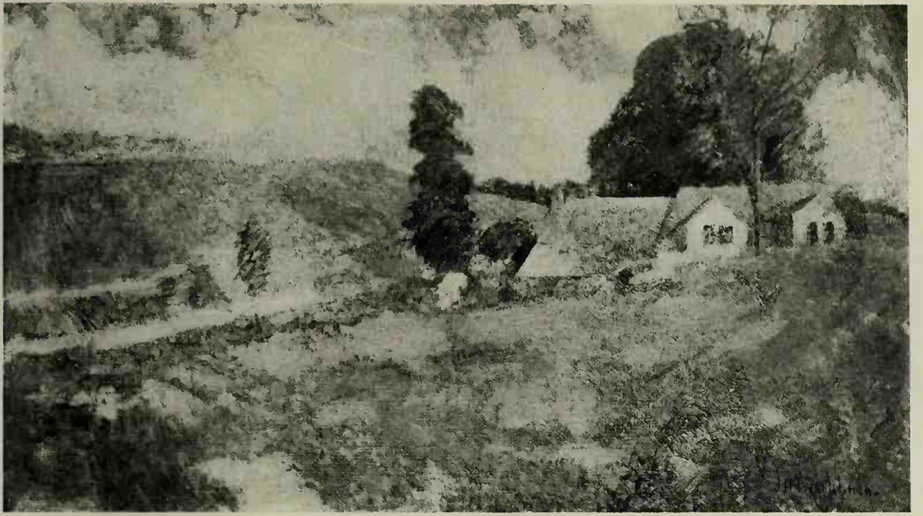
The Tribunal

Two Paintings from the Forain Show



The Return Home after the War

Courtesy C. W. Kraushaar Galleries



Courtesy Macbeth Galleries

SUMMER

John H. Twachtman

A Painter Pure and Simple

FORBES WATSON

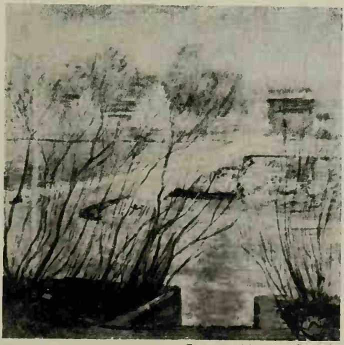
THOUGH he may beat his chest in passionate enthusiasm for the ideas of democracy, the student of art, be he ever so patriotic, is reluctantly forced to the conclusion that art is not democratic, has never been so, and probably never will be so. The "masses" do not receive art. When I say masses, of course I do not mean that the Elect are chosen from any one social class, or that the rich, the well-born, or even the educated have an advantage in this respect. The "masses" may be masses of millionaires, or masses of college professors, as well as masses of laborers. The minority for whom art is a reality springs from all classes, but it always remains a minority, because each person who belongs to it must have, in order to respond to art, something akin to the mental quality of the artist—and artists are admittedly rare birds. There aren't nearly as many of them as there appear to be.

The world being now presumably safe for democracy, how is it to be made safe for art? —for we can by no means live without it. That it has not been safe in the past needs no proving. The artist's life of neglect and struggle and sometimes despair is a very old story, so old that everybody takes it for granted. Is it ever going to be possible to avoid this waste of our finest and best?

It has not been avoided so far, and the altogether inadequate public appreciation of the art of John H. Twachtman is a case in point. It is eighteen years since Twachtman died, after a life of struggle, and the people in general are still far from realizing his proper place in American art—in the art of the world, for that matter. What are the prospects for ultimate justice to his fame? At present, perhaps, not particularly favorable, because the fashion of the moment is out of touch with impressionism. But perhaps it is not necessary to worry about the ultimate fame of an artist so intensely individual as Twachtman. It will survive fashions, and appreciation is cumulative. Of course, among artists he has held a high place for years.

Twachtman himself made no concessions whatever for popular support. Neither did he set up any antagonism to the popular verdict. There was never in his work the slightest trace of bumptiousness or defiance, and he was incapable of using unpopularity for advertising purposes, as Whistler did. He simply painted.

Although the two men were so different in character, the art of Twachtman has much in common with that of Whistler. Both were painters pure and simple, concerned with the visual impression, without regard to illustrative or dramatic interest. They were alike in lightness and sureness of touch, and in scorn for the obvious and the emphatic. Twachtman's instinctive avoidance of the banal was entirely without straining after the eccentric—not equally true of Whistler. But it will not do to push the comparison too far. The differences in color between the two artists are of course enormous, and in the manner of using paint.



Courtesy Macbeth Galleries

VIEW FROM THE HOLLY HOUSE

Twachtman was born in 1853, and worked in Munich and Italy with Duveneck, and afterwards went to Paris. His early pictures, though revealing some of his qualities as an artist, his sincerity, his absorption, and to a certain degree his delicacy of touch, are dark in color and far removed from the radiant high key that became characteristic of his later work. It was not until he had returned to America that he became interested, through the letters of his friend, Theodore Robinson, who had remained in France, in the ideas of impressionism, then becoming known in the work of Claude Monet and his associates. Twachtman and Robinson were doubtless the first American artists to use the high-keyed out-of-doors palette. The thing is so much a matter of course now that it is hard to realize that thirty-five years ago such painting was regarded as a daring feat—if it were not held to be a mere fad, and an impertinence to the public. It proved to be a revelation to Twachtman, and for the rest of his life he painted the landscapes that we know him by, saturated with vibrating light.

He became associated with Childe Hassam and J. Alden Weir, who were also making their experiments in the kind of painting then regarded as so revolutionary. Gradually finding other artists having a point of view more or less sympathetic, they founded the group known as the Ten American Painters. The Ten were looked upon as very "advanced," not quite to be taken seriously, or at least not to be wholly approved of by cultured and conservative persons, but in time the organization won a strong following, and finally found itself almost in a position to dictate the artistic taste of the American art world. Life is change. And the irony of time has put the older generation on the defensive now, so

(*Continued on page* 434)

Photographed by Francis Bruguière

The throne room scene, costumed and posed by Robert Edmond Jones

Shakespeare and Benelli

Current Romantic Drama Fuses and Confuses the Arts in the Theatre

FOX POLLEN

"WELL, what do you think of the Tragedy of Richard III as a comedy?" asked a merry feminine voice at my shoulder, as, wedged in a throng which was surging out of the Plymouth Theatre, the human mass was halted for a moment. I, who had been doing some thinking on my own account, turned. Though the query had not been addressed to me, nevertheless I could not avoid an interest in the reply. It was given in a tone of cheerful resignation.

"Oh, well," was the form it took, "better Shakespeare somehow than nohow!" Then both laughed, after which the lady continued, "But aren't the dresses too lovely for anything?" Then the jam separated us, shifting others into their places. A buzzing was now going on on all sides. I caught what was said by two subdued voices.

"A rather ambitious and not unpraiseworthy amateur effort," the man was saying. "Quite a little suggestive, however, that star and manager go on the theory that a live mouse is more interesting than a dead lion."

"Still, from a pictorial point of view," persisted his companion—and then they, too, were swept on, leaving in my mind a question as to how far one is warranted in dignifying a palpably amateur effort, whether this be of the brush or pen, of song, stage impersonation or presentation, by an estimation of its value through the standards set by centuries, standards which have been accepted and reverenced by every great artist whose shadow still lingers in view on the horizon of the past. How far is one warranted in discussing seriously mere "precocious audacity"—in the *coulisses* this is the word which is being applied to the Plymouth revival of Shakespeare, the latest "hack" at art to be made in the local theatre—when it functions through attempts at destruction of art works, and succeeds, at least momentarily, in desecrating them? In the three hundred and four years since Shakespeare rose to his apotheosis it is improbable that anything so crude, not to say presumptuous, has been done with his master works as this gorgeous pageant recently produced under the disingenuous, even the meretricious, title of "The Tragedy of Richard III and Henry VI, *as depicted by Shakespeare.*"

Photographed by Francis Bruguiere

John Barrymore as Richard III

Herbert Spencer has said that the public may be made to accept and to believe in anything, however erroneous, if often enough reiterated and powerfully enough supported. This the gentlemen responsible for the aforementioned pageant appear to have chosen as a motto upon which to operate; for in this, and in the case of a preceding work, they have tested and proved it, at least to the present, by being financially successful. But can anyone persist in vandalism and prosper? If I remember rightly some years ago someone exhibited in the United States a beautiful Venus, skilfully darkened and otherwise treated to suggest an antique work, and by which the exhibitors made quite a lot of money besides drawing pages of comment and controversy from the press, upon the perfection, etc., of the beautiful imposition, which, nevertheless, was eventually consigned to the limbo in which even lovely shams are inevitably immuned. Real things, even though recognition of them may come slowly, mount steadily in value; but the counterfeit, though a recognition of it by the unsophisticated be instantaneous and vociferous, sinks out of sight despite the efforts of its promoters to keep it on the surface.

It may be that the statement that appears upon the Plymouth Theatre programs, and which boldly announces the entertainment this theatre is now offering "as depicted by Shakespeare," acts as a bugle call to the critical faculties of those who in good faith go to see the "show" as such. It may be that the statement will be accepted at its face value as other equally misleading statements have been. It will almost certainly pass without examination by those who go to the theatre principally to kill time, even as was accepted the announcement by the same theatre group of the work presented under the title of "The Jest." As a jest it was all right. But the announcement represented the work as being Benelli's masterpiece, *la Cena delle Beffe,* which was all wrong. The coupling of the two plays, as I shall presently make clear, is inevitable here. It is impossible to view Mr. Barrymore's conception of *Richard III* without, at the same time, reviewing the other "impersonation," and supplying the something still to be said of the Italian poet's work.

However, for the moment, and because this is the point at which it should be done, we will glance at *Richard III* as he is now being portrayed, and as Shakespeare and history unvaryingly report him.

The humpbacked Plantagenet was not a fiction of the incomparable imagination of the master poet, and is not, therefore, permissibly a character in which a favorite player may vary and change the author's drawing in mood and import to fit the length and breadth of his own peculiar equipment. He is a human fact, a fixed type which has been cast in the hard metal of history, into a permanent form. He became, nevertheless, some twelve years ago, the protagonist of *Giannetto,* Benelli's stoop-shouldered man of letters, who, in the Plymouth Theatre production, was converted into a romantic artist.

Shakespeare modelled his character of Richard upon living records of that monster who died, in middle life, only eighty years before the bard was born. Hence there was data in plenty of indisputable authenticity as to just the sort of individual the Plantagenet was. He has been called "a brave, haughty, polished courtier; a crafty statesman, who seemed a saint when he most played the devil," and, so say a hundred others, he was distinguished by "currish lineaments; was stealthy and obsequious, yet sinister; the embodiment of vicious strength born of a smouldering consciousness of inward power (despite his cruel physical misfortunes), and of hatred, ambition and revenge."

"At all times merciless," says another historian of him, "he was a dangerous beast to handle. His gait was awkward, but he could spring of a sudden like a toad or a spider." So Richard has been portrayed by every stage artist of the past, though many have accented, and most commendably, the sardonic strain in him which history accords and with which Shakespeare doubly invests him. Likewise the Plantagenet elegance in dress has always been accorded him. He came of a race which had reigned nearly three hundred years and wore royal robes royally, as became one bred in the purple. Enveloping cloaks that concealed in so far as the royal tailors of the times could make them do so his physical handicaps lent a something of majesty and awe even to his evil personality.

Photographed by Francis Bruguière

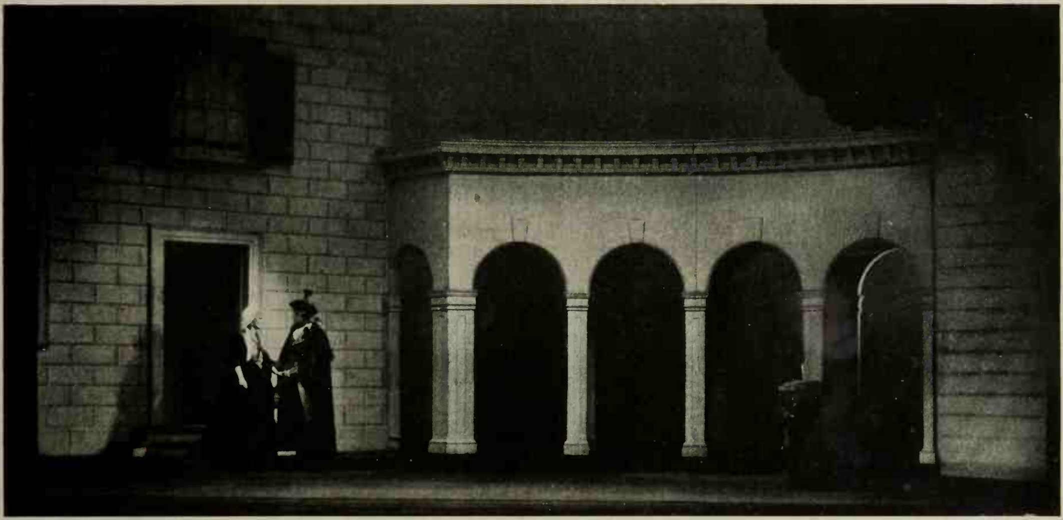
Miss Evelyn Hall, as Elizabeth, Edward IV's Queen

It has remained for the present player and producer, however, to convert this sinister yet commanding historic figure into a shambling *grimacier;* a jester, who, in the pivotal central scenes—there are sixteen pictures in all—appears in scarlet clothing of a cut the very opposite of that worn by other gentlemen of the court and royal group, and which bids for attention by baring Richard's deformity to the world in the most abbreviated garments, while he plays with his short sword, which, wierdly enough, more than once suggests a jester's zany. In these scenes, and in the gorgeous throne scene, where Richard, who was, at that period, under forty, is played as if verging on the senile, theatre values are all inverted. The efforts of player and producer, far from repeating the tragedy "as Shakespeare depicted it," have produced a figure which is the antithesis of the bard's and history's Richard, but which is practically a perfect drawing of Benelli's original portrayal of *Giannetto.*

Curiously enough, the abbreviated costume and its color appear to supply—belatedly alas! an explanation of the altogether shocking metamorphosis which the Italian author's master work underwent at the hands of the same group, and which, to more than one, has suggested the presence of Bolshevism in the very holy of holies of Theatre Art. As, to my knowledge, the real character of the Benelli work has never been revealed in the American press, a brief *résumé* of it here may not be too late to correct some impressions that have been made of it.

When first produced in Italy, in 1908-9, *la Cena delle Beffe* roused the entire nation to

(*Continued on page* 446)



Photographed by Francis Bruguière

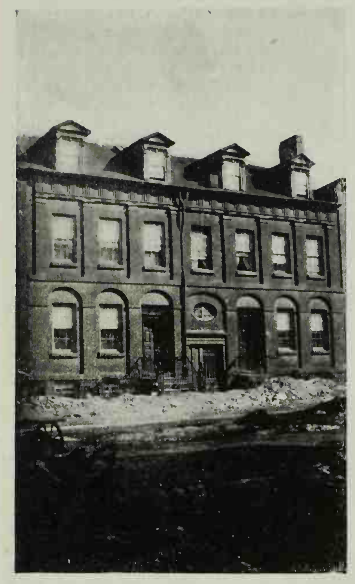
Night at Mount Vernon, 1776, as pictured by Robert Edmond Jones in "George Washington," recently produced

Architectural Impressions

AYMAR EMBURY, II

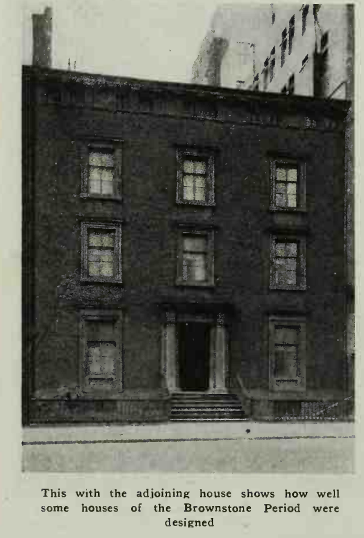
Editor Department of Architecture

Personality in the City House



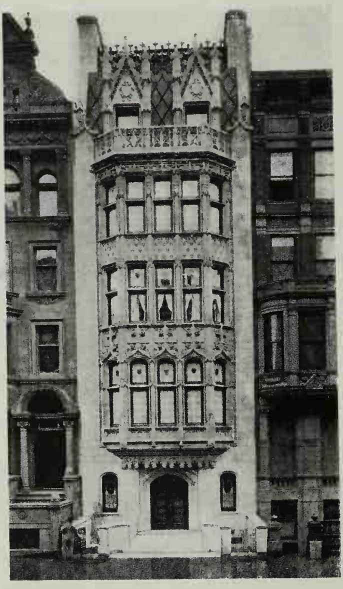
A pair of Old Brick Houses on Charlton Street. Built about 1820

COUNTRY houses in the United States have shown from the very earliest times an independence of thought on the part of the owners that has been almost totally absent from our city houses; indeed it is only with the last few years that the city house has generally been considered as a problem which could be treated in an individual way, or which was worth while so to treat. It is likely that the first houses built on Manhattan island did not resemble each other very greatly; we can not be sure since none of them are left, and we must rely upon the old prints of the city for our information, but very early in Colonial times we began to standardize our city houses, and until within the past twenty years this practice has been continued.

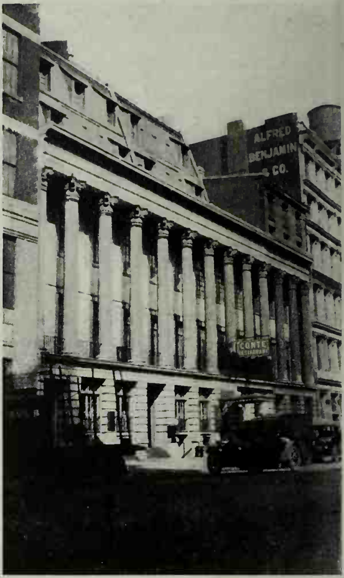


This with the adjoining house shows how well some houses of the Brownstone Period were designed

It is not perhaps generally realized that most Colonial and early American houses were probably as generally similar to each other as were the rows of brownstone houses built in the Victorian age: the surviving examples of those early houses are so different from the city house to which we are accustomed that we think of them as having always been unique, whereas they were in fact quite as commonplace in their time as the brownstone house was in its period. They were of course far better designed on the average than the later houses, but only because the stock materials and ornament were better, and not because the designers were more intelligent. My attention was first directed to this fact when, some years ago, I had occasion to buy for a client an old colonial wooden doorway with leaded sidelights and fan. My client's requirements were pretty definite, and I roamed about the streets of lower New York for several days looking for doorways which would fit his needs, and which could be bought. I measured up a number of doorways and found that there were only three patterns used in about fifty which had doors of the type we needed, and investigation showed that the same thing was true of the cornices and the window frames; the plans of the houses varied slightly, but the façades varied only in the methods by which the elements were combined: the elements themselves were few in number, and of similar materials. Of course this should not be taken to mean that there were no Colonial houses in New York which had personalities distinct from the common run, but that there was a "common run" of houses then as now.

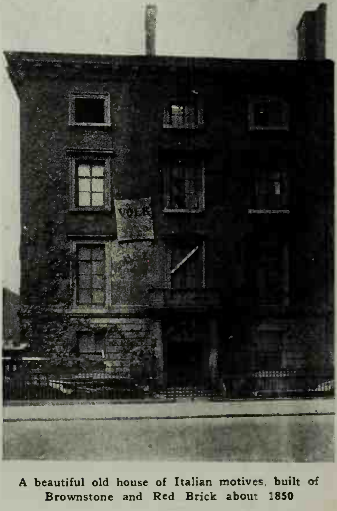


A splendid Façade of early French Renaissance motives. Residence 40 West 57th Street. Kirby, Petit and Green, Architects

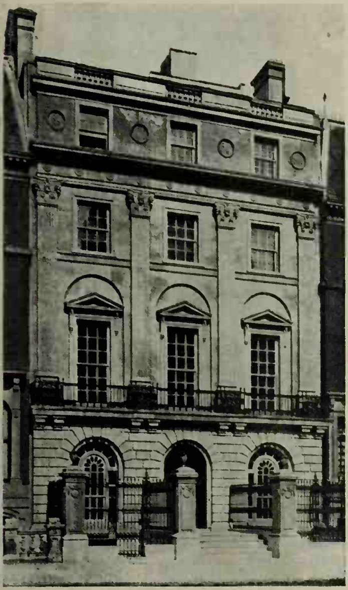


"Colonnade Row" on Lafayette Street, New York. A beautifully proportioned example of the Classic Revival

Later came the period of the Greek Revival:

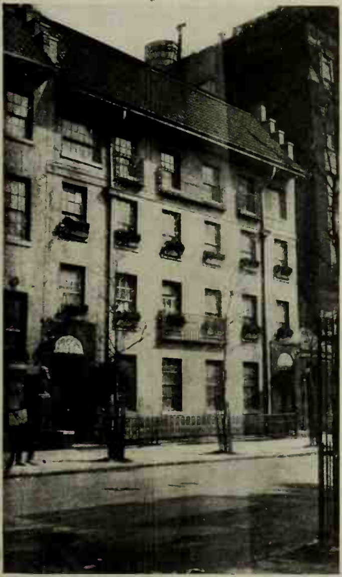


A beautiful old house of Italian motives, built of Brownstone and Red Brick about 1850

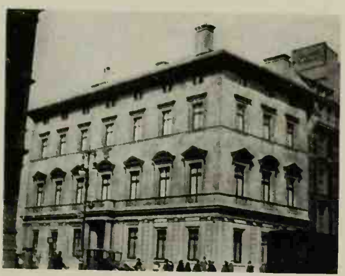


English Georgian Architecture in New York. Residence, R. T. Wilson, Jr., 15 East 57th St., New York. Hoppin, Koen & Huntington Architects

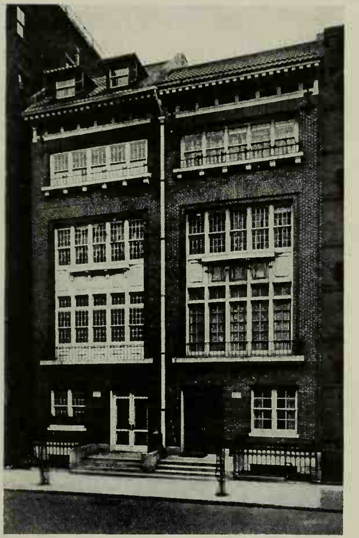
it is only necessary to point to the north side of Washington Square to prove that individuality was not sought after by the owner of that day. What a prospective home builder of that time was looking for was a house as good as those of his neighbors, not one that was different; however, there were occasional houses or groups of houses of a quality far beyond the rest, of which the little pair in Charlton Street are modest examples and the famous old Colonnade row on Lafayette Street is a very noble type.



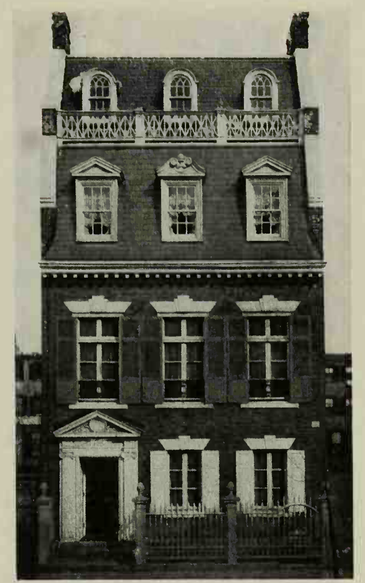
Two houses in East 19th Street of stucco and brick with ornamental iron work. Frederick J. Sterner, Architect



A house of Italian motives at the corner of 49th Street and 5th Avenue. McKim, Meade & White, Architects



Houses of interesting character. A very modern adaptation of the English town house. Houses, 105 and 107 East 73rd Street, New York. Grosvenor Atterbury, Architect



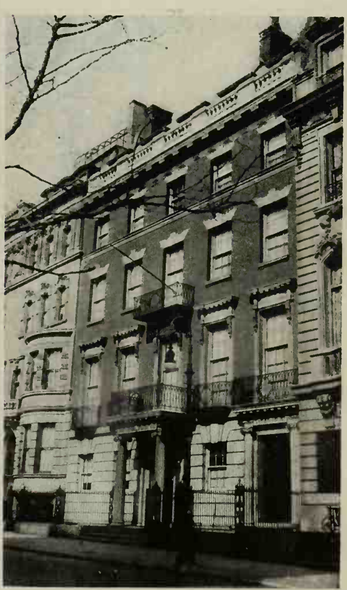
A delightful rendering of simple Colonial motives. 123 East 73rd St., New York City. R. Burnside Potter, Architect

After the Neo-Grec period came the terrible brownstone plague,—it seems foolish to call it a "period"—and the streets of New York assumed the distressing appearance which we associate with the New York residence. Not that these houses were of an equality of bad design; some were only mediocre; a few were really admirably proportioned and beautifully detailed; but the dull muddy color of the material, and the somber taste which forbade the painting of the trim and iron work, a tint which would relieve the general depressing color scheme, has led us to lump them all together into a single mass.

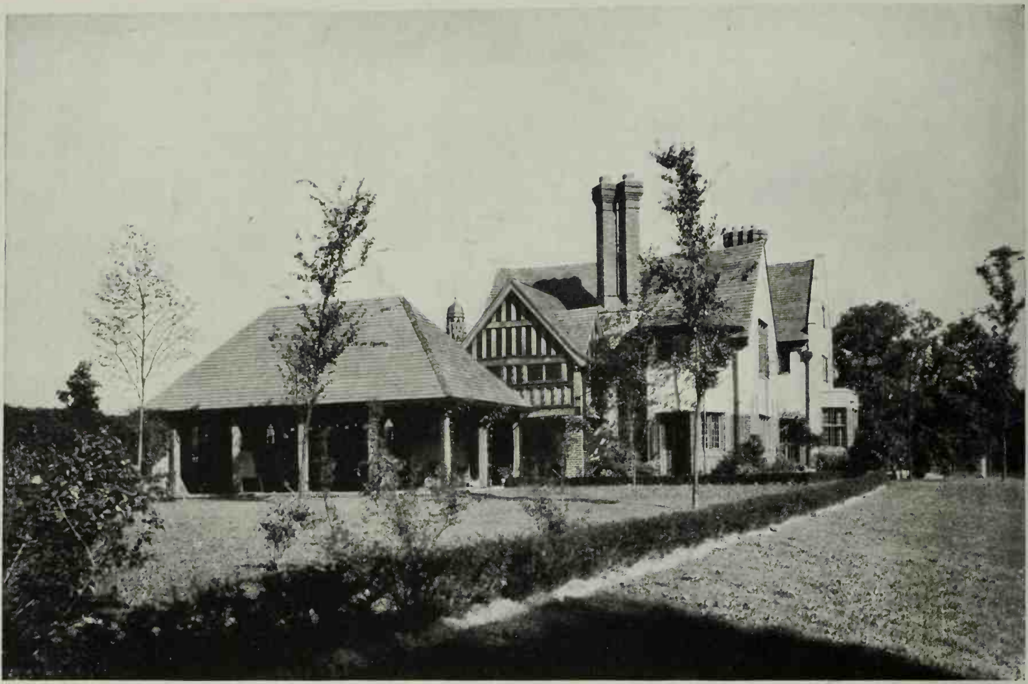
It is curious that materials were so uniform during these early periods of our art; the Colonial houses, almost invariably of red brick and white woodwork, with occasional white bases, the Neo-Grec work of red brick and marble, and the Victorian houses of brownstone. Some divergencies from the common rule have always existed; the earliest of our masonry houses in New York were of small yellow brick imported from Holland, and at all times there have been occasional examples of houses in solid block fronts built entirely of wood. In the Neo-Grec period, the combination of brick and marble was varied by the introduction of brownstone and red brick, or of brownstone with white trim, but in general the materials used in a façade were in the various periods so uniform as to be sufficient to indicate the period, and since most of the early American houses were well designed, we normally think of any old red brick and white wood house as being beautiful just as we regard any brownstone house as being necessarily bad. Of course this is as untrue as it is natural; we should regard these old houses with the same discrimination that we use in approaching modern work, and we can find houses of as good design and as valuable for precedent in modern work among the Victorian brownstone fronts, as among the Colonial houses.

It is an interesting fact that the majority

(*Continued on page 436*)



A pair of houses of urban Colonial motives on 54th Street. McKim, Meade & White, Architects

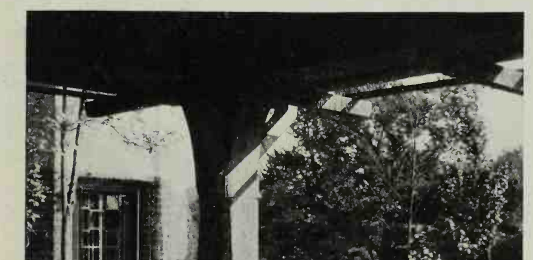


South and West elevations, showing Fleche

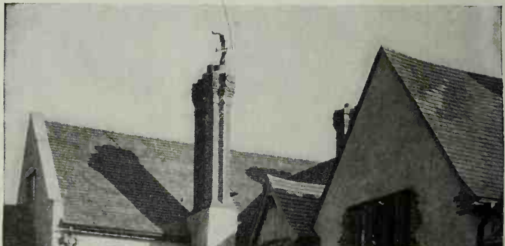
Residence of C. W. Morris, Esq.

Haverford, Penn.

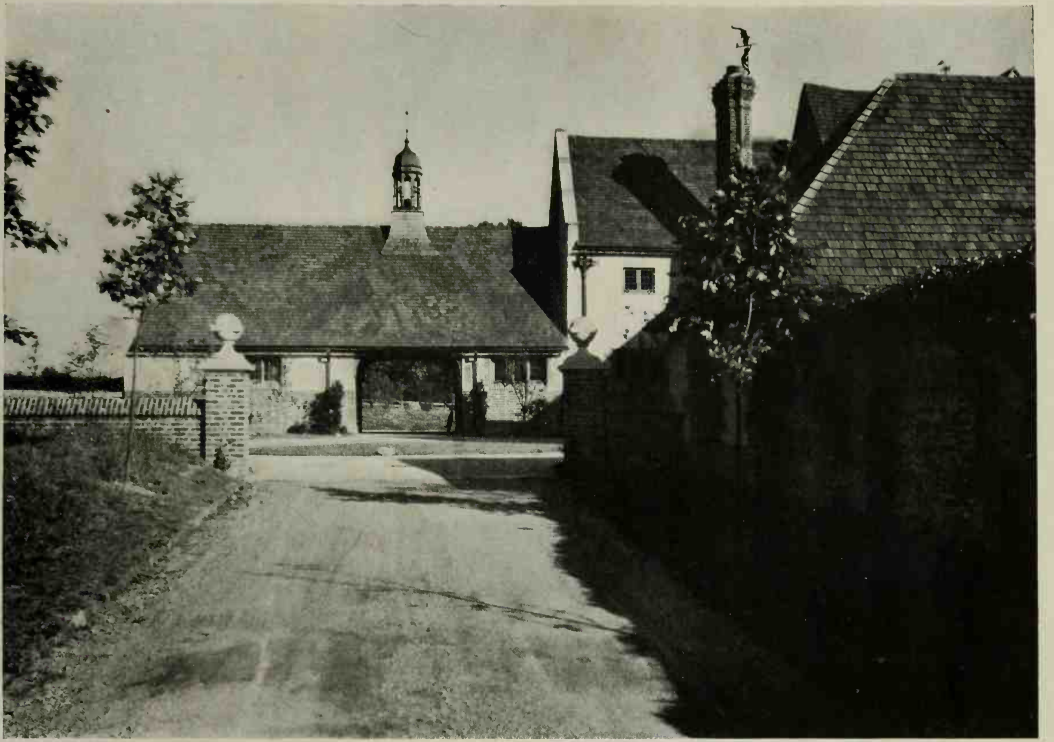
MELLOR, MEIGS & HOWE, ARCHITECTS



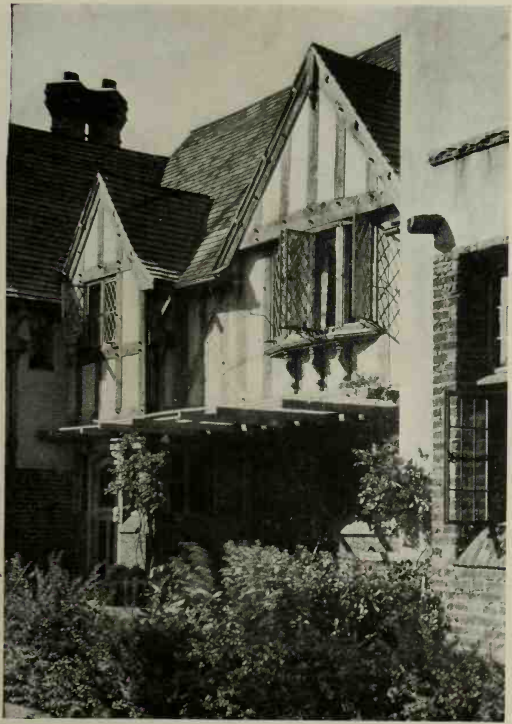
Pool from porch, showing living room entrance



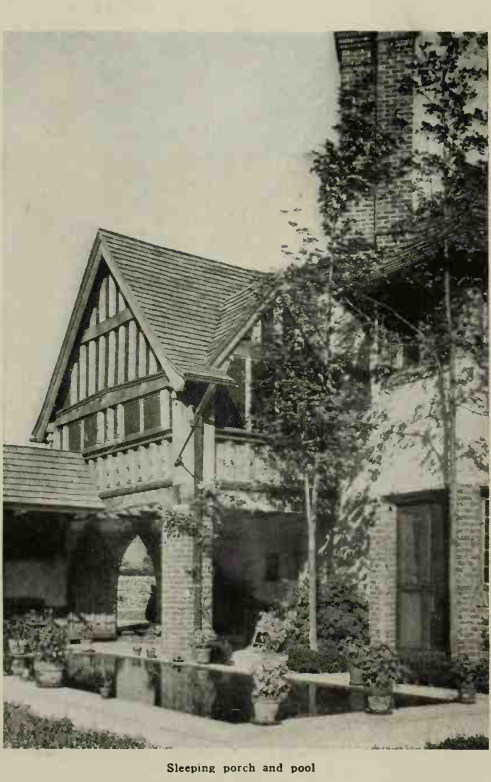
Front entrance seen through forecourt gates



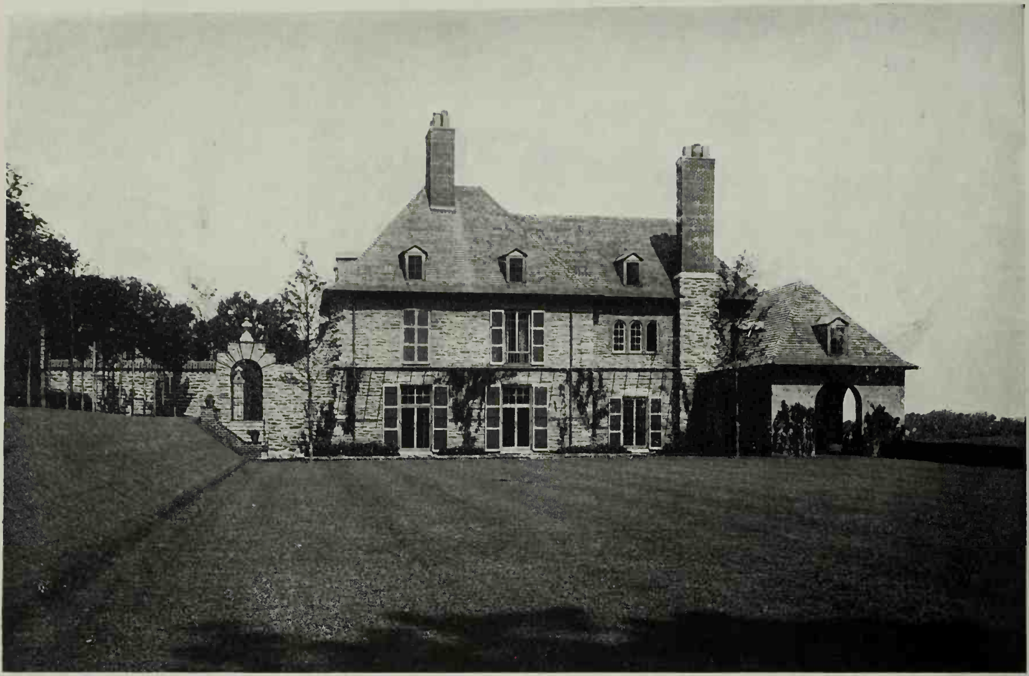
Services seen from drive across forecourt



South entrance with diamond paned bay



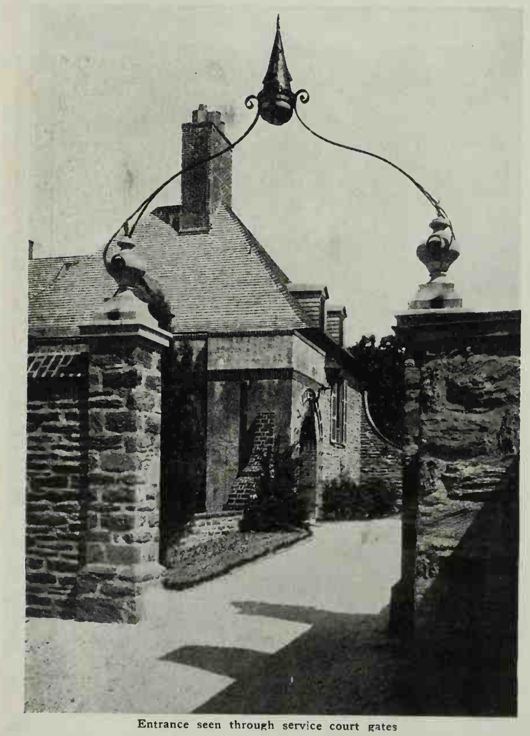
Sleeping porch and pool



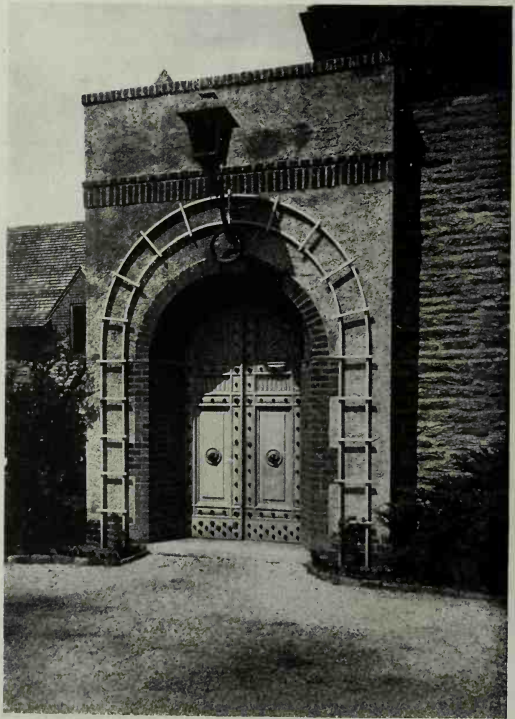
Southeast facade from parterre

The Philadelphia Residence of F. S. McIlhenny

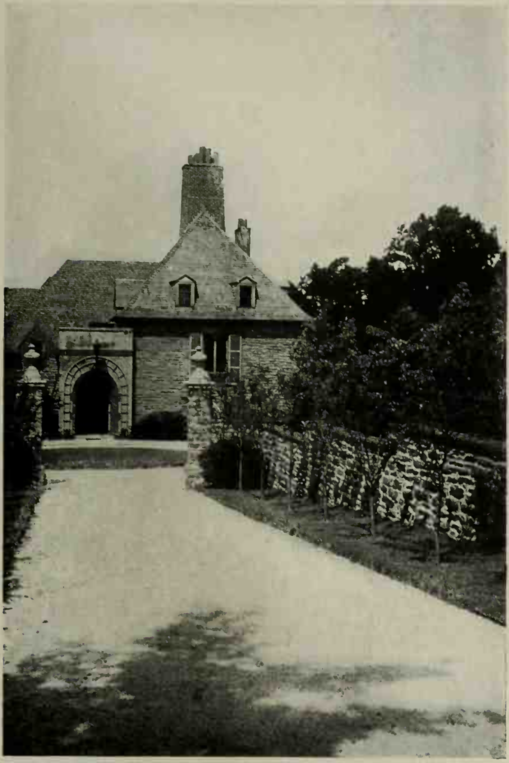
MELLOR, MEIGS & HOWE, ARCHITECTS



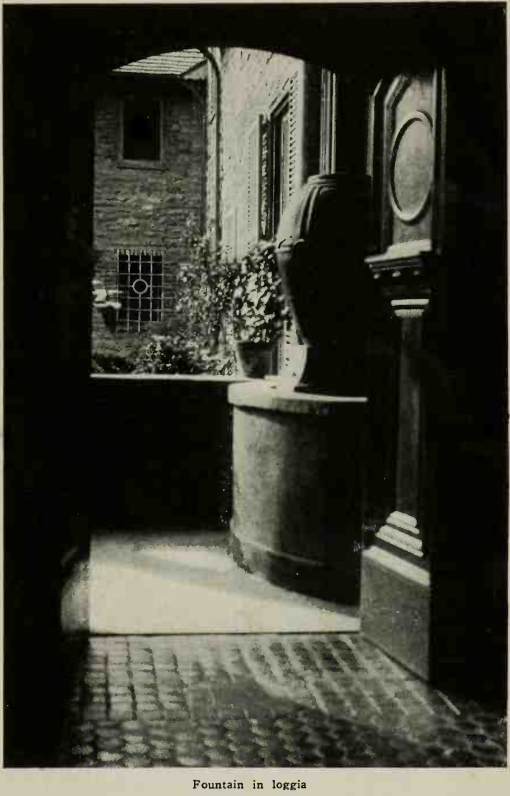
Entrance seen through service court gates



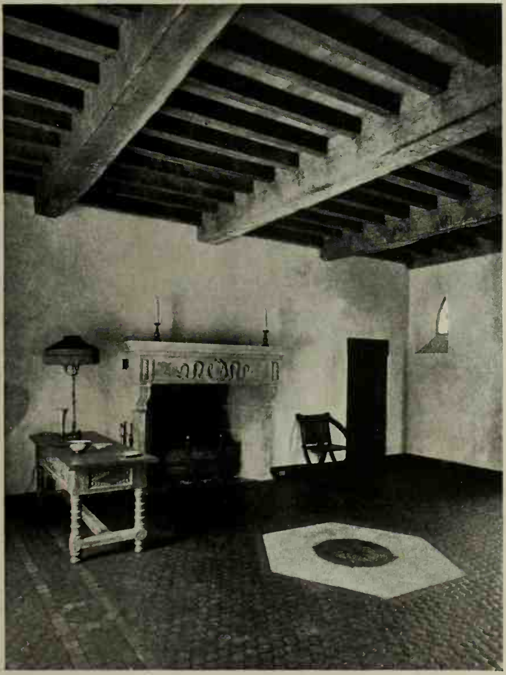
Detail view of entrance



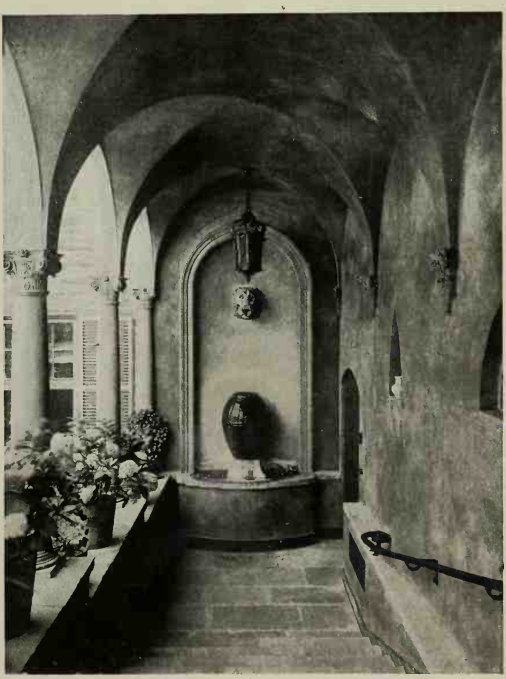
View of house from the highway



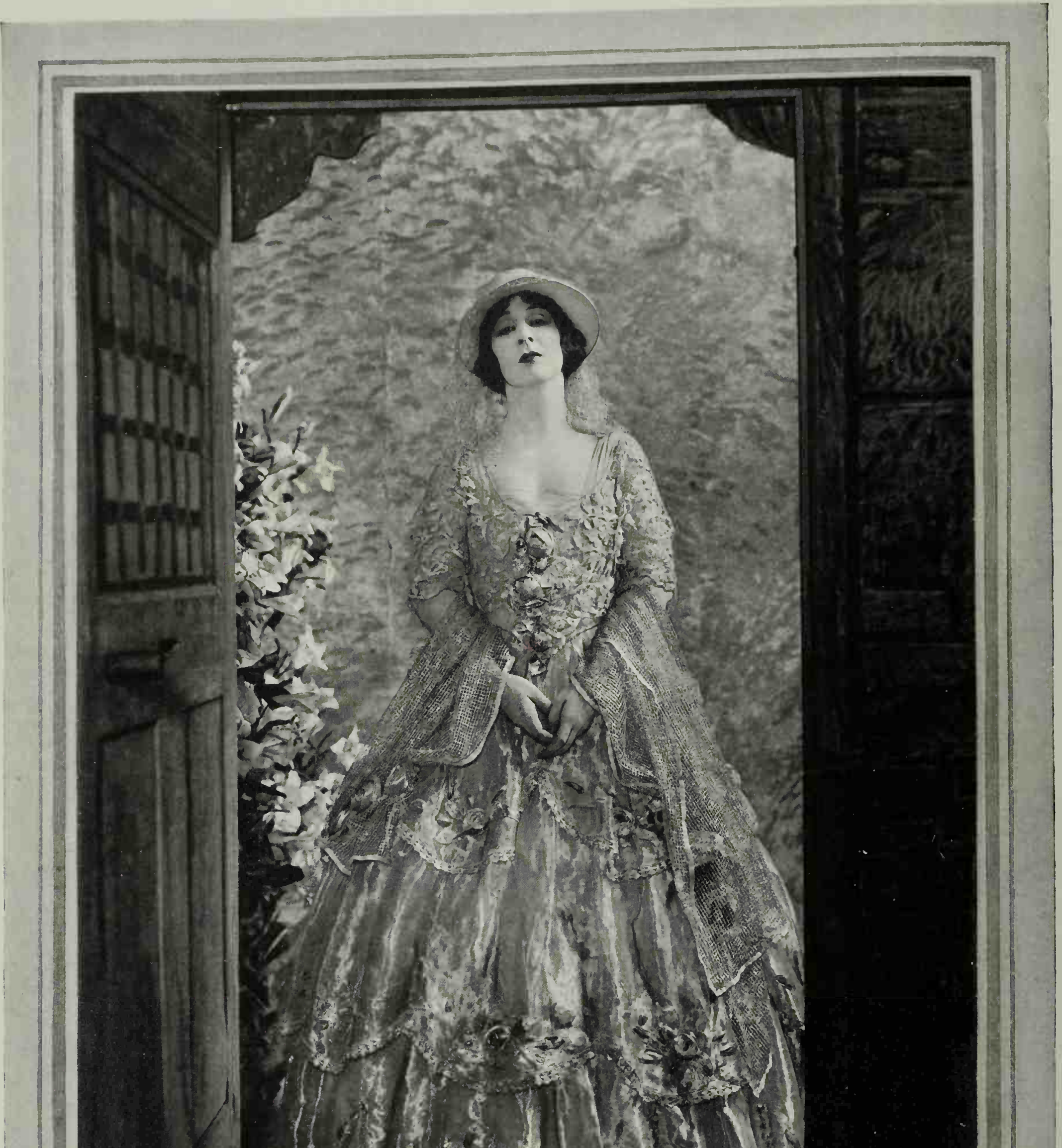
Fountain in loggia



Entrance hall



Detail of entrance loggia



JANE COWL IN "SMILIN' THROUGH"

The Drama of the Pistol Shot

KARL SCHMIDT

MURDER, sudden death, and occasionally battle have been the true and valued helpers of the American dramatist. It would be difficult to rewrite Channing Pollock's melodrama, "The Sign on the Door," so as to avoid using a pistol. Nor would it be easy to reconstruct Jane Cowl's play, "Smilin' Through," so that no shot need be fired.

The pistol has been in the American theatre almost from the start, that is, from the time that plays dealing with our own life and history began to appear; but the pistol is not peculiar to the American theatre, nor is it really a different expedient from the rapier of the early French dramas. If there were a drama of the cave men, the sudden deaths would be as plentiful as in the days of the early American theatre, when gun play had its innings. At times the pistol shot has covered lack of invention, has saved situations and has sometimes had no more to do with the drama than the pistol which the magician fires just before the young lady, who has been bound and tied in one box, emerges from the box on the other side of the stage.

The early American plays were imitations or adaptations of foreign plays. We had practically no native drama, that is to say, drama dealing with conditions of our own life. The so-called border or frontier play, actually did not get its stride till the period of the Mexican War. Attention was turned to life on our frontiers, and that life instead of being the special experience of a few, became the general experience—at least from reading.

Before the Mexican War, however, there appeared in the American theatres, one of the most popular of plays, "Nick of the Woods." This dramatization of Robert Montgomery Bird's novel of Kentucky, was made by Miss Louise H. Medina, an actress. The play was originally produced at the Old Bowery Theatre in New York, and had performances at about the same time in Boston, New Orleans, Providence and Philadelphia.

Channing Pollock uses three pistol shots in "The Sign on the Door"

There were a number of pistol shots, but none perhaps more thrilling than the one in the scene which begins with a woman's shrieking as she rushes upon the stage:

Woman: Save! Oh, save my child!

Telie: Help! Help! for the love of Heaven! a furious panther has seized the child, and is bounding away. Help, if ye be men!

Roland: Follow me to the rescue! (He rushes out.)

Ralph: Tarnal death to the crittur; I'm the man to make him knock under. (Music as he rushes over the bridge.)

Telie: (On bridge) He nears the beast. Gracious Heaven! A moment and the child is lost; the panther turns and dashes towards the rapids; Ralph raises his gun; he fires; (gun is fired.) He is hit; he falls; the child is saved; (the settlers all shout. Music) (Ralph crosses the bridge with the child).

Ralph: (Indicating gun) Here's the speechifier that gave him his fixings. Arn't I the ramping tiger of Salt River? There's the baby; not a hair of his head, but's as good as new. There, no thanks; you're welcome, you're welcome.

The Mexican War inspired few plays directly. There was a play celebrating the heroism of Major Ringold of the flying artillery at Palo-Alto, Texas. This play is as forgotten as the gallant Major himself, who died in the field. It was, however, the attention that the war called to our frontiers that makes it important in the history of the American theatre.

Not long after "Nick of the Woods" came "The Backwoodsman, or The Gamecock of the Wilderness," "Green Hills of the Far West," "Chispa," a story of California and "Mose in California," which the ever-popular F. S. Chanfrau added to his gallery of plays about Mose—a type and a character which has long since disappeared from the theatre.

These backwoods plays led up to the two enduring characters, Kit and Davy Crockett. "Kit, the Arkansas Traveler" was the work of an English writer, but it was typically American in every way, and it gave Frank Chanfrau his greatest success. Concerning his appearances in the eighties in this most popular of all characters, the New York *Herald's* critic wrote: "This type of provincial American that Mr. Chanfrau as *Kit Redding* depicts, has never been very common, and it is certainly fast disappearing, as well from the stage as from real life. It may be that Mr. Chanfrau will have no successor in this most famous part."

When "Davy Crockett" was first produced it received little attention from press or public, in fact, it was so unfavorably reviewed by the critics that the author, a son of the famous actor, Frank Murdock, is said to have died of chagrin. The piece was ultimately played from one end of the country to the other by Frank Mayo and was popular long enough for his son Edwin to repeat the family success, to give the famous line "Be sure, you're right, then go ahead," and to thrust his arm into the lock to keep out the wolves. This "Davy Crockett" seems to have been a son of the Davy Crockett who was a member of Congress and a hero of the Texas War. The play "Davy Crockett," like "Nick of the Woods," was a story of Kentucky.

Some years after Lawrence Hutton called "Davy Crockett" and "The Horizon" the two best plays of the American theatre. When produced by Augustin Daly "The Horizon" was described as "a totally original drama in five acts, illustrative of a significant phase of New York society and embodying the varied scenes peculiar to American frontier life of the present day." In this play, Agnes Ethel handled a musket with virtuosity, but the piece was never as popular as "Nick of the Woods," "Kit, the Arkansas Traveler," or "Davy Crockett."

The Indian came into the theatre with the dramatization of the Cooper novels, as in "The Wept of The Wish-Ton-Wish." He stayed on in the theatre for years to add villainy and to give a contrast to our Eastern heroes who were taming the wilderness. When Buffalo Bill emerged from the West, he appeared in a series of dramas. No one of these was conspicuously successful, and no one of them, unless it be the "Waif of the Prairie" is at all remembered. Actually Buffalo Bill's theatre show was not unlike the one he later gave in tents throughout the country. Earlier than Buffalo Bill, an expert rifleman was popular in the theatres. Frank Frayme had a repertoire consisting of "Si Slocum," "The Pirate's Last Shot," and "The Duel in the Snow." As *Si Slocum* he nightly shot an apple off a boy's head in the approved manner of a Western William Tell.

The play of the Far West

(*Continued on page* 444)

Japanese Sculpture

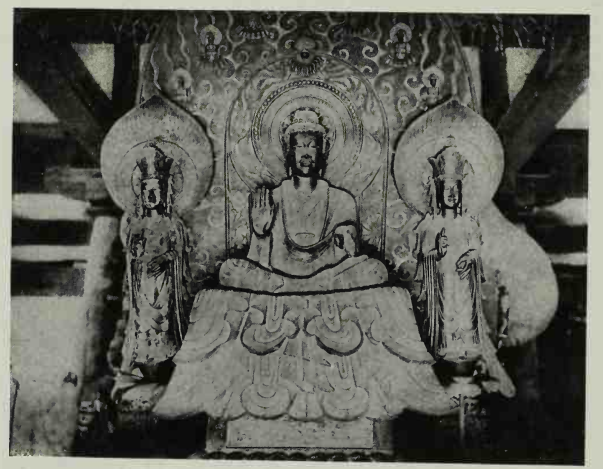
W. G. BLAIKIE MURDOCH

PART I

THOSE who have led a wandering life, viewing often from deck of ship, or from high among mountains, the rising of the sun, will recall with singular joy the sight of the first glimmerings of dawn, a beauty which is hardly known to the dwellers in great cities. Nevertheless, those faint lights of earliest morning steal into the sky so gently, so mysteriously, that the precise moment when they became apparent is always one difficult, if not impossible, to recall. And so it is with the commencement of art in most countries, Japan being a notable instance. Western writers persist in speaking of her art as beginning with her initial acquaintance with Buddhism, in the 6th century. But, in actuality, that event was the sunrise, not the glimmering of dawn. Japan had made beautiful essays in sculpture, not merely a long time before Buddhism reached her, but a long time before the outset of the Christian era in the Occident. And culpable as they are, in evading mention of the pre-Buddhist work, the Western books on the Celestial Empire are indeed curiously inept, in what they say of her sculpture in general. For the majority of those books fail to give the names, even, of Japan's great masters in the glyptic art. It was not until the present writer had learnt to speak Japanese fluently, not until he had traveled far, going from temple to temple, asking at each when the works adorning the place had been wrought—it was only then that he succeeded in dividing the history of Japanese sculpture into definite periods. And is not such division almost the prime desideratum, if the record of any art, in any country, be rightly grasped?

The sculpture of the Japanese is considerably different from that of the Chinese, which is not surprising, since in likelihood there is no truth in the idea, still common in the Occident, that the people of the Celestial Empire are close relations to those of the Middle Kingdom. Their respective languages are greatly dissimilar, countless Chinese names having sounds which could not be written with the syllabic signs in use with the Japanese. And it is probable that a Caucasian, or Turano-African race, journeying in the course of centuries across Asia, found their way several thousand years ago to the Japanese islands, the immigrants being followed there, before long, by tribes from the Malay Archipelago. These two stocks gradually became one, and drove into the cold, Northern parts of the land the Ainu, the earlier if not aboriginal denizens of Japan, who are now dwindling away, the victors being the ancestors of the Japanese nation.

At sight of the oldest Japanese sculptures, how clearly there rises before the eyes the old Japanese life! These bracelets of shell or stone, bearing simple patterns in low relief; those slender hairpins of bone, their heads chiselled in the round, though with designs of no definite sort—such things are not just expressions of the pristine longing to utter a sense of beauty. They tell besides of that eternal instinct of man, the desire to beautify woman. Likewise on staghorn objects, which are thought to have been worn as head-ornaments, the early folk would sculpture linear patterns in low relief. And presently there was a request, with both sexes, for little lockets, to wear as a guard against evil spirits. These lockets are called *magatama*, or curved jewels, for they are of tusklike contour; and the artists would commonly chisel them out of bright stone, jade for example. The splendor of fine color, combined with shapely form, had become manifest to the Japanese, growing fond also of carving linear patterns in low relief on their stone axes, and stone clubs, fond of hewing their stone arrowheads to resemble leaves. And there have been found plaques, of clay or of stone, which, bearing endeavors to depict in relief or by incision the human form, are supposed to have been used, either as armor, or for a game like quoits. The love of all these sculptures must have been very great, the number of them made must have been vast, considering the wealth of them still extant.



BRONZE ALTARPIECE AT HORIUJI BY TORI BUSHI

It was long customary in Japan, when a chieftain or other notable died, to bury some people along with him. But in 39 B. C. there was crowned a Mikado, Suinin, who, being a sharpminded, as well as a kind man, said that the great age of this custom was no excuse for its continuance. Suinin, nevertheless, shared the common belief that the dead must have attendants on the journey to the mysterious unseen world, and therefore he charged his courtiers to try and devise a subterfuge from the living sacrifices. Shortly there came to him one Nomi no Sukune, a potter, who, declaring he had received the requisite plan, brought to the royal presence sundry of his fellow-potters, whom he charged to employ their skill in simulating the form of man. Whereupon Suinin was enraptured, and made a law that, henceforth, only statues should be set around graves. Such, at least, in the best of the early Japanese historics, the Nihongi, is the pretty story concerning the advent of statuary. And be it far more likely that the carvers of ornaments, and weapons, gradually felt their way, as it were, to making statues, the practice of surrounding graves with such must have obtained a long time, for of these works, too, a great number are still extant. Generally called Haniwa, or circles of clay, they are modelled from a reddish earth, studies of animals besides of men and women having been put about the sculptures. The usual height of the figures of horses is, say, three feet, of the effigies of men and women, say, two feet. And essentially primitive as the Haniwa are, some of the earlier ones having merely straight limbs, the effigies of people embody wide physiognomic variety, and proclaim certain of the sculptors remarkably shrewd critics of character.

The Japanese had not long acquired the use of bronze, ere they began to employ it for the glyptic art. On some swords of the metal the hand-grip is crowned with a sculpture in the round of a serpent; on numerous bronze sword-sheaths, there is in relief the design known as Mitsudomöe, its topic three magatama, within a circle. Bronze bells, too, and bronze mirrors, were often adorned with patterns in relief; but the best of the very old bronzes are horse-trappings, notably pendants with arabesques chiselled *à jour*. The desire for fine utensils dawning, it resulted in little cups and coffers of stone, carved with linear ornamentation, such being frequently moulded also on the early utensils in clay, things made without a wheel. And the oldest wheel-turned ware includes many vases, about whose necks are affixed small sculptures in the round of men, or of animals. The promise given by the pre-Buddhist sculpture is enormous, so deeply beautiful is much of this work, and it is a promise of a very definite sort. For alike in the old weapons and ornaments, utensils and statues, there is plenteous anticipation of exactly those qualities with which the name of Japan was ultimately, and rightly, to be associated in the mind of the world. That is to say, a charming elegance, an airy lightness, a neatness of execution. Fine schools of art are born, not made; and Japan would in time have been a great sculptor, even had she never heard of Buddhism, which for long was to her art what Christianity was to Italy's or to Spain's.

In the Third Century, Buddhism, which had originated in India eight hundred years prior to that, became widespread in Korea. And, in consequence partly of her contiguity with China, Korea reached a high expertness in art, by the beginning of the 6th century. In that period, the small Korean kingdom of Kudara chanced to have a king, Myong, who was an ardent devotee of The Light of Asia, and much vexed about the spiritual darkness of the Japanese, whose sole faith then was Shinto. It inculcates that the Mikados are divine; it teaches men that their ancestors, with the illustrious dead in general, have power to help those still in the world; and it has a series of nature-deities, for instance Amaterasm, the sun-goddess. But Shinto embodies nothing definable as a moral code; it calls neither for philanthropy, nor even humanity. In 552, Myong was emboldened to send to the Mikado, Kimmei, a Buddhist sculpture; and thinking caution necessary, Kimmei asked his Prime Minister to keep the sculpture in his house for a while, and report whether good or ill befell. Presently there was famine, which was widely construed as the wrath of the Shinto gods. And the Buddhist image was therefore flung into the river at Osaka, Kimmei himself being troubled in spirit, however. For he has told that far off on the Northern coasts of "the world"—as the early Mikados used blandly to style their dominions—there was heard ever a sweet music, as of Buddhist chants, borne in from the sea. And in the reign of Kimmei's successor, numerous people professed the alien creed; the raising of Buddhist temples was begun, the Shintoists, nevertheless, often brawling in consequence. Clearly, would a firm hold be taken in the Celestial Empire by the Indian religion, it must have a stout champion, one of influential position, who would not dally with half-measures.

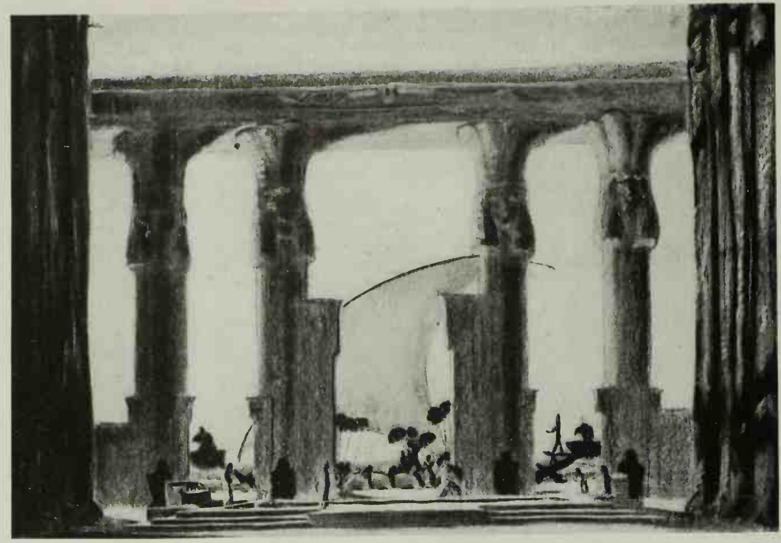
Prince Shotoku, among the most arresting figures in the whole of Japanese history, was born in 573. And when, in his boyhood, the brawls between Shintoists and Buddhists flared into actual civil war, he bore arms in the Buddhist forces. From 593, till his death in 621, he ruled as regent; and he marked well that, to raise Japan from her semi-barbarous state, the needful thing was a spirit of "sweetness and light." Therefore he gave his superb energies to nothing so freely as the furtherance of Buddhism, thousands accordingly coming to know, and accept it. Himself a poet, historian and painter, Shotoku was personally a sculptor, the convent of Chiguji, near Nara, possessing the best of the many Buddhist images by him: a life-sized statue in dark brown wood of Kwannon, goddess of mercy. Among the numerous temples the Prince established was Horiuji, also near Nara. And desirous, in his enthusiasm, that its fame should vie with any in Korea or China, he induced artificers from those countries to come and aid him in building the place. Eager especially that it should have a fine bronze altarpiece, he gave the commission for this to Tōri Busshi, grandson of a Chinese architect, who had settled in Japan, the group Tōri wrought being over two feet high. It shows *Yakushi Nyorai,* the physician in the Buddhist pantheon, between two Bosatsu, a name which signifies a soul, about to enter on the Journey to Nirvana. And the work closely resembles coeval Chinese and Korean sculpture, which in turn was greatly influenced by Indian art, the influence by India through China being transparent also, in Shotoku's Kwannon. What a revelation these images, together with those of actually Korean fabrication which the Prince installed at Horiuji, must have been to the humble modellers of Haniwa! And the spell of these foreign works, giving a new criterion, dominated Japan throughout her second period in sculpture. That is, the end of the 6th century, with the whole of the 7th.

PRINCE SHOTOKU IN CHILDHOOD

A memorial sculpture in wood by Enkai. XII Century

The world has been amazed in late years by the speed with which Japan has absorbed Western civilization. But it was a change just as quick, and as great as this recent one, a change in nearly every branch of life, which occurred in the country at the end of the 6th century. For apart from bringing to Japan a knowledge of the art of the Asiatic mainland, apart from signally abetting the refining influence of a beautiful religion, Shotuku acquainted the land with Chinese manners and legislation. With most schools, the advance from primitive to mature sculpture has been a very gradual affair, whereas Japan at a bound, as it were, waived the primitive styles, and acquired through her study of continual work, the capacity for almost literal simulation of the human form. Though it is known that Tōri Busshi was an artist by profession, it is not recorded whether the other great sculptors, of the second period, were professionals or amateurs. They worked almost exclusively in the service of Buddhism, they carved many statues from wood, and modelled a few from lacquer, the height of their works in either of these media being as a rule, say, two feet But such images were far outnumbered by bronzes, about the height of the average Tanagra, some of these things being gilded, others made of a species of bronze which has itself a golden look. Many of the bronzes are simply reliefs, these having been fixed inside miniature shrines, which were used for worship in the home, and the reliefs were all fashioned by the *repoussé* process. In creating sculptures in the round the mode was, first to hammer a plate of metal for the front of the image, then to hammer a plate of metal for the back, next to rivet them together. Sometimes the artist, having achieved the front of an image, would not hammer a rounded back for it, but affix it against a broad leaflike halo, the parts of this to be shown round the image being adorned in relief. And it was fairly common to affix three images thus against a halo, the large Horiuji altarpiece itself being attained by this procedure favoured by the sculptors in little. The best of these tiny bronzes, of the early decades of Buddhism, are among the most delightful works in the whole sculpture of Japan. And had she done nothing save these, she would still have fulfilled richly that promise given by the elegance and neatness of much of her primitive art. It is sad that practically nothing should be known about the 2nd period masters in bronze, hardly any of them having even incised their signatures. Among the exceptions is Takayo no Muraji on an exquisite little *Kwannon* by whom there is an inscription, telling that the image was wrought "for the sake of the artist's wife, and for a lady named Amako." Be it hoped there was no jealousy between these people, so fortunate as to elicit this gem, today the property of the Mikado.

Connoisseurs in Japan often speak of the 8th century as the golden age of their sculpture, and certainly it was a time of remarkable doings in the art. But the main traits of sculpture then were its main traits likewise till well into the 12th century, so that this lengthy span of nearly five hundred years may be designated a period. In the 7th century there was active Giyen, a Buddhist priest renowned for his theological scholarship, the sole extant sculpture by him being sufficient, in itself, to constitute him one of Japan's foremost artists. It is an auto-portrait in wood, coated with lacquer, being today in the Kyoto Museum; and several sculptors living just after Giyen also made life-sized portraits, mostly in wood. Nearly all of these, however, depict celebrated priests, and were placed in temples, wherefore they virtually belong to the category of ecclesiastical art. In fact, in the third period, sculptors still worked well-nigh exclusively in the service of Buddhism, these men, moreover, being themselves mostly in the priesthood, and the output by them of life-sized images was enormous. Prior to the 8th century, Japan had changed her seat of government, whenever a new monarch was crowned. But there dawned a feeling that a permanent home for the monarchy would be an institution, adding to the prestige of the realm, and in 710 Nara was chosen to be the capital. This naturally led to much temple-building in the vicinity of the town, a Mikado specially active in that way being Shomu, acquiring the sceptre in 724, who was himself an occasional sculptor and a gifted poet. Among the halls of prayer he built in Nara is Todaiji, this suffix "ji"-signifying a temple. And Todaiji it is which conserves that bronze image of Dai Nivhi Nyorai, the supremely powerful being in the Buddhist pantheon, which is world-famous as the biggest sculpture in the Orient, for it is over fifty feet high.



Setting for "Cleopatra's Night." Norman-Bel Geddes

Stage Decoration

As It Is and Used to Be

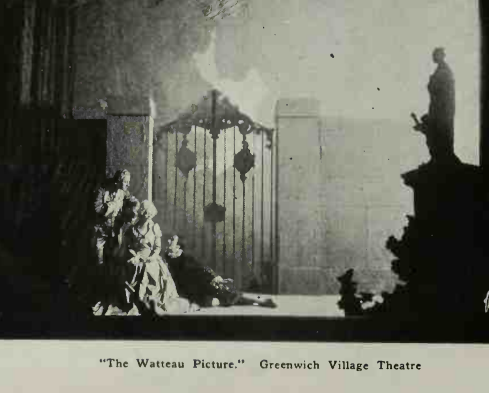
CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

THE art of scene painting, of designing scenes for plays, has made great strides within a few brief years. The managers of our more progressive theatres now realize the immense importance of stage settings, that "scenery," "props" and costumes are not mere accessories, but complements of drama.

We have come nearer to that union of the arts—of all the arts—of which Wagner dreamed when he devised his "Ring" drama. Music and poetry, sculpture, painting and architecture have been allied in the presentation of "Parsifal" at the Metropolitan. Some, though not all those arts, have found expression in the production of "The Jest" of Sembenelli, in recent revivals of "Medea" and "Richard the Third," and, on a less ambitious scale, in earlier efforts like the productions of Shaw's "Androcles," by Granville Barker, and of "Shakuntala," the Hindu love-drama, by the Greenwich Village Theatre management.

The new spirit which is changing scenic art is the result, in a large measure, of the revolt of our intellectual playgoers against absurdities which did not fret their forerunners. They have been effected by a handful of stage artists with new visions and ideals, men who differ widely, both in theory and practice, who, though in the public mind, are all loosely grouped as modernists.

Within the past few years these modernists have accomplished almost miracles. They are managers and stage managers, painters and sculptors, archæologists and poets. They do not swear by the same laws or rules. But they are all agreed on some important points. They aim at the creation of illusion, seek to arouse, to charm and stimulate the imagination. To attain their ends they toil in various ways. Some set their hearts on inventing lovely pictures. Some care more for simplicity than for beauty. Some try to supply mood and atmosphere. The hack scene painter on Broadway still contents himself with naked literalism. But the few masters of the modernist persuasion have abandoned literalism, some for a simplified, poetical conventionalism, and others—the most modern—for new settings meant to suggest, to aid and emphasize the intentions and the spirit of the authors.



"The Watteau Picture." Greenwich Village Theatre

When many living playgoers were young, stage settings as a rule meant tottering wings, blurred backcloths and weird parallel rags called "borders" in the place of skies. In later years things gradually improved. We had pictures which at times suggested landscapes and boxed-in rooms which did not always shake and shiver if stage hands bumped into them.

For non-poetic plays they served their purpose. In farces of the old "Pink Dominoes" order, in comedies of a still current brand, the essentials were good entrances and exits. But as the plays changed and became in time more complex, the backgrounds which had satisfied our fathers and our artless grandfathers set people smiling. The boxed-in sets, no doubt, were well enough. But there were plays which called for subtler and less literal scenes, for pictures of appealing loveliness, for settings which expressed the author's moods.

It was about this time that "Sumurun" arrived. And for a year or two we babbled of Max Reinhardt. He amazed us with his riot of warm color, his Eastern backgrounds and artistic costuming. Even then, though Gordon Craig was not unknown here.

We had read of the deep influence he had had on the Moscow Art Theatre, and we had seen some reproductions of his screen scenes. We knew how, by mere lighting and plain settings, wrought of draperies and strips of painted board, he had suggested stately palaces and temples.

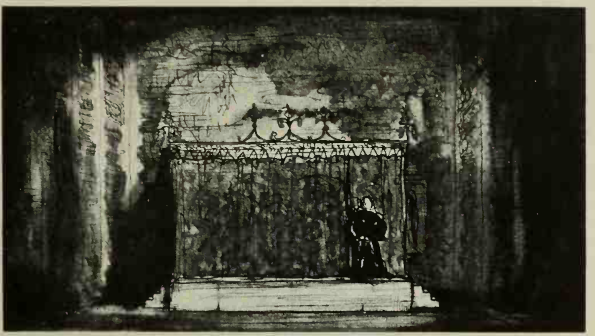
Our managers fought hard against such modernists as Craig and Reinhardt, who stood at the two poles of scenic art. They strove as savagely against Ben Greet's austerities. For they well knew that, if those men once had their wills, they might bring ruin to their own commercial playhouses.

Then, after things seemed to sink into old ruts, first, Joseph Urban at the Boston Opera House, and next the audacious artists of the Russian Ballet, caused new upheavals. Our eyes were dazzled with strange, gorgeous pictures; with backgrounds of bewildering daring tones; with floral fantasies of enchanting grace; with harems, such as Regnier might have painted. The art of Urban was unquestionably modern. But, like that of the Russians, it was frankly and entirely decorative.

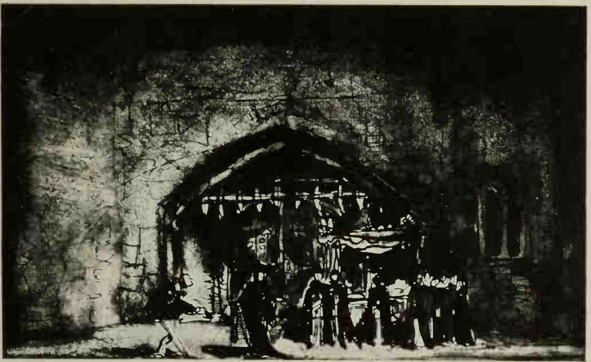
It seemed to some of us a bit barbaric, or, at the very least, extravagant and exotic. What Urban tried to do was to paint pictures, for their own sake first, and only next as aids and components of the drama or the opera for which they had been devised. He made them beautiful, indeed, and even poetic. But they appealed more to the eye than to the mind. The originals of the scenery on the stage were really easel pictures, which might have figured in the annual Paris Salons.

This was their merit, as it was their chief defect. The color schemes and plans themselves were modern. The theory which inspired the Viennese painter was, I think, less modern. For Urban's aim then was—and is today—above all pictorial. He himself would bear me out in this contention. The art of Urban suits the opera house more surely than it does the regular theatre. And, as one of Urban's rivals here says rightly, it rests wholly upon ten or a dozen formulas.

Urban's love of beauty, his devotion to pictorialism, have sometimes harmed a spoken play it should have helped. We owe gratitude to this artist for his pictures, of which some recall Maxwell Parrish. But what he showed us in the "Oberon" revival and in "The Garden of Paradise" was not the spiritual but the sensuous side of art. There have been instances, I grant, in which he has caught and interpreted the moods of a composer. He has done this in the "Temple Scene" and "Good Friday's Spell Scene" of "Parsifal," and more ably still in his "Eugene Onegin" settings. The God he serves, however, is not truth, but beauty. He paints and models for himself, not for the sake of the art work with which he deals.



Richard III. Act I, Scene II. Robert Edmond Jones



Richard III. Act II, Scene II. Robert Edmond Jones

In many of his most effective sets Urban has had recourse to graceful classic urns. Just why he has introduced them now and then I fail to see, unless as decorations pure and simple. He imagines gardens of improbable brilliancy, ablaze with flowers no eye but his has known; luxuriant creepers, of amazing hues, voluptuous dreams of Oriental Edens. In tender moods he turns out lovely landscapes, like that which he devised for the "Good Friday's Spell Scene." His palaces are magic evocations, aglow with gold and green and crimson tones. One scene of his, in Février's "Monna Vanna," revealed him at his very best, perhaps. As an evocation of a mediæval past, it was exquisite—too exquisite—for, as you admired it, you forgot the opera. One can kill operas and plays by too much beauty in the stage accessories. No backgrounds should, on any pretext, have such importance given them on the stage as to distract one from the works for which they were fashioned.

But Urban has begun to understand this vital fact, or so one might infer from the strange chastening of his art revealed last month in some of his scenery for Tschaikowsky's "Onegin." And he is not, by any means, the only modernist who sins at times by luring the attentions of his audiences from words and drama. Boris Anisfeld, who has many of his qualities, errs often in precisely the same way. Two works for which he had made lovely settings lately were crushed by the magnificence of his pictures. One was Le Roux's "Reine Fiammette," the other was "L'Oiseau Bleu" of Wolff and Maeterlinck. Both operas were too slight and frail in texture not to be injured by his rich and glowing backgrounds. "Le Coq d'Or," on the other hand, owed much to Mr. Anisfeld's flamboyant methods. The work really needed his exotic splendors.

In the same group or family as Anisfeld and Urban is Willy Pogany, an artist of unusual intuitions and versatility. He surprised me when I talked with him some weeks ago by assuring me that he was quite self-taught.

"I know so little of the stage," said Willy Pogany, "that I can scarcely construct models for my scenes. Nor am I deeply interested in stage art, though I stand ready to paint pictures or design costumes, and, on occasion, am an etcher or a sculptor. You ask me, Why? Well, Drama and Opera do not interest me because both are only arts by indirection. But they need settings.

"I see things chiefly from the painter's point of view, although I realize that stage pictures should be subordinate to the other spirit of the work for which they are planned. I never plan a scene or venture on a costume till I have read the play and discussed it with the interpreters. Then I paint things like this, 'L'Italiana in Algeri,' or this, for 'Musk.' Once I have made my designs I have done with them forever. Some other person has to build the models. Then someone else takes charge of the enlargements. I try, of course, to achieve my stage effects with the least possible amount of paraphernalia. One can do wonder with a bit of painted canvas. I concentrate on color and composition and trust but little to the help of the stage lighting."

The decorative work of Urban, Anisfeld and Pogany fairly typifies the more literal kind of modernism. The art of those three painters, after all, is not, in theory, opposed to that of the old school of materialism. It is more beautiful, more expressive, more attractive to the average sensual man, because the painters are all artists, not stage hacks. But I feel sure that Gordon Craig would not admire their art, and he might hate it for its lack of spirituality. It is not, in a high sense, half as suggestive as it is descriptive, yet only those who are quite blind would dare deny that it discloses what we call imagination.

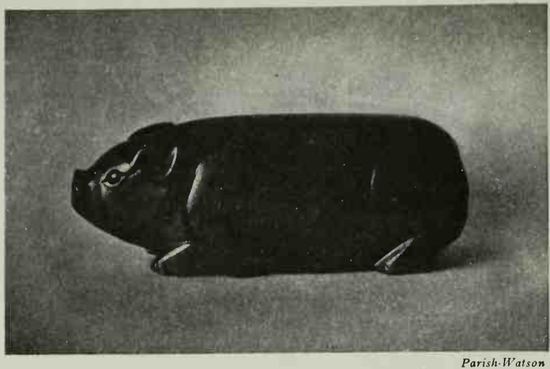
All this applies, to some extent, to many settings for which Reinhardt is responsible. The productions of that over-praised stage manager were, far too often, expressions of unveiled and stark materialism. It has always seemed to me less wonderful to present "The Miracle" as Reinhardt did, by transforming hippodromes into cathedral naves and choirs, than to suggest, as some have done by simple means, the soul and spirit of an ancient Gothic church.

Our "little theatres," with their limited resources, have shown us "miracles" less tremendous in effect, no doubt, than Reinhardt's, but, in a modest way, not one whit less impressive. Wenger, who designed the setting for "A Maid of France," at the Greenwich Village Theatre, did something of the kind, though not quite perfectly. With a mere fragment of a church of Gothic character, he gave a hint of what, to an imaginative and responsive audience, was the suggestion of the ruined Rheims Cathedral.

With painted screens, Gordon Craig and his disciples have often called up visions of imposing temples. Ben Greet's production of the mystic "Everyman" brought many to their knees with awe and reverence. The Reinhardt settings of that play were wonderful, but they lacked what we found and loved in Ben Greet's "Everyman," the beauty of a spiritual concept. When I saw "Jedermann" before the war in Munich I did not kneel, nor did my eyes grow dim.

These "little theatres," most of them, are poor. They would perish if they had to put on plays with expensive scenery. For them a Gordon Craig solves many problems. It may be some time before the prosperous Broadway managers accept the stage gospel of that teacher of simplicity. But to a score of "little theatres" bent on art, simplicity alone can bring salvation. And, luckily for them, it is

(*Continued on page* 440)



Parish-Watson

A little pig of tomb jade, Han Dynasty, 206 B.C. to 220 A.D.

A Noah's Ark for the Collector

The Ancient Chinese Artist as a Humorous Naturalist

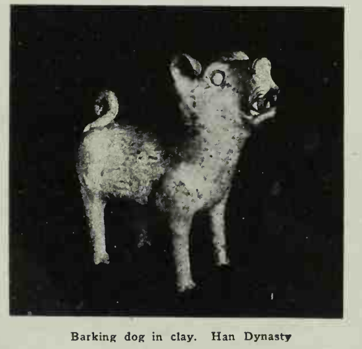
HELEN CHURCHILL CANDEE

CLAY and pottery animals of ancient Chinese make, form a wondrous Noah's Ark for the collector, a toy for the erudite and for those who love art in primitive forms. China, which seems a great enigma to many of Western prejudice, makes herself endearingly simple in the art that produces naturalistic animals.

They speak less of erudition than of nature, and one who has been brought up among Western ideals is not afraid of them. They seem to be innocent of symbols, those horses and camels that claim our love—and get it. Chinese symbols are a bit staggering, if not actually fearsome—except when one has studied the philosophers long and faithfully—and with their elaboration in design make a combination that keeps many away from the art of China.

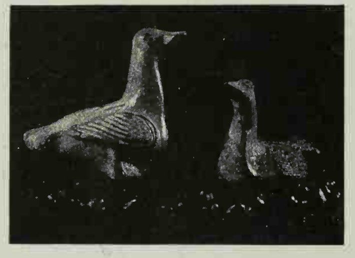
But these animals belong to the fascinating secular art of which one gets but rare glimpses, and they give us an idea of the free friendship which exists in the East between man and nature.

On the collector's desk, ignoring his ignoble position of paper-weight, lies a little pig, a pig couchant, in the language of heraldry. "Han—206 B. C. to 220 A. D.—tomb jade," mutters the collector as your hand slips over the smooth subtleties of the cool tender pig. His color is the green of sea mosses, and the brown of purpling aubergine; his face is wise and humorous, his fate is in your hands. He fits so perfectly within a closed palm, he responds to its warmth, he pleads for your affection. Charles Lamb—it was he who spoke of a Chinese pig in calling him tenderly, "a weakling, a flower."



Barking dog in clay. Han Dynasty

Quite different is the nervous vigor of the barking dog who also comes from the Han Dynasty. Who shall deny the quality of humor to the sculptor of a clay figure which has characteristics of the pug of recent vogue? Possibly the artist loved this dog, but more probably he saw the self-assertiveness and resented it. And then he was led to portray a bark as well as a dog, a bark of such maddening insistence that any human conversation must be suspended until peace is restored. He stands firmly on his feet, his tail is curled with the rigid permanence of that of a pig—but the protecting bark is the thing that makes him valuable in his master's mind.



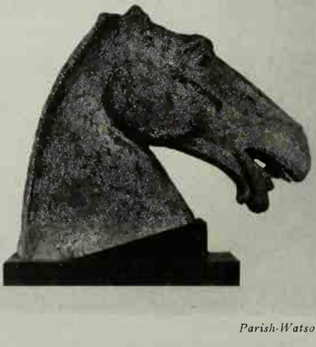
Han ducks at rest

Another change in style and subject—the noble head of a high-bred horse, modeled in coursest clay and baked without glaze. It ranks as sculpture, it has vitality and power. The artist has known how to put into it a quality that sets the imagination working, so that the mind quickly fashions the quick-moving satiny body, the agile legs, and sets his horse galloping free about the Tartar plains.

Two Han ducks draw one into domesticity. Within their simple lines hide charm and human qualities. One duck rests buoyantly secure, a home-loving wife, sure that all's well with the world. The other stands alert and protecting the security of his mate. The magic of nature is theirs, notwithstanding the rough strength of the modeling and the abrasions of time.

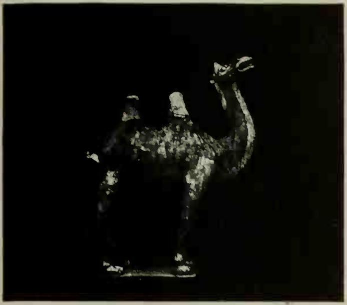
Khotan, Gandhara and buried riches of the plain, all come to mind in collecting the horses of the T'ang emperors whose rule extends from 618 A.D. for three hundred years. China was then at its most vigorous period of trade expansion, and its outside commerce extended far. Thus in Asia three great art influences met, of China, of India, of Greece.

The horse of this period had two expressions, the Indian type of that great horse painter, Han Kan, and the robust valiant horse of sculptured pottery. This horse prances with all the insolent pride of untamed spirit, his splendid chest courts adventure, his foot is poised for instant propulsion. The thick neck, the splendid quarters speak not the horse of Tartar art, but impel the mind back to the Greek and Roman frieze. More sympathetically this magnificent modeling of generous strength suggests the four matchless horses to which St. Mark's at Venice gives asylum, sculptures of imperial Rome. Faults can be found, but these rest in the necessities of the soft clay, and in the conventionalizing of the head. But these are as dust, when one considers the power of the appeal the animal makes to us moderns, an appeal from ancient



Parish-Watson

Modelled clay head of horse. Han Dynasty



Yamanaka

Glazed camel of T'ang pottery

China to modern America to understand and love her art.

Under the wind-swept sands which buried the cities of Asia, are found rare bits of sculpture, possibly from tombs, executed in marble. A lioness and cub in a group small enough to turn about in the hand, shows the artist's ability to catch and hold the qualities the animals possess. The mother is strong to protect, alert to dangers, fierce in love; the cub, bone and muscle slipping under the skin, is the clinging weakling. This bit of sculpture from centuries ago thus speaks the eternal truth of motherhood and its instincts. Time has abraded some of the finer modelling, but has given to the marble an unparalleled richness of ivory color.

The freshness and freedom of nature pervades all these earlier animals. Just a suggestion of the drawing-room cabinet begins with pottery of the Yuan dynasty. The time was not so long ago that the glaze is entirely lost, 1280 to 1368. From this time on, pottery animals were painted naturalistically and highly glazed, and thus one learns to know the beasts of Ming.

Before the realistic painting of animals abolished imagination, a certain little bunny was made. He was moulded in a tender mound of timidity and greed, doubtless sitting among the lettuces or the violet-border, contemplating a floral meal, or thinking on three prodigious hops that will elongate the soft mound that is now his body, and will hide him under the currant bush. He is lovable, caressable, but detached, as detached in mood as his Oriental origin warrants.

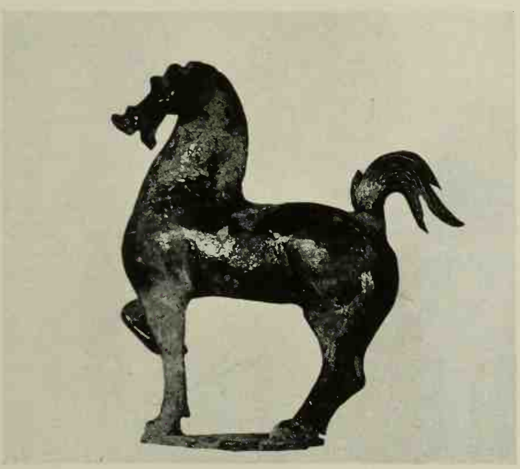
The artist has glazed him in thin dove-blue underlined with soft flushing of pink, and he serves the purpose of perfume burner, for his back is pierced in charming pattern that his sweetness may perfume the air. Is he not more than fit for the drawing-room menagerie?

The simple force of Ming art shines out in a pair of forceful parrots, who might be mates of years, so serious does life seem to them. Parrots grew gayer later, more nervous in action, and set a decorative example that was followed by Europe in the time of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., resting on tapestry verdure or perching on rococo panels.

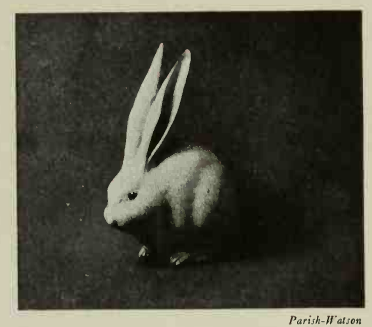
How rude and savage is the Western treatment of the deer. He is classed as game, and as such is hunted and killed under the slim pretext that his flesh is needed for the huntsmen's food. Some instinct makes a man kill every deer on sight. Note the contrast to the Eastern thought, where the deer is painted with poetry and delicacy, and where he is made a symbol of longevity when bearing a bit of lichen in his mouth. The pair of glazed stags in the illustration belonging to the Kang Hsi period, 1662-1720, are covered with a lucent glaze which gives to the dark and mottled turquoise a most alluring charm. Yet still a bewitching simplicity remains.

The ducks of Han are elusive wild fowl, ready for sudden fight. Ducks of Chien Lung are sleek, beauteous, highly content to be fed and sheltered, to be many-colored and polished. Yet both have a place in the heart of the animal lover.

Only a few have we noticed of the animals for the collector's Noah's Ark. There are many, many more, without going into the mazes of symbolism, and all of them tell of that sweetness and sanity which is brought into human life by close contact with the world of lesser creatures around us.



The horse of the T'ang Dynasty is not unlike the Roman



Parish-Watson

Porcelain incense burner, crackled porcelain.
Early Ming Dynasty

It is the fashion of those who accept a shibboleth without thought, to believe that the art of the East and the art of the West are dominated by two different methods of expression, that the East relies upon color and the West upon form. The next thought is that form is the more intellectual of the two. But a less careless acceptance of a popular belief shows that ancient Chinese art has always excelled in line.

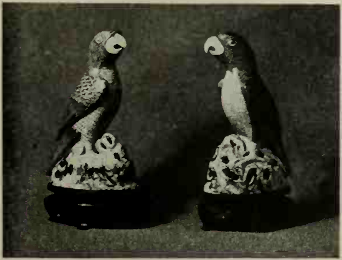
In the simple animal forms here exploited, eloquence through form is abundantly loosed, and these creatures speak their moods with visible clarity. Rhythm, to the early artist, was of prime importance, and in some cases considered paramount to an exact copying of nature.

It is through form and not through color that the Chinese impart the feeling that is inherent in the animals portrayed. The camel must show the repose which is his peculiar quality even in action; the horse must convey a nervous intelligence, a responsive power, an embodied force; and birds must excite belief in their ability to alternate instant flight with alert inaction.

All these things depend not at all on color, but on form. If we consider the great traditions of art in the East this will be found always to be the case, in painting as well as in modeling. The early work nearly eschewed color.

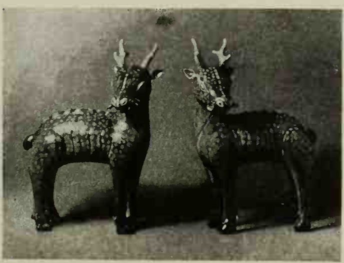
The great period of Chinese art, that of the T'ang dynasty, gives us much of form and little of color. In proof of this, make the contrast between the clay and pottery animals of the late Ming dynasty. The primitive—so they might be called—are infinitely more

(*Continued on page* 450)

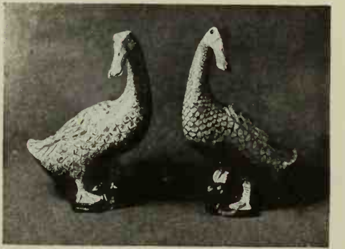


Parish-Watson

Pair of dark green and black parrots. Ming, 1368-1644



Deer in deep turquoise and black, carrying lichens, the sign of longevity. Kang Hsi period, 1662-1721



Beautiful colored glazed ducks, Kang Hsi period 1662-1721

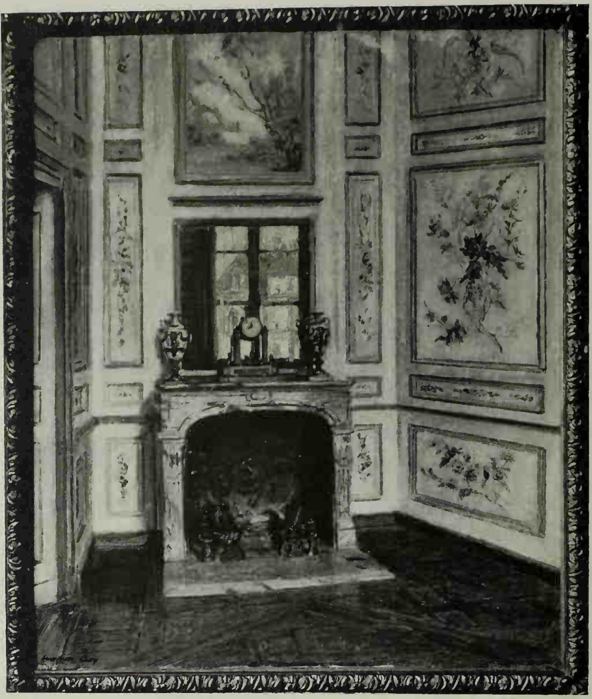
Notable French Interiors

Painted by Walter Gay

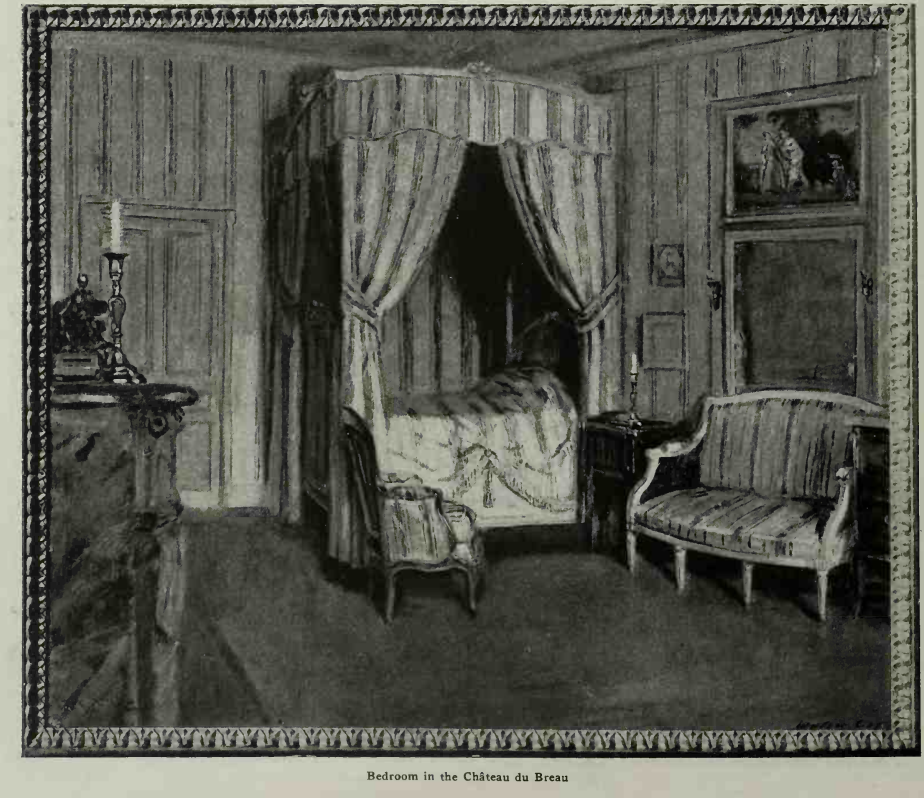
MR. WALTER GAY, when he paints a French interior, lets the room occupy the attention, a room without a human figure. At the recent exhibition *chez* Gimpel and Wildenstein the gallery was hung with forty canvasses, without personages. To look them over one after another was like wandering in an enchanted château, room after room opening before the explorer with never a being to intimate that you had gone too far.

Interest is stimulated by the little Salle des Écoutes, the room of the listeners, of Fontainebleau. Its walls are overlaid with gay and careless blossoms, in its mantel-mirror is shadowed a distant reflection of a wing of the château; only the jamb of a door reveals a secret of history, that it was here that Madame de Maintenon bent an eager ear when the King held audience in the adjoining chamber. This picture has been acquired by Mr. Clarence H. Mackay, to be added to his treasures at Harbour Hill.

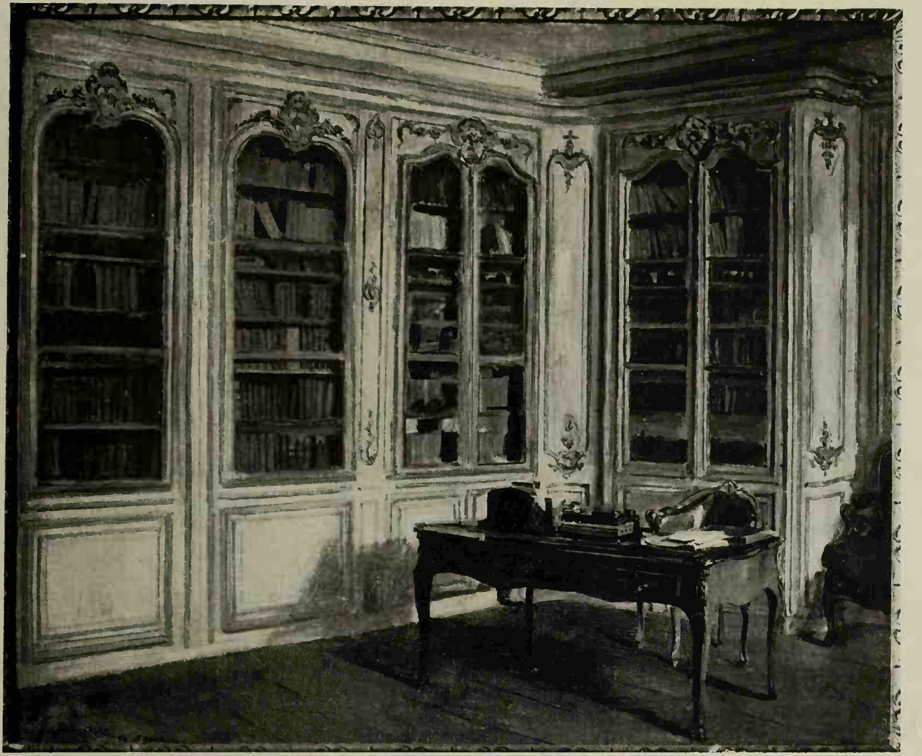
A decorator may well study them for ideas, and may he succeed in reproducing such rooms as Walter Gay has painted.



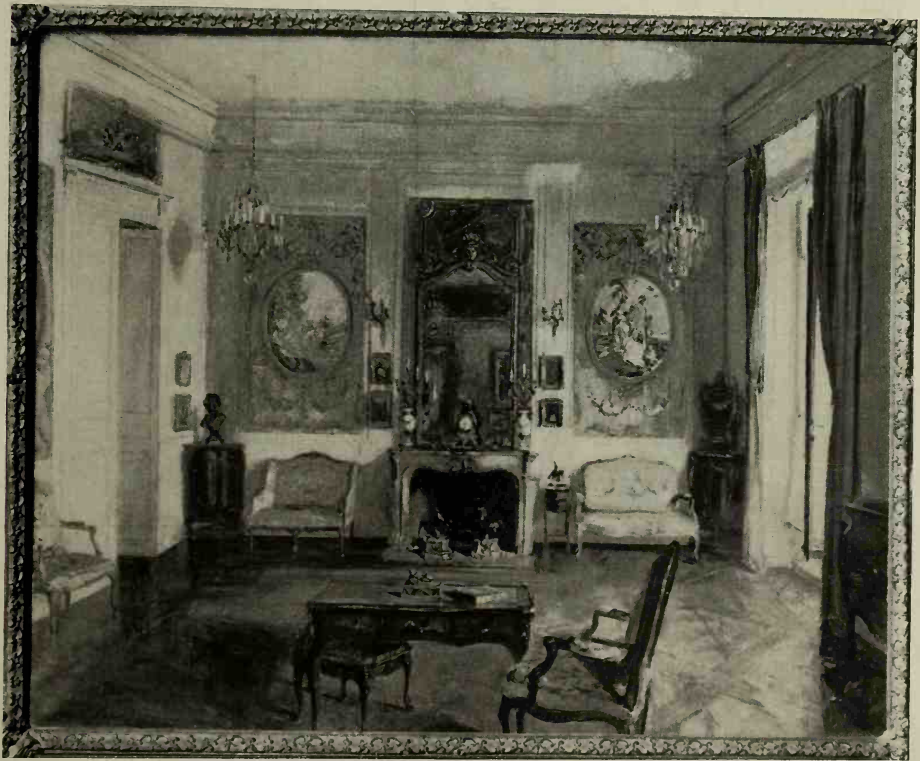
Boudoir of Mme. de Maintenon at Fontainebleau called "Salle des Ecoutes," owned by Clarence H. Mackay, Esq.



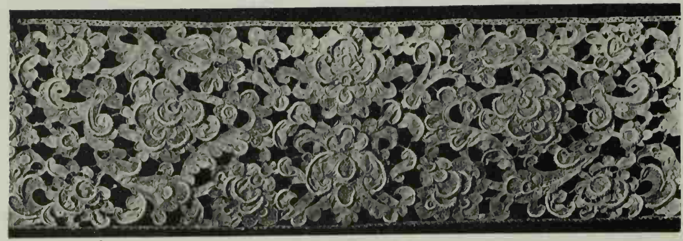
Bedroom in the Château du Breau



The library, Château du Breau, owned by Mrs. Robert Brewster



Salon in old de Chaulnes house of 18th Century. Now home of the artist



Gros Point de Venise owned by Mrs. Harris Fahnestock

Antique Laces of American Collectors

A Book by Miss Frances Morris, the President of the Needle and Bobbin Club, and Miss Marian Hague, Vice-President

A SCHOLARLY interest in the beauties of lace is recent in the art study of our country. The gracious ladies of formal elegance who were our forebears in Colonial and early Victorian times knew laces, for they wore them daily, and it was part of every lady's education to know honiton from duchesse and needle-point from bobbin lace.

It is probable that their interest rested there, on the laces which circled their soft necks and white arms, nor looked to the history thereof—which was a pity.

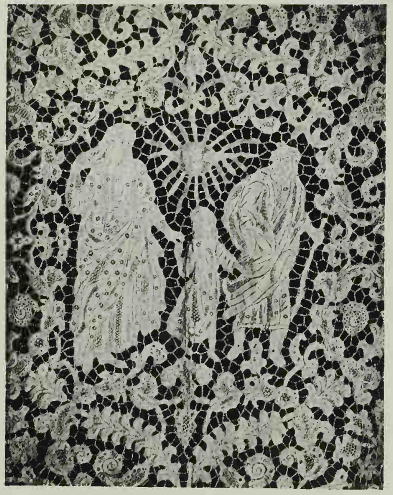
The proof that things are different now, that although we wear less rare lace we study more its history, is the publication of so important a folio volume as that of Miss Frances Morris and Miss Marian Hague.

Here the story of lace is vitally told, from its beginnings in Italy and Flanders in the early Sixteenth Century, through the Eighteenth century's offering of filmy mysteries. We are told of the early processes which took on more the nature of drawn-work than of lace, for they were elaborated from linen cloth, the threads of which were drawn out to make a thin foundation on which to work increasingly ingenious and beautiful stitches.

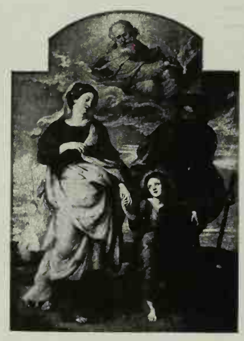
Reticella, this early style was called, the name looking for its origin to the Italian *rete,* a net, for it was veritably a net, with the squares filled with stitchery. The foundation grew less and the lace-work more, until only the rectangularity of the design betrayed its origin.

Ambition took the lace-worker completely free from the foundation at last, and stitch

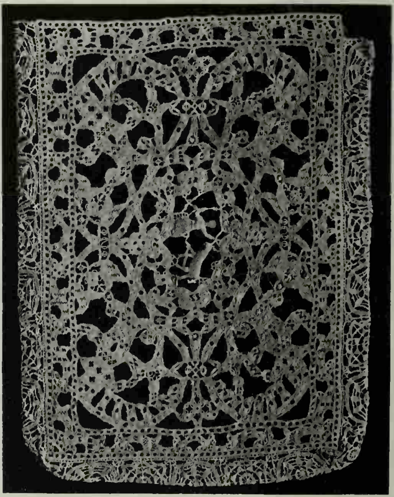
(*Continued on page* 452)



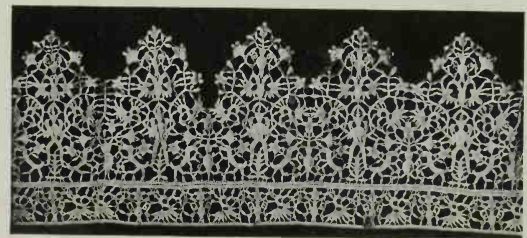
Chalice veil, Italian 17th Century, owned by Mrs. George J. Whelan



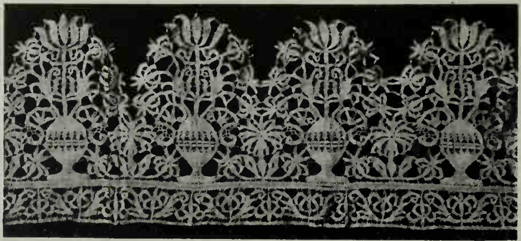
The Holy Family, painting by Rubens, which was evidently taken as a model by the lace maker whose bobbins wove the exquisite chalice veil owned by Mrs. Whelan



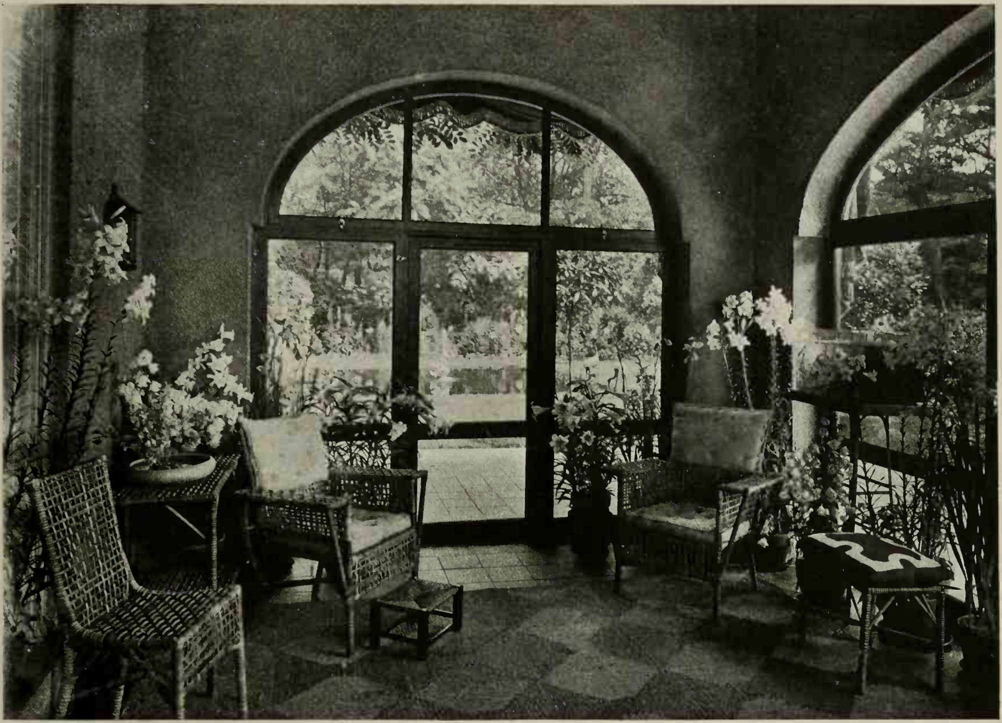
Book cover of Italian cut-work and reticella, 17th Century, owned by Miss Eleanor G. Hewitt



Punto in Aria with design of man and birds. Mrs. Dewitt Clinton Cohen



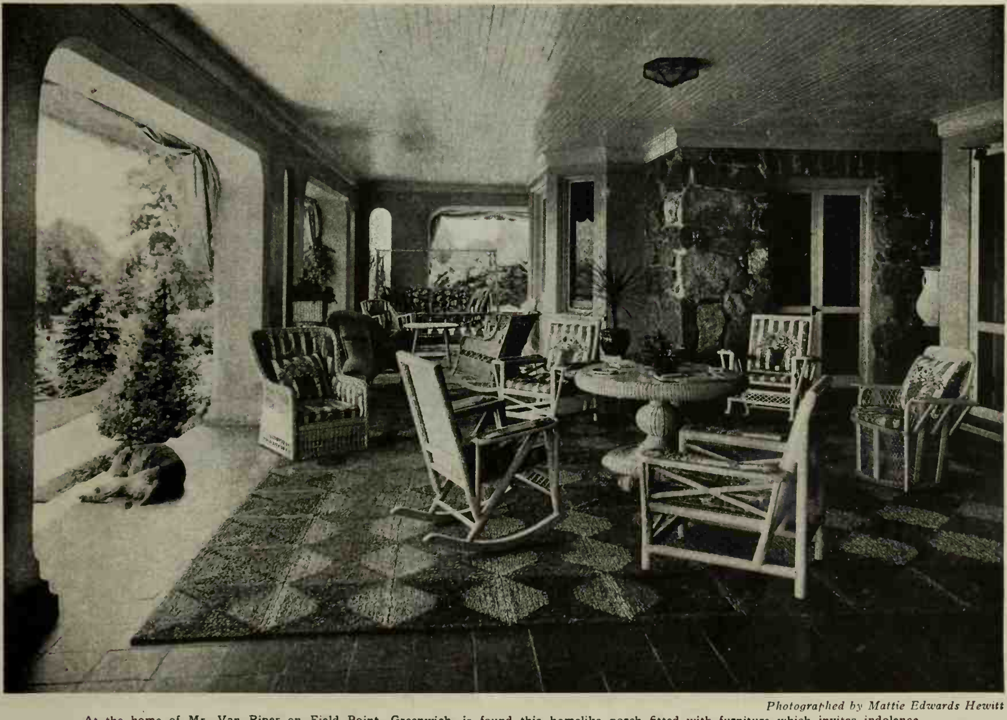
Punto in Aria, Italian 17th Century, owned by Mrs. McDougall Hawkes



Photographed by Mattie Edwards Hewitt

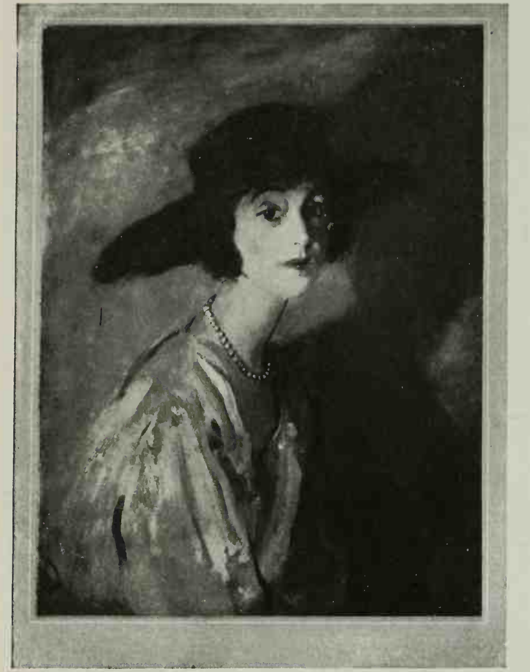
Views of fair tall lilies and beguiling glimpses of forest and fountain, enliven the porch of the country house of Walter Denegre, Esq., Manchester, Mass. A rectangular note is given by the bamboo furniture and by the squares of tiles and rug.

The Porch as a Refuge and Pleasure

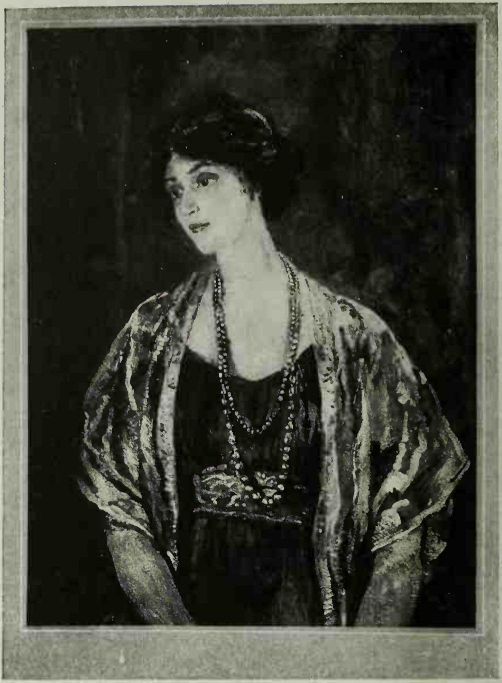


Photographed by Mattie Edwards Hewitt

At the home of Mr. Van Riper on Field Point, Greenwich, is found this homelike porch fitted with furniture which invites indolence.



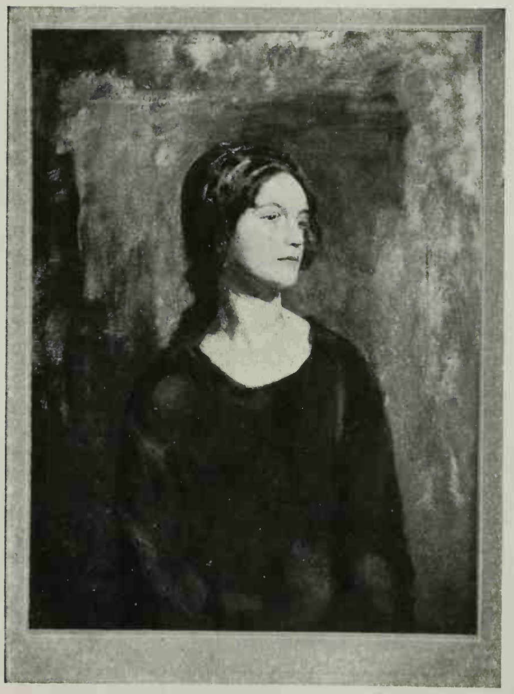
The Duchess of Marlborough



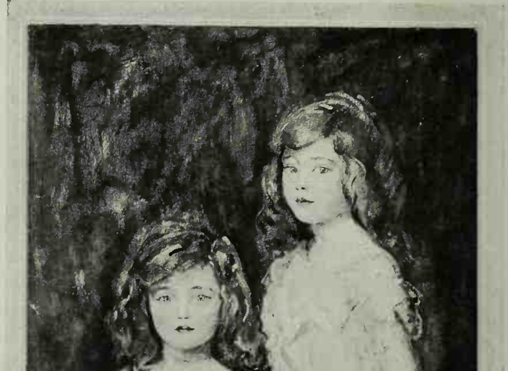
Hon. Mrs. Spender Clay, daughter of Lady Astor

Portraits of Well-Known Americans

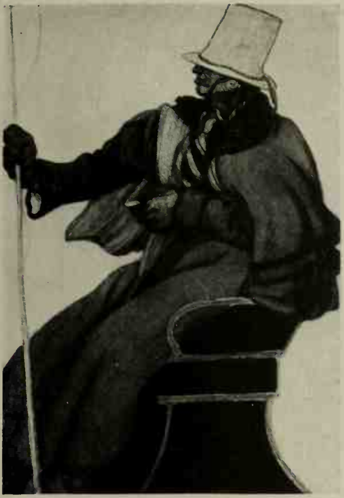
The work of the English painter, Ambrose McEvoy, who exhibits in New York



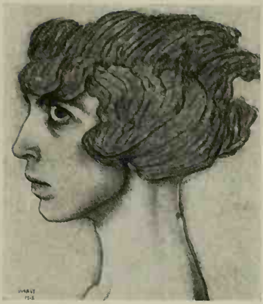
Miss Daphne Baring, granddaughter of Pierre Lorillard



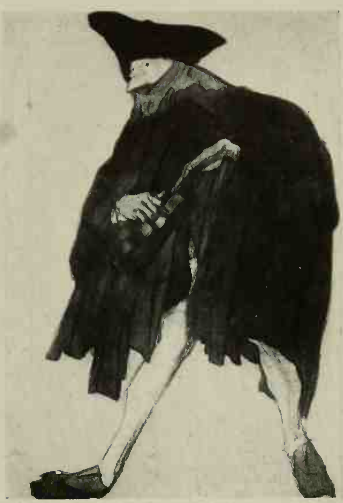
The daughters of Lady Granard, herself the daughter of Ogden Mills



A Neapolitan Coachman, from "La Boutique Fantasque"



Portrait sketch of Marchesa Casati, who is so well known to Americans living much abroad



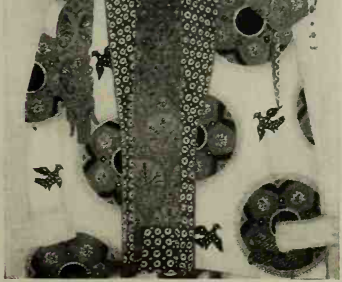
The Masked Musician, from "Les Dames de Bonne Humeur"

Bakst and His Decorations

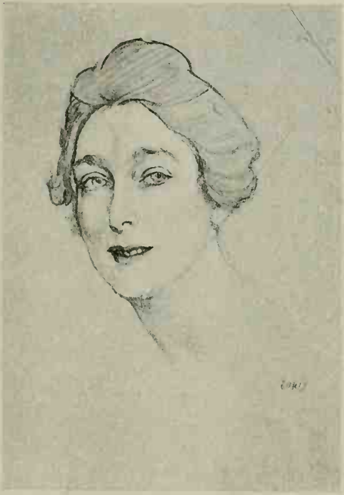
Rare Use of Color Added to Inspired Drawing

LEON BAKST is again before our avid eyes, which revel in his magnetic drawings. He could never be out of mind, because his genius has set a style, and a distinct style has always its imitators and reflectors. Flashes of color in dress and decoration, rare hues, strange combinations, that would never have been used but for his example, all speak of the Bakst influence in the lesser arts. It is as a magician of color that he first awakened us. On the stage his costumes and *decor* played at times more brilliantly and insistently the color scale than the opera's orchestra played the score.

It was through the stage that we first knew him, and his stage work is again before us in the present exhibition arranged at Knoedler's by Mrs. Albert Sterner, where sketches not seen before are displayed. The fantasy known as "The Doll's Shop," or "La Boutique Fantasque," shows an interior hung with dolls, about which loll the loungers and ladies of Naples in 1850. In the ballet the dolls come to life and join the action in the pantomime.



A Russian Aristocrat, from "Sadko," Miss Thoron owner



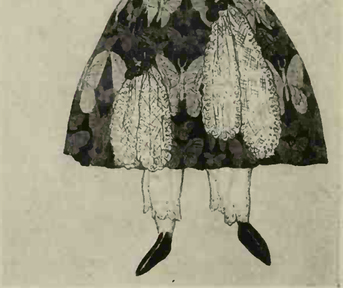
Portrait sketch of Mrs. Cole Porter

His draughtsmanship is most evident in his portraits, which portray with subtlety but never with flattery the soul of the sitter as he reads it. By far his most brilliant recent work in this line is his portrait of Mrs. John W. Garrett. Of those portraits which rank as sketches may be mentioned Mrs. Cole Porter, Mrs. Felix Doubleday and Marchesa Casati.

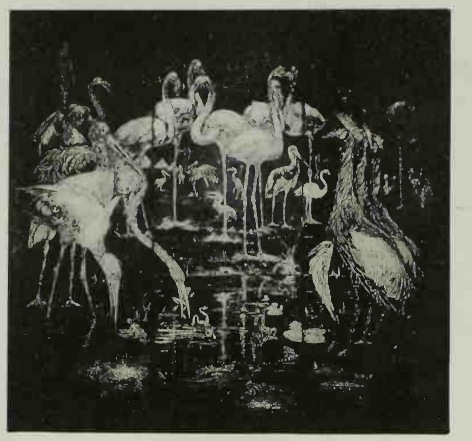
It is in the single figure that we know him best, the study of costume and character that have inspired those whose work is on the stage.

"Les Dames de Bonne Humeur," or "The Good-Natured Ladies," as it is translated, takes us to Venice in the Eighteenth Century, and of the types much seen in old paintings of that time Bakst has chosen one to which he has given life-blood, and it plays the part of "The Masked Musician." With daring, Bakst in this figure throws over the colors that gave him fame, and wields shaded blacks.

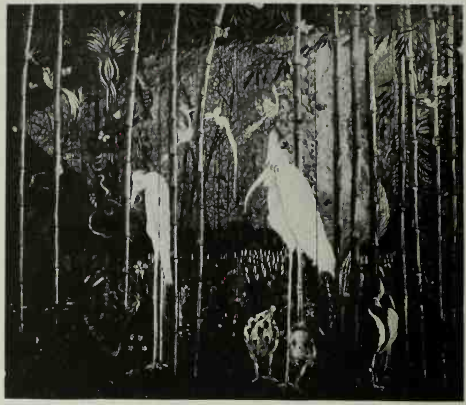
Patrons of the exhibition are among those who are ever keen to enjoy the great colorist, and the list includes Mr. Lloyd Warren, Mrs. Howard Cushing, Princess Cantacuzene, Mrs. Newbold Le Roy Edgar, Mrs. J. W. Garrett, Mrs. Leonard Thomas, Miss Beth Evans, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Miss Mary Hoyt Wiborg and others.



One of the Dolls, from "La Boutique Fantasque"



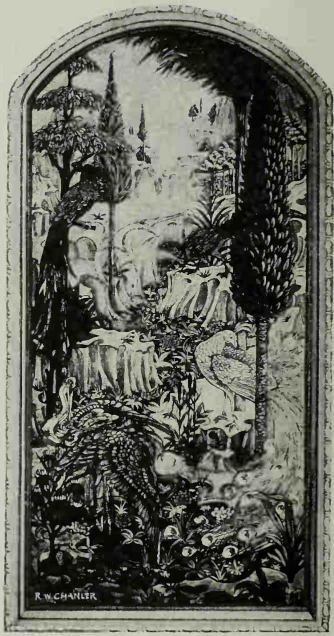
Flamingoes, a screen owned by Mr. Chanler



Symphonic March, a screen owned by Mr. Henry Clews

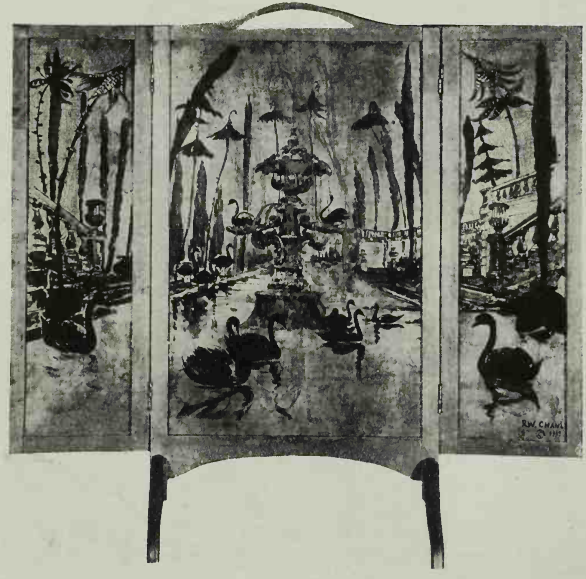
Paintings by R. W. Chanler, Decorator

AN exhibition of the work of R. W. Chanler was recently held at the Chicago Art Institute. It gave a more varied view of his work than any held heretofore. His introduction to New York City at large came with the Armory show, where he was represented with a number of painted screens. Since that time his tremendous energy has been directed in many different channels. He has executed a number of stained-glass windows, notably those in the studio of Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, ceilings in relief, murals, entire rooms. In a completely unacademic way he is one of the greatest decorators in this country.

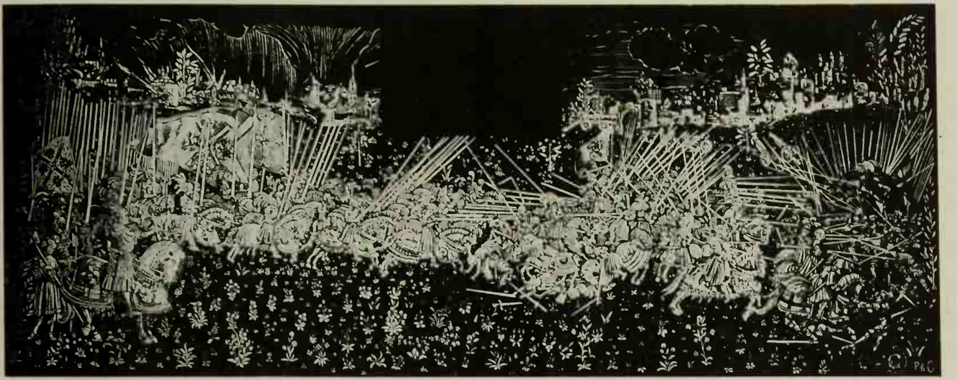


Panel in cloister at home of Mrs. Walter Lewison

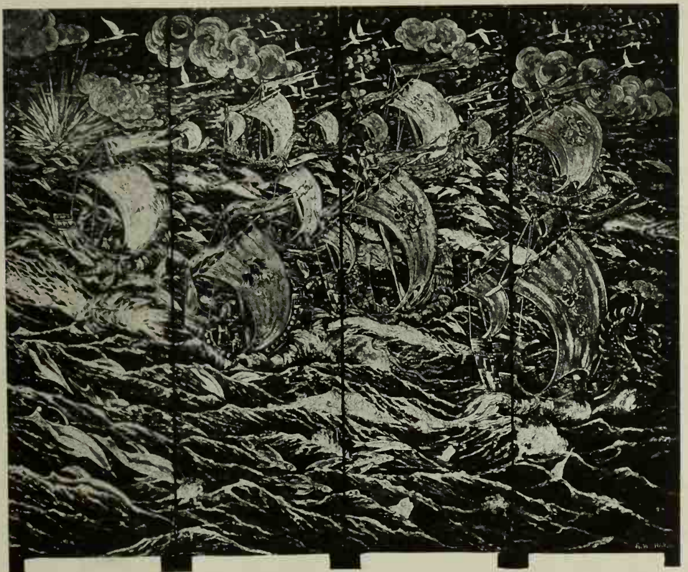
THE fact that the architects of court houses have never asked him to decorate their edifices may be to his credit. He is an exotic, who knows the commonplace too well to be intrigued by it or even amused. He is a Sinbad bringing tropical rarities to the feet of those who, like himself, require them for diversion.



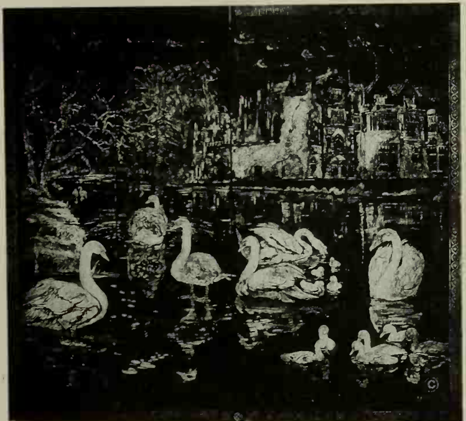
Black Swans, a fire screen owned by Mrs. Henry Gray



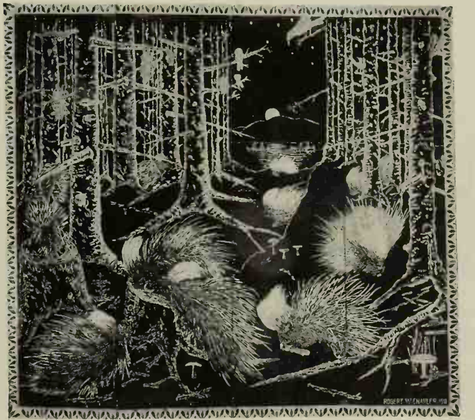
Decoration for a bedroom in Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney's studio in Long Island



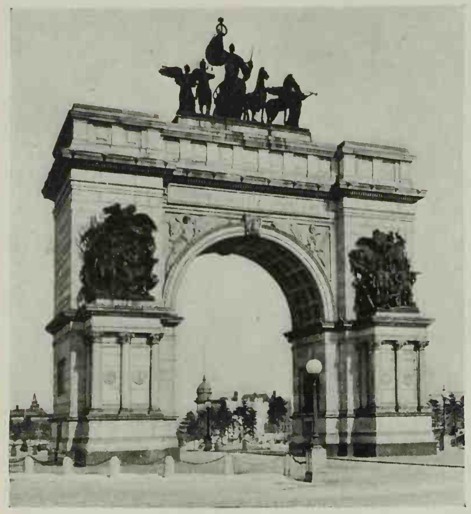
Before the wind, owned by Mrs. John J. Chapman



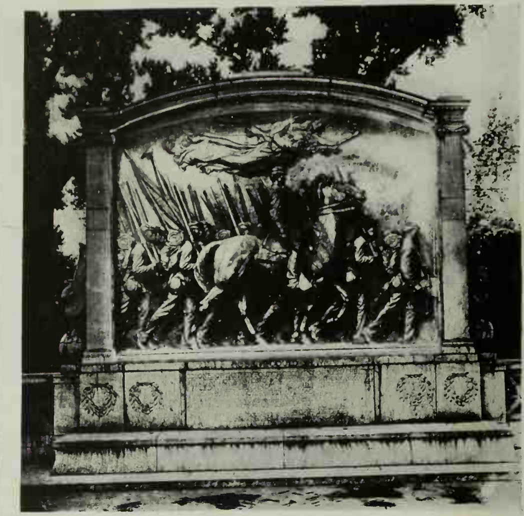
Swan screen in the possession of Mr. George Porter



Porcupines, a screen belonging to Lady Cunard



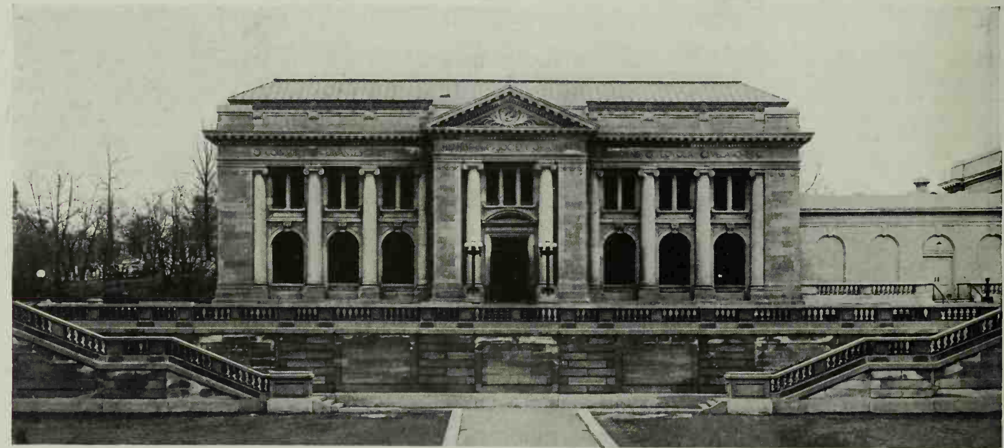
The Brooklyn Memorial Arch—MacMonnies



The Shaw Memorial—St. Gaudens

A Utilitarian and Two "Useless" Memorials

SOME time ago Gilbert K. Chesterton had something to say about the weakness of the modern stomach. He used as exhibits in proof of his contention the almost frantic demand for pure foods and hygienic living conditions. He pointed, as a proof of the illness of the world, to the fact that it thought more of health now than it had ever thought of it. Sick men wear metaphorical as well as material rubbers. Healthy men go into a rainstorm without remembering that such protective devices exist, and much less that they are necessary. Perhaps Germany beat the world when it gave it the efficient or the materialistic theory. But when the German staff made its army think and act upon the theory that "Gott" was "mit uns" it capitulated to the sentimentality that is in all peoples. It realized that in order to gain a greater efficiency it must have a greater morale. Perhaps this idea was brought into their campaign in response to the pulls of their own Germanic thoroughness. Perhaps it was brought in by skeptics who had stuck their tongues into their cheeks as playfully as any German can. In any case, these very efficient monsters did take note of the spirit and not satisfied with merely noticing it, bent to it. In the America of today we may find a prevalence of Teutonic ideas or methods if we look for them. It is quite probable that they are not taken seriously. If this is so, so much the better. If it is not so, then it is a matter for regret that we do not follow the Germans the whole way. The utilitarian memorial theory does not go the whole way. Like sick men, it considers only the bodies of men, and caters to them alone. It says that any memorial which does not serve some practical utilitarian end is a waste of material and space. It would make a memorial to dead men of practical service to living men, because being materially efficient, which is to say materially economic, it cannot afford to waste matter upon spirit, which, since it has no avoirdupois and is not palpable, counts for nothing. And as nothing, is nothing to be generous about. The dead men must continue to serve the living even when they have died for them.



THE HISPANIC MUSEUM

How many people know that this is a memorial to Collis P. Huntington?

The "Useless" Memorial

Should We Give Mittens Instead of Medals to Soldiers?

GERTRUDE VANDERBILT WHITNEY

THE man who invented the idea of tacking on to a memorial a club house, stadium, water gate, bridge or lodging house was indeed a man of wicked proclivities. Perhaps he was innocent of ulterior motives, which brands him a plebian, but perhaps he was insidious or corrupt or a builder, a contractor, a philanthropist, an architect or a politician.

A great deal has been said about memorials—a great deal too much from one standpoint. It is a horrid word, to begin with. It sounds like all the things it is not. Perhaps that is the reason the majority of people have such a wrong idea of that which it is. It does not sound useless.

In search of knowledge I went to meetings where the subject of War Memorials was discussed. I have also read in the daily papers an endless chain of suggestions: the soldiers', sailors', aviators', officers', engineers', cooks' clubs; running tracks, commemorative tablets, the lodging house for stray army men, swimming pools—all these and many other propositions have passed in serious procession through my mind.

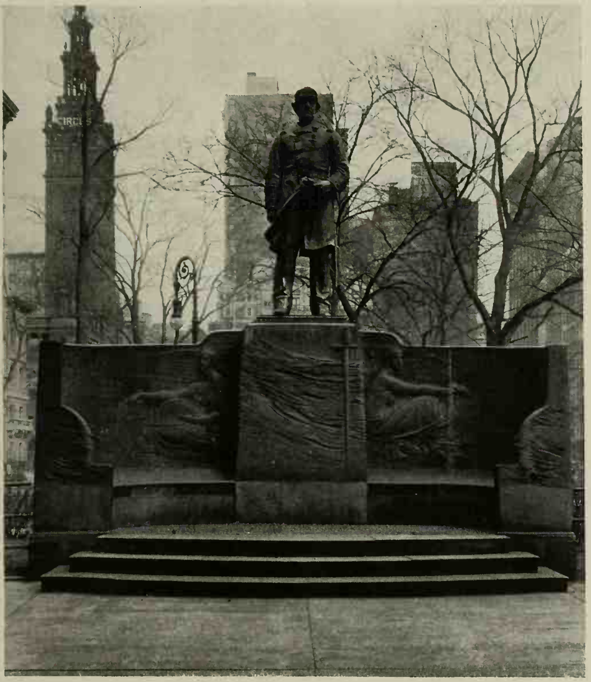
Nowadays if one wants to influence the public one starts a propaganda. One never used to hear of propaganda. Suddenly it emerged from its former inconspicuousness to take its place in the foremost ranks of importance. I should like to start a propaganda to spread the idea of the Useless Memorial. If you believe in the Useless Memorial tell your friends and tell everyone you meet; herald it in writing, show your approval in the many ways which are open at present—the War Memorial being in the public eye.

We take art too seriously. A man removes his hat, walks on tiptoe and speaks in a low voice when he enters a gallery. To be sure, he would give himself hopelessly away should people hear what he says, and he knows it. Mr. X. told me the other day with great emotion that his exhibition had been a huge success. "Everyone spoke in whispers," he said. Poor boob! He thought they were impressed. I know they were scared.

Art doesn't enter into our lives, that is the trouble. It has nothing to do with what we think, feel and the way we act in every-day existence. Art is much the same as religion to the majority; something to approach once a week or when our friends die, with bated breath and best clothes.

There is nothing serious about art.

The joy of living, which is testified to by Walt Whitman in his work, would help to make people realize this if we could find it expressed in all the art of our country. He expresses it himself as "Hymns of praise of things." Perhaps if we had more of this in our painting and sculpture we would not have to deal with the man who speaks in a whisper when he goes to exhibitions or with the multitude who want Useful Memorials. All this sort of fallacy comes from the same line of thought as the "strenuous life," the "social settlement," the "uplift of the masses." It is a particularly vicious form of expression because it is an insidious form. We, as a race, are hypocritical. We jump at something bad which has a sanctimonious exterior. A bridge wrapped up in a War Memorial appeals to us. Someone has suggested that "a beautiful, useful, adequate, appropriate and comprehensive" War Memorial be erected! If he had stopped at "beautiful" one might listen to him.



The Farragut Memorial by St. Gaudens

The tendency to uplift is distressing. If one looks over the literature on the subject of proposed monuments or works of art certain expressions appear with great frequency. "To aid in——" "To protect against——" "To raise the ideals of——" "To elevate the spirit——" "To extend the sphere of usefulness——" Surely there is enough solemnity in life. The dreadful security of Useful Memorials robs them of their joy. What about giving pleasure? Where do we find any mention in this camp of giving pleasure? The real reason for art, here, is passed over without a murmur. Oscar Wilde, in speaking of some work of art, said: "It brings us no new element of pleasure. It suggests no fresh departure of thought, or passion, or beauty. It should not be spoken of. It should be left to the oblivion it deserves."

There is nothing further from my thoughts than to imply that hospitals, stadiums and all such buildings are not of the greatest benefit, but they have nothing to do with War Memorials. We have already had them and will continue to have them; when the need becomes acute the need will be met. But when we get down to commemorating the marvelous spirit of our men in France and their splendid achievement we must have a Memorial which shall commemorate and be worthy of that spirit.

The Nelson Monument has surely been a great patriotic and moral inspiration to England during the past six years. And think of the Arc de Triumph, never allowing the memory of heroism to be forgotten in France! Right here in our own country, what about the Bunker Hill Monument? Its influence for American patriotism and courage still stands. It is there, and who is going to forget it?

If you want to help the "useless" Memorial propaganda say this kind of thing to anyone who asks you, and principally to those who do not ask you. We want to preserve the memory of those who died in the war and of those who were courageous—and, above all, of our victory—that is the fundamental idea of a Memorial. A pile of stones, a cross which means just this. Such a Memorial can only mean this, can suggest no other thought. A "useful" Memorial or a utilitarian Memorial, being a club, a stadium, serves its own purpose and the memory of our heroes is forgotten.

Here in your city or throughout the country in your city or town erect the "Useless" Memorial. Erect it in the middle of your activities, stumble over it when you go out, bungle into it when you come home late, never mistake it for a club, lodging house or high building. In some other city where a useful Memorial exists the children will be asked: "What is that building?" and the answer will be: "The Army Club" or "The Stadium."

Your child in your city will know your Memorial. He will say: "That was erected in memory of our soldiers and sailors in the Great War."

Three Good Bad Women, or Thereabouts

Intrusions Into the Best English Literature, by Special Arrangement with Mrs. Grundy

H. I. BROCK

IT is notorious that persons professionally bereft of one virtue may not hope for the mantle of Mrs. Grundy's charity to cover the multitude of their sins. And Mrs. Grundy, though she did not preside at the birth of English fiction or suckle the lusty nurseling (witness Defoe and Fielding) has been Governess in the house pretty constantly since. Even now when the good creature's authority is waning, persons of that description, in spite of their unquestioned standing in classical and mediaeval literature and their general acceptance in modern European continental fiction, are infrequently admitted to the story books of England. Britons ever will be slaves—to convention. (They never even ask who was Mr. Grundy and why Mrs. G. mislaid him.)

De Quincey's literary reputation has been allowed to excuse the personal disrepute attaching in solid social circles to victims of the drug habit. His classic character as a confessed opium eater, with sauce of belles-lettres permitted him certain moral latitude and won him plenary indulgence for mild improprieties. De Quincey, accordingly, has opened the door of the very best English literature to one whom he does not hesitate to call by the name of street-walker.

His Ann, who did him only a common human kindness, is, because of her outcast condition, invested in the opium-eater's pitying imagination with an exaltation of goodness. Because she lacks one virtue, all the others seem to shine out in her with a tender radiance. Yet Ann was probably a very ordinary example of her unfortunate class, and thought nothing whatever of her ministry of port wine and spices (out of the wages of sin) to the weakling, starveling youth who had shared with her the hourly terror of the watchman and the cold shelter of those dim London doorways in Soho.

"Oh, noble-minded Ann"—cries the romantical confessor of dope-dreams, "oh, youthful benefactress, how often in succeeding years, standing in solitary places and thinking of thee with grief of heart and perfect love, how often have I wished that, as in ancient times the curse of a father was believed to have supernatural power and to pursue its object with a fatal necessity of self-fulfillment—even so the benediction of a heart oppressed with gratitude might have a like perogative; might have power given to it from above to chase—to haunt—to waylay—to overtake, to pursue thee into the central darkness of a London brothel, or (if it were possible) into the darkness of the grave—there to awaken thee with an authentic message of peace and forgiveness and final reconciliation."

THE bald facts of the lyric by De Quincey's own account, were that for several miserable weeks a foolish, over-educated and voluntarily homeless youth of eighteen had walked at night up and down Oxford Street with this poor friendless girl, herself not yet sixteen — so she said — and with her had rested upon steps and under porticos. Until the particular night when the youth for sheer hunger fainted in her arms, and she ran to a neighboring public-house and fetched him stuff in a glass. "Had that refreshment been denied, alas, our Strephon might have died." But he did not die. And having soon after (readers of the Confessions, may remember) come by ten pounds, he shared that sum providently with the lady and parted from her with kisses and tears to go by coach to Eton, there to find a real live Lord to stand, sponsor for additional modest borrowings.

They made a tryst. After five days' decent interval she was to wait for him nightly at the bottom of a certain street—until he came again. Nearer five months than five days slipped by before the facile sentimentalist of eighteen really did come back. And when he did come at last, he watched and waited for his Ann night after night in vain. It is likely and comfortable to think that, being what she was, his Ann had wasted little enough time at the bottom of that street, even after five days decent interval. But sentiment in British literature must be served with sobs, and the picture persistent in De Quincey's mind is of the wan ghost of poor Ann haunting for ever disconsolate the appointed stretch of pavement.

Waif that he was, De Quincey had a British mother—"a stately woman, every inch a lady, moving in the best county circles, and with her feet on the Rock of Ages"—Mrs. Grundy herself to the life. And it is characteristic of the realm of letters over which Mrs. Grundy hovers that where the Magdalen is let in she is thus sicklied o'er with sentiment —where she is not overwhelmed with contumely.

THERE was a story—a moving little story —printed in a French magazine sometime around the middle of the Great War. It concerned a poor girl of Paris who pleased herself with the fancy that while the men of France were giving themselves freely to France it was her privilege to give herself to the men of France—since she had nothing else to give. Simply and frankly she played the part she had assigned herself in the service of war and simply and frankly, after the French fashion, the story is told of her adventures and her devotion and her point of honor to accept from those shifting companions of her days and nights only what would enable her to dress in such fashion that the heroes from the front would not be ashamed to be seen abroad with her. Heroes, she felt, must be made proud and happy—never shamed.

The thing went on till a stray English officer on leave met the girl—like the others —heard her story and was so touched and moved by it that he married her. The French author knew his own common-sensible countrymen and the magnificent capacity of the English for sentimentality. And with his instinctive French fidelity to truth, he made artistic use of that knowledge. The British officer's attitude toward the wisp of human sacrifice to the glory of French arms was precisely the attitude of De Quincey toward his "noble-minded Ann." If the soldier's action spoke louder than the opium-eater's eloquence, that, doubtless, was because he was so martially limited in his range of expression.

A touch of the same sort of thing may be discovered even in the virtuous Dickens toward Nancy Sykes and many respectable British authors have betrayed tenderness where the letter of the law called for condemnation in such brief glimpses of the half-world as they have ventured to allow to their smugly sheltered readers. Thus have they compounded for the sin they must not have a mind to by nobly pitying the sinner.

One has to come down to strictly contemporary British fiction to find in Hugh Walpole's "Fortitude," the lady with the Hat—a hat furnished with a large damaged feather—presented as merely human, though she was kind to another starveling literary wretch who happened to share with her a dank fog-wrapped bench on the Embankment. "Cheer chucky," says she, "poor kid. Never say die, strike me blimy but there's a good day coming."

The lady with the Hat, who speaks these rude words of comfort to Peter Westcott, comes into the story casually; and casually, having spoken her comfort, she drops out of it without a halo. This in spite of the obvious advantages of the London fog for optical effects of that sort. Yet if she had lingered only a little, if Mr. Walpole had diverted the spot-light from his tiresome Cornish hero even for an episodic moment, you feel somehow, that a sentimental aura would have gathered insensibly even about that poor cockney drab.

A GOOD bad woman—or goodness in a bad woman—especially one bad by profession—is too much for the fine English sense of the fitness of things. It isn't done. Is she a sinner? Then, unless she is all a sinner, she must be a saint.

Some of their moderns, of course, have broken out flagrantly. They have gone to the length of fetching impossible young persons into Mrs. Grundy's own house—or anyway into her London lodgings—in hansoms, as it were. There is Compton Mackenzie of "Sinister Street," for instance, with his romantical young Oxford hero, conducting a quest in the under-world of the British metropolis for a fair girl who once had looked into his schoolboy sheep's eyes and asked him "why he made her love him so." Years passed and he accomplished a distinguished University career, when a rediscovered old friend happens to mention that he has seen the girl haunting the promenade of one of those music halls where they regularly do such things. Thereupon our young man suddenly remembers his Lily that spins not and is bent to rescue her from the consequences of a lesson easier learned than unlearned.

This Lily is quite an achievement for a British author. There is about her a flower-like fragrance of unmorality—not precisely the hot-house flower-like variety of fragrance, but one that hints dangerously of a moonlit-garden freshness. Which opens the door to the potentially devastating suggestion that unmorality may be a state of nature and not merely a condition of sin.

Thoroughout it all, the young Oxfordian's behaviour remains characteristically British. In a well-bred supremely up-to-date sophisticated fashion he is as sentimental about his Lily as De Quincey was about his Ann. He wraps around his tepid passion for the sweet soft creature the rich mantle of his chivalrous resolve to marry her. He might even have done it—but for a Top-hat. It was another man's top-hat, and as such circumstantial evidence.

(*Continued on page* 450)

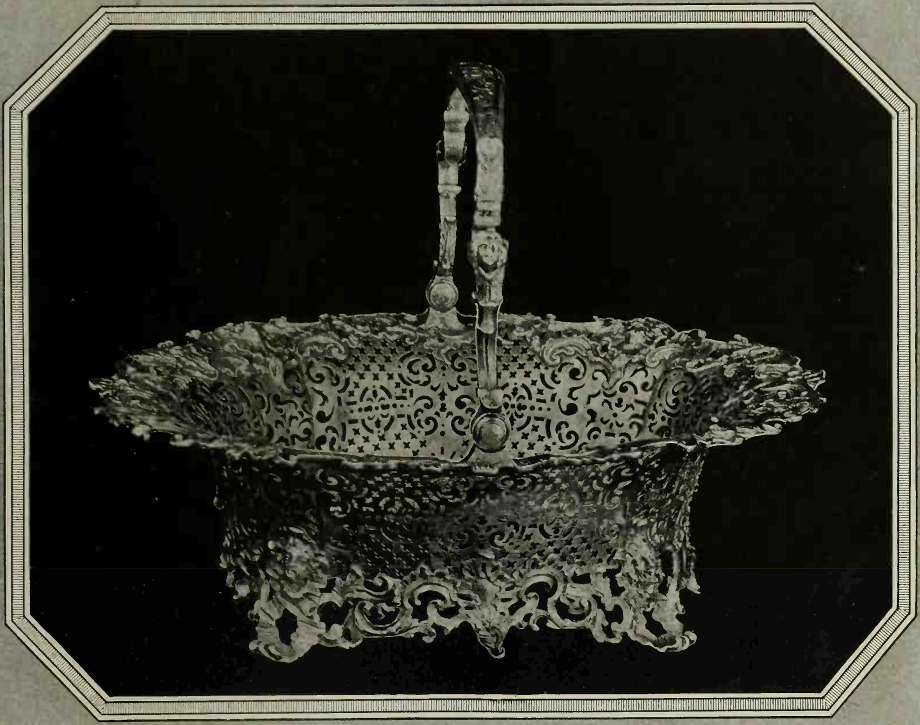
BY APPOINTMENT
TO THEIR MAJESTIES
THE KING AND QUEEN

CRICHTON BROS.

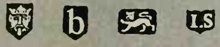
of London

GOLDSMITHS and SILVERSMITHS

In New York: 636, Fifth Avenue
In Chicago: 622, S. Michigan Avenue
In London: 22, Old Bond Street



A VERY BEAUTIFUL OLD ENGLISH SILVER CAKE BASKET, MADE IN LONDON IN 1737 BY JAMES SCHRUDER. THE CHASING OF THE FACES WHICH FORM AN IMPORTANT PART OF THE DECORATION OF THE BASKET IS EXCEPTIONALLY FINE.



THE ABOVE HALL MARKS APPEAR ON THE CAKE BASKET

RARE PIECES of OLD ENGLISH SILVER—exquisite specimens of the master silversmiths of Queen Anne and the early Georges—on view in our Galleries.

Byronism in Opera

Eugene Onegin at the Metropolitan

DANIEL GREGORY MASON

ROMANTICISM as an artistic tradition had a singularly short sway; our grandfathers, almost as much as our grandmothers, thrilled and wept over their Byron; but our fathers and mothers began already, whether they would or no, to be forced from that morbid revelling in the subjective agonies of their own souls to a more objective study of social relations; and we, who have lost so many illusions we can ill spare, may at least thank our stars that the romantic illusion, long malingering, has finally succumbed to the rapier thrusts of Bernard Shaw's clear-eyed realism, barbed with deadliest irony. Romanticism is dead. We have not the time, even if we had the inclination, for its elaborate self-communings, its cultivation of "sensibility," its posing and rhodomontade; and its flavor has palled upon our palates. It no longer seems intoxicating, but rather flat and just a bit sickish. Yet the romanticists, too, were human—at least when they forgot about being romantic; and from the midst of their artificialities there sometimes reaches us a sincere accent, like the wistful smile that stabs us sometimes from the midst of the wigs and stocks of old daguerreotypes.

These considerations have been suggested by the evening of Simon-pure romanticism offered as its last new production of the season by the Metropolitan Opera House on March 24th—Tschaikowsky's opera of "Eugene Onegin," for which he himself had a truly romantic regard, on a text based upon Pushkin's Russian epic in verse. Pushkin himself (1799-1837) was, as Mr. James Huneker points out, a romanticist *à outrance,* "a sentimentalist, sensualist and poseur spoiled by his surroundings, but a poet of genuine power and pathos when he escaped evil influences." He was "always in gambling and women scrapes. . . . After many adventures, including a separation from his wife, he fought a duel about her, and was killed January 27, 1837, but not before he had had the savage satisfaction of winging his adversary." The hero of his poem "typifies the blasé, the superannuated man of wealth, the landowner, who at twenty-five has no illusions, whose soul is as wrinkled as his face."

Giuseppe di Luca and Claudia Muzio

Tschaikowsky, too, was a confirmed romanticist, though with elements of sincerity and of self-respecting idealism that make his letters poignant reading, with their odd mixture of *schwärmerei* and nobility. At the time he wrote "Eugene Onegin" he was thirty-seven; he had married, out of a mistaken chivalry, a woman he did not love; his health had broken down, leaving him in a hysterical state bordering on insanity after forty-eight hours of unconsciousness; and he had separated from his wife, and was picking up the threads of his work again as best he might. The whole story may be read in the letters, not without amusement yet also not without pity and respect. The to us almost incredible types of humanity in "Onegin" seemed to him intensely real, and there can be no doubt of his whole-souled enthusiasm for it, undiluted by any thought of exploiting it for popularity. He wished for his opera, or "lyrical scenes," as he preferred to call it, recognizing its theatric shortcomings, "a modest setting and a small theatre." (What would he have said to the Metropolitan production?) "You have no notion," he cries, "how crazy I am upon this subject. How delightful to avoid the commonplace Pharaohs, Ethiopian princesses, poisoned cups, and all the rest of these dolls' tales! 'Eugene Onegin' is full of poetry. I am not blind to its defects. I know well enough the work gives little scope for treatment, and will be deficient in stage effects; but the wealth of poetry, the human quality and simplicity of the subject, joined to Pushkin's inspired verses, will compensate for what it lacks in other respects."

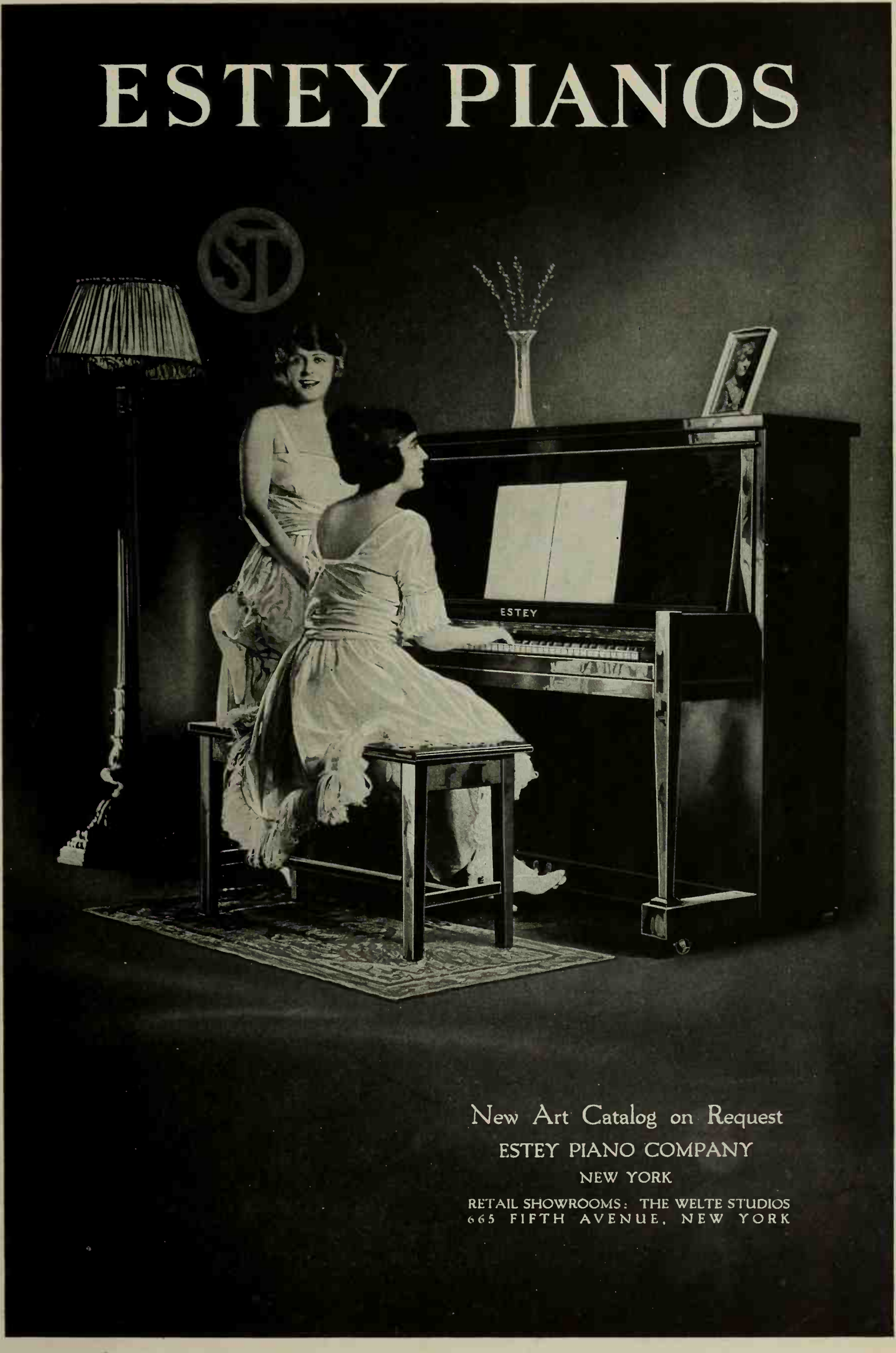
Adamo Didur

It is a matter for curious consideration that the very elements in the story that most deeply stirred the composer seem to us nowadays to give it unreality, verging often upon absurdity. What is the reason? Is it because these "lyrical scenes," intended for a modest setting and a small theatre, lose subtlety, and with it intelligibility, in the vast spaces of our opera house, crowded with associations of theatricality, luxury, and display? Is it that "Pushkin's inspired verses" are sung for us, doubtless out of deference to the singers, in an Italian text which we cannot understand? Doubtless that has something to do with it, and it is a pity that the text could not have been put into English, though not into the English of the libretto book, which makes one of Pushkin's romantic personages explain, "And now I shall trust to luck, since it is up to me to account for my offense." But the real reason seems to be that to Tschaikowsky, as a romanticist, these romantic people seem real, while to us they seem perverse, priggish, or idiotic. The events, as they strike us, are exactly described by Mr. Krehbiel in a summary of the plot. "There was," he says, "a woman who would [Tatiana], and a man who wouldn't [Eugene Onegin]. And so the man, after quarreling with a friend [Lenski], who objected to his dancing with his sweetheart [Olga], and killing him, went away from there. After a space he came back and found that the woman who had loved him was married to a prince [Gremine]. Now he would and she wouldn't; and he went away from there again. And stayed away, presumably; at least, there was nothing more doing on the stage. The opera was over."

Now hear Tschaikowsky on this absurd farrago. "Very probably you are quite right in saying that my opera is not effective for the stage. I must tell you, however, I do not care a fig for such effectiveness. I spit

(*Continued on page* 430)

Flora Perini



ESTEY PIANOS

New Art Catalog on Request
ESTEY PIANO COMPANY
NEW YORK
RETAIL SHOWROOMS: THE WELTE STUDIOS
665 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

"Kakiyemon"

A Family of Masters in Porcelain Making

YONE NOGUCHI

THE artistic fame of the First Kakiyemon (1596-1666), *"de la Première qualité coloriée,"* as he is pronounced by Frenchmen, was demonstrated by a special exhibition of his work in porcelain, which made me feel like Charles Lamb who wrote that when he went to visit a great house he always inquired first for the china closet, and next for the picture gallery. It was interesting, although the interest was rather historical, to find in the exhibition one large plate with the capital letters of the Vereinigte Ost Indische Compagnie marked round the brim as a sort of design; this plate, owned by the present Dutch minister in Tokyo, among others, will explain the fact that the European fame of Kakiyemon was fostered by the agency of an adventurous Dutch trader whose business, under the name of the said company, was already established in 1641 at Deshima of Nagasaki. The plate itself, however, might belong artistically to a much later date, perhaps being of the Seventh or Eighth Kakiyemon, since it lacks, in design and color, a certain etherealized softness of the Primitives, as if a breadth of incantation, that only belonged to the earlier Kakiyemon; now what we value in porcelain called "Kakiyemon," should be the work of the First, Second and Third Kakiyemon chronologically, between 1647 and 1680. The Second Kakiyemon died in his forty-second year (1620-1661); and the Third only survived his grandfather, the First Kakiyemon, six years; it would not be presumptuous to put the whole productions of those three generations under the one same category, from the reason that the First must have kept a strict supervision over the work of the Second and Third. In truth, there is no way to distinguish their several productions. But the "Kakiyemon" of the Fourth or Fifth pointing a decadence, had forgotten its original poetry of execution; and it was in the time of the Fifth Kakiyemon that the once glowing kiln fire was quenched as a result of failure in competition with many other porcelain makers who imitated the color secret that the First Kakiyemon invented with much pain. The Sixth Kakiyemon, when at a very early age he succeeded to the house, was, it is said, guarded by his uncle, Shibuyemon, whose mastery of the art of porcelain making led to the transference of the art from the direct line to a collateral; the work inscribed with the date and character of "kaki" or persimmon is now supposed to be the production of Shibuyemon. When the porcelains called Okochi or Iro Nabeshima, much patronized by the powerful Lord Nabeshima, began to claim the general admiration from the point of color virtuosity, we may say that the sovereignty once belonging to the Kakiyemon family had already passed into other hands.

When one sees the work of Augustijin Reygensburgh (1663) in delft as an imitator of Kakiyemon, as in a specimen kept in the South Kensington Museum, or the work of Adriaen Pynacker (1900), also as a successful imitator, he will wonder how those porcelains that only procured a few sen cash as table utensils, satisfied the secret delight of Western worshippers of the exotic and strange; and we can trace, if we wish, an unmistakable influence of Kakiyemon in a French porcelain known as "Chantilly" and in an English ware of the eighteenth century, known as "Bow" and "Worcester." The first German porcelain maker, Bottger, whose work was much improved upon by Herod, a Viennese, in his handling of red, green and blue, it is believed went first to Kakiyemon. It is quite natural that this remarkable Japanese of two hundred and fifty years ago should have received no small Western influence, since he communicated directly with a Dutch trader; he learned, as it seems, how to draw flowers and birds from a Dutch porcelain or perhaps from a Dutch chintz, and his special art was wise enough only to use this Western realism as a touch of emphasis.

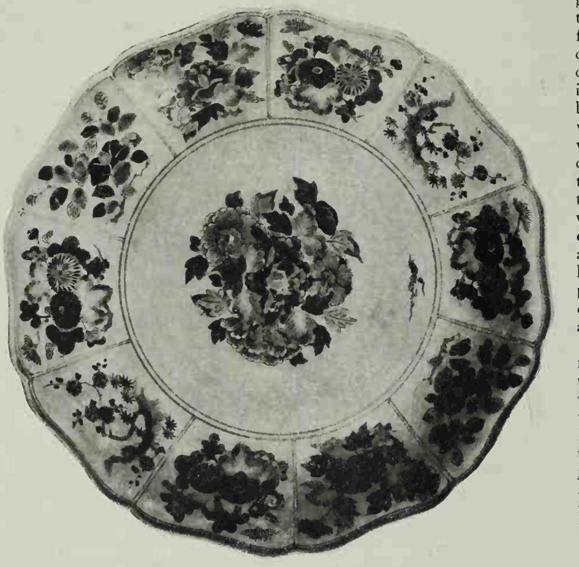


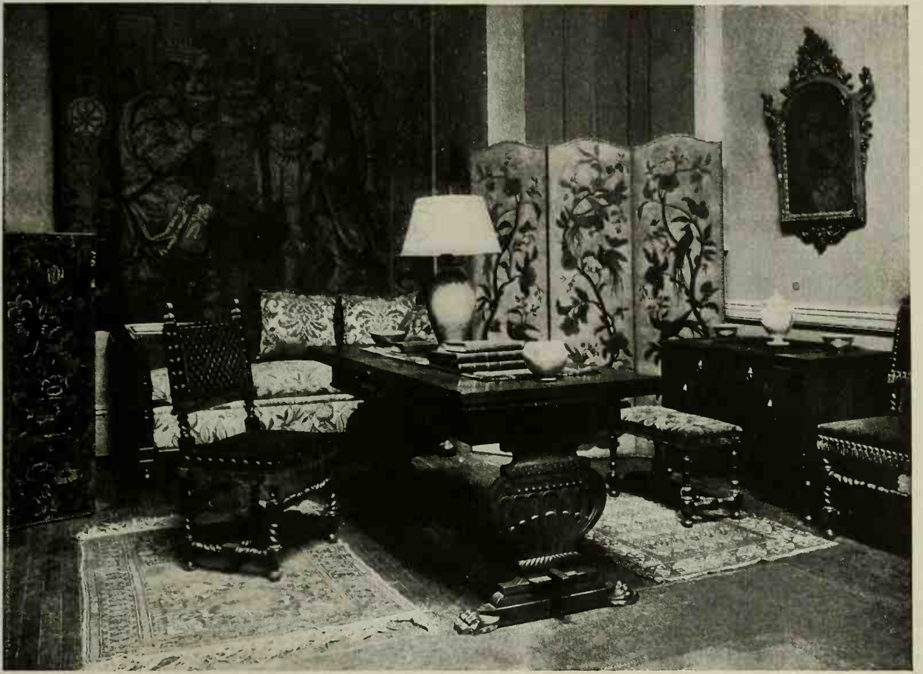
Plate of the First Kakiyemon

Kakiyemon, I mean the First Kakiyemon, whose original name was Kisoyemon Sakaida, was commanded by Lord Nabeshima, following the old record of the Sakaida family, to make an ornament for the alcove in the shape of a persimmon, and when it was done, its faultless beauty inspired the Lord to bid the maker assume the name "Kakiyemon," the first two syllables meaning persimmon. It was in 1643 that he perfected his color scheme, being taught by Tokuyemon Tojima, who learned from a Chinese at Nagasaki by paying him many pieces of silver; when his strict adherence to the so-called "Red Picture of the Wan Li Era" of the later Ming dynasty or the earlier Ming ware of Cheng Hua, gradually gave way to his individual expression, he had already advanced a good way toward his artistic maturity. The Chinese design of the Ming age, always archaic and rather bafflingly innocent, has no concentration, often letting itself go in diffusion; and the heaviness of its general coloring was found not to harmonize with Kakiyemon's original Japanese love of limpidity and delicacy and ghostlike simplicity. When he was best in the design of natural objects, from a nameless wildflower to an animal, he was always backed by this melodious purity rich in a reminiscent atmosphere of gaiety. As in some pieces of the said exhibition, he frequently uses a design of the Chinese dragon in the Ming fashion, but its grotesqueness or extravagant heaviness is cleverly lightened by his general artistic scheme, making the whole design full of a cheerful, pleasing atmosphere. Viscount Okochi, one of the great collectors of Kakiyemon's work in Japan, exhibited at the exhibition more than one piece which bore a female figure whose office of design was charmingly proportioned with the accessories of flowers or trees; what is common in the way of plants or flowers in his design are plum blossoms, chrysanthemums, bamboos, maple leaves, pine-trees and hemp palms, and among living things, dragons, phœnixes, deer, tigers, and little birds.

I should like to point out, first of all, the glazed face of the Kakiyemon ware, softly warm, brilliant in milky white; whose unearthly purity even lifts one to a musical infinity: the temperature of the *grand feu* by which the fine white clays are to be burned works a magic in etherealizing the face of the ware, to make it escape from the unnatural coldness that is always found in the Korean ware called "Haku Korai." But there are some "Kakiyemons" with a somewhat bluish surface, which often invite one to say that they might be Kutani's imitation of Kakiyemon; such a ware has one advantage in making the colored design on it more distinguished and clear. It is generally supposed that this kind of "Kakiyemon," that is to say, the ware with the bluish touch, is the work of those after the time of the Third Kakiyemon, or more likely of Shibuyemon.

If you compare the Kakiyemon with the Nabeshima or Kutani, you will surely be surprised to find that the former used too many various colors; what is comparatively seldom seen is silver; red, blue, gold, yellow, green, purple and black are most common, their interweaving creating a composition of soft but distinguished melody. When you know what painful experience the First Kakiyemon underwent to learn how rightly to use red color, the perfect harmony of this red color with the milk white surface will be understood to

(*Continued on page* 432)



In the Galleries of Emil Feffercorn may be found furniture of wide variety in point of period style, accompanied by antiques of guaranteed authenticity and reproductions of the utmost faithfulness.

Rare tapestries, mirrors, sconces, porcelains and other decorative objects are here in subtle charm and profusion.

Mr. Feffercorn will be pleased to make appointments for consultation with out-of-town clients.

EMIL FEFFERCORN
126 and 128 East *28th* Street
NEW YORK CITY

The Claims of Industrial Art

Considered with Reference to Certain Prevalent Tendencies in Education

LESLIE W. MILLER

Principal School of Industrial Art, Pennsylvania Museum

Editorial Note

AMERICA is at the threshold of her great art opportunity. Hitherto, her attainments have been preeminently along material lines. The art element has been lacking. She has become a great industrial nation without a national industrial art; her industrial art she obtained from abroad, while her own talent was neglected. The pause in industry caused by the shock of war has brought this home, together with the realization that if we are not only to hold our commercial success, but meet the coming intensified world competition in trade, we must add the art element. This addition of the art element to our industrial production is essential.

It is my belief that this emphatic need of the application of art to our industrial life will open the way for America to her great art opportunity. In the following article, prepared by Leslie W. Miller, this note was sounded, and some of the claims of industrial art presented.

Recent study in this field has demonstrated very clearly that the claims of a national industrial art are twofold: (1), that industrial art—recognized, developed, applied—will give us an even chance with the artist—artisan of the old world in the world's market, bringing economic reward to the country; and, (2), that, through industrial art, public taste will be cultivated, and the way prepared for a wider and more perfect appreciation of the fine in art. Thus art in its truest sense will form a part of the daily life of our people. Industrial necessity—is not this, then, America's great art opportunity?

W. Frank Purdy,
Editor Dep't of Industrial Art.

IT is all so new, this conception of art as something compatible with industrial aims and methods, that explanations and insistence are still in order. It is not so many years since the very name of industrial art was a term of reproach, if not of contempt, to great numbers of fairly intelligent and perfectly well-meaning men; while to many more the combination of words which constitute the expression conveyed no meaning, but seemed rather a contradiction of terms, out of which no sense could be made. I am sorry to say that there are persons now alive on whose minds this impression still continues to be made; and even where the case is not so bad as that, there are vast areas of intelligence in which the real meaning of the words is very far from being accepted, and the significance of the idea which they embody very far from being appreciated or understood.

To how many of us, even now, who are attracted by that magic word, art, does not the notion come at once that here is the most exclusive, and exceptional, of human things; the thing, that is, which only the smallest possible "remnant" can reasonably be expected to know anything about, and in the actual practice of which only a minute fraction even of this remnant can hope to succeed?

I shall never forget a remark—very sensible from one point of view, but very discouraging from another—that was made to me during my student days by the dear old professor to whose wise counsel we owed more than to almost any other influence. "If," he said, at the opening of the school one year, "at the end of half a dozen years we can point to half a dozen men who amount to something worth while, we shall think we have done very well." Now this was all right as far as the purpose of the school which he had at heart was concerned; but, frankly, I could not help thinking more about the ninety-nine that were left out of his reckoning than of the one who was counted on to justify the existence of the school. For, after all, this larger class has its rights and its reasons for existing quite as much as the more exceptional one, and it seemed to me a not unworthy aim to try to make any school whose direction might be entrusted to me do a good deal more for the ninety-nine who had no hope of reaching the solitary pinnacle, than to leave them more discouraged, and possibly more disqualified for the real work before them, than they were before they came under my influence.

That was more than thirty years ago, but such experience as I have gained in the meantime has had the effect of confirming the conviction that was forced upon me then, and I am sure that whatever modest service I have been able to render as a teacher in the years that have elapsed since that time has been in the direction of helping men and women all along the line, instead of being much concerned with the very few who probably get on with their particular work quite as much in spite of the schools as by their help.

WHAT is art, anyway, and what is the secret of its magical charm, that makes everybody want to study it, whether they have the ghost of a chance of succeeding as painters or sculptors or not?

It is probably a conservative estimate to assume that at least 10,000 young men and women are at present seriously devoting the best years of their life to the study of art here in America, and that 5,000 more American students are enrolled in the art schools of Europe. The number of those who think, or whose fond parents think, that they have a genuine call of the spirit in this direction, and even of those who are supposed to be studying for the profession in minor schools, or by themselves, "from nature" and all that, is of course very much larger than the figures I have given, and I am sure my estimate is well over on the safe side. Now, everybody knows, and everybody says, that it is as plain as the sun at noonday that there is not the slightest chance that more than an insignificant fraction of these fifteen thousand pupils will ever do anything that can be taken very seriously as the practice of an artist's profession. One of the most pathetic figures of our time is the very familiar one of the well-trained, and often very talented, artist for whom there seems to be nothing to do; and if this is true of a considerable part of the best men we have, how pitiful does the picture become if it is made to include the vast majority who never make any mark at all!

The question that is always asked is, What becomes of them? And the answer is that they find their place ultimately, if they find it at all, in the industrial arts, the field of which is large enough to include all forms of production into which the element of taste enters as an important consideration. This means that the field is practically unbounded and the opportunity for service which it offers is practically unlimited, and our pity for the failures, on the one hand, gives place to wonder, on the other, why we have not paid more and earlier attention to the adjustment that was sure to be demanded, and to directing more of this artistic energy into profitable and ever-open channels by ways less devious and less wasteful than those provided by disappointment and despair. In other words, why not frankly accept at the outset the truth that is sure to have to be faced sooner or later, and insist that industrial aims should be recognized and emphasized throughout at least all the earlier years of the course pursued by the average art student, to the end that whether he goes very far on the way to higher attainment or not, he may be getting something that will be immediately available in the struggle before him—something, too, that is sure to be wanted, and that from the point of view of either individual interest or collective advancement, is well worth doing. Is it not pretty clear that present educational tendencies are all in this direction, and that the acceptance of the vocational aim and the reckoning with reasonable expectations in the matter of careers are among the most obvious signs of the times in all current discussions of educational affairs?

To present the claims of industrial art is simply to apply this principle to that large and immensely attractive phase of culture which we designate as art; and to examine these claims means to investigate the connection between the uplift and inspiration for which art stands, and the industrial efficiency which we so much desire.

OF all the tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum discussions in which stupid and unprofitable arguments have been wasted since the world began, this one about what constitutes the simon-pure article in art, as distinguished from imitations, is surely among the least profitable. What does art mean to anybody but the ability to make something? Whether it is a sight or a sound, an object or an impression, does not matter so much, only something is made that serves as the means of expressing a definite, possibly a conscious purpose, and exciting a definite, possibly a conscious, interest? Are there, after all, any more than these two faculties that man has any notion of—to know something and to be able to do something? This last is art; use the plural number and nobody makes any fuss about it, but use the singular number and begin the words with a capital and you have trouble enough on your hands.

The trouble is mostly caused by unprofitable hair-splitting. The many forms and shades and degrees of creative effort in the world are part and parcel of nature's infinite

(*Continued on page* 442)

Ceiling at the Colony Club
Designed and Executed by Robert W. Chanler

Robert W. Chanler

Individual

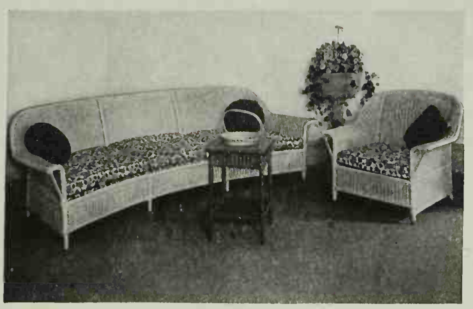
Rooms, Ceilings, Screens and Leaded Glass Windows of Original Design

147 East 19th Street
New York

J·C·Demarest and Company Inc.

Furnishings
for
House and Garden

Plaza 6788 561 Madison Avenue, N.Y.



Genuine Reed Furniture

Unusual Designs Created Exclusively for Homes of Refinement, Clubs and Yachts

HIGHEST QUALITY
BUT NOT HIGHEST PRICED

CRETONNES, CHINTZES, UPHOLSTERY FABRICS

Interior Decorating

The REED SHOP, Inc.
581 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

"Suggestions in Reed Furniture" forwarded on receipt of 25c postage

Decorative Leather Screens

Charles R. Yandell & Co.

Leather Furniture Covering

M. J. Kilmartin

Tel. 1905 Bryant
" 1655 "

7 West 45th Street

ESTABLISHED 1871

Byronism in Opera

(*Continued from page* 424)

upon 'effects'! Besides, what are effects? For instance, if 'Aïda' is effective, I can assure you that I would not compose an opera on a similar subject for all the wealth of the world; for I want to handle human beings, not puppets. The feelings of an Egyptian princess, a Pharaoh, or some mad Nubian, I cannot enter into, or comprehend. . . . I am looking for an intimate yet thrilling drama, based upon such a conflict of circumstance as I myself have experienced or witnessed, which is capable of touching me to the quick." In other words, these Russians, to us as mad as Nubians, strike Tschaikowsky, who is said to have stood in an icy stream in the hope of achieving an indirect suicide after his Quixotic marriage, as real people, strange as it may seem. And he goes on to explain: "With regard to your remark that Tatiana does not fall in love with Onegin at first sight, allow me to say—you are mistaken. She falls in love at once. . . . The instant she sets eyes on Onegin she invests him with all the qualities of her ideal, and the love she has hitherto bestowed on the creation of her fancy is now transferred to a human being." In short, you see, Tatiana is not a mythical Egyptian princess but a flesh-and-blood Russian romanticist, in love with—her dreams. She is like Tschaikowsky himself when he writes a year later: "Yesterday I played the whole of 'Eugene Onegin.' The author was the sole listener. I am half ashamed of what I am going to confide to you: the listener was moved to tears, and paid the composer a thousand compliments. If only the audiences of the future will feel towards this music as the composer himself does!" Alas for the dreams of romanticists when they impinge on the unromantic imaginations of those "audiences of the future"!

As may be inferred from what has been said, the music of "Eugene Onegin" is at its best in the sentimental parts—the more sentimental the better. This is not the powerful dramatic Tschaikowsky of the Symphonie Pathétique and of Romeo and Juliet, but the graceful, slightly saccharine, Italianate Tschaikowsky of the slow movement of the Piano Concerto, the cello and violin theme in the Pathétique, and many of the songs. In the incidental dances there is the rhythmic verve, sometimes bordering on triviality, of the waltz in the Fifth Symphony and of the Nut-cracker Suite. The quintessence of this Byronic music is perhaps found in the suavely impassioned cello melody of the introduction to the duel scene, with its charming wood-wind arabesques in neatly layered polyphony, and in Lenski's death song on the same theme, which, excellently rendered by Mr. Martinelli, brought from the audience ecstatic plaudits. Tatiana's famous letter air in Act I, sung brilliantly, perhaps too brilliantly, with a brilliance approaching hardness, by Miss Claudia Muzio, was somehow disappointing. It seemed over-long, and musically not too coherent, but rose to a powerful climax.

Musically more deep-reaching was the solemn passage for trombones and kettle-drums while the duel is preparing, not without a shuddering sense of impending tragedy, the spirited quartet in the first act, and the really beautiful overture on a haunting chromatic theme. The dances were spirited, and were picturesquely danced by the *corps de ballet*, but the mazurka, polonaise and waltz were not in any sense Russian, and the chorus and dance of peasants in the harvest festival only rather dilutedly so, especially in comparison with unavoidable memories of "Boris Godounoff." Indeed, the whole opera is far more Italian than Russian.

The orchestration, as we should expect from Tschaikowsky, is admirable: the strings, relied upon as they should be for the warp and woof of the texture, supply a background for the voices rich but never obtrusive; the wood-wind and horns give lovely bits of embroidering counterpoint, especially happy in Tatiana's letter air; heavy brass and percussion are reserved for climaxes and for the frequent dances. Mr. Artur Bodanzky rendered the score, in which he had made many needed cuts, with authority and precision, and in spirited tempos that reduced to a minimum the sugariness that might so easily become cloying. He was much disturbed, as were the more musical members of the audience, by intrusive applauders, who in their enthusiasm for high notes could not remember that the orchestra as well as the singers contributes to the orchestral ensemble.

Mr. De Luca as *Eugene Onegin* was a bit too impassive and impeccable, a grain too Grandisonian, to carry conviction. In some scenes he suggested the visiting doctor in a home for hystericals. However, a convincing Eugene Onegin is a thing that imagination boggles at. Mr. Didur gave a sketch of *Prince Gremine* full of a noble dignity, both of voice and bearing, and Mr. Bada sang the French couplets of Triquet in the ball-room scene quite in the proper burlesque vein. The scenic settings were adequate and in some cases beautiful, especially the Russian country house of the first act, and the snow-bordered stream of the duel.

Will Eugene Onegin succeed in New York? Only if the elements of genuine human feeling in some of the music can make their way to our hearts.

STEINWAY

The Instrument of the Immortals

IN those homes where the compositions of the Immortals are known and loved and kept living—where fine music is daily food for the soul—there you will find the Steinway. It is but natural that this, the piano of the Immortals—the choice of such men as Liszt and Wagner and Gounod—should be also the choice of those who know and love and cherish their music.

STEINWAY & SONS, Steinway Hall, 107-109 E. 14th Street, New York

Subway Express Stations at the door

© 1911, Mario Korbel

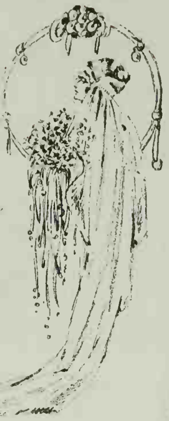
Memorials, Garden and Decorative Figures, by our prominent American Sculptors, of a distinction that is as unique as it is appropriate, are constantly being shown.

Correspondence Is Invited
Illustrated Brochure and Designs Furnished on Request

GORHAM GALLERIES
Fifth Avenue at 36th St.
NEW YORK

Gidding
PARIS 5TH AVE AT 46TH ST NEW YORK
"THE PARIS SHOP OF AMERICA"

THE BRIDE AND HER ATTENDANTS



WILL FIND HERE SUITABLE SELECTIONS FOR EVERY DETAIL OF THAT MOST IMPORTANT EVENT—
THE WEDDING!
BRIDESMAID'S GOWNS—
WEDDING FROCKS
VEILS — TRAVEL SUITS
AND OTHER NECESSITIES FOR THE WARDROBE

Housekeeping Linens for Country Homes

Reg. Trade Mark

Much of the pleasure in a country house lies in an abundance of snowy linens.

But steadily increasing prices of Linen are discouraging to those who have held off in the hope of replenishing their linen supply at more moderate prices.

So it is indeed welcome news that Pure Linens can still be purchased at prices that are not prohibitive.

For more than sixty years McCutcheon's have kept thoroughly informed of the quality and quantity production of the world's linen markets. Their timely anticipation of the acute linen shortage is being met with increasing appreciation by patrons to whom Household Linens of assured quality are indispensable.

Write for Catalogue No. 145

James McCutcheon & Co.
Fifth Avenue, 34th and 33rd Streets, New York

Three Draftsmen

(*Continued from page 393*)

literally sentimental about that (his own period), nor vicious, nor even intimate; he was, after all and above all, British. Mrs. Grundy led him by the nose even when he most hated her. He was a great deal more than a bad boy, but he was very like a bad boy. And with him, as with Degas, the attributes of the dandy, which so many of the literary men in France of their time affected, crept into his art. He liked to appear extremely civilized. He went, in refinements, a long way beyond the civilization of his period, had a love of subtle and telling details amounting almost to a malady which is in no sense shared by Forain, though we may find it introduced, much less evidently, in the drawings of Degas. There is justice in a suspicion which sees Beardsley and Degas as greater lovers of the truth than Forain. And yet technically the two Frenchmen are much nearer. They start from the same premise, or rather Forain starts from Degas's. They wear the same outward garments, they have the same contempt for technical vulgarity or commonness. Beardsley is with them there. But they deal and dealt in the commonplaces of life, whereas the English exotic could not do that. He had the experienced collector's love of the precious or the invalid's hatred of blatancy.

Classifiers will claim that they are not comparable. Perhaps they are cubbyhole difficulties. But they are all informed by that love of truth—Forain perhaps a shade less than the other two—and with the ability to record truth, called sincerity in art, without which any document is but the feeble and useless imitation of a real one.

"Kakiyemon"

(*Continued from page 426*)

be a great achievement; as was to be seen in the specimens at the exhibition, the First Kakiyemon used his red as if drawn, but not baked on, therefore clear in its own original tints, and translucent in its spirit. While it lacks certain archaic feeling of the old Kutani, its light beauty, enhanced by contrast with the soft white surface, is a charming sight. When one sees the singing purity of blue in Kakiyemon, he cannot help, I think, endorsing some Japanese critic who compares it with a stream running through the spring sunlight. (And a deep pool by the high rocks might be the blue of Kutani's ware.) The red, blue, and yellow are indeed three chief notes of color which make the First Kakiyemon sing a Beethoven's purest melody; although he could not use gold boldly and heavily like Minsei of Kyoto, he thoroughly understood how to make it harmonize with other colors. He was an artist, although he was supposed to be merely a maker of dishes in his life's days, who drew his artistic vision on the clays, and by a Greek simplicity of selection, achieved an effect quite talismanic.

Ordynski and an International Theatre

RICHARD ORDYNSKI, who for three seasons has been stage director of the Metropolitan, and who previously was associated with Max Reinhardt, has resigned and will sail for Poland shortly on the French liner *Lorraine*. Mr. Ordynski is maturing plans for the establishment of a national theatre in Warsaw, to be run in conjunction with a similar theatre in New York.

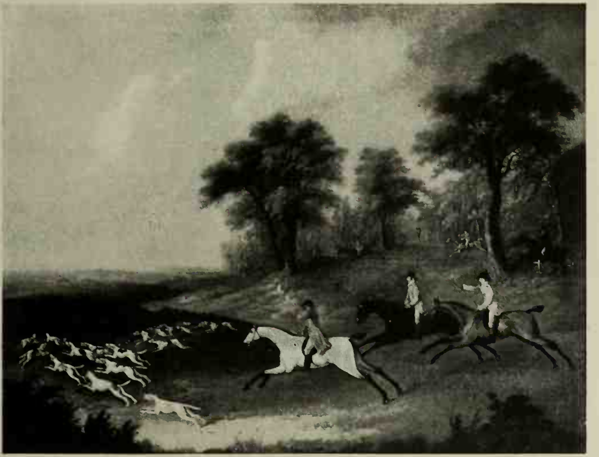
"National playhouses both are intended to be, and for them will be devised great dramatic spectacles drawn from the history of either country. These spectacles are to be something quite new, and perhaps the name 'spectacle' will be discarded as non-descriptive. Dramatic, musical and other artists are to be asked to give their services for as little fee as possible for a six weeks' season, first in Warsaw and then in New York, while the great scene painters, stage directors and conductors will do their best work for the glory of their nation and will ask little more than their expenses. For other parts of the year the houses are sure to be utilized for concert, drama—even vaudeville."

In accepting his resignation General Manager Giulio Gatti-Casazza wrote Mr. Ordynski as follows:

"It is with the greatest regret that I had to give way to your desire to cancel the contract which you had with the Metropolitan Opera Company; but I could not possibly act otherwise, as you have plainly proven me your decision is due to reasons connected with the conditions in Poland, your country, and with your family. Your collaboration has been of greatest value, especially when it is considered that you have always fulfilled your duties with the highest artistic spirit and a constant good-will superior to any praise. For all this I wish to thank you, and I may add that neither I nor the artists nor the staff of the Metropolitan Opera House shall ever forget you, but shall ever remember you as a cultured and sympathetic gentleman. Please accept the expression of my consideration and friendship."

ACKERMANN GALLERIES

(ESTABLISHED 1783)



"FULL CRY"

PAINTING BY J. N. SARTORIUS, 1808

Early
English Portraits
Old
Sporting Paintings
Prints, &c.

157 New Bond Street
LONDON

10 East 46th Street
NEW YORK

620 S. Michigan Ave.
CHICAGO

The Herter Looms, Inc.

841 Madison Avenue, New York City

Designers and Contractors
in

INTERIOR
DECORATIONS

ANTIQUE FURNITURE
SPECIAL FURNITURE
DECORATIVE PAINTINGS
TAPESTRIES RUGS
LAMPS AND SHADES

Also 251 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.

For Every Kind of Water-color, Wash and Line Drawing—

J WHATMAN

GENUINE HAND-MADE

DRAWING PAPERS

AND

"AA" QUALITY BOARDS

Artists, Illustrators, Architects, Engineers, etc., pronounce them without equal. The regular use of them by the Student tends towards an improved standard of work.

Stocked by Dealers in High-grade Artists' Materials.

If any difficulty in obtaining Whatman Papers or Boards, write direct to

H. REEVE ANGEL & CO.

INCORPORATED

7-11 Spruce Street New York

Sole Mill Representatives for the Continent of North America

John Sparks

of London

Old Chinese Porcelain

707 Fifth Avenue, *at* 55th St.
NEW YORK

The Philadelphia Art Galleries
AND AUCTION ROOMS

So. E. Cor. 15th and Chestnut Sts. Philadelphia, Pa.

REED H. WALMER, Auctioneer

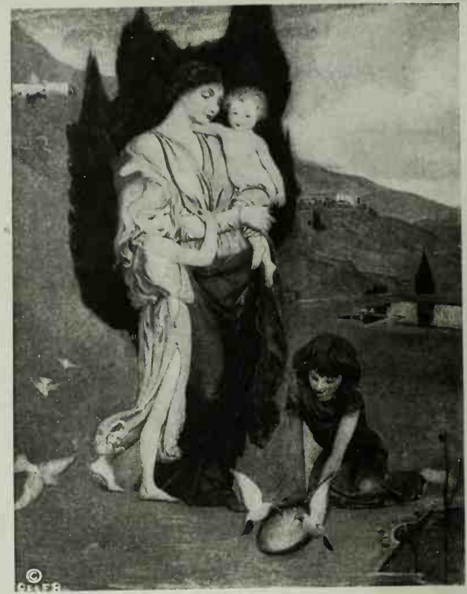
Weekly Public Sales of

Important Art, Furniture and Ceramics

Estates and Consignments Solicited

PERMANENT EXHIBITION

Appraisals of Art and Literary Property, Jewels and Personal Effects of every description for Inheritance Tax and other purposes.



A George DeForest Brush Sale

AMONG prices paid for the work of living American painters, the eighteen thousand dollars given recently by an American collector for George DeForest Brush's "At the Fountain" holds a place very near to, if not at, the top. There have been recorded instances of higher prices paid in auction rooms—such as the twenty thousand brought by a Blakelock two or three years ago—but few at private sale. "At the Fountain" was sold through the Milch Gallery. The subject is in the Florentine style on which the artist's later fame is based.

In previous pictures Mr. Brush has painted his wife and his own children, but in this work the model was his daughter and two of her children, together with one of their playmates.

John H. Twachtman

(*Continued from page* 422)

that the Ten, once thought so bold and daring, now seem in retrospection the symbol of all that is respectable and conservative—not to say timid. Nowhere is fashion more in evidence than in the realm of art, but fortunately personality remains the permanent element, and if today the memory of the exhibitions of the Ten suggests timidity and conservatism, it is not wholly on account of the fluctuations of fashion in taste. It is because those qualities were part of the personalities of sundry members of the group, either being inherent in them or growing upon them with the maturing of their formula of painting.

Twachtman accepted impressionism not like a scientist but like an artist. He was not timid nor was he over-conservative. He was too sincere, too unconscious for timidity, and surely a nature so infinitely sensitive to the beauty and variety of nature could not but be original. For to be original we have but to go straight to nature, escaping the veil drawn between it and our own eyes by the consciousness of other men's work. Twachtman's composition was highly original, though he intentionally avoided "striking" subjects. He must have loathed the theatrical in painting. His pictures do not jump out at you from the walls of an exhibition. You might easily overlook them in a large collection, for they are not exhibition pictures, and it requires a degree of sensitiveness in the spectator to recognize the originality of his delicate, unforced rhythms.

The fallacy that strength lies in emphasis and exaggeration must have been odious to him. Twachtman's strength lies in his refinement. To him the beauty of what he saw was everything. Though his eye was as fresh as any child's, he had the penetration and the distinguished vision of a great artist. So undefiled was the vision, so just, so incomparably delicate in touch, that the medium seems hardly to exist, and in looking at his pictures we come into direct contact with one of the finest spirits that America has produced.

REGENCE WALNUT LOVE SEAT. COVERED WITH PETIT POINT NEEDLEWORK.

LANS

ANTIQUES

Never before have our galleries held such a sumptuous collection of beautiful old English and French Furniture.

Mr. Arthur Lans, who is now in Europe, has been successful in securing a number of unusually desirable pieces. Shipments of his purchases are now arriving.

We are now showing an unusual and varied assortment of

OLD LEAD GARDEN FIGURES
ANTIQUE MARBLE FOUNTAINS
TERRACE BENCHES
and SUN DIALS

554 MADISON AVENUE, Corner of 55th Street, NEW YORK
Branch: 406 Madison Avenue, Between 47th and 48th Streets
PARIS: 32 FAUBOURG POISSONIERE

And as a supreme feature in your house plan
The Welte Philharmonic Organ

THE installation of pipe organs in large residences is regarded with favor by persons of taste and culture who can afford this luxury. Let us help you, their architect, with our expert advice as to just how and where these instruments shall be installed.

The Welte Philharmonic Organ is the only reproducing organ in the world. Some of the leading organists in this country and abroad have recorded their art in the Welte Autographic Organ Rolls. And anyone can enjoy these authentic and exact reproductions by merely placing the roll in position; or you may interpret it your own way, by means of the Welte expression control devices, or play it by hand, if you wish. Write for our portfolio showing various installations in modern residences.

Welte Philharmonic Organ installation in the residence of James Deering, Miami, Fla.

M. Welte & Sons
667 Fifth Avenue

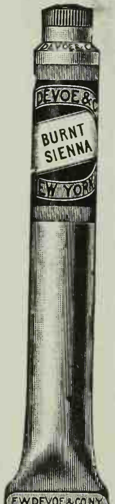
S. JAY STIEBEL

Oriental Art

31 West 47th St. *New York, N. Y.*

Chinese Porcelains — Japanese Prints
Chinese Jades — Japanese Bronzes
Chinese Brocades — Japanese Embroideries
Chinese Rugs — Japanese Kimonos
Chinese Teakwood — Japanese Screens

Oriental Interiors



ARTISTS
Your Achievements—

Remain permanent records, only so long as the pigments you employ remain constant.

It is significant that the name DEVOE has gained renown along with the many artists who secured their first artists' materials of DEVOE.

Scientific research and thorough attention to the most minute detail have always attended the production of our "Artists' Oil Colors." There is a close unity of consistency in DEVOE pigments, permitting of greater freedom of application. Many years of color making have taught us how.

Write us freely for expert information on our colors, whether it be theoretical, chemical or pertaining to the practical application of color.

Manufacturers of
Oil and Water Colors, Canvas, Brushes, and other materials required by the profession.

The Oldest Color Makers in America
Established 1754

DEVOE & RAYNOLDS CO., Inc.
NEW YORK
CHICAGO KANSAS CITY NEW ORLEANS

Architectural Impressions

(*Continued from page 399*)

of these brownstone façades were derived from Italian Renaissance motives, in some cases very carefully studied and applied with real understanding of their prototypes, although in the vast majority (which were built by contractors in block fronts), there was apparent an idea that a certain amount of ornament must be applied to the doors, windows and cornices, and that if it were sufficiently elaborate it didn't matter much what it looked like. Yet it was in this, the time when our creative art of architecture was at its very lowest ebb that people first became really seekers after expression of their personal qualities in their homes. Within the last few years two big old houses on the corner of 10th Street and Fifth Avenue were torn down simply because the owner did not care to pay taxes on them, and could not find tenants for them because they were "brownstone houses," although they far surpassed in quality of design, dignity and architectural merit most of the better-liked new work. Another house of the period, on the corner of 39th Street and Fifth Avenue, is beautifully proportioned and exquisitely detailed, and yet I venture to say that ninety-nine people out of a hundred who see it at all, think of it only as a shabby old brownstone house. Yet I would place this house in architectural merit very close to the grey Italian house on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 49th Street, which is heartily admired by every architect, and far above most of the newer "palaces" on the east side of Central Park above 65th Street.

About 1885 there occurred simultaneously two events of the very greatest importance in the development of our urban residence architecture: the brownstone house died and apartment houses began to be built. Since that time the number of city houses built to accommodate only a single family has steadily decreased and the quality of these houses has increased to a very marked degree. Perhaps the transition is best marked by the two Vanderbilt houses opposite the cathedral, for which brownstone was used, but in which there was a real if abortive attempt at individuality of design. They were almost the first of our great city houses constructed largely with a view toward their convenience for entertaining on a lavish scale; each occupies a half block front on Fifth Avenue, and they are in mass and general composition evidently a solution of some definite and personal ideal, although their architect was not sufficiently skillful to treat the ornament with the freedom and grace that the subject required. A little later came the first definite forward step of importance in city house design, the George Vanderbilt house on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 56th Street, designed by the late R. M. Hunt. Whatever we may think of the appropriateness of the French Renaissance architecture to 19th Century New York, we can only be grateful for the matchless beauty of the detail of this house, and for the daring shown in breaking away so completely from all the traditions which had grown up during the years of the dominance of brownstone. This house opened the way to a perfect flood of beautiful new houses, in every conceivable architectural style and of every possible material, so that the residence streets of New York are a perfect dictionary of architecture, magnificently illustrated.

Fortunately Mr. Hunt's Vanderbilt house was coincident with an enormous increase in the knowledge, training and ability of American architects, and a corresponding growth in their power to direct and guide the minds of their clients into channels which would most appropriately express the personalities of those clients, so that these new houses, drawn from sources so extravagantly foreign to our habit of mind as to approach the fantastic, have for the most part been treated with a power and command of materials (both of design and of construction) that has justified so radical and unprecedented a course.

Our architects hesitated nowhere. Even our Colonial architecture, which at that time was regarded as a little too recent to be truly a source for historical consideration, was drawn upon, and the greatest of our architects, McKim, Meade and White, designed, closely following some old Boston houses, a pair of exquisite brick and marble houses on 54th Street close to the University Club. Upon their return from the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris, a great many of what were then the younger men, designed houses in accordance with the accepted canons of modern French architecture, as for example the delightful house on West 49th Street, designed by York and Sawyer, which might have stepped entire from the pages of "Hotels et Maisons de Paris," but which in its quiet severity is eminently fitted to the New York residence street. This house is one of very many houses of the decade from 1900 to 1910 which were very close copies of French originals, and executed for the most part in a material until then novel to New York work, Indiana limestone, or in limestone and brick.

Simultaneously the older firms, McKim, Meade and White leading, with their followers among the younger men continued the Italian tradition, so nobly begun afresh in the Villard block, and many of our façades both large and small exhibit the adaptability of the style to our conditions.

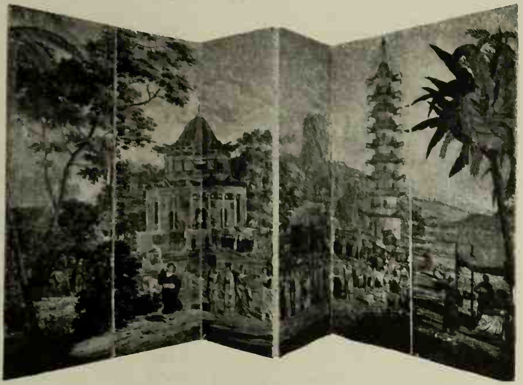
The art of the French Renaissance, especially the so-called "cha-

ELSIE DE WOLFE

TWO WEST FORTY SEVENTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Distinctive Interiors

Antique Furniture
Objets d'Art



Large old painted 18th century 6 fold screen. Sepia on cream ground. Showing a Chinese Wedding issuing from Pagoda. Height, 7' 3". Width of fold, 25".

John H. Hutaff · inc.

101 Park Ave at 40th St. · New York

Decorations
Furniture
Hangings
Antiques

G. W. Richardson & Son

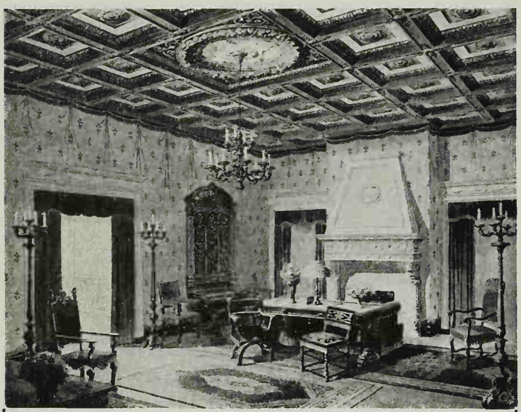
Established 1812

Interior Decorators

Antique Furniture and Reproductions

753 Fifth Avenue, at 58th Street
New York

Also at Auburn and Syracuse, N. Y.



Sketches submitted and estimates furnished to meet requirements

RIGHTER & KOLB, *Decorators*
420 Madison Avenue, NEW YORK

teau" architecture, did not have its only representative in the Vanderbilt house. A number of other architects found their clients sympathetic with this type of design and some of our most beautiful city residences, notably one on the south side of 57th Street, designed by Kirby, Petit and Green, showed the adaptability of the style to the narrow façade as well as to the larger house. Of the English Renaissance precedent we have about as many examples as from the Italian, some copied from the brick and stone houses preceding the Georgian period and some from the Georgian period itself, and lately many of our houses are obviously the product of mixed ancestry—Italian and English or English and Colonial or even Colonial and Italian. Yet, while these houses are not literally true to any precedent, the combination of motives has been so skillfully handled that almost a new style has been evolved, and our architects on the whole seem to be approaching the city house problem from a somewhat new angle. Rather than finding good precedent and copying it as literally as can be, they are determining upon the type of façade which will best suit the requirements of light and of the plan, and then distributing and ornamenting these openings as may be required, drawing from whatever sources may provide the type of ornamentation best adapted to the particular shape of openings which the problem demands. The most recent and, perhaps because it is the most recent, the most interesting development, has been the very skillful use of stucco, brick and iron work on some of our city houses, of which perhaps the leading exponent has been Mr. Frederick Sterner. Mr. Sterner has been especially fortunate in being able to interest groups of people in his work so that East 19th Street between Irving Place and 3rd Avenue, and East 63rd Street each have a number of examples of this rather exotic architecture. It is interesting to note that while he has drawn precedent for these houses from several sources—English, Italian and Spanish—the results are not dissimilar, partly because the precedent has passed through the medium of a single designer, and partly because he has held the scale and the materials the same in all the houses. These little groups of his have introduced a very picturesque note into certain of our city streets and one which is even more at variance with the commonly accepted New York house than is the French Chateau architecture as translated by our architects.

We are therefore using at the present time practically every civilized architecture for our city houses and executing them in every substantial material—stone, brick, marble, terra cotta, and plaster. To us the results do not appear incongruous, yet this may be only because we have grown accustomed to them. It would be of interest to know the opinion of a European architect upon such an aggregation of various styles. My own belief is that because certain of our requirements must be preserved and because our architects have substantially the same feeling in regard to propriety of ornament and proportion of detail, the houses have a stronger family resemblance to each other than they have to their ancestral types; at least it is impossible any more to complain of the monotony of our New York streets. That day has passed and passed forever, though there may exist some question as to whether our architecture is not too much like stage scenery—too little informed by common thought and too greatly influenced by a desire for imitation of beautiful things we have seen and admired. It has now become the easiest thing in the world to express one's own personality in one's dwelling; it is no longer expected that a person of individual taste will cramp that taste within the four walls of a box-like structure exactly uniform with all others on the same block, but rather do we expect that each individual will have a house fitting to his needs and requirements which will express upon the interior as well as upon the exterior, his thoughts and opinions as to his mode of life. Houses designed in this way will be standardized only as our life is standardized and until now in this country individual initiative has far exceeded any opportunities it has had for expression. It is curious to think that our ancestors of Colonial times and of the brown stone period were so perfectly content with plans and elevations entirely similar to those of their neighbors. A New York family, whether it consisted of one person or six persons, had no option but to live in a house four stories and a basement in height, with two or at most three servants' rooms. Their entertaining was done in long narrow parlors which varied each from the other hardly by a hair's breadth, and the furnishings were as uniform as the houses. It may very well be that we have gone too far in the other direction; any reaction tends to exceed proper bounds, but from the multitude of motives now employed we must inevitably develop a style sufficiently flexible to meet all needs—a style which within its catholic boundaries will embrace the best of all precedents and within the limits of which we may be able to express our personalities by our houses as adequately as we can by our clothes.

It is impossible to predicate from what source or sources this new style will principally be drawn, but it is very likely that its basis will be classic; not the classic of England, France, Italy or our own colonial period, but a combination of the natives of all these periods, drawn together in scale and harmony.

NOW EXHIBITING

Antique
Period
Furniture
and
Tapestries

THE RAREST KNOWN EXAMPLE OF AN EARLY AMERICAN TABLE
(FROM THE WALLACE NUTTING COLLECTION)

The
C. M. TRAVER CO., INC.
23 East 62nd Street *New York*

Early Chinese Art

IMPORTANT EXAMPLES OF

Old Chinese Porcelain
Early Chinese Sculptures and Pottery
Rare Persian Faience

IN THE GALLERIES OF

Parish-Watson & Co. Inc.
OLD CHINESE PORCELAIN
560 Fifth Avenue - New York

Entrance to the Galleries, as hitherto, through
Dreicer & Co., or by way of Forty-sixth Street

Le Trianon
formerly 'Canfield's'
The Restaurant
de Luxe
of America
'PHONE MURRAY HILL 6400
5 East 44th Street

MRS. MUCHMORE
CONSULTING DECORATOR
TWENTY EAST FIFTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY
AND
TWO THOUSAND, FOUR HUNDRED
AND TWO HIGHLAND AVENUE
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA

DARNLEY Inc.
DECORATIVE OBJECTS
FOR THE
TOWN OR COUNTRY HOUSE
34 EAST 48TH STREET NEW YORK

Stage Decoration

(*Continued from page* 409)

not impossible to stage some of the best plays very cheaply. It cost little at the Plymouth, in New York, to present "Hamlet." A few columns, a few curtains and flat backgrounds lighted brilliantly, or dimly, but always in harmony with Shakespeare's moods and needs, supplied the environments. The rest lay with Walter Hampden and his supporters, and with the poet who was not of an age, but for all time.

ONE of the simplest settings I can now recall sufficed to lend atmosphere and charm to "The Watteau Picture." Charles Basing, who designed the delightful scenery for that dainty Pierrot play, did almost everything with a few yards of painted canvas, some boards, a gate, some heavy curtains, and lighted lanterns. Curtains, of hues which changed with various lightings, were the essentials of the production of "Shakuntala." That Hindu love play, like "The Watteau Picture," was seen at the Greenwich Village Theatre. The Hindu settings were devised by Livingston Platt, and the effect they made, at some points, seemed poetic. The curtains in this instance were eked out by a raised platform and two primitive backgrounds. One well-planned and appropriate interior, with skilful lighting and an artfully painted backcloth, supplied mood and "atmosphere" in the performance by the Theatre Guild of that gripping play, "John Ferguson." Not once, but very often since it was founded, the Neighborhood Playhouse has wrought wonders with a very little money. Those who doubt this statement cannot have attended the beautiful performances of the Dunsany dramas at the Neighborhood, or watched the unfolding of "Gibour," an old miracle play for which Robert Edmond Jones designed the scenery. The exterior of the church, the gilded saints, the archaic costumes, the effective lighting in "Gibour" expressed a mediæval period without any loss or sacrifice of mood. And, in a score of other works which might be named, beginning with "The Man With the Dumb Wife," continuing with that dark and sinister drama, "The Devil's Garden," and ending with the "Richard the Third" revival at the Plymouth, the most sincere and convincing kind of modernism has been well exemplified by "Bobby" Jones.

What is the secret of his art? How does this artist, without ruining a manager, succeed in giving back to us for a few hours the very spirit of our own or a past age? Why were the settings for the ballet of "The Infanta's Birthday," shown a few weeks ago at the Lexington Theatre, more effective than the extravagant scenery of "Scheherazade," revealed by the Russian Ballet? Why did the air in one interior Mr. Jones mad for "The Devil's Garden," see to be full of evil thoughts an sinful terrors?

The scenes were modest by com parison with Urban's temples o Pogany's glimpses of Algeria an harems. In "The Infanta's Birth day," none the less, we lived an breathed in the Velasquan period while in "The Devil's Garden" al appeared Victorian. The costume in John Alden Carpenter's ballet to be sure, helped greatly. Th lighting and the environmen helped more. The general colo scheme seemed rich, but sober The result was the poetical illustration of a romantic fantasy.

Mr. Jones, who is an out-and-out American, sat for some years at Reinhardt's feet, in Germany It was Reinhardt who inspired him with his setting for "The Man With the Dumb Wife" and with some others of his early scenic efforts. But he has drifted far from the Reinhardtian practice. There is a quality in Mr. Jones's later and more characteristic work which I have never found in his Teutonic master's. Mr. Jones is psychological and spiritual. Max Reinhardt was, and doubtless is, material. His much-advertised production of "La Belle Hélène" in Germany changed the original opera-bouffé of Offenbach from a light-hearted, reckless skit on the Greek gods into a coarse, gaudy parody. I remember what a jolt I had in Munich at a performance of the German "Schöne Helena." All too gorgeous, too much gold and red and blue. As for the wit and humor— But no matter.

I HAVE tried hard to sound the heart of Mr. Jones; to induce him to explain to me in writing on what plan he works. His answer does not really tell one much. But, *faute de mieux,* I set it down, as it was sent me.

"My ideas as to stage settings," runs his message, "can be expressed quite briefly. Designing for the theatre is an art entirely separate from painting or interior decoration. A good stage setting is not necessarily a 'stage picture,' not a pictorial background against which players move. Players move in a setting, not against it. It is a shell of light and color, so arranged as to express and intensify the playwright's vision."

Richard Ordynski, who in former days was Reinhardt's chief associate, agrees with Mr. Jones. He lays more stress, though, on the need of scenic reticence. To him the play, the spoken words and action, seem more important tha the most attractive pictures. T settings of the play should be in harmony with the creation of t author. They should bathe drama in appropriate light and atmosphere, and assist it in the expres-

n of its moods. The artist who
signs the scenes should fight
ainst the temptation to obtrude.
e sins if he distracts the author's
dience from the essential, from
play itself, by diverting its at-
[illegible]ion to his pictures.
Norman-Bel Geddes, one of our
vn young and gifted modernists,
pears to me to be half in sympa-
y with Craig and half with Ur-
an. He has vied with Urban in his
lor schemes. He has constructed
enes, like Craig, with simple
reens. We know him best here
his operatic work, and especially
his two admirable settings for
Cleopatra's Night."

HAVE seen nothing, here or
elsewhere, much more beautiful
an the second of those scenes—a
lorious symphony in crimson, rose
nd scarlet. As a resuscitation of
gyptian archæology, it might be
riticized. That Cleopatra ever
ved in such a palace as has been
ised for her at the Metropolitan
greatly doubt. But I feel sure
e would have given more than
ne "night" to enjoy the privilege
f owning it. Some minor points
n Mr. Geddes's composition
emed improbable; a staircase,
uch too crowded with detail, and
ther things. But as to color and,
espite some little flaws as to de-
gn, it was a masterpiece. If even
ow Mr. Geddes can invent so
ell, what may he not do five or
en years hence?

In providing "shells" for lyric
rama many liberties are taken and
owed which, in the setting of a
oken play, would be impertinent.
Ve forgive the most transparent
nrealities, if the impression they
roduce is not incongruous. When
nisfeld devised his enormous bed-
oom for "La Reine Fiammette"
e annoyed one. A bedroom, even
oyal, should be intimate. But the
tory told in "Cleopatra's Night"
alled for magnificence. And,
hough so splendid and, apparently,
o massive, the Egyptian structures
onjured up by Mr. Geddes were
ot real structures, built of stone,
r brick and marble, but simula-
ions of those things created out of
anvas, wood and velvet. The in-
enious lighting of the stage en-
anced the beauty of what looked
ike solid masonry. In modern
ettings lights play a tremendous
art. Illusions are attained quite
s convincingly by skilful lighting
s by such agencies as modeling
nd painting.

The art, or science, of stage
ighting has moved with the times.
t is no longer what it used to be.
n the childish nineties of the nine-
eenth century, New York ap-
lauded crimes against good taste.
ome who may read this will,
naybe, recall the appalling meth-
ds of the old Casino. It was the
[illegible]om at that house to flood the
[illegible] with crimson, purple, green
r violet light. The varied cos-
u[illegible]s of the crowds seen on the
tage lost their true colors and as-
umed one hue. At the Metro-
olitan—yes, at the Metropolitan
—crude lights were flung upon ill-painted backgrounds. Flat daubs were woods and hills and cities. Blue, wrinkled cloths were skies and seas. Stage painters seemed devoid of color sense. Of archæology they did not dream. The stage backgrounds for such works as "Lakme" and "L'Africaine" defied analysis. There were scenes in "Faust" which showed one Norman cottages beside Roman churches.

And while the opera house displayed an ignorance which pained the judicious by its absolute shamelessness, the Broadway theatres vexed the critical by their indifference to art and truth. Spotlights were turned directly on the "stars," and followed them in all their many wanderings. Mansfield insisted on having his spotlight, no matter what the moon might think of it. Thank heaven, the rank anomalies I speak of have almost vanished from the stage today. "A little leaven—" and all things may change. The example of our better modern scene painters has not been wasted. Our "little theatres" have prepared the way which most of our big, rich "commercial" playhouses may some day tread.

Then some—a few, at all events—of our good managers may find it possible, and even (which may mean more) safe and profitable, to discard their present way of putting on plays for long runs and turn their houses into repertory theatres. They will be able to wedge in a classic drama or a literary comedy between their bedroom farces and their foolish "crook" plays. The stage will gain, and yet they may not lose. The solution of the problem may be reached, before the world has grown much older, by our modernists. "The Yellow Jacket," with its simple settings, did very well indeed some years ago. I wonder whether "Kismet" did much better, for all its vulgar show and costly trappings.

THE stale, unnatural methods of the past are being ousted by a handful of real artists. Fancy, imagination, art, suggestion are gradually destroying old conventions. It is just as easy to suggest a gloomy forest by means of ten or twenty strips of cloth, as by attempting to show many would-be trees, with leaves and branches neatly reproduced from nature. The lighting of the stage will give "perspective" and supply the requisite mystery of the woods. To evoke a temple, one need not construct a temple. Nor need a solid ship be built to suggest a frigate. Of course, some plays will seem more plausible and real if the stage pictures reproduce real rooms and court-houses. But one may compromise and one may simplify, with advantage to the author and his work. The modern scene painters are slowly teaching many people to discriminate between the essentials and the accessories of drama.

SOW SALZER'S SEEDS

QUALITY

Gardens planted with SALZER'S SEEDS seem to be Nature's favorites. Have you noticed? Delicate flavored vegetables in abundance—splendid flowers to fill your rooms with fragrance—it's amazing how liberally a small space produces when SALZER'S SEEDS are sown.

Careful soil preparation is necessary to success. Most essential is the quality of the seed you sow. For fifty-two years SALZER'S SEEDS have been famous as seeds of quality. Thousands of gardeners have used them with success.

SALZER'S SEEDS are pure bred strains, of proven vitality, demonstrated in actual soil tests. Salzer high quality is the result of constant experimentation to produce better seeds.

SALZER'S SEEDS produce plants worthy of the intelligent cultivation that marks the well-cared-for garden.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO.
America's Largest Mail Order Seed House
Box 590, LA CROSSE, WISCONSIN

The Flanders Poppy

In Flanders Field the poppies blow
Between the crosses row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
—*Col. McCrea*

We have secured a limited quantity of seed to introduce this blossom of immortal memory to America. (See the illustration below.) It is 15c a pkg. or 65c an ounce.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO.
LA CROSSE, WIS.

Send TODAY for a copy of our 1920 general catalog—168 pages, profusely illustrated—98 pages showing 275 Salzer varieties in actual color. A postcard will bring it to you—FREE.

REAL ANTIQUE CHINTZ
just arrived from England, France and Portugal, including rich Brocades, Velvets and Silks and a few choice pieces of Antique
SPANISH FURNITURE
Your inspection is cordially invited
CARVALHO BROTHERS
of PORTUGAL
30 West 58th St., New York

English Console-Table in Walnut, Hall Chairs with red velvet cushions

A. Lowenbein's Sons, Inc.
ANNOUNCE THEIR NEW ADDRESS
581 MADISON AVE., Between 56th and 57th Sts.
NEW YORK

For Sixty Years this Firm has Designed and Executed
ORIGINAL DECORATIVE INTERIORS
meeting in distinctive forms, the social and home requirements of the most discriminating clientele. Especial designing of furniture, draperies, etc.

The Claims of Industrial Art

(*Continued from page* 428)

variety, but the impulse that is the compelling cause of them all is practically one and the same; and if such human manifestations of it as we are interested in at the present are worth cultivating, as we think they are, there are excellent reasons for believing that they are to be most profitably cultivated at that fountain-head which we call art.

Art education, then, properly understood and applied, is the real solvent for the industrial education problem; only this understanding and this application must be something real and practical, as the vague generalization about the supreme importance of the art element in all higher civilization with which we are reasonably familiar certainly is not.

IT is high time to drop these stupid and unfair distinctions between the art that is fine and that which is not, and to recognize frankly the truth that what we call the art impulse is simply the instinct that impels us to create something; that the forms which this instinct assumes must be as varied as our natures, and as changeable as the temper and the needs of humanity itself.

In a blind and groping kind of way, this has been perceived all along, and the multiplication of art schools and the conviction that has inspired the efforts (largely futile) that have been made during the last thirty-five years to make art instruction an essential part of general education, had its origin, and still finds its justification, in the perception of this truth. The mistakes that have been made in attempts to grasp and apply this principle were natural enough, and were perhaps an unavoidable part of the experience out of which sounder methods are ultimately to be evolved. It was natural, for example, to think that if art was the one thing needful, the only right thing to do was to teach art, as this is understood by the painter of pictures, and teach it abundantly; the theory of the more serious-minded being that although for the vast majority of those bidden to the feast no places would be available at the table, yet even the crumbs that fell from so august a board would provide more nourishing fare for the disappointed ones than any second table that could be set for their benefit. Strange as it may sound today, I myself listened to this line of reasoning, presented in almost these very words, during my student days, and believed it, too, as, apparently, great numbers of students still do.

In its practical working out, this theory has resulted in something like this: Art schools have multiplied indefinitely, their methods copied or supposed to be copied from the two or three schools in Europe whose names have be familiar to us through the v of the painters who had st there; the dominating featur all instruction being, of course, life-class. Indeed, one may al say that art education for the majority of students has com mean the life-class, the whole class, and nothing but the class.

Everything of a more eler tary nature is treated mainly preparation for this class, and mission to it is everywhere garded as almost an end in it How far this mistake has carried is well shown by the tual monopoly of school hor by work which represents notl after all but patient copying of nude form, such consideration originality in design, of intelli grasp of a subject, of power of agination or skill in composit to say nothing of adaptation to definite purpose being alr wholly ignored.

NOW, industrial art aims get a little closer than tha the situation which at least nin nine out of every hundred art dents must face sooner or la Moreover, it aims to cultivat those who are to do the real w of the world an attitude tow that work that shall be someth very different from that indu by a sense of disappointment having failed at something To those who think about indu in the right way, art is a syno for all that is uplifting and ins ing in the work of human ha and they take care to surround pupil who is attracted to a sc by the magic of that wonde little word with influences force him to associate the ess of the qualities which this w expresses: not with pictures statues especially, but with all s of objects that embody the ide service, and whose production resents the result of thought care.

As a matter of fact, the art seums of the country are ma dependent upon objects of in trial art for the interest of t collections now, and all tha needed is a franker recognitio industrial claims and franker ceptance of the industrial, commercial, aim. For even wh we admit rather patronizingly industrial purpose as not altoge degrading, we balk at commer ism, and are determined that w ever else an artist does he n starve or forego our appro Now this is all just as wrong can be. Nothing would d much for art of the right ki a little promotion on comm lines.

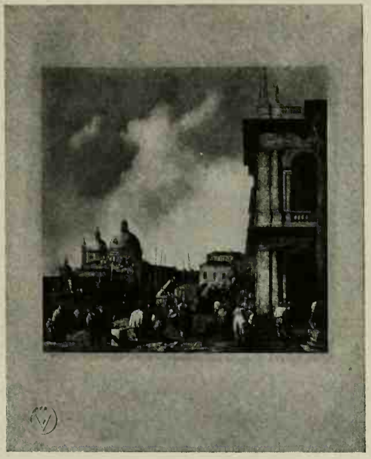
What we need here in A is a diffusion of that kind of ture that inculcates appreciatio whatever is beautiful and no

The
Whitney
Studio
Club

147 West Fourth Street
NEW YORK

Second Annual
Spring Exhibition
of
Works by Members
Throughout April

Open daily 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.
Sundays 2 P. M. to 10 P. M.



Scene in Venice—"The Piazzetta"
By Canaletto—(12x12, square)

THE VERMEER COLOUR PRINTS

Reproductions of Four Important Paintings in
The Metropolitan Museum of Art

Young Woman Opening a Casement
By Johannes Vermeer of Delft—(11x14)

Boy with a Sword—(10 x 15
By Edouard Manet

Madonna Adoring the Child—(12x12, round)
By Lorenzo di Credi

Faithful in colour; suitable for study and framing. Mounted on boards 1'3¾" x 1'8" and with a description of each painting Price, $2.00 apiece. and 10 cents postage.

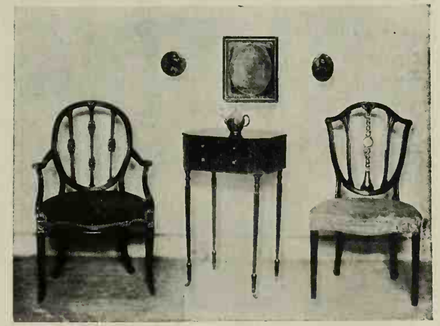
THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
Fifth Avenue & 82nd Street

Artistic Photography
BY A RECOGNIZED EXPERT

WE have arranged with Mattie Edwards Hewitt, probably the most successful photographer of interiors in this country, to make such photographs as our readers may desire

ADDRESS FOR PARTICULARS
∴ ∴ Photographic Department ∴ ∴
ARTS & DECORATION
25 WEST 43rd STREET

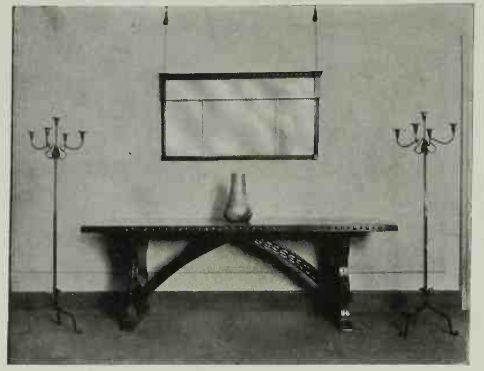
The COLONY SHOPS
GINSBURG & LEVY
ANTIQUES



Adam chair—black and gold
Heppelwhite chair with inlay
Sheraton work table
Whieldon teapot, cauliflower design
Iron plaque of Washington
Bronze plaque, cauliflower design
18th Century needlework

Decorative and Practical Pieces from the Colonial Floor

397 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK



Danersk Decorative Furniture

THE unusual service that we offer in special color schemes for individual settings is apt to make our friends forgetful of the fact that we have achieved distinction in natural wood finishes.

The same master cabinet makers who came to us from Scotland originally are with us today and our designs have steadily increased in beauty and number.

Consult us about any special problems for your formal rooms as well as your decorative breakfast rooms and bedrooms. As makers we assume full responsibility for our work.

A call at our salesrooms will give you pleasure whether you are contemplating purchasing or not.

Buy through your dealer, decorator, or direct.
Send for new Catalog Number of "The Danersk K-4"

Charming Sets on Exhibition at

ERSKINE-DANFORTH CORPORATION
2 West 47th Street, New York
First Door West of Fifth Avenue — 4th Floor

Decorative Painting—The Temple of Diana—copy of Roberts in The Metropolitan Museum—Antique Italian Chest original polychrome—Spanish Arm Chair—Venetian Side Chair.

NANCY BARROWS

Interior Decorations

12 West 40th Street
New York City

KATHARINE PARK STUDDIFORD, Associate

The Drama of the Pistol Shot

(*Continued from page* 405)

did not require the Indian to afford contrast with the Easterner. The Spanish influence was at hand and so we had the plays that were inspired by the stories of Bret Harte. Of all of these perhaps "M'liss," was the most popular. This particular division of what may be termed the drama of the pistol shot is popular even today. The success of "The Girl of the Golden West" and "Salomy Jane" are recent, and "M'liss" was popular enough to be done twice in the movies.

And so they followed, frontier and border dramas, California plays, war plays and plays of the great cities, all making use of the pistol shot. There was Oliver D. Byron's "Across the Continent," McKee Rankin's successes "'49" and "The Danites." "The Girl I Left Behind Me" by Belasco and De Mille, a combination of "The Relief of Lucknow" and "Virginius." There was the attractively titled "Far West" or "The Bounding Fawn of the Plains," "Tennessee's Pardner," "The Unknown," "Mr. Barnes of New York" and "Mr. Potter of Texas," "Green Hills of the Far West," Edwin Arden's "The Eagle's Nest," and "Barred Out," "Held by the Enemy," "Blue and Gray," "A Fair Rebel," "Jim, the Westerner," "Shadows of a Great City" and "The Great Metropolis."

The war play depends very often upon the legitimate use of the shot. There is, for instance, the well worked-up situation in the "Heart of Maryland" in which the crack shot misses. Clyde Fitch in one of his earlier dramas of New York social life, depended upon a pistol shot off-stage at just the right moment. The harried father of "The Moth and the Flame" commits suicide, while the guests are dancing on stage. The modern crook play requires, of course, a great deal of gun-play, and a novelty was found for the smashing success "Within the Law." A crook was killed by a pistol equipped with a Maxim silencer.

MR. CHANNING POLLOCK uses three pistol shots in his artfully contrived melodrama, "The Sign on the Door," which is one of this season's successes. Once this play gets past the unexplained reticence of the heroine, all is plain sailing, and clever theatre. If Ann had told her husband in the first act how she met Frank Devereaux, she would have been saved a great deal of emotion and suffering. She was determined, however, that there should be a play. In the next act her husband and Frank Devereaux, the villian, struggle for possession of the pistol. It goes off and after the custom of such stage struggles, the villain is killed. The husband contrives to make the death seem a suicide and locks the door, not knowing that his wi in the inner room. It takes more pistol shots to get Ann of this locked bachelor apartm She is easily freed from any ch of murder for happily the dist attorney had once, in order to evidence, impersonated a waite a certain disreputable restaur where Ann, in her stage heroi innocence, had gone with Dev eaux years before—in the prolog

THE pistol shot in Allan La don Martin's play, "Smi Through" is much less well c trived and not nearly so necess as the three in "The Sign on Door." And this in spite of fact that both Sir Oliver Lo and Dr. Berthold A. Baer have dorsed the Jane Cowl play. L "On Trial," "Smilin' Through' a backward and forward play, g ing most of the characters a cha to appear in old age and in you and the heroine, a chance to pear as herself and her niece. old man is playing dominoes i garden, with a physician who is next door neighbor. His wa lives with him, and is in love w Kenneth Wayne. The mere m tion of this name brings forth ritability of "the old man of t stage" sort on the part of t guardian and interrupts his domi game. Wayne's father had l the village fifty years before und a mysterious cloud. The s repeatedly says that his fath "was an honored man." Actual his father was a murderer, for the night that she was to mar another man, he shot the girl loved. No effort was made to a prehend him. He went to Ame ica, married another woman a his son comes back to plague t old guardian. When final pressed by the heroine for a reaso why she shall not marry Kenne Wayne, the son of the murder of her aunt, the old man tells story, and the play goes back fif years to the wedding night of t guardian and the girl's aunt. T elder Wayne, uninvited, comes the wedding drunk. He shoo the heroine. This gives Miss Cov chance to play two parts and come back into the old garden a very beautiful spook weddin gown. She has never looked lov lier and this perhaps is reaso enough for the play. The attem to make this fantasy bear in an way upon the present interest i ouija boards and the supernatur is quite ridiculous, for actuall "Smilin' Through" has the dept of the average popular song. It from a popular song that the p gets its name.

In this season as in every se since American plays were firs written about conditions of day, the pistol shot has been th stock in trade of the dramatist. I will doubtless ever be thus.

Queen Anne Walnut Settee—Date 1710.

FRANK PARTRIDGE

INCORPORATED

OLD ENGLISH FURNITURE

CHINESE PORCELAINS and JADES
TAPESTRIES
WORKS OF ART

26 King Street, St. James's
LONDON

6 West Fifty-sixth Street
NEW YORK

Consignment Arts, Incorporated

Gainsborough Studios
222 West 59th Street, New York

The Celebrated Collection of the Late

H. Ephriam Benguiat

Famous Collector and Connoisseur, Eldest of the Benguiat Brothers, Founder and Head of the Benguiat Art Museum. Consigned for sale by Mordecai Benguiat, Present Head of the Firm.

Spanish, Italian and Oriental Art

Beautiful and Unique Examples for Museums, Private Collectors, Town and Country Homes, and for Decorative and Utilitarian Purposes.

Antique Tapestries, Sumptuous Textiles, Cathedral Ornaments, Oriental Rugs

Including many of the finest and most beautiful artistic treasures ever offered for private or public sale.

Throne Set, of Philip Second, of Ruby Velvet
Renaissance Papal Tapestry, Raphaelesque Cartoon
French and Flemish tapestries of the 17th century
The Famous Alhambra Rug
Spanish Processional Canopy of Silver Repoussé
Italian Renaissance Altar Frontal
Ispahan, Chiordes, Bergama, Kazak, Rhodian-Koula, and other Oriental and Spanish Rugs
Hangings of Cloth of Gold, Richly Colored Velvets, Brocades and Embroideries.

Exhibition and Private Sale opens Tues., April 13

WARD & ROME

EIGHTEEN EAST FORTY-NINTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Painted Furniture specially designed and decorated to furnish particular rooms

Lamps and Parchment Lamp Shades

No Catalogues

Decorative Screens

Rare and exclusive designs, antique and modern.

Exquisite Mirrors

Unusually smart incised and colored glass framed mirrors.

GEORGE ROETZEL

Antiques

PLAZA 8961

500 MADISON AVE.
Corner 52nd Street
NEW YORK

QUEEN ANNE LACQUERED CABINET

C. VICTOR TWISS COMPANY

HENRY F. BULTITUDE, ASSOCIATE

14 EAST 50th STREET
NEW YORK

INTERIOR DECORATORS

Panelled Rooms
Furniture—Draperies
Old Residences Remodelled

CHICAGO
Fine Arts Building

Shakespeare and Benelli

(Continued from page 397)

a wild pitch of enthusiasm as a modern use of the celebrated Dante line of eleven syllables (from which our "heroic" Shakespearean line rose) and which displayed it in incomparable beauty. Italian students of Shakespeare (and the Italian Universities turn these out by the hundreds!) hurried copies of *la Cena* to Paris, to Berlin, to London, to Edinburgh, for appraisement by the scholastic minds of Europe. While the play was being performed in Italy—it ran there for two uninterrupted years—the *literati* of Europe began heaping praise upon its young author, hailing him as Shakespeare *redivivus.* The elegance of the Benelli verse, the perfection of his dramatic construction, his use of color themes and rhyme themes in what was otherwise unrhymed poetry; the fresh, strong imagery of the work, its psychology, its rare humor, overlapping and interlapping the tragedy so cunningly; its subtle handling of exquisitely chosen words—all combined to raise such a storm of enthusiasm as had not fallen to the lot of any Italian poet, not even of D'Annunzio, in many generations. Before a copy of it had reached America several universities had already included *la Cena delle Beffe* in their dramatic courses as a model of play construction.

In the matter of its linguistic beauty it has been said that *la Cena* has scarcely been approximated, and that it has certainly not been surpassed in two centuries. However, for months after the Plymouth production which purported to be a version of the Benelli work, the critics puzzled, listened through *gauche* lines, barren of every Benelli characteristic (lines which were, eventually, identified as "some sort of verse," as one of them wrote; and they were not written by Mr. MacKaye!), seeking in vain for a trace of the genius they had come to applaud, on the strength of the testimony of the European art world. All honor to them that they did so long and so earnestly seek!

One of the literary jewels in the general setting of *la Cena* as Benelli wrote it was the perfectly modelled May Song in the wonderfully constructed last act, a song which imitated and was not less beautiful than the May Song of Lorenzo, which set the "Magnifico" among the poets of the ages. As an instance of the Bolshevism revealed in the Plymouth production, this gem was thrown aside and a popular French *chanson* introduced.

But to come to the point of real connection between *la Cena* and *Richard III*, it was the fine literary workmanship of Benelli's verse tragedy which caused European critics to "sit up"; and, so sitting, to perceive that the Italian had saturated himself with master works, those of Shakespeare in particular. Very early in the play's history analogies were pointed out between *Giannetto*, the peculiarly psychological leading figure of *la Cena*, and *Richard III*, with here and there in *Giannetto* a something elusive, but suggestive of Hamlet's moods and fancies. *Giannetto* substituted and hugged to his heart, in place of his stolen mistress, another love whose name was Vengeance. He wove his plans for revenge out of fine spun threads. He knew it was hideous yet he wove on. Benelli makes him say at the end of the Third Act in a convulsion of triumph and fear,

> "An ugly thing
> If made with all the fervor of
> your heart,
> Is beautiful! So shall be my revenge!"

So must Americans have pronounced *la Cena* despite its bitter theme, had they been given an opportunity to see it. But the masterwork was taken apart and soldered together again, and, in the doing of it, every vestige of Benelli was dropped save the merest resemblance to the contour of his plot. Practically every character was redrawn and every scene rearranged. It was equivalent to cutting up a classic canvas, to permit of the regrouping and repainting of the figures combined on it. In the Benelli work *Giannetto* was a pallid, cowering, almost hunchback man of letters, proud of his own mental superiority, but aware to the quick of his physical cowardice. The butt of two elegant braggarts, gentlemen of Pisa, who, especially in their cups, felt themselves to be the peers of Lorenzo (whose henchmen they became in the New York production), *Giannetto* concealed under the air of an awkward silly fool the two edged sword of his own mind with which he was lying in wait to punish his tormentors. To accent the flames which consumed him in this desire, the lines the poet assigned to him breathed of red, of flames. He caused him to appear in a flame-colored cloak that, framing *Giannetto's* pale face, lent a deadlier meaning to his subtle speech which, often seemingly unintelligible under his silly manner, even witless, was full of menacing *double-entendre*.

"Mah, Dio!" to quote an astonished Italian diplomat on the night of the *premier* as Mr. Barrymore radiant in heavenly blue and white appeared. "Mah, Dio! They have made *Giannetto* into a Raphael cherub!"

Now however it transpires that the red dress which *Giannetto* should have worn together with the characteristics which should have been his, were merely put in reserve for *Richard!* Two poets have been slaughtered to make a player's holiday! "'Tis true!

MISS SWIFT
11 EAST 55TH STREET
NEW YORK

INTERIOR
DECORATIONS

FURNITURE, HANGINGS,
MATERIALS, WALL AND
FLOOR COVERINGS

MANTEL ORNAMENTS,
DECORATIVE PAINTINGS

SPECIALTIES IN BOUDOIR
FURNISHINGS, LAMPS,
SHADES AND MIRRORS

Louis XIV Bookcase in Beechwood, patined. Reproduction of an original.
Width 3′ 6″. Height 7′ 4″. $1250.00.

DUNCAN FRASER, Inc.

603 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

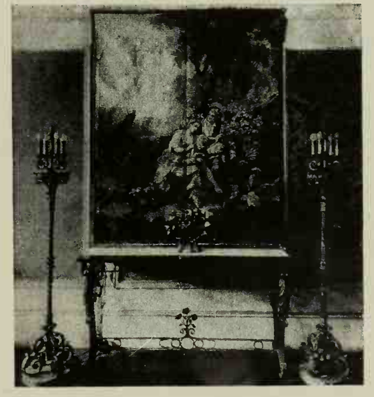
INTERIOR DECORATIONS AND FURNISHINGS

Originals and Reproductions of

Wood Panelled and Painted Rooms, Mantels, Furniture and Fabrics, Scenic Wallpapers, etc.

VALIANT
ESTABLISHED 1874

Interior Decorations and Furnishings



Furniture *Hangings*
Materials *Wall and Floor Coverings*
Ornaments *Decorative Paintings*
Lamps *Shades* *Mirrors*

Specialists in color values properly assembled. Correspondence invited.

THE J. G. VALIANT COMPANY

J. W. Valiant, President
224 N. Charles Street

Wm. J. MacMullin, Phila. Director
1718 Chestnut Street

BALTIMORE PHILADELPHIA

'Tis true, 'tis pity; but pity 'tis, 'tis true!" However as it turns out it would seem that *Richard* has avenged *Giannetto!*

Fortunately there remains the pageant, or "the pictorial point of view and the lovely dresses," to quote the ladies mentioned earlier in this article. Here the mind of one who may prove to be a genius of *mise-en-scène,* of Robert Edmond Jones, has worked out such incomparably lovely effects as almost to quiet criticism on the other features of the production, were it not difficult entirely to erase the feeling that the play is still the thing. The perfection of detail, and then the effect of an absence of all detail in the settings, is the work of a wizard. You feel it in the women's dresses; in the lovely blending of colors and the groupings; in the poetry of motion expressed when the groups are animated; but you feel them as a whole, in a certain abstract way, as you would feel the beauty of leaves in an old folio that portrayed the past. This abstractness extends even to the facial and vocal expressions of the minor characters here employed merely to "feed" *Richard;* for Shakespeare's *Richard III* text has been shorn of everything in the way of side delineation, in order to make place for the admission of more matter for *Richard* drawn from another and not wholly authentic work attributed to Shakespeare. All the contributing characters speak in what is practically a monotone, and with mask-like faces. Because of much cutting the story is confused and even unintelligible. Some of the women, Elizabeth and Anne, in particular, are very beautiful to look upon. But even as you look upon them, they become, through Mr. Jones's alchemy, unreal; dream pictures, dream figures, moving like an animated Abbey frieze, across the space before you. Yes! a gorgeous pageant, in which sweeps of royal crimsons and purples and silver occur. The production rests in the mind, despite the marionette duel on Bosworth field on which the final curtain rings down, a beautiful panorama of the life that was (or may have been) before America was discovered.

Society of Illustrators' Annual Exhibition

An exhibition of original war canvases in addition to the regular book and periodical illustrations

THE annual exhibition by the Society of Illustrators was held from April 1st to 17th in the galleries of the National Arts Club in Gramercy Park. It was the most interesting exhibition the society has held, for in addition to book and periodical illustration there was a hanging of original war canvases painted by members of the Society who were commissioned officers in the U.S. Army Engineers, and great spaces devoted to an exhibition of posters, commercial art and cartoons.

To insure the success of the exhibition, the several groups have been assigned to artists specializing in each branch. Thus the Society's art committee, Harvey Dunn, Arthur I. Kellar, John Alonzo Williams, and Arthur Litle has been augmented with Charles B. Falls and Edward Penfield, specialists in poster designing and by W. A. Rogers, dean of the American cartoonists.

At the request of the War Department's General Staff, the Society of Illustrators recommended a number of men to go to France to picturize incidents of warfare which could not be so graphically told by any other form of quick reproduction. From this number there were chosen: Harvey Dunn, Wallace Morgan, Jack Duncan, Ernest Pioxetto, Harry Townsend, W. J. Alyward and George Harding, who were commissioned captains, and attached to the Engineers' staff. They had every opportunity to make action pictures of all fronts and it is these wonderful pictures, made for the Army, which are to be shown.

The poster exhibition was managed by Edward Penfield and Charles B. Falls, artists who stand at the very top of the poster making profession. This display brought together the best outdoor display designs by members of the Society in the last year or two, and was interesting not only to artists but also to advertisers, and to that growing group of collectors who are reviving the strong poster influence which was so active in the late nineties.

The cartoon section showed the finest examples of editorial opinion expressed in picture from the master cartoonists of the country, members of the Society, with W. A. Rogers directly in charge of the hanging. Commercial art was also raised to a new place of appreciation and was shown in a separate division.

Annual exhibitions by the Society of Illustrators have always been interesting shows in the art world and have attracted a large number of art lovers. The idea behind this newest exhibition was to make a great popular appeal to all those interests which are so very greatly concerned in illustration, not only of books, magazines, weeklies and the daily press but of commerce and publicity as well.

Preparatory to Moving
To Our New Address

We Offer Special Reductions on the Larger Part of

OUR STOCK OF
CHINA and GLASSWARE

AN opportunity is now presented to acquire many choice pieces of Porcelain (Chinese, English, and French makes), at a considerable saving.

While stocks are fairly complete, we urge our customers to make early selections. Purchases made now can be held for delivery anytime up to June 15th.

Gilman Collamore & Co. Inc.

NOW AT
Fifth Avenue and 30th Street
New York City

ONE OF A SET OF FOUR WALL PANELS NOW ON DISPLAY.

南
通

EXAMPLES OF THE
EMBROIDERER'S ART
FROM
CHINA
EXECUTED UNDER THE
SUPERVISION OF
MADAME YU
ONE-TIME INSTRUCTRESS OF
EMBROIDERY TO THE
IMPERIAL FAMILY

- MANDARIN COATS
- CUSHIONS
- HANGINGS
- COVERLETS
- WALL PANELS
- SCREENS
- PICTORIAL EMBROIDERIES

—TO GIVE THE EAST'S TOUCH OF DISTINCTION TO THE HOMES OF THE WESTERN WORLD.

IF YOU CANNOT CALL, WRITE FOR DETAILS TO

THE NANTOON EMBROIDERY AND LACE WORKS
721 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

NANTOON

Barton, Price & Willson

Creators of Artistic Interiors

Some newly acquired Livable Antiques and reproductions of the finer examples are now on exhibition at our studios.

5 East 54th St., New York

Di Salvo

Brothers

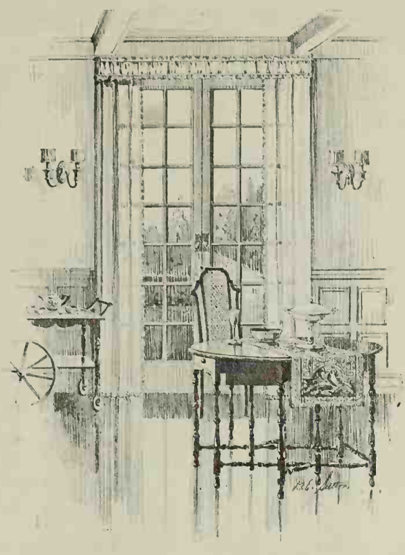
Importers of

Antiques

We have just received a number of rare old Adam Satinwood pieces from our agent in London, which are being featured in our present notable sale.

A charming example of Satinwood, circa 1780.

Madison Avenue at 50th Street
New York City



KAPOCK

Exquisite Silky Draperies

In a riot of lovely colorings KAPOCK Draperies seem to lure into the home all the joyous spring sunshine through each softly draped window.

GUARANTEED
KAPOCK
DECORATIVE FABRICS
REGISTERED "NOT A WORM SILK"

Select beautiful silky KAPOCK to harmonize with each room for draperies, upholstery, cushions, etc. The "Long-Life-Colors," permitting of frequent careful washing, and double width for splitting make KAPOCK really economical.

Request your drapery dealer to write us for the new KAPOCK SKETCH BOOK, suggesting in actual colors practical furnishings for your home.

Genuine Kapock has the basting thread in the selvage.

A. THEO. ABBOTT & CO.
PHILADELPHIA
Dept. 10

Walnut highboy in original condition, made by William Savery, Philadelphia. Circa 1760-1765.

American Antiques

THE interests of our clients are served by the personal direction of Charles Woolsey Lyon, the son of the late Irving Whitall Lyon, M.D., author of "Colonial Furniture of New England." Mr. Lyon is a collector and recognized authority on early American antiques and works of art.

Charles Woolsey Lyon

INCORPORATED

416 Madison Avenue
near Forty-eighth Street

New York

Three Good Bad Women

(*Continued from page* 422)

He could be sentimental about the girl—his Lily of Tinderbox Lane to whom kisses were as grateful as chocolate drops to a child—even though he was acutely aware that she was not as good as she was beautiful. But the Top-hat was a solid respectable British fact. In its shining presence (where it wasn't respectable for it to be) sentiment retired abased and abashed and Lily was clearly perceived for what she had always been, an Impossible Person. All the Possible women had agreed in telling the young man that before.

Mr. Mackenzie, by the way, seems to possess a nice connoisseurship—a collector's flair—for Impossible Persons. Collecting is itself so distinguished and respectable an employment in Mrs. Grundy's world that it doesn't particularly matter if what you collect is not ordinarily a part of the drawing-room furniture of a middle-class British home. The nude in art got in that way a long, long time ago. Why not (in literature and purely as a literary collection) invite Mrs. Grundy to a select exhibition of original and authenticated examples from the under-world?

That is exactly what Mr. Mackenzie has done. Introduced boldly by their rude right names—names much less polite than De Quincey's "street walker"—these exhibits range from Sylvia (who graduated from an unsatisfactory marriage with a University man and habitually reads Petronius) to Mrs. Smith who has seen better days and Daisy who takes them, better or worse, as they come. Shocking though they are in language and behaviour, it is yet possible to picture Mrs. Grundy marching processionally around th Sinister Street gallery, fixing nov one now another, with her lo gnette and enjoying throughout sustaining sense of doing the prope thing in the proper manner.

It is not at all the manner i which Blasco Ybanez presents hi old-world flesh-and-the-devilis picture of Ibero-Greek society i "Sonnica," but it is a British wa of getting away with it, and i serves. The Spaniard's poor woman of the port gave to the elegan Athenian here, newly landed fron the shipping without an obol, brea and wine out of her she-wolf' wages of sin. So far, the cas presents a fair parallel to tha of De Quincey's "noble-minde Ann." But no disposition appear either in the Athenian hero or i the author to confuse the issue wit sentiment, when the parting tim comes, and the super-underworldly lady comes magnificently int the story with the sunrise—o whatever the theatrical lightin device was.

Yet some of us are willing fo "Sonnica's" single sake to forgiv a very indiscriminately admire Spanish novelist his "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and hi "Shadow of the Cathedral" o Toledo. If he has not an exac and familiar first-hand knowledg of the ways in which the inhabitants of ancient Saguntum spen their days and nights of pleasure he fills in the details of the portrai and lays on the colors with such confident hand that the verisimilitude is as good as the truth o better.

Sonnica herself, as a merel Greek Lady of Delight, may not o course be confused with the Thre Good Bad Women.

A Noah's Ark for the Collector

(*Continued from page* 411)

convincing in all their incompleteness and the monotony of their clay tones, than are the most realistically colored of the birds, where every feather is depicted in the infinite colors of nature. Thus again is the case proved that form is the predominant thought in Chinese art in its best periods.

There is a reason for our false impression. What do we see first in the world of Chinese art when upon the eye are forced strange objects whose like is not found in our Western living? We see—and in horrid abundance—the corrupted art of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth centuries. This is what Chinese art means to the greatest number of people, the product of a decadence arising from an effort on the part of the East to assimilate some of the art standards of the West.

It was the fancy of a French king to introduce gay "Chinoiseries" into the palace decorations, and thus the mode was set for fantastic pagodas, gay parrots, sportive Orientals, and all the bewitching fantasies that French artists could combine with the scrolls of their own fancy.

The result was a flippancy full of charm. But it was a flippancy all the same, and while beguilingly lovely in its Eighteenth Century originality, has since become mere buncombe. It was an absolute ignoring of the true art of China, a neglecting of those pure and dignified works which are the flowering of strong underlying principles.

We are turning back now to a sound appreciation of the older art, and the riches found there lead one to reform the opinion of Chinese art gained from cheap and showy productions of the two centuri just past, and worse yet, of t modern perversions of Chinese art manufactured in Japan and filli the booths of any Donnybrook Fair. And so we are coming to the simpler and grander of the sculptures and the paintings.

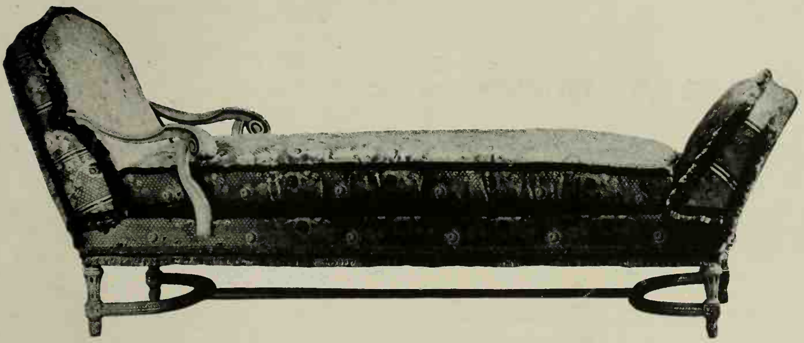
Old iron garden seats, in line and ornament of the classic iron work found in the beautiful old gardens of England and France.

NEW YORK

PARIS

H. KOOPMAN & SON

Sixteen East Forty-sixth Street
Opposite the Ritz-Carlton Hotel



CHAISE LONGUE COVERED IN BROCADE

H. F. Huber & Co.
13 East 40th St.
New York

Decorations
Furniture
Draperies
Antiques

FACTORY:
18th to 19th Sts., Ave. C
WORKROOMS:
551 W. 42nd St.
PARIS:
18 Faubourg Poissonnière

WINSOR & NEWTON'S

Studio Oil Colours

If you have never tried our colours, the brilliance and fine texture of the superbly mixed pigments will be a revelation to you — the product of a mastermind in colour making.

Also put up in smaller tubes.

Mat Water Colours

Opaque for posters—better than tempera.

Mandarin Drawing Inks

In Black and 20 Colours — unsurpassed for durability and excellence. Colour chart Free.

Lexington Sketch Boxes

The unprecedented demand for these boxes is accounted for by the completeness, finish and conveniences. Order early while stock is complete.

Everything for the Artist and Architect
Ask your dealer or write for catalog "A"

WINSOR & NEWTON INC
31 East 17th St.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

WINSOR & NEWTON
Rathbone Place London England
OIL COLOUR.
CRIMSON LAKE.
Laque Cramoisie
Crimson Lack
Lacca Cremisi
Laca Carmesi.
WINSOR & NEWTON

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts

The Oldest Art School in America

SUMMER SCHOOL *at* CHESTER SPRINGS, CHESTER COUNTY, PA.

Open-air instruction. High, rolling land, beautiful and historic scenery. Tennis courts, croquet grounds, etc. Board (including tuition), $12.50 per week and upwards. Open now. No student, without special permission, will be accepted for less than two weeks. Send for circular. Reference required.

Resident Manager, D. ROY MILLER,
Chester Springs **Chester County, Pa.**

Weber Artists' Materials

Tempera Colors
Tempera Canvases and Academy Boards
Students' Tempera Colors
Finely Prepared Artists' Oil and Water Colors
Pastels and Pastel Painting Materials
Fine Quality Brushes

Catalogue on Request

F. WEBER & COMPANY
Manufacturing Artists Colormen Since 1854

Factories and Main House
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Branches: St. Louis, Mo.; Baltimore, Md.

Antique Laces of American Collector

(*Continued from page 414*)

after stitch was built up with the lace-worker's needle until was composed the entrancing lace known as "stitches in the air"—*punto in aria.*

Miss Morris tells also of the Venetian point among the Italian laces, and of Burano, that lace of long ago, the making of which would have become a lost art—so one is told in Venice—save for the discovery at Chioggia a few years ago of a very old woman who in her childhood had been taught the fairy-like and complicated stitch. Queen Margherita, who fostered the lace industry, had the old stitch taught to new workers and now the work goes happily on, for millionaires, at Burano.

Side by side with the history of needle-point and reticella goes that of bobbin lace—perhaps it is the oldest type, as the fingers were used as anchors for the thread far back in the Middle Ages, when they called it passement. And those who like the origin of words smile when told that bobbin laces are called *merletti dei piombini* because the bobbins were made of lead (*piombo*).

Miss Morris has had wondrous opportunities for collecting illustrations for her splendid volume, as she is curator of textiles in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and is also the president of a choice group of art lovers who call themselves the Needle and Bobbin Club, while Miss Hague is vice-president. The members already number two hundred and fifty enthusiasts who find in lace a beautiful exponent of the history of art and of mankind. The exhibition of their laces which was held last summer at the Metropolitan Museum created enormous interest, as well it might, for it comprised pieces of the greatest variety and beauty and historic value.

Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr., exhibited among other varieties a flounce of Brussels lace made about 1790 which had as pattern a design by the great painter David, most exquisitely reproduced in needle-point with connecting tissue of the filmy net, for which this lace is celebrated.

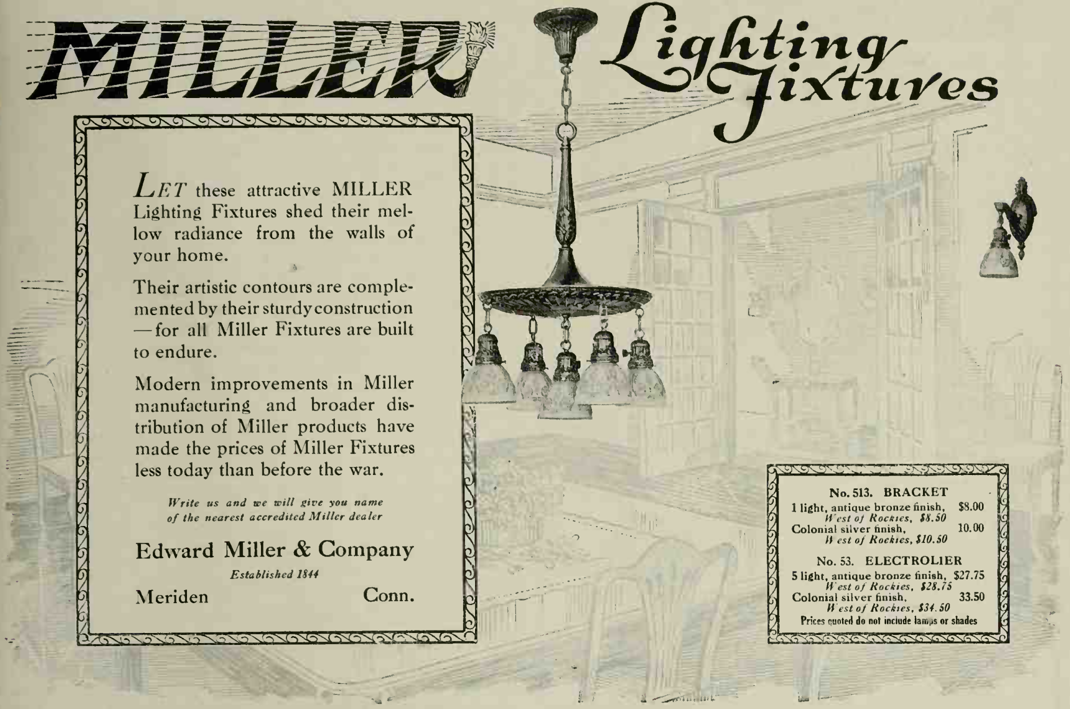
APPEARING in the same exhibition and also illustrated in the lace book in detail was a benediction veil lent by Mrs. George J. Whelan. The design, in North Italian guipure of the late Seventeenth Century, follows evidently the painting of the Holy Family of Rubens to which it may be compared with interest. Among other members of the Needle and Bobbin Club who exhibited rare treasures were Mrs. Harris Fahnestock, Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer, Mrs. Robert W. De Forest, Mrs. Geo. T. Bliss, Mrs. Herbert L. Satterlee, Mrs. McDougall Hawkes, Mrs. Frederick B. Pratt, Mrs. Gino Speranza, Richard C. Greenleaf.

The literature of lace begins with some choice and naive pa tern books by an Italian lady whos name is Isabella Catanea Parasol but which name suffered in euph ny when changed into the Spanis form by her Lusitanian husband— Isabetta. Miss Morris treats o the lady most humanly in he book, and vivifies the work of fou hundred years ago. The quain volume of Signora Parasole is a con scientious affair of simple designs reproductions of it available in ar libraries. As a proof of the au thor's keen interest in life, Mis Morris has unearthed the fact tha the pattern maker was also an ex pert worker in the gardens o Prince Cesi, and draws for us picture of the lady amid the beauties of an Italian garden of the Renaissance full of sunshine and flowers, of singing birds and of coo cypress towers. And the flowers of the garden are woven into the patterns of lace by the far distant lady who found in nature her inspiration for art, as all must whose works endure.

It is interesting to know that this lace book is having a success in England as well as here, for it means that America and her scholars are looked upon abroad as a source of information.

LACES of Italy, those which originated there, all retain the strength that characterized the earliest examples. From reticella and cut work, through punto in aria to the superb gros point de Venise, the idea runs to accomplish an effect of richness. It remained for France and Belgium to compose with a different feeling, with extreme delicacy as the aim. This brought about the exquisite filmy compositions of the Eighteenth Century, wherein a delicate bobbin net supplied the background. On this net were thrown designs of lightest fancy, without the necessity of having the design form the fabric. Thus liberated from technical troubles, the worker's fancy created those filmy beauties of the Eighteenth Century which are classed as point d'Argentin, Brussels, point d'Angleterre. Even artists of note in that time of brilliance in design set their facile pencils to making patterns, so highly was the art of lace-making esteemed. And the ambition of the patient worker was inspired even to the point of copying in thread certain great works of art. To the court painter David is accredited the design of a Brussels lace flounce owned by Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr., the floral detail around the classic figures being from the brain of Pillement.

The plates which illustrate this brief review are from the book, where they are given in nearly life size and are reproduced with a clarity that makes every stitch discernible. The book is publishe for the Needle and Bobbin Club by William Helbrun, Inc.



LET these attractive MILLER Lighting Fixtures shed their mellow radiance from the walls of your home.

Their artistic contours are complemented by their sturdy construction—for all Miller Fixtures are built to endure.

Modern improvements in Miller manufacturing and broader distribution of Miller products have made the prices of Miller Fixtures less today than before the war.

Write us and we will give you name of the nearest accredited Miller dealer

Edward Miller & Company
Established 1844
Meriden Conn.

No. 513. BRACKET
1 light, antique bronze finish, $8.00
West of Rockies, $8.50
Colonial silver finish, 10.00
West of Rockies, $10.50

No. 53. ELECTROLIER
5 light, antique bronze finish, $27.75
West of Rockies, $28.75
Colonial silver finish, 33.50
West of Rockies, $34.50
Prices quoted do not include lamps or shades

The Home Complete

If you are planning to build a home or have some remodeling in mind, give comfort and convenience a first consideration. Make the new house a real home, complete with the service secured by the installation of

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR

No other single item of home equipment affords so large a degree of comfort, convenience, economy and safety at so reasonable a cost.

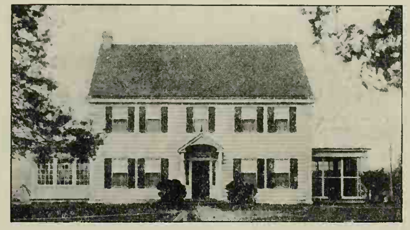
Its operation is entirely automatic, maintaining exactly the temperature desired at all hours of the day and night.

Works perfectly with any style of heating plant, burning coal or gas, and lasts a lifetime—many devices installed 35 years ago still giving good service.

Sold by dealers everywhere and guaranteed satisfactory. Prices range from $50.00 to $125.00, according to model selected.

We will gladly acknowledge your request for our Booklet showing all our Models with complete information.

Minneapolis Heat Regulator Co.
Main Offices, 2789 Fourth Ave., So. Minneapolis, Minn.



EXECUTIVE'S RESIDENCE, SOUTHERN ALUMINUM CO.'S MODEL VILLAGE

Pierson & Goodrich, Architects, New York. Walls finished with Cabot's Old Virginia White Roof stained with Cabot's Creosote Stain

Cabot's Old Virginia White

As Soft and Brilliant as New Whitewash and as Durable as Paint

There is no "painty" look to Old Virginia White. It has all the virtues of paint in cleanness and durability, and is much cheaper; but its distinction lies in its cool and brilliant pure white of soft unpainty texture, like that of fresh government whitewash. It is used on wood, bricks, stucco, concrete or stone.

Cabot's Creosote Stains

Ideal for Housing Developments

Cabot's Stains give beautiful coloring effects, preserve the wood and cost less than half as much as paint. Any unskilled workman can apply them. They are ideal for staining small houses, of siding, shingles or boarding.

You can get Cabot's goods all over the country.
Send for samples and name of nearest agent.

SAMUEL CABOT, Inc., Mfg. Chemists, 14 Oliver St., Boston, Mass.
525 Market Street, SAN FRANCISCO 24 W. Kinzie Street, CHICAGO

Cabot's Stucco and Brick Stains, "Quilt," Damp-Proofing, Conservo Wood Preservative, etc.

AT THE SIGN OF LEONARDO

For Votaries of the Distinguished and Princely in Life. Lovers of the Rich and Rare

Leonardo da Vinci 1452-1519

Lillian Lawrence Interior Decorator

TEL. 5281 CIRCLE

50 WEST 56th ST
New York

LAMP SHADES
PAINTED FURNITURE
SCREENS, TRAYS
SCRAP BASKETS
DESK SETS

Malter & Company

DEALERS IN

ANTIQUE FURNITURE

WE have a collection of rare antique furniture in both original and restored condition, always on hand, which is at all times at your disposal.

Phone 526 Academy

1017 Columbus Avenue
Cor. 110th Street

When you long for a
COMFY FIRESIDE DINNER
When you are sending a very
SPECIAL GIFT OF CANDIES
GO TO
36th Street and 5th Avenue
WHERE IS

Mary Elizabeth's

Bonaventure Galleries

601 Fifth Avenue, New York
Near 48th Street

Books
Paintings
Furniture
Drawings
Art Objects
Engravings

The Louis XIV Antique Co.

Chinese Carving
Interior Decorations
Curiosities, Objets d'Art
Old Tapestries, Needle Point
Paintings, Porcelains
Draperies, Choice
Antique Jewels

249 Fifth Avenue
New York
Between 28th and 29th Streets

After May 1st at 9 East 55th Street

The SĀVŌ Steel
ALL-YEAR-ROUND
FLOWER and PLANT BOX

AIR AND WATER TUBE
SOIL
GRAVEL
WATER

SELF-WATERING
and SUB-IRRIGATING
Leak Proof and Rust Proof

Move Savo boxes indoors or out and have beautiful flowers and plants the year around.

Write for Free Booklet

SĀVŌ MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. K, 39 S. LaSalle St., Chicago

Garden
Decorations
Cast Stone
and Marble

J. C. KRAUS CAST STONE WORKS
Inc.

OFFICE AND SHOWROOM
373 LEXINGTON AVENUE (AT 41ST STREET) NEW YORK

Random Notes from the World of Art

The Yale University Press

THROUGH the publication of lectures delivered at the University by men of national reputation thousands of people are afforded the opportunity to read that which only several hundred are able to hear. The late Sir William Osler declared that such service was "University Extension work of the finest kind."

Through the publication of works of the University teaching force a practical service is rendered to these men who have given so freely of themselves and their lives to the University. In this way younger men win earlier recognition and promotion and in many cases the condition of professors and instructors is substantially improved.

Through the publication of the works of scholars connected with Yale University and other seats of learning there is an ever-increasing interchange of thought and inspiration between Yale and the outside world. With books by well-known authors of interest to the average reader the appeal of the Yale University Press publications is as broad as the University itself.

Sales of English Collections

ENGLISH collectors are caustic in their comments on the "invasion of American buyers." They talk scornfully of millionaire meat packers and railroad kings, whose imagined artistic leanings serve but to muffle their social sins. But the insinuation is unjust. The evil lies within their own gates. It is the British, not the American, nouveau riche who is offering untold thousands for these artistic hoards. The social upheaval which is taking place in Britain today is nowhere more apparent than in this general turnover of priceless heirlooms, many of which have been in the safe custody of the same family for centuries.

The old aristocracy is forced to sell to make both ends meet. The land tax and the death duties and the income tax have unearthed from many an Englishman's "castle" and forgotten corner of cobwebbed garret treasures of art of which connoisseurs never even dreamed. Hard put to it to live in these days of fabulously high prices, the landed gentry are disposing of their family treasures almost faster than they can be sold.

Some of the best known names in England are to be found in the catalogues of the March sales. Choice paintings the property of Lord Braye and Lord Cranworth were disposed of at the great picture sale March 24. The Marquis of Lansdowne offered a very choice and remarkable collection of old master drawings on the following day. The former famous Zeiss collection, the property of Mrs. Best, a well known British society hostess, was sold on March 26. There were etchings and bronze groups and tapestries in this collection which attracted connoisseurs from all over the world.

A New Professor of Fine Arts at Harvard

A. KINGSLEY PORTER, the leading American authority on mediæval architecture, who is now assistant professor of the history of art at Yale, has accepted an appointment as professor of fine arts at Harvard University.

Professor Porter is in his thirty-eighth year. He was graduated from Yale in 1904, studied in the School of Architecture at Columbia during the next two years, spent the following five years studying and traveling in Europe, and since 1915 has served on the Yale teaching staff as a lecturer on the history of art, and then as assistant professor. He is the author of several large works on mediæval and Lombard architecture, and is connected with a number of learned societies. Professor Porter was the one American scholar in art and architecture who was singled out by the French Government during the war to assist in developing plans for the reconstruction or preservation of the monuments of France which were damaged during the war. The result of this study and research is also to be emboidied in a book which he is now engaged in writing.

It is expected that while at Harvard he will continue the researches in mediæval architecture which have made him one of the world's leading authorities on that subject, and perhaps do some advanced teaching in this field.

Parisian Stained Glass at the Petit Palais

THE exposition of the stained glass windows which were removed from the Paris churches during the bombardment of 1918 marks a step in the hitherto neglected study of Parisian glass painting.

The windows displayed date from the Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth centuries. In this period the art of the Rhine and the Escaut seems to have predominated in the glass ateliers of Paris and Rouen. The classic Renaissance appears under its most dogmatic and abstract aspect in the windows of the choir of St. Gervais, executed about 1550 and generally attributed to Jean Cousin. With many of the windows of St. Etienne-du-Mond we can follow the history of glass painting to the beginning of the Seventeenth Century.

Water Supply for Country Estates

ARTESIAN WELLS
PUMPING EQUIPMENT
COMPLETE PLANTS

THOS. B. HARPER CO.
(Established 1875)
51 East 42nd Street
New York City

"Garden Sculpture," by E. McCartan

MILCH *Galleries*

Dealers in
AMERICAN PAINTINGS
and SCULPTURE
ANNOUNCE *an* EXHIBITION *of*
AMERICAN SCULPTURE
for
The TOWN *and*
COUNTRY HOUSE
MAY 3 to MAY 22

New illustrated booklet, "Art Notes," sent on request.

108 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York

☛Clocks of Excellence—all others are Comparative—ask any User

For the Highest Class Residences, Clubs, Automobiles, Yachts, and for General Presentation Purposes

"Chelsea" Eight-Day High-Grade **Clocks**

☛*For Years the Recognized Standard of Quality*
☛*On Sale By Leading High Class Jewellers*

CHELSEA CLOCK CO. *Makers of high-grade clocks* **10 State St., Boston, Mass.**

Teachers and Professional Workers
Send for our new summer circular
NEW YORK SCHOOL OF FINE and APPLIED ART
Frank Alvah Parsons, Pres.
BEGINS JULY SIXTH - 10 COURSES
Landscape Architecture; nterior Decoration; Poster Advertising.
Costume Design; Industrial and Textile Design; Life, Illustration, etc.
SUSAN F. BISSELL, Sec'y,
2239 Broadway New York

The Buccini School of Languages
Is a School for distinguished folks.
Instruction according to pupils.
Special requirements.
SPECIAL CONVERSATIONAL COURSE FOR TRAVELLERS
Native accent guaranteed.
Apply, 5 Columbus Circle, 59th & Broadway

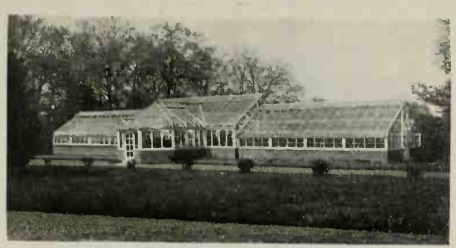
CLASSES in OIL, WATER COLOR,
Pencil Sketching, Design, Wood Block, Art Metal, Jewelry, French and Music.
NEW INSTRUCTORS
Wharves, Rocky Shore, Shipbuilding, Forest Trails. Rooms, Tents, Shacks and Studios to let. Catalog 16th year.
Commonwealth Art Colony, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. A. G. Randall, Director.

FOR SALE
Complete Mahogany Dining Room

Owing removal from present residence, owner will sell his complete dining room including mahogany sideboard (original cost $1000), mahogany dining table with extension leaves, 10 dining chairs, seats and backs morocco, 2 mahogany serving tables, mahogany screen with Japanese silk panels embroidered in gilt; all made especially for owner by Collier & Co. of London and New York; also mahogany dado panelling, mantel-piece and beam ceiling, wrought iron chandelier, side lights, fender and andirons.

Telephone 2937 Broad for appointment.

"AT THE SIGN OF LEONARDO"
Is the caption of a department that offers an excellent opportunity for advertisers to reach those appreciating beautiful things, and the ability to satisfy any desire that may be created.
Special rates prevail for this Department.
May we send them?
ARTS & DECORATION, 25 W. 43rd St.



Greenhouse built for Horace H. Work at Madison, New Jersey

Violence or Violets?

What would a Bolshevik do with a greenhouse? Make bombs in it, perhaps, or plant the seeds of revolution, or hatch plots, or raise—well, not violets, surely. His nature teaches him to destroy, not to create.

But those of us who are more fortunate in the possession of kindlier instincts and cultivated tastes find our greatest pleasure, not in destroying, but in surrounding ourselves with those things which bring happiness, to others as well as ourselves—works of art, rare books, music, flowers of marvelous beauty and fragrance.

And the cultivation of flowers and fruits, in season and out, is one of the wholesomest of hobbies. It helps to keep us young and good natured.

We'd like to talk with you about it.

W. H. Lutton Company, Inc. — BVR GREENHOUSES — 512 Fifth Avenue New York City

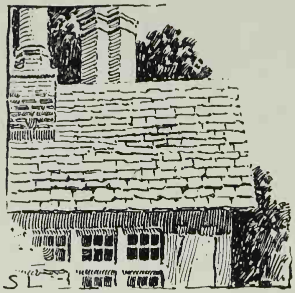
IRVING & CASSON
A. H. DAVENPORT CO.
DESIGNERS AND MAKERS OF
FINE FURNITURE AND INTERIOR FINISH
DECORATIONS :: UPHOLSTERY
WALL HANGINGS

BOSTON
573-575 BOYLSTON ST.
COPLEY SQUARE

NEW YORK
601 FIFTH AVENUE

Clover Boldt Miles, daughter of Mr and Mrs. A. Graham Miles.

Exhibition of Children's Portraits in Pastel
By Evelyn Enola Rockwell
AINSLIE GALLERIES
Established 1885 by Geo. H. Ainslie
615 Fifth Avenue New York



Tudor-Stone

THE ARISTOCRAT OF ROOFING
ROOFING SLATE

RISING & NELSON SLATE CO.
WEST PAWLET, VERMONT

Architects' Service Dept., 101 Park Ave., N. Y. City

Since 1869 Miners and Makers of Roofing Slate

CHICAGO BOSTON

Paris and
New York

Yovin INC.
GOWNS
SUITS

2 West 57th Street
734 Fifth Avenue

DIXON'S
ELDORADO
"the master drawing pencil"

DIXON'S ELDO

• Made in 17 leads—one for every need or preference.

You will find DIXON'S ELDORADO particularly helpful in penciling for high-light halftones, to which modern engraving methods are giving such charm and distinction.

SAMPLE OFFER
Tell us your pencil preference, and we will mail you full-length free samples of your favorite leads. Also write for interesting free booklet—"FINDING YOUR PENCIL."

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
PENCIL DEPT. 162-J, JERSEY CITY, N. J.
Canadian Distributors:—A. R. MacDougall & Co., Ltd., Toronto

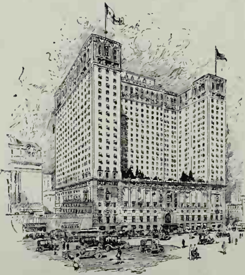
M. DE ZAYAS
549 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

PAINTINGS BY

COURBET RENOIR MATISSE
MANET CEZANNE PICASSO
DEGAS GAUGUIN DAVIES

ASIATIC ARTS

HOTEL COMMODORE
Adjoining Grand Central Terminal, New York City

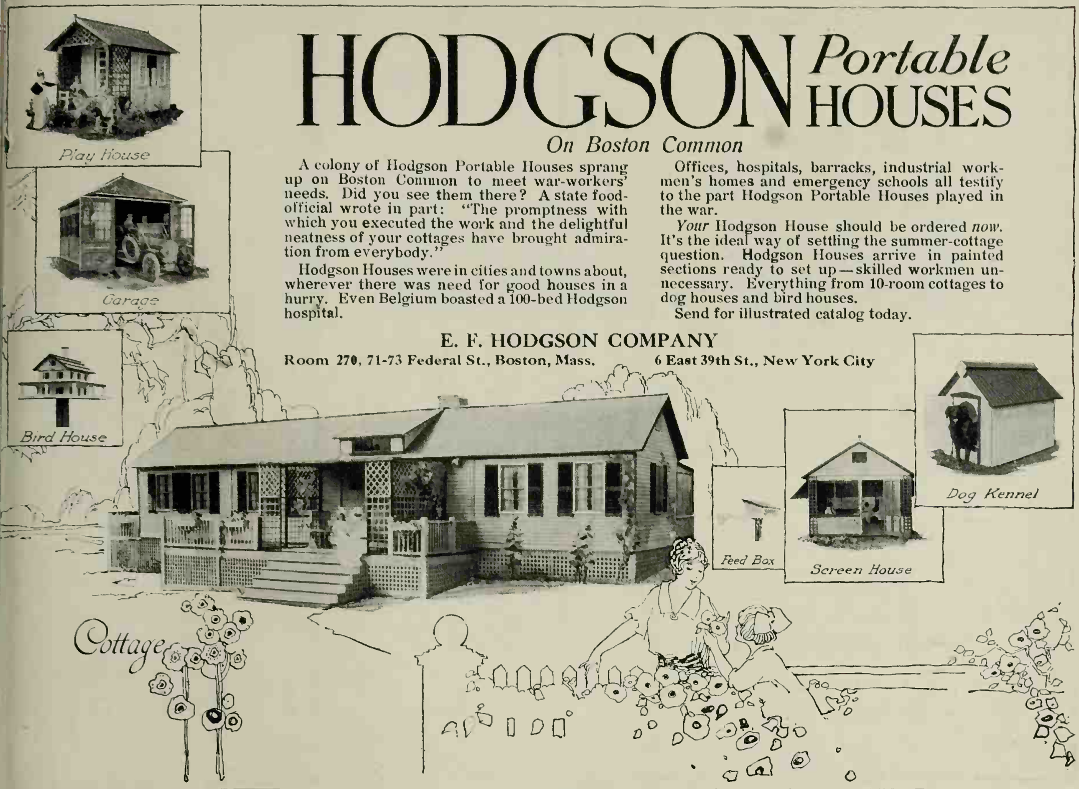


MOST DISTINCTIVE OF
ALL HOTELS

2000 Rooms
2000 Baths

JOHN McE. BOWMAN
President

GEORGE W. SWEENEY
V. P. and Managing Director



HODGSON *Portable* HOUSES

On Boston Common

A colony of Hodgson Portable Houses sprang up on Boston Common to meet war-workers' needs. Did you see them there? A state food-official wrote in part: "The promptness with which you executed the work and the delightful neatness of your cottages have brought admiration from everybody."

Hodgson Houses were in cities and towns about, wherever there was need for good houses in a hurry. Even Belgium boasted a 100-bed Hodgson hospital.

Offices, hospitals, barracks, industrial workmen's homes and emergency schools all testify to the part Hodgson Portable Houses played in the war.

Your Hodgson House should be ordered *now*. It's the ideal way of settling the summer-cottage question. Hodgson Houses arrive in painted sections ready to set up—skilled workmen unnecessary. Everything from 10-room cottages to dog houses and bird houses.

Send for illustrated catalog today.

E. F. HODGSON COMPANY
Room 270, 71-73 Federal St., Boston, Mass. 6 East 39th St., New York City

---

Decorations
for
Homes,
Lobbies,
Halls,
Vestibules,
etc.

No. 100—6-foot Flower Stand, Willow Ware, decorated with Silk Ribbon, Artificial Everlasting Spring Flowers, Asparagus Grass, etc. Complete *$35.00*

Ask for illustrated Catalogue No. 11.

FRANK NETSCHERT
61 Barclay St. New York

FRIEDRICHS Artists' Canvas

We carry a complete line of large size linen and cotton canvases for decorators, in stock. Sample books of canvas sent upon request.

MEDIUMS—If you are not acquainted with the famous Durozies Mediums, write to us for the Manual "The Conservation of Paintings."

COLORS—We have in stock a complete line of American, English, French and German Colors, in oil and water colors.

E. H. & A. C. FRIEDRICHS COMPANY
Manufacturers ARTISTS' MATERIALS Importers
169 West 57th Street, New York City
Established 1868

HANDSOME TABLE SERVICE-WAGON

It Serves your home and Saves your time—that is Practical Economy.

Large Broad Wide Table Top—Removable Glass Service Tray—Large Drawer—Double Handles—Large Deep Undershelves—"Scientifically Silent"—Rubber Tired Swivel Wheels.

A high grade piece of furniture surpassing anything yet attempted for *General Utility*, ease of action, and absolute noiselessness. *Write now for a Descriptive Pamphlet and Dealer's Name.*

COMBINATION PRODUCTS CO.
504-A Cunard Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

BOOKS ON ALL SUBJECTS, including Decorative Art, Drawing, Architectural Design, etc. Text-Books for every examination. Second-Hand and New.

Catalogue No. 437 post free. State wants

W. & G. FOYLE 121-123, Charing Cross Road
London, W. C. 2, Eng.

Unusual Opportunity for an Experienced Salesman-Decorator

A nationally known decorating establishment offers an exceptional position to a man competent to plan and carry out complete interiors for the most beautiful homes in America, taking charge of contracts and execution of work. The compensation will be large enough to attract a successful, well-trained man of wide experience and pleasing personality between 30 and 45 years of age. He may now conduct his own business, or hold a responsible position with a smaller but high class establishment. Replies will be held in confidence; give full details of training and experience. Address H. O. E., Box 5, Station F, New York City.

Picture Lighting

EXPERT ADVICE

Reflectors plain and ornamental in design. If our recommendations are followed we will guarantee satisfactory results.

I. P. FRINK, Inc.
24th St. and 10th Avenue
New York

MARTINI TEMPERA COLORS

MADE OF AMERICAN MATERIALS, IN AMERICA, BY AMERICANS

The Geranium Lake we are now making is permanent. It has a beautiful, bluish undertone. With white you get sparkling pink.

Have you tried it?

U.S DISTRIBUTORS: FAVOR, RUHL & CO. NEW YORK, BOSTON AND CHICAGO, U.S.A.

Kelsey Health Heated Residence of E. G. Stoddard, President, National New Haven Bank, New Haven, Conn.

Consider the

KELSEY
HEALTH
HEAT

When You Consider Coal Costs

Admittedly every optimistic maker of heating systems in the land seemingly has the one aim in life, of cutting down folks' living expenses, by cutting down their coal bills.

Admittedly we have the same laudable aim. That, and the very mercenary reason of having the Kelsey Health Heat System to sell.

Laying aside all optimism, however, if it were not so, that the Kelsey does exactly what we so emphatically say it will do, then we would either have to stop saying it, or stop trying to sell Kelseys.

Happily, however, when we say the Kelsey will give more heat from less coal, or take less coal to give the same heat, we can at once prove it.

We advertise for just such chances.

Now that winter is over, don't forget those snowy, blowy days, that ate into our coal bin so. There is always another winter coming—and coal bills.

Do a little looking into the Kelsey Health Heat right *now*.

It may save you many a dollar *then*.

Send for the Saving Sense Booklet.

NEW YORK
103-T Park Avenue

BOSTON
405-T P. O. Sq. Bldg.

THE KELSEY
WARM AIR GENERATOR
241 James Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

NEW BINGHAM
Cor. 11th & Market Streets
European Plan
Philadelphia Pa.

BETTER THAN EVER
Thoroughly Modernized
Remodeled and Equipped
NEW MANAGEMENT
ROOF GARDEN
In connection
Special Club Breakfasts
and Luncheons
FRANK KIMBLE, Mgr.
N. Y. Office, 1270 B'way

Register for Summer Session

CALIFORNIA SCHOOL of ARTS and CRAFTS

THE INDUSTRIAL ART SCHOOL OF
BERKELEY THE PACIFIC COAST CALIFORNIA

HIGGINS'
DRAWING INKS
ETERNAL WRITING INK
ENGROSSING INK
TAURINE MUCILAGE
PHOTO-MOUNTER PASTE
DRAWING-BOARD PASTE
LIQUID PASTE
OFFICE PASTE
VEGETABLE GLUE, ETC.

ARE THE FINEST AND BEST INKS AND ADHESIVES

HIGGINS'
AMERICAN
INDIA INK

Emancipate yourself from the use of corrosive and ill-smelling inks and adhesives and adopt the Higgins Inks and Adhesives. They will be a revelation to you, they are so sweet, clean and well put up.

At Dealers Generally

Chas. M. Higgins & Co., Mfrs.
271 Ninth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Branches: Chicago, London

The Tobey Furniture Co.
Interior Decorations

Our aim is to assist the client, developing his individual ideas in harmonious form.

Tobey-Made Furniture

—the original designs of our studios, executed by hand in our own shops.

NEW YORK: Fifth Avenue at Fifty-third Street
CHICAGO: Wabash Avenue and Washington St.

GALLOWAY POTTERY
GIVES ENDURING CHARM

Bird Baths, Fonts, Sun-Dials, Gazing Globes, Flower Vases, Boxes and other beautiful and useful pieces of Garden and Home Decorations are made in our Everlasting Stony Gray Terra Cotta.

Catalogue will be sent upon request

GALLOWAY TERRA COTTA CO.
3218 WALNUT ST. PHILADELPHIA.

Smith & Watson
Specialists in English Furniture

A London Furniture Shop in New York
20 East 55th Street

Book Reviews

A QUAKER SINGER'S RECOLLEC TIONS. By DAVID BISPHAM. Ne York: The Macmillan Company.

MR. BISPHAM has wr ten a gossiping accoun of his career as a singe with a great deal of specific deta as to his travels, appearances, im personations, and ideals that wil interest those intending to follov the same profession, and man amazing and more or less relevan stories by the way. It is not a bool that penetrates far below the sur face of things, nor does it shov great insight into character (th description of Richard Strauss, fo instance, with whom the autho sang in New York, is rather color less), but it is fluently and pleas antly written, often amuses, an sometimes instructs.

One of Mr. Bispham's most admirable qualities is his freedon from "artistic temperament" in th sense of selfish whim and disregar in which that long-suffering term is so often used. He soundly lay stress on the importance of publi performers keeping their engagements, if it is humanly possible whether well or ill; and his accoun of his performance of Pan in the redwood grove in California, with a broken ankle, is one of his most stirring pages. "From the public," he says, "no performer should ask or expect sympathy; but it does admire pluck."

Mr. Bispham is one of the best-known defenders of the great cause of opera in English; and all that he says of it is noteworthy. "To all American singers I say, sing your songs in well-chosen English it singing to an English-speaking audience, and sing them so that everyone understands your words; enunciate so clearly that the audience can tell even how every word is spelled." And epigrammatically he adds: "There is nothing bad in English, as a medium for song, except bad English."

He has some sensible remarks also to make against the superficiality and perversity of those critics, who are always striving to detect plagiarisms in musical works, instead of studying "what Swinburne called 'the noble art of praising.'" There is a good anecdote of Paderewski, who to some New York newspaper men who twitted him on the fancied borrowings of his opera "Mauru," replied "that he had wittingly appropriated no musical material that did not belong to him, and pointedly inquired if an architect is blamed for putting windows in a house because others before him have done the like."

There are many anecdotes, a of the cat that nearly broke up o of his concerts by walking about his legs, and the safety-pinned bo rowed waistcoat that disintegrated during a long breath.

DANIEL GREGORY MASON

THE RUSSIAN THEATRE UNDER THE REVOLUTION. By OLIVER M. SAYLER. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.50.

From that region of the Middle West where drama societies and movements to uplift the theatre thrive, an hardy "adventurer" set out on what he styles his "mission" to write what he terms the "record" of the Russian Theatre. He early found that the Russian Theatre "persisted." "It had not survived significantly in orderly England or in sobered France or even in neutral New York." But in Revolutionary Russia it is "the theatre of profound introspection and inspiration" which has "persisted." The theatre then under the Revolution was found to be essentially that of the days of the Tsar. The only difference being that there were no new productions and that now and then the "adventurer" heard the "rattle of small arms outside" and "down by the Kremlin the big guns booming."

The "adventurer" left snug Indiana with the conviction that the Moscow Art Theatre was the "world's first theatre," that in any theatre to be gloomy and Russian is to be right, and that "the absence of foot-lights permits the actors to dispense with all exaggeration and assume the semblance of life." Starting from these premises all is easy and the book becomes the personal criticism and the day by notes of a traveller who pursues persons with letters of introduction and tells us where he sat at the different theatres. It is all very naive and never once does the writer make any allowance for the fact that he is impressed not only by what he sees but by what he sees plus things that he does not understand — language and customs.

The book gives some account of the plays, authors, performers, stage producers and decorators that have made the modern Russian Theatre. All is high praise and we find that not only do the Russians do their own plays so well that it would be sacrilege for any other stage to attempt them, but they do foreign plays better than in the countries of their origin. It is worth recording that once the "adventurer" found something better at home and that in the acting of the boy in the American production of "The Blue Bird." We wish that Mr. Sayler might have known that in the original American production *Tyltyl* was played by a girl as in Russia.

Thus might the "record" of the Russian stage have been perfect. From his own observations Mr. Sayler arrives at the highbrow conclusion that the Russian Theatre has "attained the leadership of the world."

If he were not so obviously a confirmed highbrow we might, in the language of the Rialto, demand of him: "How do you get that way?"

KARL SCHMIDT.

Note on PIGMENT and PAPER

HAVE you ever painted a delicate flesh tint —and found it yellow the next morning? Do your wonderful blues turn green and your greens turn brown? It may be your colors, it may be your paper—most likely it is the chemistry of both acting upon each other.

STRATHMORE
ARTISTS' PAPERS and BOARDS

are chemically pure. They are perfectly neutralized. The color you put on them remains unchanged by any chemical action set up by the paper. Strathmore is safe—the paper you should use for your finest work.

Look for the Strathmore mark, the thistle, stamped on every sheet.

Samples sent free upon request

STRATHMORE PAPER
COMPANY
Mittineague. Mass. U.S.A

Art Pilgrimage to Europe,
SUMMER 1920

Leader, Henry Turner Bailey, Director Cleveland School of Art. Superb route: Italy (37 days), Switzerland, France, Belgium, England. The great Masters inspiringly interpreted. INTERCOLLEGIATE TOURS, 1026 Little Building, Boston, Mass.

"HOME and the FIREPLACE"

Let us send you this Booklet gratis. A Mint of Information pertaining to Fireplaces and Hearth Furniture. Write today.

Colonial
Fireplace Company
4620 Roosevelt Road
CHICAGO

P. JACKSON HIGGS
CONSULTING SPECIALIST
in
Interior Decoration
Period Furnishing
Antiques and Reproductions
Rare Specimens on Exhibition
15 EAST 54th STREET NEW YORK
Write for Particulars

YALE SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS
YALE UNIVERSITY, NEW HAVEN, CONN.
SERGEANT KENDALL, Director

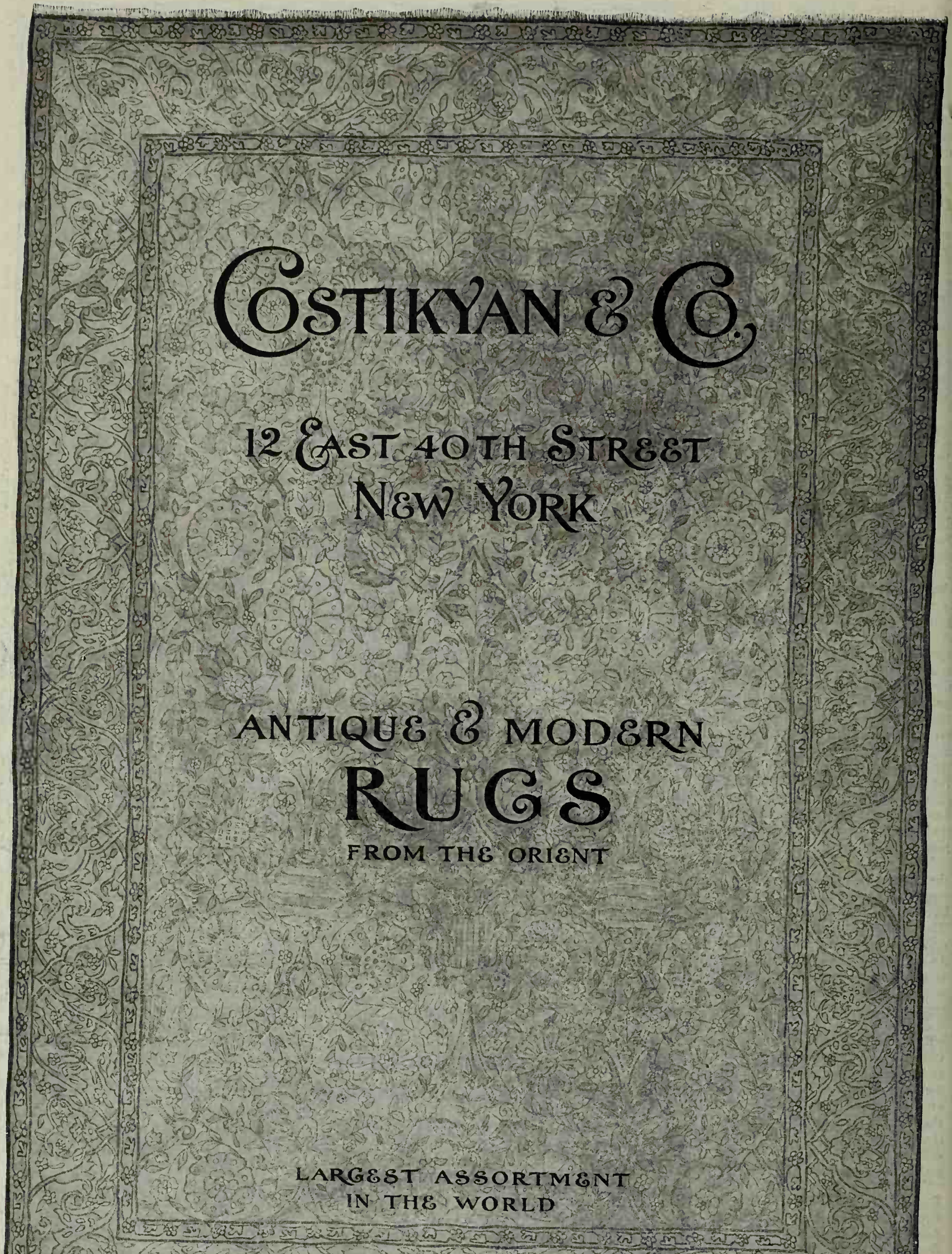
Departments of Drawing and Painting, Sculpture, Architecture
CLASSES IN COMPOSITION, ANATOMY, PERSPECTIVE

FACULTY—*Painting*—Sergeant Kendall. *Drawing*—Edwin C. Taylor, G.H. Langzettel, T. Diedricksen. *Sculpture*—Robert G. Eberhard. *Architecture*—Everett V. Meeks, Franklin J. Walls. *History of Art*—Henry Davenport. *Composition*—Edwin C. Taylor. *Perspective*—Theodore Diedricksen. *Anatomy*—Raynham Townshend, M. D.

DEGREE—The degree of Bachelor of Fine Arts (B. F. A.) is awarded for advanced work of distinction. The Winchester Fellowship for one year's study of art in Europe, the English Scholarship for study of art and travel in Europe during the summer vacation, and School Scholarships are awarded annually.

Illustrated Catalogue A

Address G. H. LANGZETTEL, Secretary



COSTIKYAN & CO.

12 EAST 40TH STREET
NEW YORK

ANTIQUE & MODERN
RUGS
FROM THE ORIENT

LARGEST ASSORTMENT
IN THE WORLD

BLANCHARD PRESS, N. Y.

Fine Furniture of Old England

England in the eighteenth century gave to the world a wealth of rare and beautiful furniture. Those who love and appreciate the charm, artistry, and historical associations of the fine creations of the old master craftsmen, as well as the collector of antiques, the connoisseur, the furniture designer, or the interior decorator of to-day, will find most appealing and particular interest in the gorgeously prepared work of the most eminent living authority in this field, covering the most productive period in the history of English cabinet-making.

English Furniture of the Eighteenth Century

By HERBERT CESCINSKY

In Three Beautiful Volumes. Large Quarto. Lavishly Illustrated.

THESE volumes contain an immense store of information concerning the places where the furniture masterpieces of the eighteenth century are to be found. They give in detail the exact dimensions and characteristics by which originals can be recognized, and they include the history attached to them with the life-stories of their designers.

The Superlatively Beautiful Illustrations

There are over 1,300 superb illustrations carefully selected from more than 10,000 photographs specially taken for this work, and also scores of elaborate reproductions from drawings by the author. These books provide what is unquestionably the most complete and exhaustive guide ever published, and should be in the hands of everyone interested in high-grade furniture. Not only because of the physical beauty of the make-up and the charm with which the subject matter is handled are these volumes desirable, but also because of their authority as a comprehensive work of reference.

SEND FOR ELABORATE DESCRIPTIVE MATTER

An informative circular that you will enjoy reading has been carefully prepared and will gladly be mailed to you on request. It is liberally illustrated by beautiful half-tone photographs and drawings taken from the volumes of Mr. Cescinsky's work, and it contains material that you will find highly interesting and valuable. Just fill in the coupon, mail it, and this beautifully prepared booklet will be forwarded to you promptly. There are only a limited number of these. Send for yours *NOW* before you forget it!

The Field Covered by this Work

The author covers the era in the history of Europe commencing with the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, and ending with the year 1800, that of the union of Great Britain with Ireland. During this period, in which is included the era of the Spanish domination and the struggle of the Netherlands for freedom, thousands of French families were driven into England bringing with them the arts and industries of their own country, and radically affecting the styles in English art and decoration.

Thoroughness the Keynote Throughout

Thoroughness of treatment is the keynote of the entire work, and the wealth of detail and of carefully compared and classified material will be of immense value to the professional and the amateur interior decorator as well as to those who appreciate and are interested in the choice and rare in antique furniture.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354-360 Fourth Avenue,
Dept. 390, *New York.*

Gentlemen—

Please send me Pamphlet describing the three volumes: ENGLISH FURNITURE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, by Herbert Cescinsky. This is to be mailed to me free of any charge and is not to obligate me in any way whatsoever.

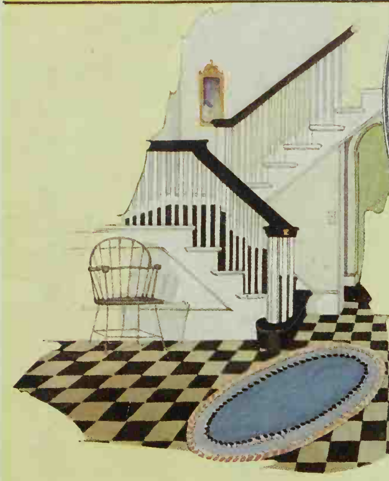
Name..

Address..

City or Town.......................... *State*......................

NAIRN *Linoleum*

Straight-Line Inlaid



*Kitchen in residence at Long Branch, N. J., showing Nairn in use.

A Good Linoleum is More Than a Floor Covering

THE pattern and color of a floor covering may either enhance or ruin the entire decorative scheme of a room. And it is such a simple matter to select a pleasing linoleum with the infinite variety of pleasing patterns that are found in Nairn Straight-line Inlaids. Nairn gives you a wealth of harmonious floor coverings that will fit the decorative scheme of any room.

NAIRN LINOLEUM COMPANY, NEWARK, N. J.

W. & J. Sloane

Sole Selling Agents

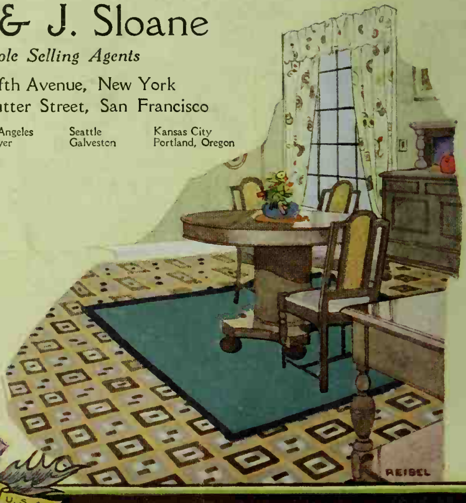
575 Fifth Avenue, New York
216-218 Sutter Street, San Francisco

Chicago
St. Louis

Los Angeles
Denver

Seattle
Galveston

Kansas City
Portland, Oregon



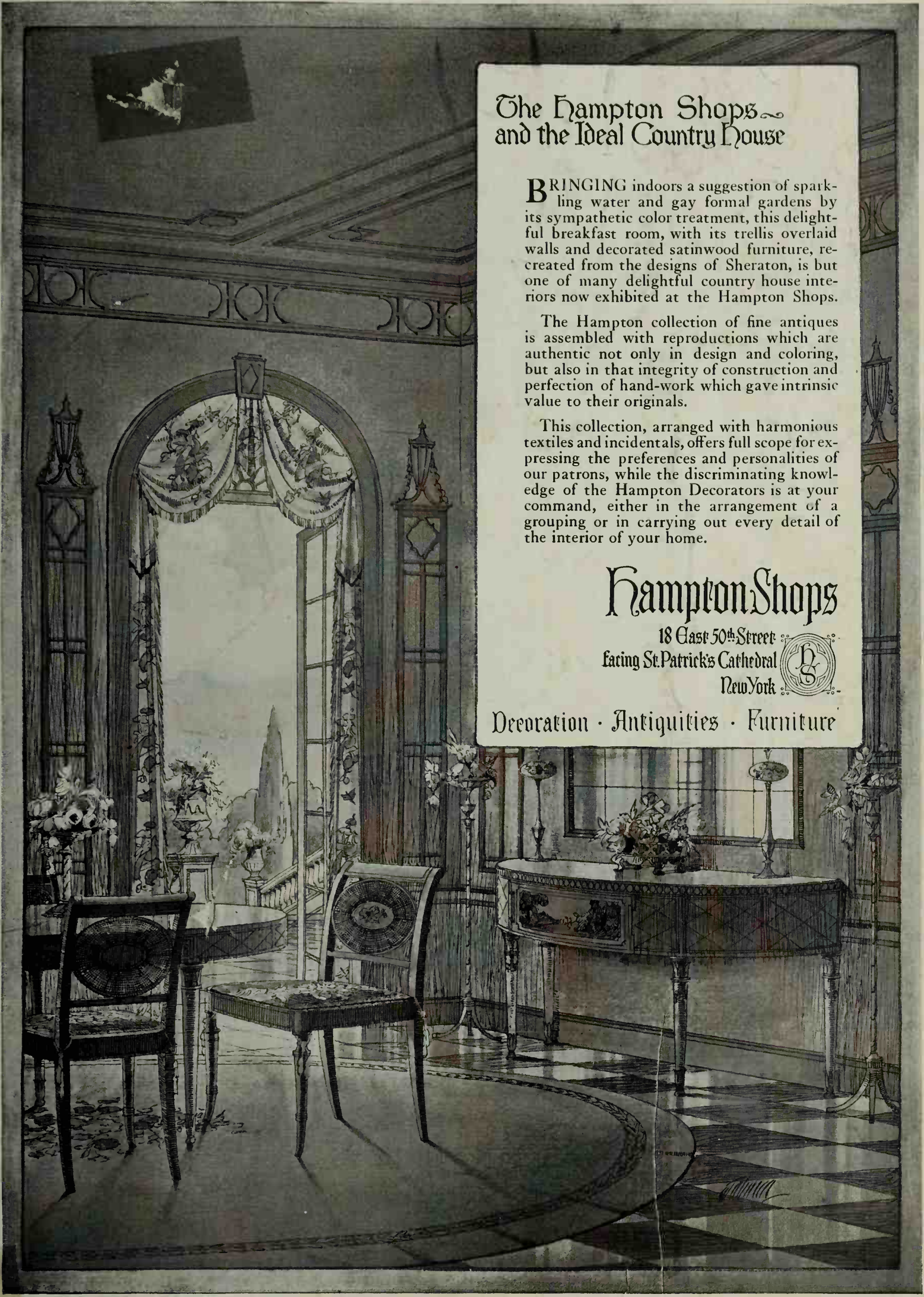
A complete booklet of designs in full color will be promptly mailed you upon request. Write for your copy today.

*Name on request.

MADE IN NAIRN'S U.S.A.
REGISTERED U.S.PAT.OFF.

JUL 17

OCT 28



The Hampton Shops— and the Ideal Country House

BRINGING indoors a suggestion of sparkling water and gay formal gardens by its sympathetic color treatment, this delightful breakfast room, with its trellis overlaid walls and decorated satinwood furniture, re-created from the designs of Sheraton, is but one of many delightful country house interiors now exhibited at the Hampton Shops.

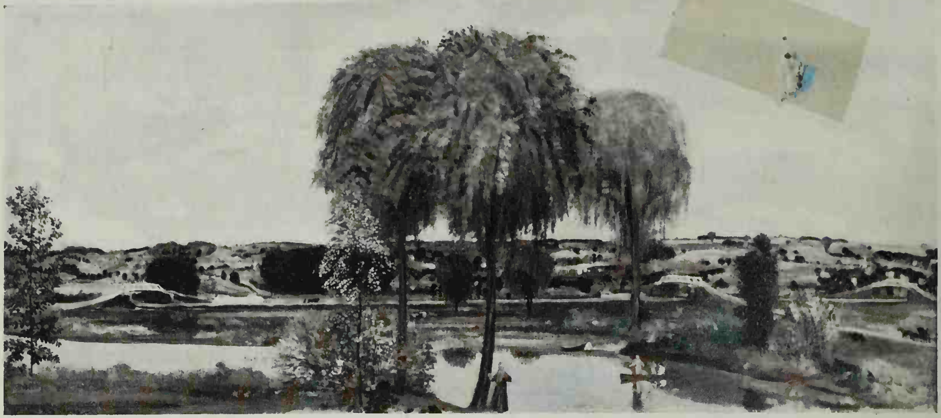
The Hampton collection of fine antiques is assembled with reproductions which are authentic not only in design and coloring, but also in that integrity of construction and perfection of hand-work which gave intrinsic value to their originals.

This collection, arranged with harmonious textiles and incidentals, offers full scope for expressing the preferences and personalities of our patrons, while the discriminating knowledge of the Hampton Decorators is at your command, either in the arrangement of a grouping or in carrying out every detail of the interior of your home.

Hampton Shops

18 East 50th Street
Facing St. Patrick's Cathedral
New York

Decoration · Antiquities · Furniture



"Along the Erie Canal," by Arthur B. Davies

MAY 25, 1920

CONTENTS

COVER: Temptation—*Copyright Osborne Co.*

FRONTISPIECE: Vierge à la Perruche, *Charlotte Aman-Jean* 8

ART OF THE WORLD:
- Foreign and American Painting 9
- Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Manship and Mr. Barnard, *G. P. B.* 23
- Kiyochika Kobayashi .... *Yone Noguchi* 34

ARCHITECTURE:
- The Approach to a Country House .. *Aymar Embury, II* 14
- Darragh Hall 16
- A Page of Gardens 18

INTERIOR DECORATION:
- Ceilings and Floors 19
- The Bedroom of the Apartment 20
- Hunt Diedrich .... *Helen Churchill Candee* 22
- The Profession and Business of Decorating 27

INDUSTRIAL ART:
- The Small Bronze 24
- Silk and the Designer 25
- Some Facts About Industrial Art .... *W. Frank Purdy* 26

MUSIC:
- Can Musical Talent Be Measured? *Daniel Gregory Mason* 29
- Music and the Movies .... *Sigmund Spaeth* 36

ART IN DRESS:
- The Periscope of Fall Fashions 30

THE DRAMA:
- The Golden Orient on the Western Stage, *Charles Henry Meltzer* 32

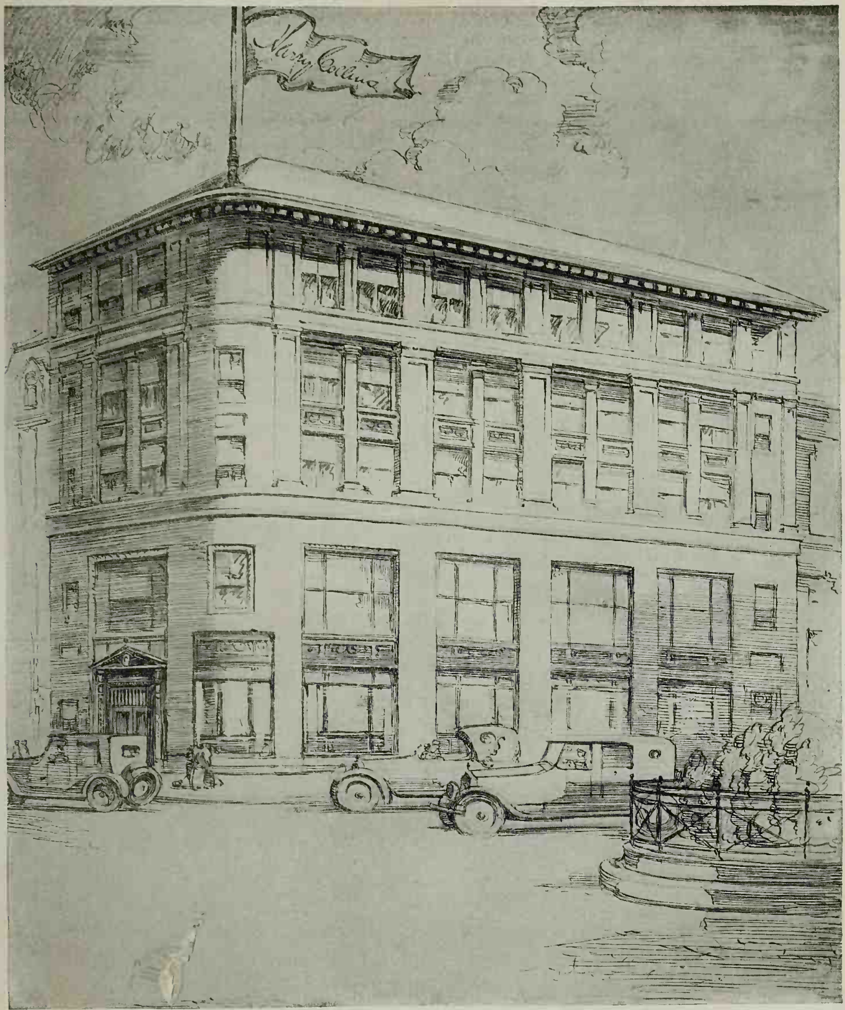
OTHER INTERESTING FEATURES:
- The Russian Revolution and Her Artists, *Ivan Narodny* 12
- The Importance of Being Earnest 28

ARTS & DECORATION, May, 1920. Published every month. Volume 13, Number 1; Publication office, 25 West Forty-third Street, New York City. Guy Pène du Bois, Editor. Subscription price, $4.00 a year; single copies, 35 cents; foreign subscriptions, $1.50 additional for postage; Canadian subscriptions, $1.00 additional. Entered as second class matter March 5, 1919, at the postoffice in New York City under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyrighted 1920 by The Joseph A. Judd Publishing Company, Inc. Registered U. S. Patent Office.

TO CONTRIBUTORS—We are always glad to receive and examine manuscripts and photographs, but we cannot hold ourselves responsible for them. All manuscripts and photographs must be accompanied by sufficient postage. **TO SUBSCRIBERS**—Expirations: An advance notice of expiration of your subscription will be sent you on the first of the month of date of expiration. We send an additional reminder on the fifteenth of the month if you have not responded to the first notice. By remitting promptly then, you ensure the regular receipt of the magazine. **Change of Address:** Must be received before the tenth of the month to affect the forthcoming magazine.

THE JOSEPH A. JUDD PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

25 West Forty-third Street   JOSEPH A. JUDD, Pres't.   New York, N. Y.


Harry Collins

THE NEW SALONS DE LUXE
of
COLLINS ART IN DRESS
at
PARK AVENUE and FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET

Harry Collins

NEW YORK

COUNTRY ESTATES & TOWN HOUSES

FOR SALE :: :: EXCEPTIONAL OFFERINGS

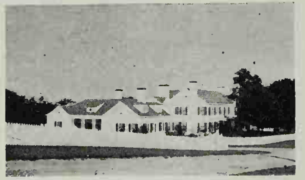
The homes shown are offered for sale through the Real Estate Department of Arts & Decoration. Full particulars as to the terms of purchase, as well as arrangements for seeing these properties, can be made through your own bröker, or by direct correspondence with us.

1001A—"Blantye"—Superb country estate in the Berkshires; 240 acres. Modern English residence; 7 master bedrooms, 6 baths, music room with pipe organ. Complete set of outbuildings. Farm land, woods, beautiful gardens.

1002A—"Shadow Hill"—A modern house, Prides Crossing, Massachusetts, sequestered among ancient trees, surrounded by famous estates. 13 rooms, 8 master bedrooms, 3 baths, complete sewerage. Garage and stable. Electric lights. Bath house and beach.

1003A—A Long Island home of 11 rooms, 3 baths, sleeping porch, 2 car garage. Lot 75x165. Price, $25,000.

1004A—"Stanwich House"—A splendid estate about 10 acres in the hills back of Greenwich overlooking Sound. 5 master bedrooms, 4 baths, adequate servants' quarters, stable and garage, living quarters above. Gardener's cottage. Beautiful grounds.



1007B—"Orchard Farm," Mendham, N.J. Just completed. For sale at a sacrifice. Modern residence with every convenience. Garage, gardener's cottage. Within commuting distance of New York.

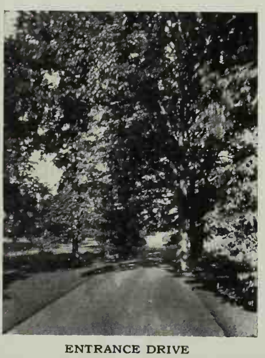
1006A—On the shores of Long Island an estate of 8 acres facing Great South Bay. 6 master bedrooms, 3 baths, 4 servants' rooms, 1 bath. Garage and stable. Tenant house, boat house and dock basin.

If you wish to Buy, Sell, Lease or Exchange Real Estate, get in touch with our Real Estate Department. It can help you

ARTS & DECORATION :: REAL ESTATE DEPARTMENT :: 25 WEST 43rd STREET, NEW YORK

TENNIS COURT AND OLD OAK

LAWN FRONT



ENTRANCE DRIVE

CHOICE ESTATE *at* BERNARDSVILLE, N.J.

It is rarely that such a property is offered for sale. The residence is beautifully set on a wooded hill top at an elevation of about 600 feet, commanding an extensive view of the Somerset Hills and surrounded by fine lawns and old forest trees. It is modern in every particular with nothing omitted which makes for comfort and convenience. The gardens and shrubbery were planned and laid out by experts. About 1 mile from the R. R. Station, and within commuting distance of New York City by Lackawanna Express Service. Especially convenient to the golf links of the "SOMERSET HILLS COUNTRY CLUB" and the country hunted by the "ESSEX FOX HOUNDS."

At the request of the owner, we have made a thorough inspection of this property and can recommend it to any one looking for a beautiful country home.

For maps, photographs and all further details, apply to

FRED W. JONES — SHELTON E. MARTIN, Agents

COUNTRY PROPERTY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Telephone Rector 7299. (BROKERS PROTECTED) 141 Broadway, New York

FAIRWOOD FARMS

SUPERB estate in the Morristown country. 290 acres. Colonial stone house built in 1910, from plans by noted architect. Highest grade of construction throughout and equipped with every possible convenience, including bath with every main bedroom, sleeping porch, vacuum cleaner, refrigerating plant. Music gallery with large pipe organ, billiard room, and other features. Furniture specially designed. Complete modern farm buildings; garage for six cars with apartments; greenhouse, cottage, etc. Beautiful gardens. Great trees. Tennis court. Woods. Brook. Pond. Elevation 650 feet, with sweeping views of rolling country and hills. One hour from downtown New York. Everything in perfect order. To close estate can be purchased at half of cost.

Country Department

DOUGLAS L. ELLIMAN & CO., ***Agents***

15 EAST 49th STREET, N. Y.

Bet. 5th and Madison Avenues ***BROKERS PROTECTED*** *Telephone Plaza 9200*

COUNTRY PROPERTIES

Westchester County :: Connecticut :: Long Island

ACREAGE

Large and small parcels, suitable for Estates, Institutions, Hotels, or development.

COUNTRY RESIDENCES

On the hills or along the Sound, in all the best sections; including fine estates with beautiful grounds.

GENTLEMEN'S FARMS

For general farming and country life—some now being operated as fruit, poultry or dairy farms.

GEORGE B. CORSA

10 East Forty-third St. NEW YORK

INTERIOR **PAINTING** EXTERIOR

JOSEPH DILLON & SONS

DECORATORS

Established 110 Years

715 MADISON AVE., at 63d St. Tel. Plaza 7098

NEW YORK

ARRANGEMENTS NOW BEING MADE FOR OUT-OF-TOWN WORK

For Sale

Important Long Island Country Estate

240 ACRES MAGNIFICENTLY DEVELOPED

LARGE house containing 9 master's bedrooms, 13 servants' bedrooms and 9 baths. The entrance floor has 3 drawing rooms, ball room, dining-room, pantries, coat room, etc.

Stable, coachman's apartment, garage for 4 motor cars, superintendent's house, large cow barn, large horse barn, small brick residence, dairy, ice house, etc.

The property is within a few minutes of several Golf Courses, near Polo, etc. Would make an excellent horse farm. Owing to change in the owner's plans the property may be had at a most reasonable price. For particulars apply to

Wheatley Hills Real Estate Corp.

95 Liberty Street New York City *Tel. Cortlandt 4657*

Magnificent Long Island Shore Estate Now Offered

A GEM SUCH AS THIS comes within reach of the particular buyer only once in a lifetime. Richly dowered with the natural beauties of shore front and woodland—which have been skillfully used as a worthy setting for a handsome residence—this estate forms an ideal permanent family seat. It is one of the few Long Island shore front properties likely to come into the market for a good while.

This estate consists of 72 acres of delightfully diversified land, ranging from hill country, with a lovely private lake, to a pure white sand beach, stretching for a quarter of a mile.

The main house, shown above, has spacious foyer hall, library and dining room below with kitchen, laundry, etc. Above, 10 master bedrooms and 4 baths. Separate servants' quarters consist of 4 rooms and bath.

Near the tennis courts is a charming tea house of 3 rooms. Large green-house, heated with hot water. Garage accommodates 4 large cars. Superintendent's and coachman's cottage each has 5 rooms and bath; and on the upland there is a small cottage.

The stable and barn contains 5 tie and 3 box stalls for family horses; in another section 5 stalls for farm horses; with the usual feed rooms, carriage rooms, etc.

Several good chicken houses and runs; cow barn; tower house; various wells and pump house. An ice house accommodates the season's supply of ice from the lake.

The many attractive features of this estate should secure a prompt disposition of the property. A prompt inspection will therefore be necessary.

402 MADISON AVENUE
at 47th STREET
New York City

Thos. H. Todd
SPECIALIST IN LONG ISLAND REAL ESTATE

TELEPHONES
Vanderbilt 5595
Murray Hill 2890

VIRGINIA

THIS wonderful colonial home is now actively offered for sale. It was founded in 1730 by one of the most prominent men of colonial times. The dwelling is of brick, 210 feet front, with spacious hall and many large rooms, practically all of which are paneled from floor to ceiling. There is every modern convenience, such as electric lights, bath rooms and hot water heat. Flanking the house at each end are brick houses containing three rooms each. The mansion is charmingly situated in the midst of very beautiful grounds on which are a great variety of trees. The terraced gardens, box wood hedges and flower gardens present a wonderful charm. There are numerous outbuildings and about 52 acres of fertile land. This property is splendidly located near a beautiful old town, having a commanding view of the river and outlying section. Fine hunting, boating, fishing and auto riding obtains. Price $45,000.00. Apply.

H. W. HILLEARY & CO.
1516 H Street, N. W. Washington, D. C.

Regarding the New Kennel Department

WITH the next issue of Arts & Decoration, a new department will make its appearance. It will be devoted to *Kennels* and allied interests.

Those of our readers desiring information regarding the dog—mankind's best friend—may obtain same by simply addressing the *Kennel Department.*

It will be the purpose of the department to co-operate in securing for purchasers dogs of pedigree—and otherwise assisting in bringing those interested in direct contact.

Kennel Department
Arts & Decoration
25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y.

"A MIGEL SILK"
PAT. U.S. MAR. 9, 1920
"1920 FAN-TA-SI"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MIGEL SILKS
ORIGINALITY—QUALITY
1920 FAN-TA-SI A MIGEL SILK

PAT. U. S. MAR 9, 1920

"1920 FAN-TA-SI"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

SKIRTS

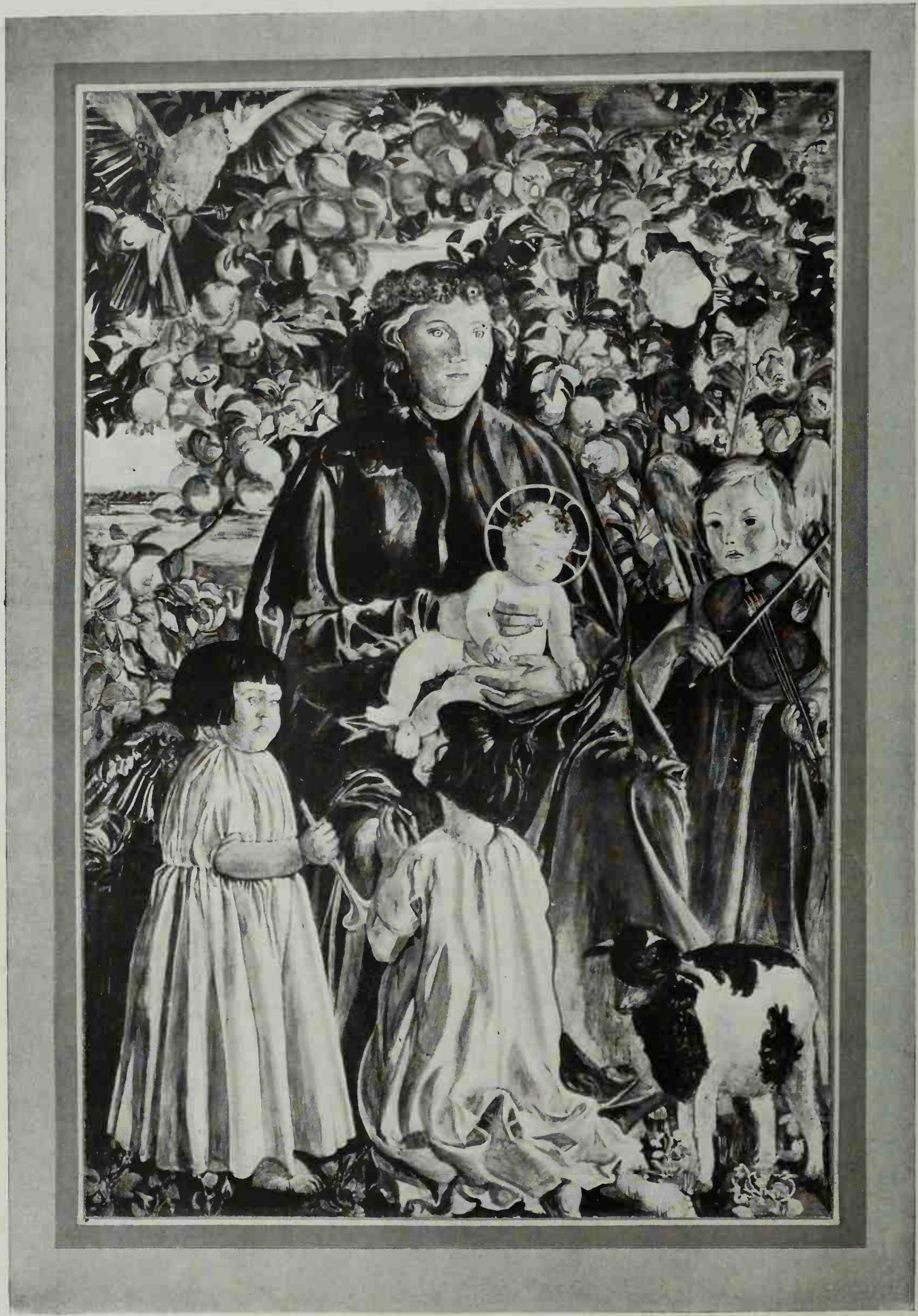
The well appointed woman does not wear imitations—be they in jewelry, furs, or general attire.

Always insist on genuine "1920 Fan-Ta-Si" in Sports skirts.

A tiny label will be found attached to the waistband as an assurance.

Sole Maker
J. A. Migel
422 Fourth Ave., NEW YORK

Maker of
"Fan-Ta-Si" for Sportswear
"Pierrette" for Sheerwear
"Moon-glo" for Everywear



"VIERGE A LA PERRUCHE"

By Charlotte Aman-Jean, daughter of Lucien Simon and daughter-in-law of Edmond Aman-Jean

ARTS & DECORATION

The Foremost Magazine of the Fine and Industrial Arts

ARCHITECTURE · SCULPTURE · MUSIC · PAINTING
DRAMA · INTERIOR DECORATION

VOLUME XIII NUMBER 1

May 25, 1920

Foreign and American Painting

The International Show at the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh

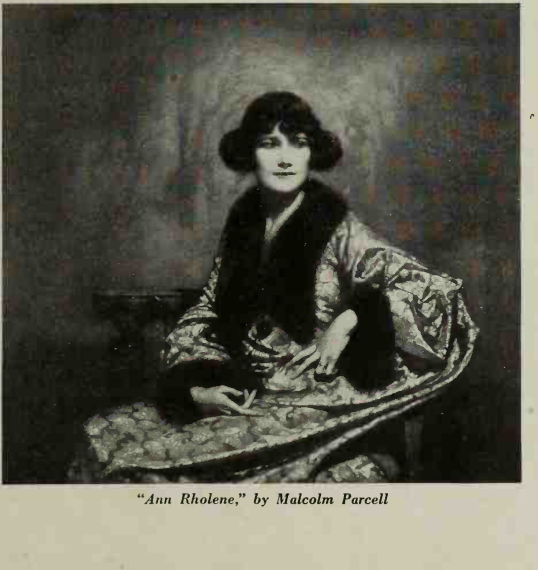
PROVINCIAL New Yorkers, they are a good many, do not hesitate to describe their city as the art centre of the world. Perhaps provincial New Yorkers think in dollars. When they speak of art centres they mean art market. It is in New York that dollars are exchanged for art. It is in New York that pictorial themes of the American order are juggled or moulded into shapes that will produce art. It is to New York that contemporary American painters look for sales of their works. The foreigners do not expect much of New York. There is very little hysteria there. There has been a most negligible quantity of it since Sorolla at the Hispanic Museum caught most of the professional watch-dogs asleep and awakened extraordinary numbers of lay-people who had never considered art at all. New York, indeed, under the swashbuckler *élan* of Sorolla completely lost its head.

The experience has done much to dampen any over-enthusiastic proclivities that might be exercised naturally. The Boris Anisfeld show was accepted with reservations. The two French shows—one at the Brooklyn, the other at the Metropolitan Museum, brought, comparatively, more artists than laymen to those institutions. The German show arranged some years before the war by the late Hugo Reisinger was rather lamely and tentatively disliked. It was said that it was not representative of German painting, that we were being shown old stuff. The pompous cosmics of Franz Stuck were as much disliked as, in some quarters, the Germanic ponderousness of Rockwell Kent this season was admired. About the Scandinavian exhibition of probably seven or eight years ago the supply of writing was greater than the demand for it made by the public. Attendance at the Armory show arranged by the Society of American Painters and Sculptors, Inc., was the greatest at any exhibition ever held in New York City, not excepting the Sorolla show, but it was an attendance that came more often to be amused than to be inspired. It was, however, the only comparative collection gathered in the city in recent years—the only one since the portrait show, at the American Art Galleries, almost two decades ago.

Perhaps it was the most influential show that was ever held in this country in the matter of the numbers of disciples which took their novitiate within its walls. But it was never repeated and is not likely to be repeated in a long time.

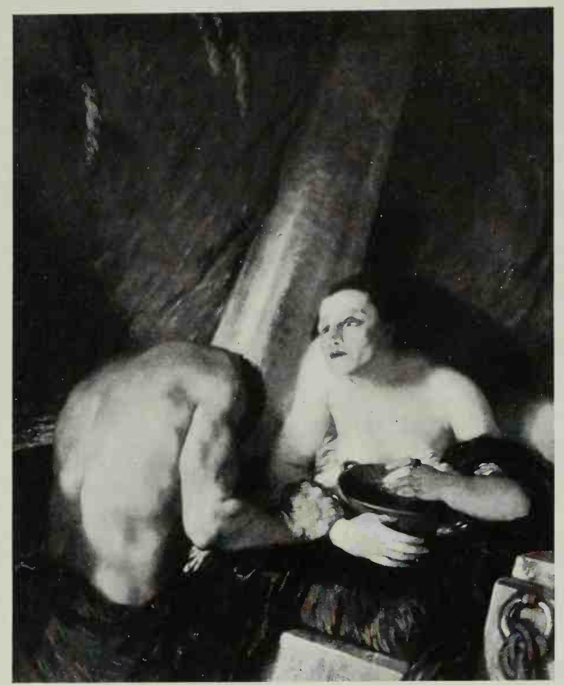
The only permanent comparative exhibition of contemporary painting in this country is the one which before the war was held annually at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh and which, after a lapse of six years, opened there again recently. In it there are collected, along with American paintings, paintings from all the allied nations and from a few of those who were non-belligerent. That Germany and Austria were left out of the reckoning of the world's art may be due as well to practical expediency as to any *a priori* desire, on the part of the exhibiting committee, to omit our enemies. Enemies cannot be, even though enemies, all bad, neither does it follow inevitably that militaristic proclivities, like weeds, push all flowers out of a national garden. Art is, after all, a matter of expression. The subject matter in art is incidental. Russia has built its tremendously vital art out of and around its oppression and misery, the early renaissance out of its religion, the French Eighteenth Century out of its pleasure. We know that the nation that could produce the ruthlessness of a Von Hindenberg could also produce the sentimentality of the creator of Werther. Whether the artist flies in the sky or grovels in the mire makes a difference in the nature of his document, but none whatever in the quality of it. Compare Ingres and Delacroix, Degas and Renoir, or Whitman and Emerson, though this pair overlaps a great deal.

It is moreover on this very question of subject matter that the difference between this international show at Carnegie Institute or any comparative exhibition is most marked. Any American show will contain a distressing amount of repetitive subject matter, will be limited almost rigidly in subject matter to not much more than three types of landscape composition and to not more than three types of portrait and figure composition. Americans are not painters of exhibition pictures. Their ethics forbid the painting of exhibition pictures, even though a number do occasionally crop up

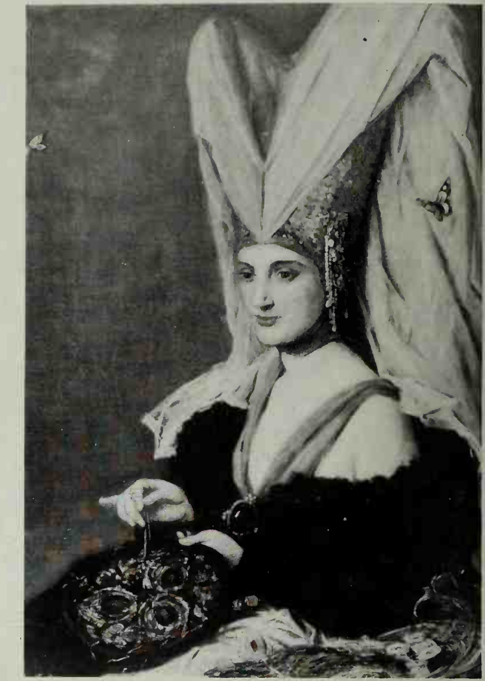


"Ann Rholene," by Malcolm Parcell

(*Continued on page* 42)

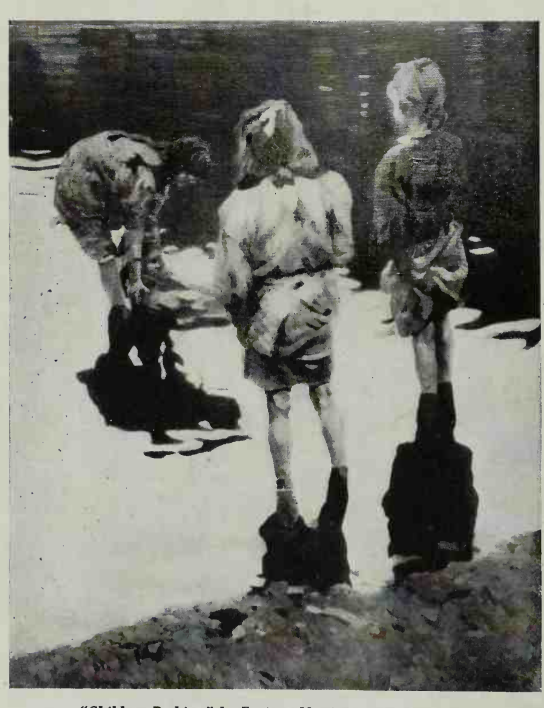


"Meeting of Antony and Cleopatra after the Battle of Actium,"
by Glyn Philpot

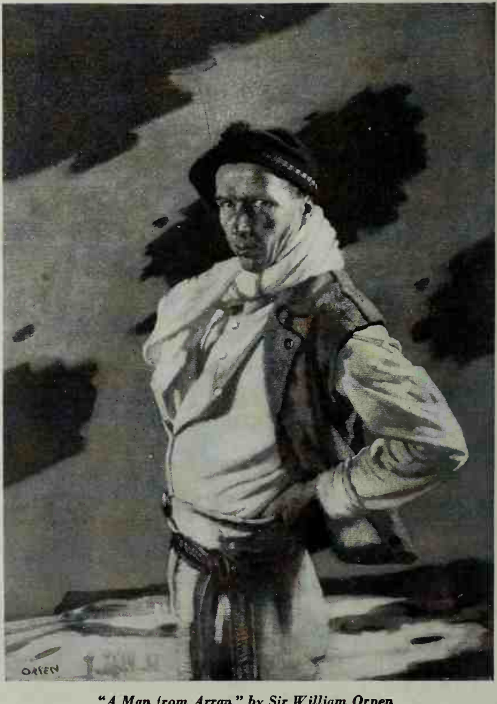


"Miss Lillah McCarthy in the Character of the Dumb Wife,"
by Charles Shannon

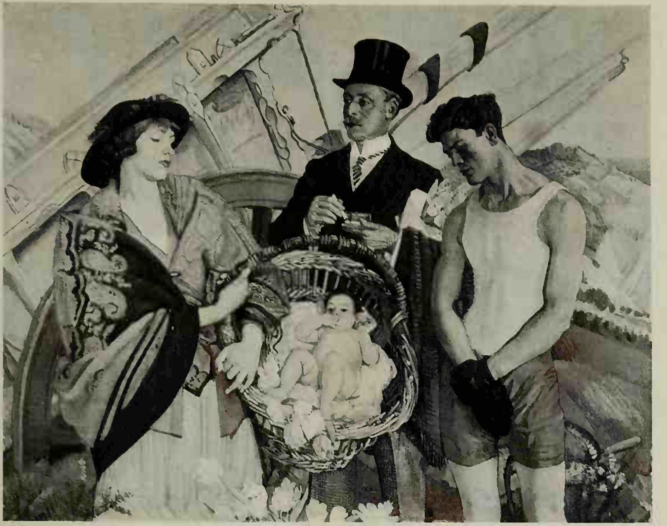
An International Comparison



"Children Bathing," by Enrique Martinez-Cubelle y Ruiz

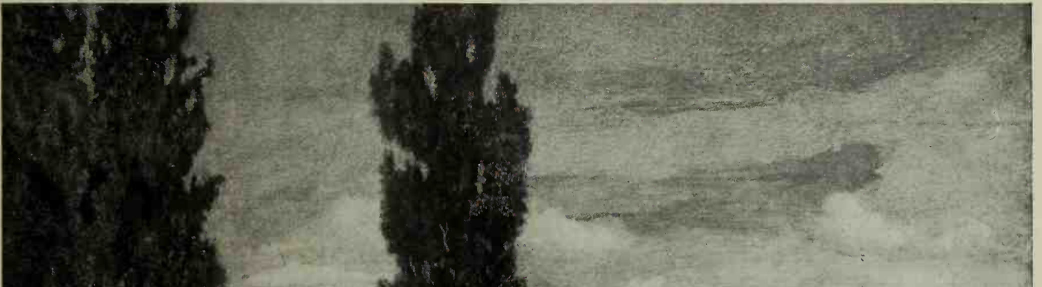


"A Man from Arran," by Sir William Orpen



"Important People," by George W. Lambert

The Carnegie Institute Exhibition



"Tell us a Story," by R. J. Enraght Moony

The Russian Revolution and Her Artists

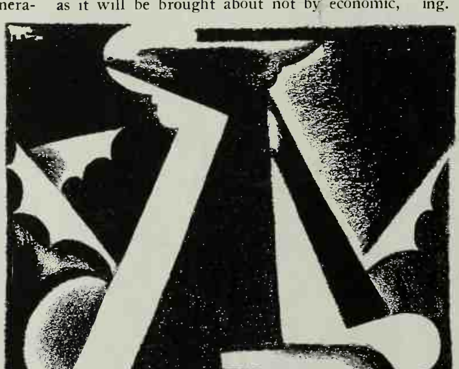
IVAN NARODNY

EDITOR'S NOTE: Throughout the history of civilization artists in every field are found concerned in revolutionary movements. A Durer follows Luther in Germany, Milton beats the austere rhythm of Puritanism in England, Courbet in France begins the expression of democracy in paint. The inevitable returning swing of the pendulum in Russia pushed her artists ahead of it. They may have influenced the people, for art is vital in Russia. They were and are themselves the expression of the surrounding temper, largely in its profounder aspects.

THE Russian revolution was made and led by artists and authors. Siberia was the great Golgotha of Russian æsthetic evolution. Stage, printing-shop, bookstore, picture gallery and studio were usually the feared hot-beds of the rebellious spirit. The Russian artists and writers, critics and students mirrored the sentiments, joys and sorrows of the country, and in this they differed greatly from those of Europe or this country. They were all men of active life, men and women of the people, who became artists only on the urgency of their inspiration. In fact, many of the Russian artists, musicians, composers, authors, earned their living in some field of activity other than art or literature. And when they became professionals in art, they never made out of this a trade, but kept it an ideal, a religious part of their life.

When we consider the great Russian writers, musicians and artists of the past generations, and in fact of the present, we find them all living a double life: one for their art and the other for earning their living. Glinka, the founder of the Russian school of music, was a functionary of the old régime; Moussorgsky, the foremost composer of the country, was an army officer and statistician of an official bureau; Rimsky-Korsakoff, the greatest musical genius of the twentieth century, was a naval officer; Vereshtchagin, the celebrated painter of battle-scenes, was an army officer and surgeon; Tolstoy considered himself a farmer and educator; Tchekoff was a celebrated surgeon; Andreveff was a journalist and lawyer. Thus we can enumerate most of the great Russian artists and authors and find them all leading many-sided lives.

It gradually became a tradition in Russia that an artist or an author who did not take an active part in the question of liberty was considered a lickspit of bureaucracy. It was considered a degree of honor for an art-critic or story-writer to spend some time in jail for his radical views or revolutionary propaganda. Every one who made up his mind to become an artist or writer knew that Siberia and jail stood before him, and that eventually he would land there as a convict. But it did not scare or intimidate any one of the determined mission. Dostoievsky, the great master of fiction, was sentenced to be executed in Petrograd, and he was already on the scaffold when the order came from the Czar to transmute his death sentence to compulsory labor for life in Siberia, where he spent eight years. There civilization was nothing; its tragedies were played behind closed curtains. People outside of Russia heard little of them.



Theme for revolutionary one-act opera suppressed by the Czar in 1914

How sure the Russian critics and artists were of the eventual advent of revolution has been illustrated by the startling statement made by Dimitry Mereshkowsky, one of the foremost art critics of Russia, four years before the storm took place. This is what he wrote in 1910:

"Russia differs from the West as the eye differs from the ear. While one organ can only see the world, the other can only hear it. America is the absolute eye; Russia is the absolute ear; the one is purely objective, the other purely subjective. America's sphere is utilitarian, Russia's transcendental. In America lives Apollo; in Russia, Dionysius. America can reason and compromise, for that reason she came out from her revolution with a watchword for law and constitution. America became the absolute positive pole of action. But Russia hates law and hates reasoning; she wants to feel everything and lives only by intuition. For America, politics is a science; for Russia, a religion. For that reason the coming Russian revolution will differ greatly from the American and the French, as it will be brought about not by economic, but by æsthetico-fanatical motives. This is most difficult for the West to understand, where art, religion, literature and life have long become politics. Politics in Russia means religion, a belief in some superior power, be it bureaucratic, ecclesiastic, socialistic or atheistic. The Russian municipal politics, the so-called *zemstvo, volost* and city governments, have remained always sacred public institutions, with a religious or æsthetic halo around them. They were just as clean and noble as the others were corrupt. For that reason art was cultivated and supported by all the local governments, but persecuted and watched by the national administration. In fact, an artist with Russian *moujiks* became a modern saint, a wizard of beauty.

"From time immemorial the Russians have considered the æsthetic issues as the basis of all the physical systems and governments, therefore autocracy with us was an assertion of an absolute holiness in a mystical sense. The racial traditions do not permit us to leave that order. The rejection of an absolute cannot help being the assertion of the opposite; holiness against holiness. Autocracy with us has been a religion, as is our revolution. Least of all do the revolutionists themselves realize this peculiar state of affairs. In their conception a socialist or bolshevik is a godless being. To a Russian, liberty in its highest metaphysical sense is not a political but a religious feeling. All the most brutal crimes of Russia's revolutionists will be committed as fanatical acts of Inquisition.

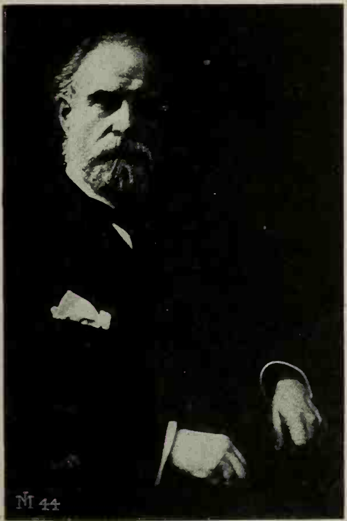
"When ultimately all historic forms of Russian government and church will be overthrown, then in the political and religious consciousness of the people will appear such a chasm of emptiness that to fill up the gap with the already existing forms of Western governments, such as the constitutional *bourgeois* republics of America or France, will be impossible. To overthrow a structure thousands of years old a shakeup like an earthquake will be needed. None of these will the Russian revolution accept. Then, what will it accept? Further lies a jump into the transcendental, a flight into the sky, the eye always looking beyond any boundaries. Russian revolution will be absolute, brutal and corrupt, as absolute as the autocracy it rejected. Its conscious empiric limit will be perhaps a kind of socialistic ecclesiasm, an unconscious mystical religious community. The dream of an average Russian, be he a *moujik* or nobleman, is the æsthetic ideal, art and literature. The final assertion of a new religious governmentless community is a new religious consciousness and activity—a new religious uniform of personality and society, one and all—boundless freedom and boundless love. True absence of power is power of God. Russian revolution will be brought about by art and literature; art and literature only can finish and even it out. These words are enigmatical, let them remain so."

It is remarkable how this prophesy of Mereshkowsky has come true so far, and how well it explains much that is unclear to the mind of the West. Irrespective of all his aristocratic conditions and peculiar attitude of mind, Tolstoy was to Russia what Jean J. Rousseau was to France: advocator of spiritual revolution among the intellectuals. Like all the individualists of Russian revolution, Tolstoy condemned the use of force by governments. He was a great friend of the late Ernest Grosby of New York, with whom I visited the old author, and this is what he told Mr. Grosby: "Despising the political power which is founded on violence and explosives, the people have misunderstood me. The government in which I believe is that which exercises a moral authority only. Great writers and artists are to me the great highpriests and leaders of evolution, the real sovereigns, who rule, not by force of guns and armies, but by moral authority. Just as I hate a hereditary potentate, so do I hate a cheap Parliament. Government cannot improve the moral nature of man by its political laws, and brute force always defeats its object. Every law must have the sanction of the free will, for there can be no coercion of the soul."

The younger Russian writers like Gorki, Korolenko and Sologub did not like Tolstoy's preaching of revolution so explicitly, and often maintained that it would have been better for his reputation if he had died fifteen years earlier, after publishing his "Anna Karenina." Gorki said publicly: "I admire Tolstoy, but at the same time I pity him, for as a preacher he is an amateur and cannot compare with Tolstoy the artist of fifteen years ago."

Tolstoy's revolution was directed against the Greek Church and the Holy Synod, as in his case art was the coming religion of humanity. He quoted Christ just as much as he quoted Buddha and Lao Tse. Though somewhat similar to Rousseau in many traits, he differed from the great French writer in this: while the former was a destructive giant of the rationalistic school, Tolstoy remained one of the emotional æsthetic type. Rousseau's works stimulated the French people to rebellion by stirring up their reason and ambition for action, while Tolstoy's intention was to conquer every social evil by passive resistance; one was a great leader and reformer in his Latin character of influencing the will power; the other's greatness is shown in his Slavic character of influencing the feelings and emotions. However, Gorki became himself a revolutionist and is now with the Soviet Government.

Russia, previous to the revolution, was a shaky social-political machine, run by a handful of politicians and bureaucrats as far as the economic side of life was concerned, but from the æsthetic point of view she was perhaps more free even than France, not to speak of England and this country. The country was in the last years so free that vaudevilles and the dramatic stage became indirectly open forums for revolutionary propaganda. Cabinet ministers, political leaders, high functionaries and court favorites were made into ridiculous burlesque-heroes or allegorical villains. One of the most daring operas of the pre-revolutionary era was Mme. Stassova's "*Vstrepenulis*—Waked-Up," music by R. Gliere, in which the theme is a pure and simple uprising of the *moujiks* in the village. Seventy-five per cent of the Russian revolutionary spirit was spread by the country's artists and writers. Labor played a very insignificant rôle in it until the Bolshevik forces took the leadership. For that reason the American politicians and bureaucrats cannot judge Russia after their national patterns and accept it as a fact that Russia is going through the stage of economic sickness through which they went long ago. The American colonies went through their political turmoil with a very definite political ideal in view, which the Russians do not possess. That is the trouble with the chaos which prevails in the people's minds, as they have rather hazy views of political nature; therefore the foreigners who wish to cure the Russian ills with their past pills are greatly mistaken. It would have been all right had the Russians not been a nation of the very opposite racial character, and had their dramatic-mystic dreams not driven them against the bloody wall of bolshevism. Russia does not want to imitate the commercial West, nor the fanatic East. She is engaged in searching for some solution from her own æsthetic past, her art and literature. That is the reason for all the absurdity of her present experiments and agony. Now let us get a comprehensive picture of the kind of men who were the real founders of the Russian revolutionary movement, besides the above-mentioned few semi-revolutionary big celebrities of art and literature.



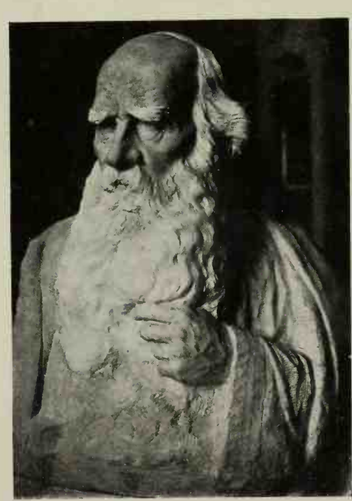
Nicholas Tchaykovsky

Mihail Bakunin

The first two pioneers of the Russian revolutionary movement in 1845 or thereabouts were Alexander Hertzen and Nicholas Chernishewsky, both the foremost literary critics and authors of their day. Graduates of the universities, men of tremendous literary talent and noble character, they were both arrested, kept in solitary confinement and then exiled. While Hertzen died an exile in Switzerland, where he escaped from Siberia, Chernishewsky died in Siberia. Their crime was revolutionary agitation, which they kept up all the time during their banishment and imprisonment. It was their electrifying criticism and inspiration which produced for Russia such novelists as Turgenieff, Dostoievsky, Tolstoy, Chekhoff and the rest. Those two men are considered as the fathers and founders of the great Russian literature and art of the Nineteenth Century, and at the same time spiritual fathers of the revolution.

But perhaps more picturesque and prominent figures than those two in the Russian movement for liberty were Mihail Bakunin and Prince Peter Kropotkin. While Bakunin died in 1876 in Switzerland, Prince Kropotkin is still alive, writing books at his family country place near Moscow. There has hardly been a more dramatic figure in any other nation's history than was Bakunin. By profession an army officer, son of a diplomat, and a graduate of the philosophic faculties of Russia and Germany, Bakunin acquired a brilliant style of writing even as a young man. Much as he was interested in literary work, the political situation of Europe in 1849 thrilled him more. As a student in Germany he became interested in the German revolution and took an active part in the Dresden uprising, where with Richard Wagner he helped to build the barricades. It was said that he advised that the celebrated paintings of the Dresden Gallery be placed on the barricades, to prevent the Prussians from shooting at them. Yielding to the superior forces, the insurgents surrendered and Bakunin was arrested, tried and sentenced to death in 1850 at the fortress Koenigstein, in Saxony. Six months later the death sentence was commuted to life-long imprisonment in the fortress. But having been previously one of the leaders of the Austrian uprisings, he was turned over to the Austrian Government. He was tried in the fortress of Prague in 1851 and was again sentenced to death, but the sentence was again commuted to life-long imprisonment, as Count Orloff, the Prime Minister of Russia, requested that Bakunin be sent over to Russia to be tried for political crimes he had committed there. The Czar Nicholas the First sent him to the fortress of

(*Continued on page* 52)



Bust of Tolstoy by Kratina

Architectural Impressions

AYMAR EMBURY, II

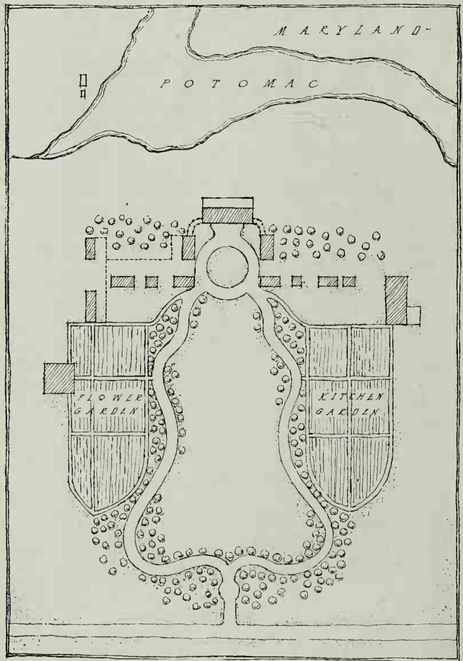
Editor Department of Architecture

The Approach to a Country House

A GOOD many years ago there was a play in New York in which one of the characters used as a constantly repeated catch word, "First impressions are everything," and while this is, of course, not literally true, the value of a first impression must not be underestimated. The first impression we get of a country place is the approach to the house, and from the approach we first see the house; the approach is an index to the quality of taste displayed in all the work and the impression made upon us when we first use the approach will always unconsciously tinge and affect our feeling about the house.

Now the approach to a house is rarely dependent upon the decision of a single person, or even affected by the opinion of one expert. Rather it is the product of a sort of committee consisting of the owner, his wife, the landscape architect and the architect, all of whom are likely to view the problem from different angles, and who will eventually reach a compromise as to the solution, which will be acceptable to none, and which may not contain the good points of any of the proposed schemes. The owner will very probably be concerned primarily with the expense of the project, his wife with its general effect, the landscape architect with the æsthetic qualities of its curves, and the vistas of his landscape work as revealed from it, and practical considerations of grade and drainage, while the architect will consider primarily the appearance of the house as seen from it, and whether the suggested layout will pass in front of rooms which should be secluded; also the road must lead with reasonable directness to the front entrance.

Let us consider these questions a little more in detail. The entrance to the house is so bound up with the plan that it is difficult to prescribe a general condition which shall suit a number of specific cases, especially since our American country places are apt to have rather large houses on small pieces of ground. Were our large houses to be set invariably in the centres of parks, it would be rather easier, but as it is not unusual to place the house comparatively close to the public highway, either because the property is small or because the owner desires to preserve as much privacy as may be on the opposite side of the house, our approaches are often limited to straight driveways. Even in these cases there is one general principle which applies—the entrance driveway should not pass the principal living rooms. The reasons for this are sufficiently obvious: the road is dusty, it is not particularly sightly, the vehicles which use it are often more noisy than the automobile advertisements would lead one to believe possible, and the sense of privacy, which very properly is an increasing requisite of our country life, is violated.

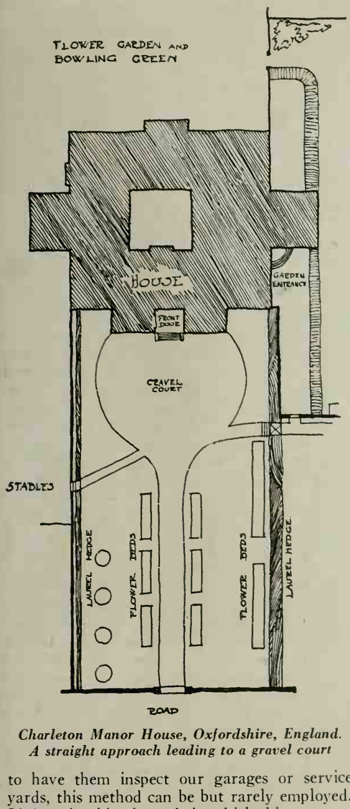


"Mount Vernon," showing a winding double approach with a circular turn

On the other hand the approach to the house should not pass in front of the service quarters since we naturally do not wish either our guests or ourselves to pass the ugliest and least well kept portions of our premises. Nor can a long, winding road be used where a shorter direct road is possible without impressing the person who uses it with a sense of annoyance at the needless delay. This is especially true now that we have become used to motor cars and resent any disability to push them to a full, safe speed.

It used to be the custom in the United States to live on the street; the biggest of our old and even of our Nineteenth Century houses had their principal living quarters and the verandas or piazzas which, in those days, constituted the principal living quarters in the summer time, placed on the street side. The approach to the house was almost invariably to this principal piazza so that the guest or the grocer—it made no difference which—climbed down from the old-fashioned buggy or depot wagon, in the midst of a family gathering. This was all very well when almost anyone who came to the house was really a friend. We have, unfortunately perhaps, become more sophisticated. We are not at all sure that we want to see any one who may come to the house and we prefer to have an opportunity to be what is conventionally termed "out" rather than to be caught by some unmitigated bore, or the agent soliciting subscriptions for the "Home for the Aged and Friendless Neighborhood Dogs." On the other hand we do not wish people visiting our houses to feel that there is a cold inhospitality about the approach, and the balance between the necessary reserve and a proper welcoming attitude is difficult to maintain architecturally or in the landscape work. Further, since the approach to the house will very often be used by delivery wagons and similar vehicles whose ultimate destination is the service quarters, it will frequently be found necessary to introduce a subordinate branch driveway from the main approach which will lead both unobtrusively and directly to the service side. Of course where an entirely distinct service entrance is employed, this problem does not present itself; the only question in such a case is as to the layout of the service road so that it will be sufficiently screened from observation, either from the house or from the main approach. The question of approach has been further complicated by the fact that the modern automobile needs a great deal of space in which to turn and also that there are very many drivers who proceed at a rate of speed which makes it impossible for them to stop within a few feet. The principal approach must be sufficiently wide to permit two vehicles to pass at this rate, or else the approach to the house must be made double—one side for entrance and one for exit. In either case a much greater expanse of roadway is necessary now than formerly, with the result that the principal approach is formalized to an extent which used not to be the case, and especial care is therefore requisite to secure precisely the effect upon the guest that we desire. Also, as in most cases the garage will be placed not very far from the house and some parking space is necessary for the automobiles of guests, the entrance must be arranged with due regard to these features.

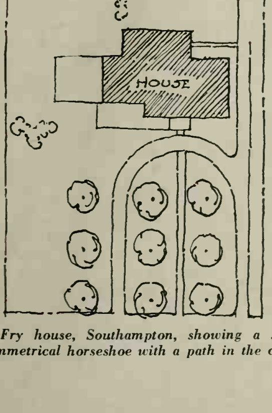
Of all the problems, however, the turn-around is the most difficult. A forecourt, walled in, paved and with attractive border planting, is by no means the worst way in which the turn around can be treated, although it has the obvious disadvantage of requiring several operations to back and turn a car. The most frequent method is the simple loop, which is, to my way of thinking at least, almost uniformly ugly, although when trees are planted in the centre of such a loop, so there is an obvious reason for its employment, it is perhaps not so inevitably bad. The use of automobiles has again made the loop more difficult to employ successfully. With the old-fashioned horse-drawn vehicle practically no enlargement of the road was necessary and the radius of the turn was comparatively small. Nowadays a thirty foot radius, making a loop of sixty feet in diameter on its inner edge, is almost requisite to easy turning, and as the roadway ought to be approximately sixteen feet across, one can readily see what a vast expanse of dusty and unsightly ground extends before our entrance doorway. Perhaps as satisfactory a scheme as any was the old-fashioned farm entrance in which the roadway halted for a moment at the entrance on its way to the barn, so that no visible turn was necessary, but as we cannot depend upon all our guests being driven by chauffeurs, and as it is not always desirable



Charleton Manor House, Oxfordshire, England. A straight approach leading to a gravel court

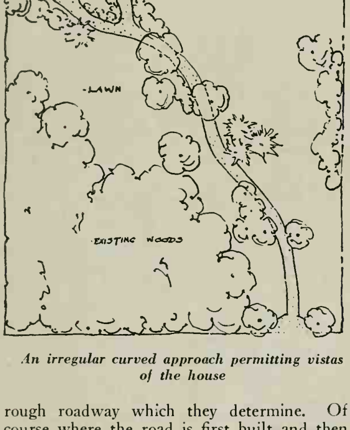
to have them inspect our garages or service yards, this method can be but rarely employed. If there is a bit of woods in which this turn can be concealed, so much the better, but if not the result is almost inevitably unsightly.

One of the most attractive of all entrances, on plan at least, is the long horseshoe drive, each side of the horseshoe being flanked with avenues of trees and the main entrance of the house facing down the vista. This is not always as successful in reality as it appears to be in plan, since one does not approach the house on its central axis or focal point (which is usually the entrance), and the agreeable vista toward the entrance is impossible. On the other hand, if the entrance is approached direct it is difficult indeed to contrive a satisfactory method by which the side of the car can be brought to the entrance. A rather interesting variation of the horseshoe drive was contrived by George Washington in his plan for the estate at Mt. Vernon and while on paper the plan appears to be forced and unnatural, in reality the effect is extremely good because each of the side driveways follows along the verge of trees and undergrowth. Another form of horseshoe which is not infrequently employed in a small country place is that which combines the central walk to the doorway flanked by the horseshoe drive. In the Fry house at Southampton, the effect of this entrance is extremely agreeable despite the fact that the horseshoe is not symmetrical about the walk. In the big country place the horseshoe drive is obviously impossible and the exact location of the entrance will generally be determined by the landscape architect so that conditions more strictly within his province may be met.



The Fry house, Southampton, showing a short, unsymmetrical horseshoe with a path in the centre

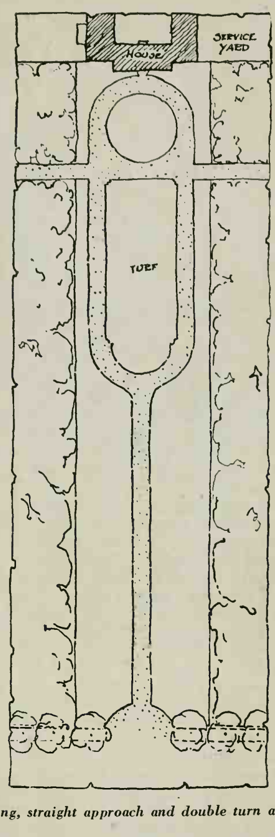
A long approach to a country house will be led, if possible, past certain picturesque features of the place—a brook, a pleasant group of trees, an attractive vista of meadows, or the like, and always with due consideration to ease of gradient and proper drainage of the roadway. In laying out a plan for such a road, it will be found very frequently that the teams of the contractors who are employed to build the house will normally find the simplest method of approach and as it must not be forgotten that the simplest approach is very likely to be the most satisfactory since all æsthetic sentiments are ultimately based upon practical conditions, due consideration should be given the rough roadway which they determine. Of course where the road is first built and then employed by the teams in bringing up material, no such guide will be available, yet where it is it should not be neglected.



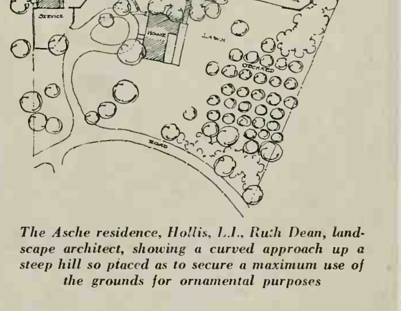
An irregular curved approach permitting vistas of the house

The exact location of the entrance on the main thoroughfare or highway is again of importance and the treatment of this entrance must conform to that of the residence; in other words, it should be sort of a prologue to the drama. In England and on the Continent it is customary to place the gardener's cottage or lodge immediately at the entrance, a survival doubtless of the good old time when the castle was fortified and the postern gate was held by a custodian. I believe that in certain English country houses it is still customary to keep the gates closed and require people desiring to enter the property to give some sort of an account of themselves before they pass the keeper of the outer gates, but in this country, even in those places which have a lodge, the gates are usually wide open, trusting to the good taste of the passer-by not to intrude himself where he has no business, so that while very many of our country houses have a lodge, or even a pair, at the entrance gates, their construction is rather a pleasant reminder of a forgotten formality than a thing of practical use. Of course there exist a few great places of such vast extent that people are apt to regard them as part of the countryside rather than as private property and in these places it is perhaps as well to retain the custom of the lodge, but our American temper would hardly suggest the use of a lodge upon a place other than one so great that its activities were entirely self-contained, and certainly not upon a place situated in a part of the country where many guests would be constantly subjected to the annoyance of waiting for the

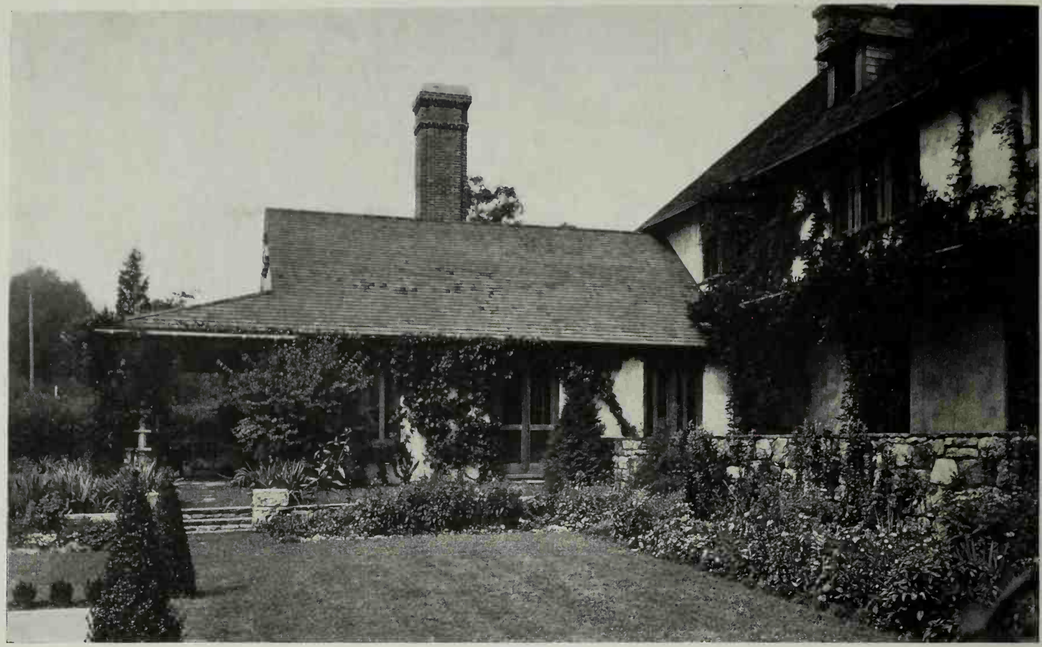
(*Continued on page* 68)



A long, straight approach and double turn around



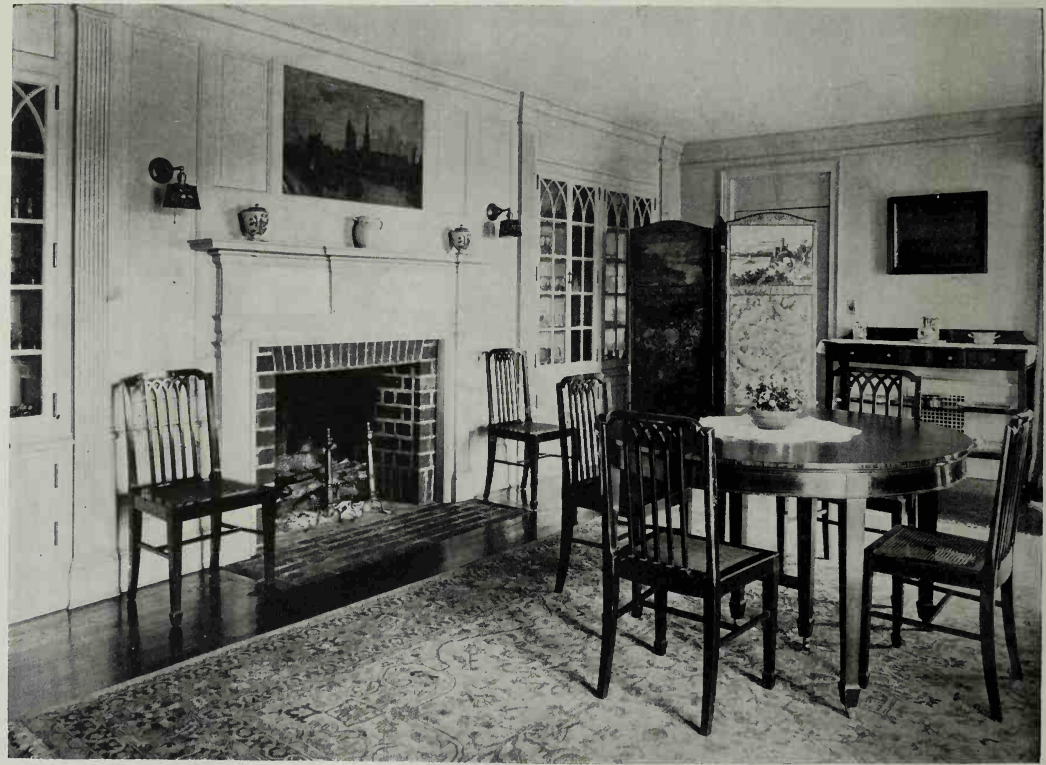
The Asche residence, Hollis, L.I., Ruth Dean, landscape architect, showing a curved approach up a steep hill so placed as to secure a maximum use of the grounds for ornamental purposes



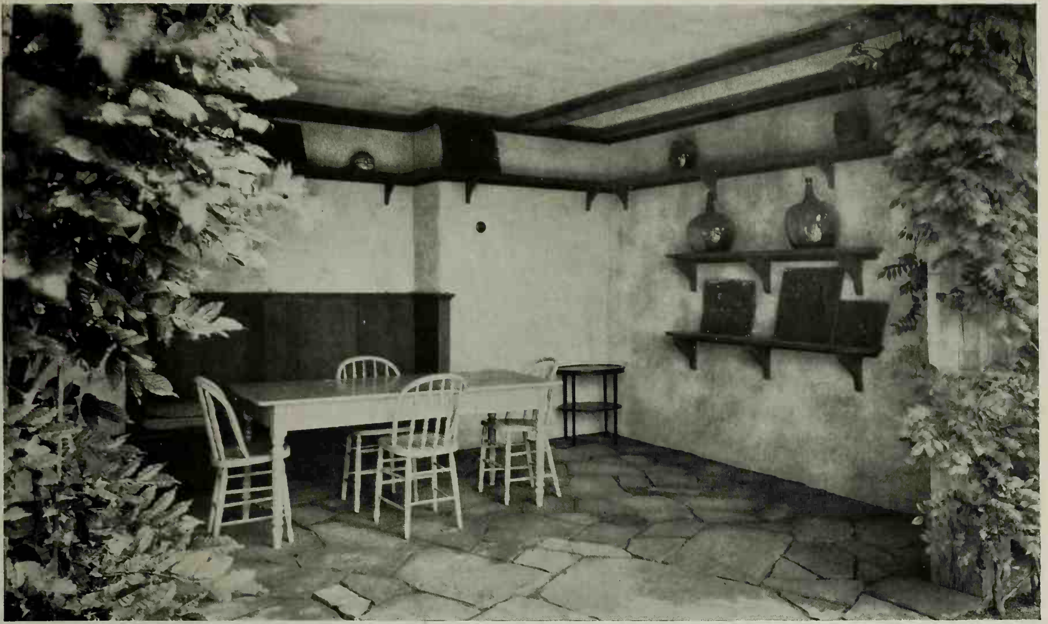
A view in the garden

Darragh Hall, Roslyn, L. I.

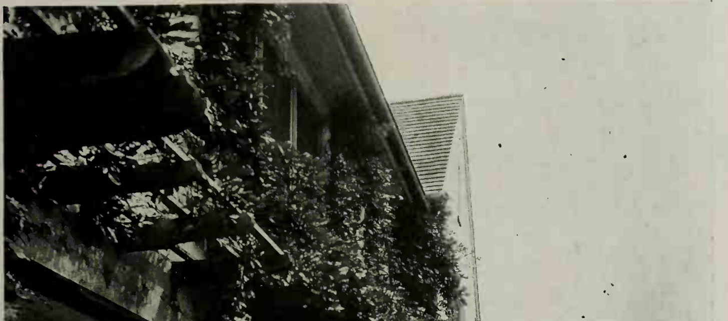
PEABODY, WILSON & BROWN, ARCHITECTS



The dining-room



The breakfast porch



A view of the terrace

THERE are, there always will be, home-loving souls to whom home is a nest. A nest means a gentle enclosure, spacious only as loving-kindness makes it so, the whole set in entrancing picturesqueness. The stately house executed in the grand manner of old homes in Europe does not appeal to all, however perfect it may be according to rules of art.

The little house is for the greater number of owners, yet comparatively few architects spend as much time on its design as would be desirable. As a result, we wail before the rows upon rows of monstrosities that fill the freshly plotted streets of any new district.

"Darragh Park," at Roslyn, is given as an example of the charm of simplicity. The two views of its exterior invite the friend or the stranger, and tempt one even to enter unbidden, so charmingly does the porch stoop to receive, so happily do the vine-draped windows suggest, while the terrace stretches its broken flags around the corner where the landscape shows its beauties.

Home-like hospitality lingers in the breakfast porch, where rugged fittings defy the assaults of weather. Here are but peasant furnishings, yet so mingled with old glass and old pottery that refinement is not absent.

The dining-room is a model for all who turn to colonial styles in the simple house. As in the homes of our forefathers, the fireplace end of the room is well-studied, and the wood-trim just fills the space with mantel, pilasters and cupboards. The old picture fitted within the panel as over-mantel is a decoration which our forefathers allowed themselves. In the state of Connecticut are still existing examples of this sort of embellishment which are usually local views of towns.

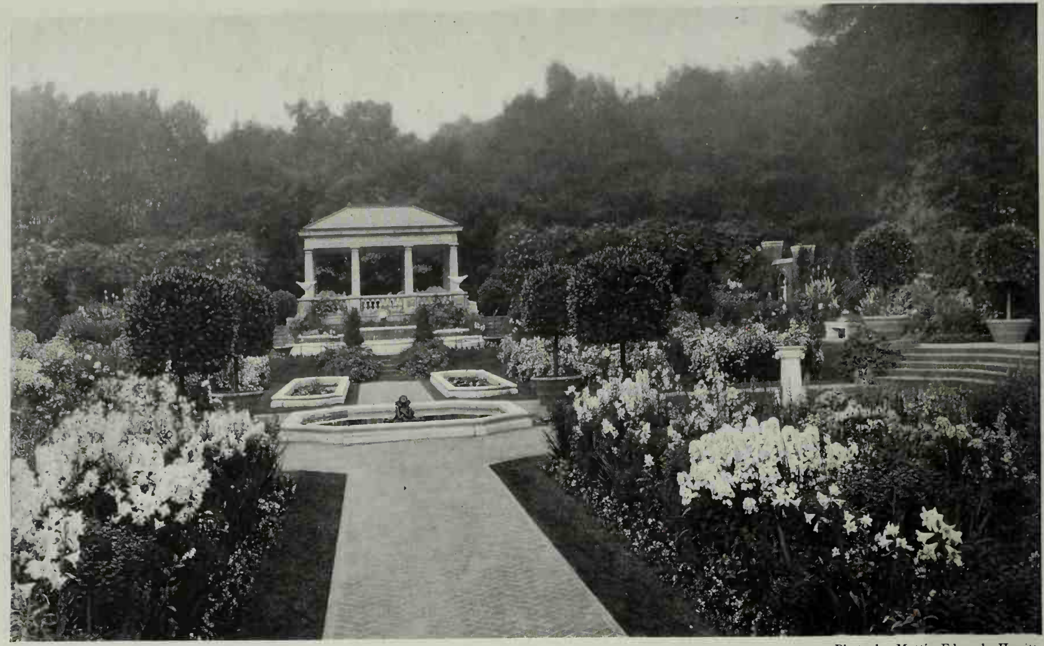


Photo by Mattie Edwards Hewitt

Garden at the home of Mrs. R. D. Evans at Beverly, Mass.

When Twilight Falls, the Garden Yields Its Perfume

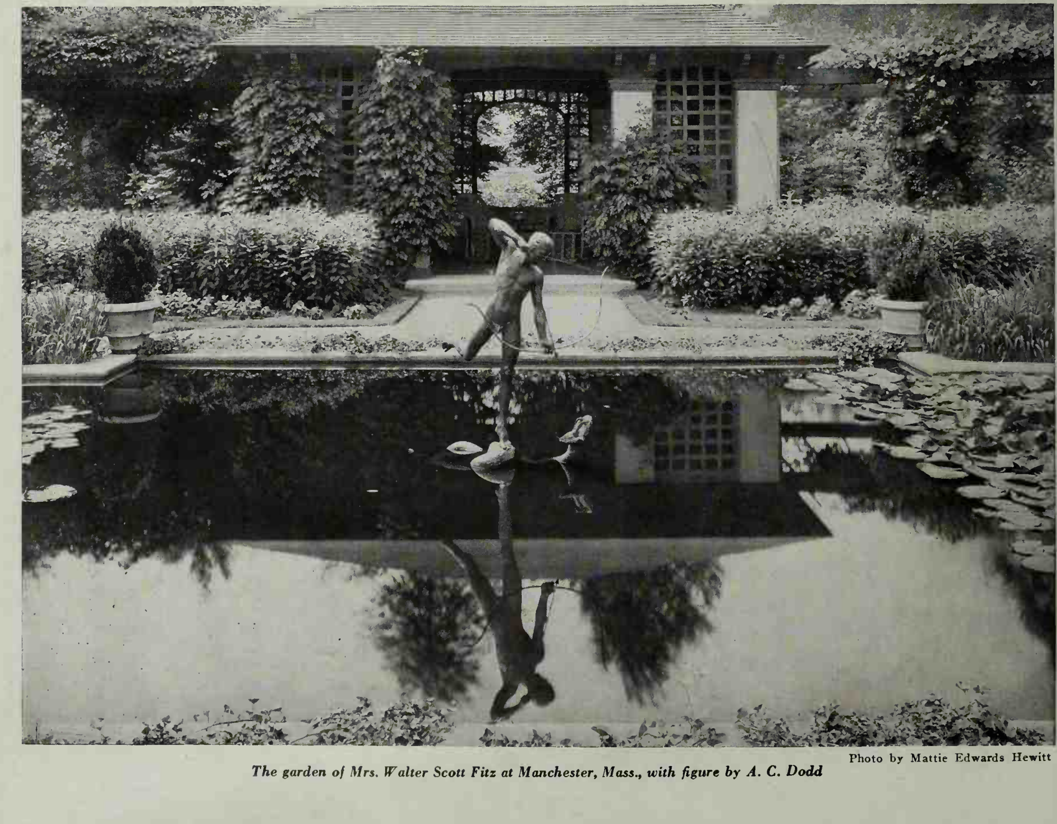


Photo by Mattie Edwards Hewitt

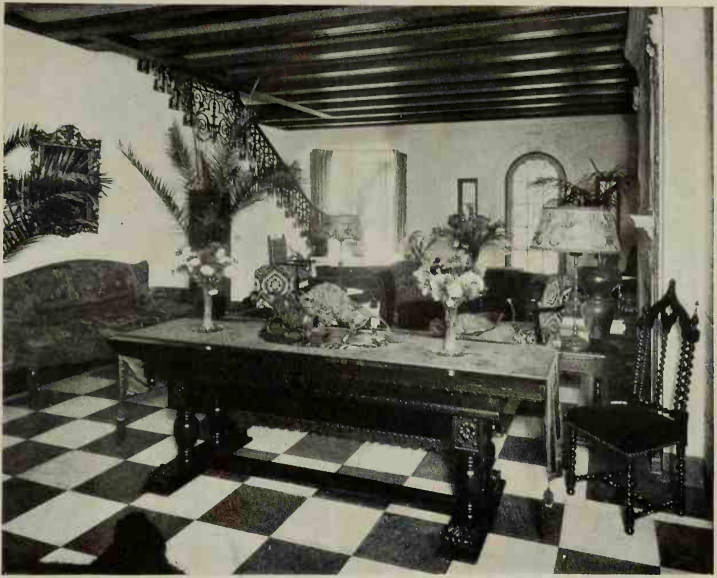
The garden of Mrs. Walter Scott Fitz at Manchester, Mass., with figure by A. C. Dodd

Ceilings and Floors

The Variety Required by Old Italian or Spanish Furniture

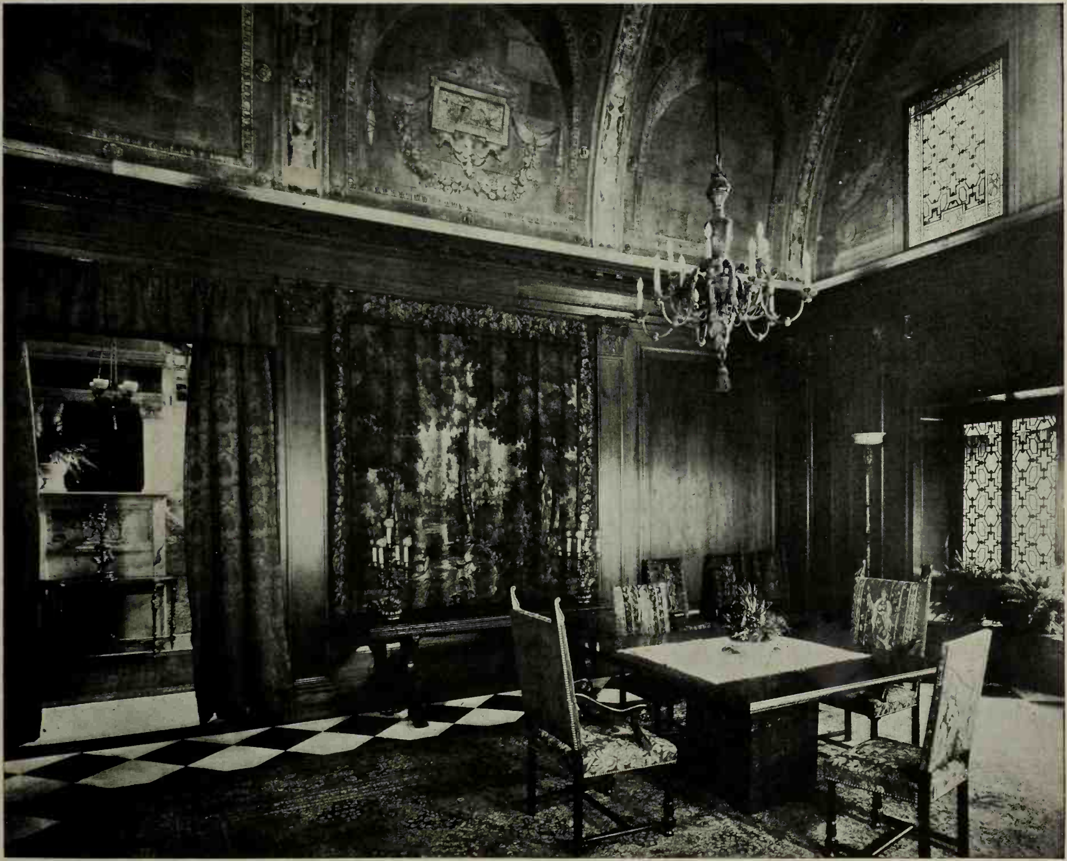
BEFORE the beauties of furniture can be enjoyed the choice of ceiling and of floor must be considered. In our illustrations two ceiling schemes are given, suitable for furniture of the oak or walnut periods, that is, prior to the Eighteenth Century. One is arranged with dark beams in natural wood, a simple, dignified resource. The other recalls the beautiful painted vaultings of old Italian palaces. The floors are in both cases appropriately finished with large squares of black and white marble.

In floors of this kind the white squares must be in color far away from the pristine whiteness of the freshly quarried stone. The yellowish tone of time is necessary for harmony with the black, even though artificially given.



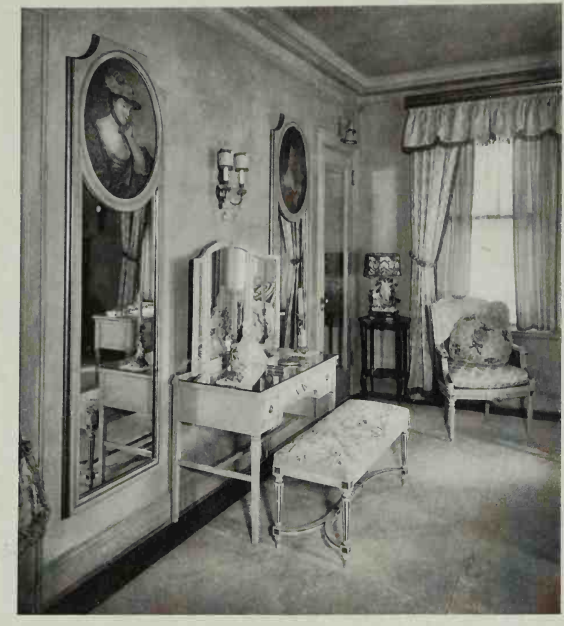
Decorated by Chamberlin Dodds

A hall furnished with harmonious miscellany from which mounts a superb iron stair rail



Walker & Gillette, Architects

The Italian note is well sustained throughout this dignified room



An apartment bedroom with the delightful presence of two long mirrors topped with old French paintings

The Bedroom of the Apartment

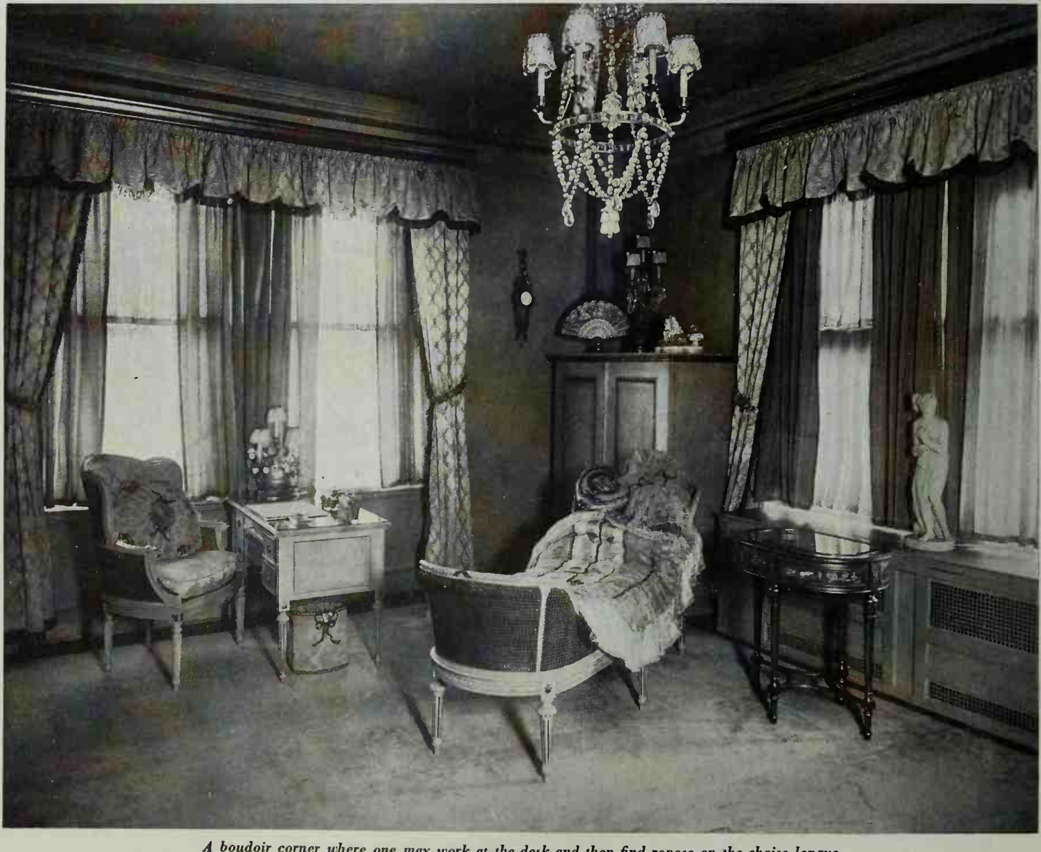
Suggestions for Its Beautifying

THE bedroom of the apartment needs a treatment of even greater nicety than that in the house, for it is more freely used and more often under the inspection of the outsider. No style is so suitable to the rooms of the apartment as an adaptation of one of the French Eighteenth Century suggestions. It need not be expensive, for as in the illustrations shown the furniture is obtainable from a good maker, while the windows take simple treatment.

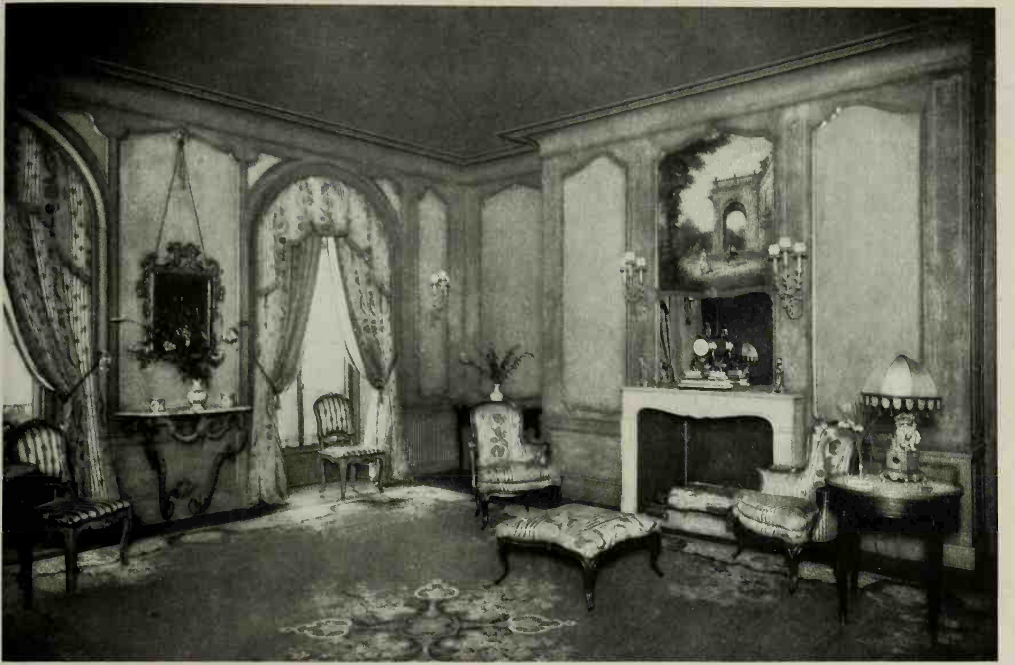
The introduction of mirrors in a small bedroom is a blessing to the woman who cares properly for her grooming. A mirror in a door is at best an expedient, but a mirror on the wall is an adjunct to decoration. Two mirrors, one on either side of a dressing table, make a happy combination of utility and beauty, especially when the mirrors are capped with a portrait of some court lady of other days.

The use of decorative pictures increases as the tendency grows to disperse with pictures hung all over the walls as in other days. We are having a reaction from the space-filling that once prevailed, and the picture that is purely a souvenir is relentlessly banished. The decorative picture gives to a room color and gaiety, besides the desirable quality of distinction, and this is true whether it is incorporated into the *boiserie* or not.

The window draperies pictured include three sets, heavy damask, white net and colored gauze.



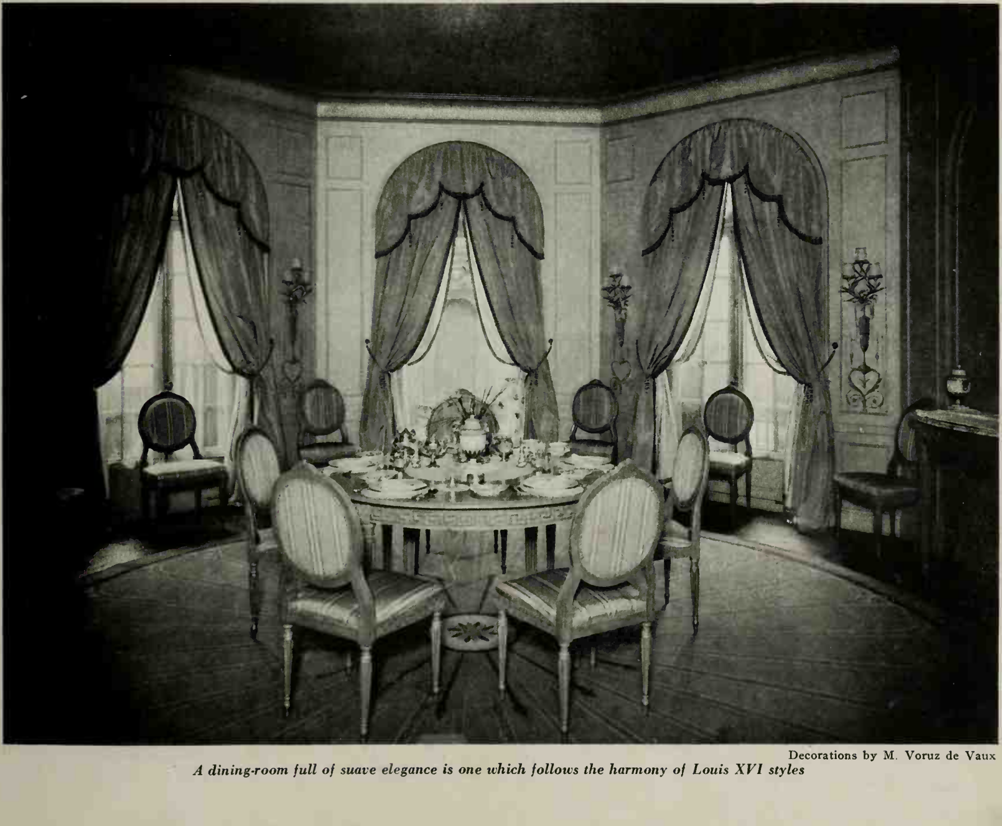
A boudoir corner where one may work at the desk and then find repose on the chaise longue



Decorations by M. Voruz de Vaux

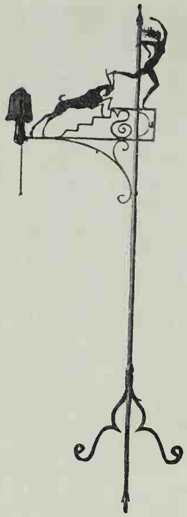
France of the Eighteenth Century inspired the drawing-room of paneled boiserie with the eccentric scrolls of the period

House of Richard Cadwalader, Philadelphia

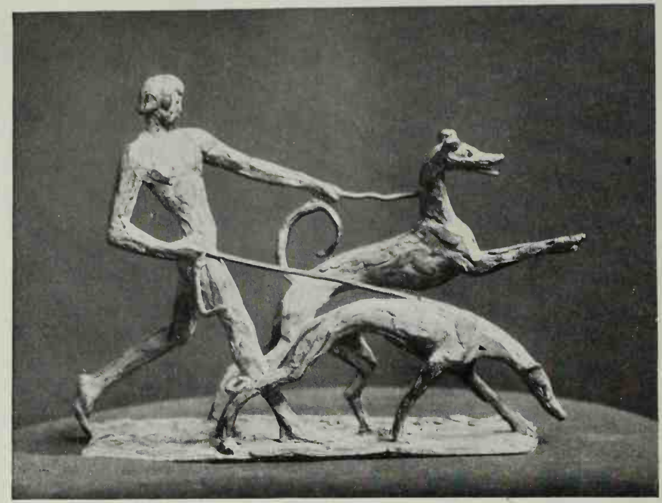


Decorations by M. Voruz de Vaux

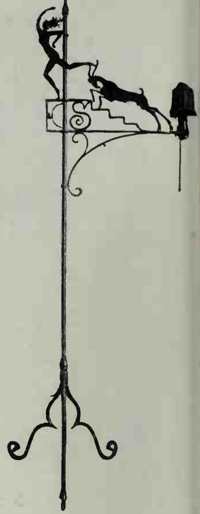
A dining-room full of suave elegance is one which follows the harmony of Louis XVI styles



Iron Bridge Lamp



Hounds in Leash, owned by Mrs. Ralph Pulitzer



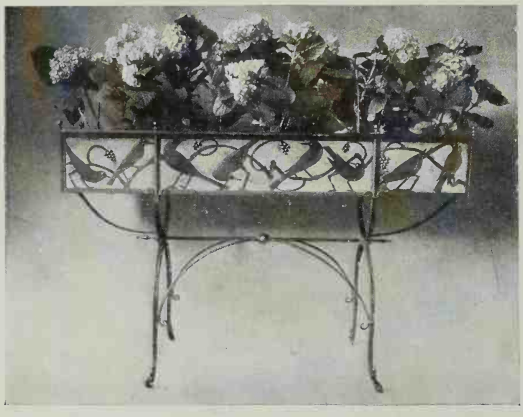
Iron Bridge Lamp

Hunt Diedrich's Art

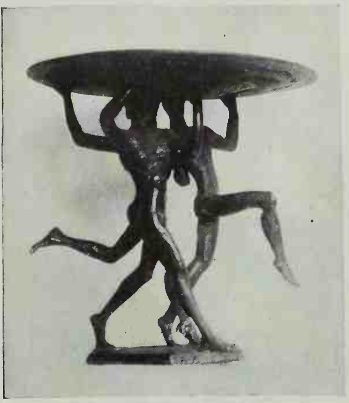
His Willingness to Use It for Beautifying the Practical

Photographs by courtesy of Kingore Gallery

HUNT DIEDRICH is one of the few men of talent who gives us his art in a form suitable for human nature's daily use. It was the famous men of the Italian Renaissance who last had that fashion—who submitted their talent to the beautifying of the practical. Cellini made salt-cellars, Ghirlandaio and all the horde of Florentines of the marvellous springtime called Quattrocento, worked at vessels of gold and vessels of silver, and jewelry for the court of Medici and the pomp of popes. Talent was talent; opportunity to spend it was all that was asked, and opportunity offered itself on affairs of daily use. How many a house of nowadays is made beauteous by a cassone carved by one of the della Quercia or painted by Piero della Francesca, yet a cassone is, *a priori*, but a wooden box!



Iron Jardinière with Birds, owned by Mrs. John Sanford



Bronze Basin, small bronze

This willingness of Hunt Diedrich to set aside at times the great dreams by which every sculptor is haunted, means that great talent is given us in the lesser forms that fill our homes. It places beauty within the reach of all, it surrounds us with gracious lines, with lively rhythm.

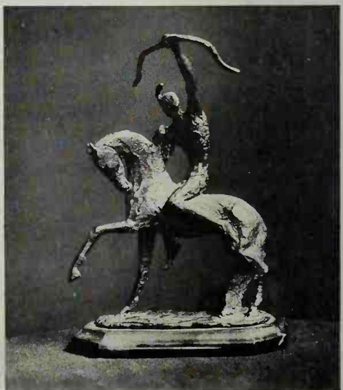
It is for the few only to possess a life-size bronze or marble, but all men who have hearthstones and gather around them with expansive friendliness need fire-dogs and fire-screens. Hunt Diedrich lets his imagination play on these, and what is the result? He shapes a decorated fire-screen and the desire comes to those beside the hearth to watch the effect upon it of the glow which fills the sky behind a sleigh crossing the snowy steppes of Russia—or, again, to note the animation of the Spanish dancers beside which stand cloaked observers, while a musician strums the time-beat.

He makes of a standing lamp a silhouette of grace and elegance, using thin, flat surfaces instead of bulbous modeling, and cutting out the background, as in the bridge lamps owned by Mrs. Adolf Ladenburg and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney. In this work it is as though he had cut sheet-iron with a pair of magic shears, just as he cut silhouettes from paper when a child.

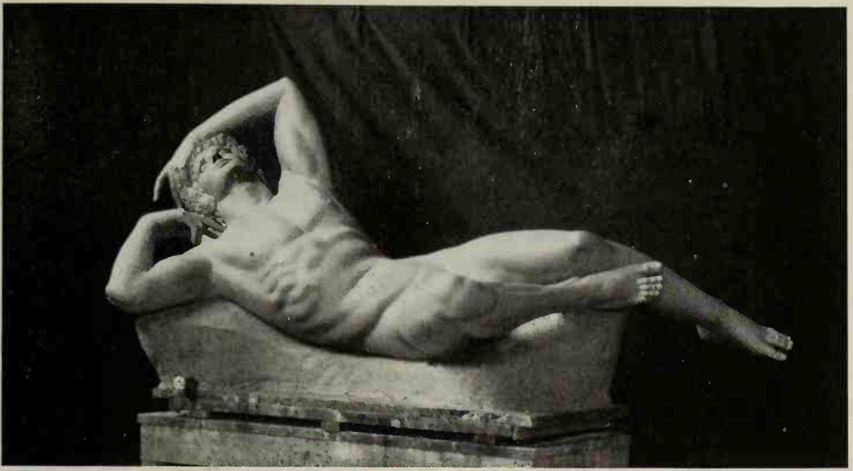
In the class with this variety of expression are the balcony rails which decorate the house of Major James Byrne, executed in iron and brass. They are full of grace, full of the beauty of hounds and stag in attenuated movement.

Even a corkscrew is sufficient medium to carry unusual ornament, a dancing figure formed with as much vividness as though to be executed later in life-size. Flower boxes came to the notice of the artist as a field for orna-

(*Continued on page* 66)



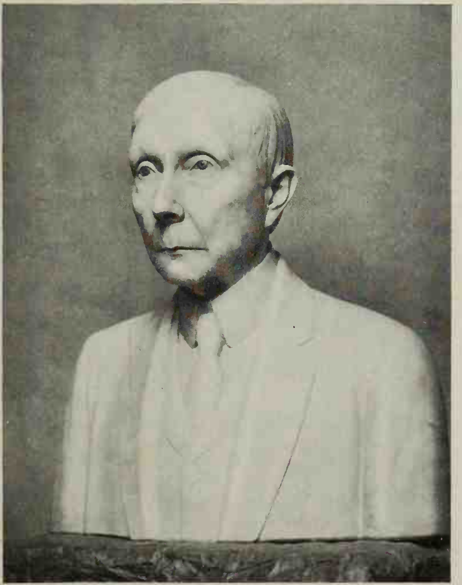
Small bronze, The Star Shooter



The figure of Adam in George Grey Barnard's "Creation of Eve"

Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Manship, and Mr. Barnard

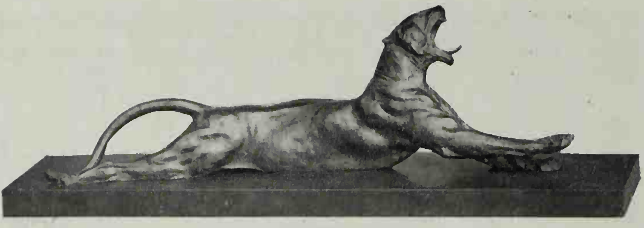
THE John D. Rockefeller bust by Paul Manship, which has been on exhibition at the Scott & Fowles Gallery, is probably the most important portrait produced by an American in the last decade. It is certainly the most important one in sculpture, even though it cannot, strictly speaking, be called sculpture at all. In marble, it has few of the qualities of marble, for it is rather as though it had been chiseled in ivory, and it has none of the weight of the stone and no suggestion of its massiveness. This, however, is true of everything from Manship's studio. He is a meticulous craftsman. His work will invariably suggest the jeweler's art before the sculptor's. His mind is probably imbued with the same conscientiousness in the face of detail as the bookkeeper's. But we have known him, until this portrait, as an archæologist who could employ the fruit of his researches in ways evanescent and whimsical. Nothing of this spirit in the Rockefeller portrait. It is, almost, an artless reproduction of the model. But it has grace which belies that and a textual quality which would also show that the artist, suddenly become a very accurate copyist, was not entirely submerged by his methodical conscience. A great many things have been read into this portrait. A great many things will be. The subject, without question, is one of the most interesting of the day and one, moreover, in which everybody must feel considerable interest, and which everybody, the exceptions are mitigable, will face or balance with an *a priori* conviction. Not much love has been laid at the feet of Mr. Rockefeller; some admiration, perhaps, but even this within limits. His portrait has been painted over and over for us or for the public by those yellow newspapers who sometimes trade upon the envy or covetousness of the thoughtless. The painters of those portraits have never been idealists. They are of those who, recognizing the popularity of the story of Jack and the Beanstalk, continually build similar ones in which they are wont to draw the public as *Jack*. In this story it will be remembered that when *Jack* steals from the sleeping giant, he takes, undoubtedly for the sake of public morality, only that which is really his, his by inheritance and right, his property which has been misappropriated. Mr. Manship must have read some of these stories. But when he modeled this portrait he very evidently did not have the public in mind. And he, very evidently, was not overpowered by the giant who sat for him, not any more, certainly, than Whistler was by Carlyle. And while Whistler may have approached his subject conceptionally, rather than perceptionally, there can be no doubt that Manship did nothing of the kind. This portrait of Mr. Rockefeller has no philosophical, political or social bias. It is not even empirical—there are no deductions arrived at from the facts. These are left to the observer. He may read a multiplicity of them. There are enough to prove the theory entertained by the friend and the enemy. All the facts are here for the use of the phrenologist. The poet summing them up on a romantic scale may discover a prophet; the Baptist, a God-fearing man; and the yellow journalist, the mightiest of the modern giants. As for the writer, he may see here a man who, in the balance of the scales, finds that his past is quite a little weightier than his present.



Paul Manship's bust of John D. Rockefeller

George Grey Barnard's recently completed figure of Adam represents the first of the species with an eye upon that much more finished product of Greek culture, Apollo. He is a pagan Adam. Whether Mr. Rockefeller agrees with this conception or not at this writing is not known. The fact remains that it is designed to become a part of a marble group depicting the "Creation of Eve" which is to stand on one of the hills of Mr. Rockefeller's Pocantico Hills' estate.

—G. P. B.

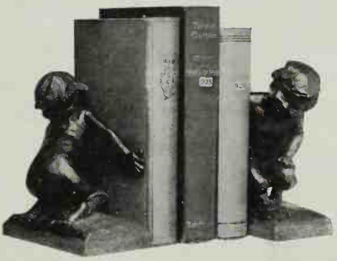


A Tiger, by Anna V. Hyatt

The Small Bronze

Its Friendliness When Appropriately Placed and Gaily Modeled

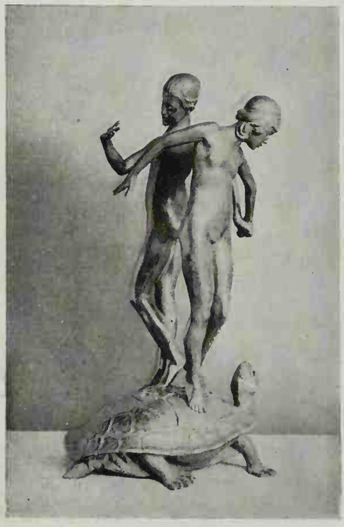
Illustrations from The Gorham Co. with central figure from Milch Gallery



Hide and Seek, book ends, by Mrs. E. B. Parsons

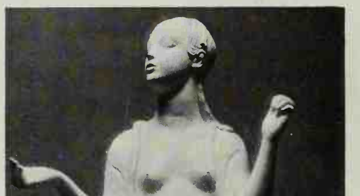
IT is the present generation which has made possible the small bronze, which has converted it from a repellant and gloomy mass into a sympathetic *bibelot.* Even the housemaid neglected the bronze of our fathers, so that it became inseparably associated with dust—a depressing sort of bloom which added little to its lovableness.

Modern art has done great things in sculpture in freeing the sculptor's hand, but not the least of its accomplishments is this, that the small bronze is made with such charm that it is welcomed as an accessory of daily living.

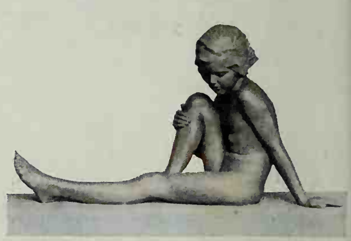


Flower holder, by Karl H. Gruppe

The large important bronzes seen embowered in palms in the homes of those who live in the grand manner; it is not of those we speak, but of the pieces which are more closely associated with our activities and pleasures and which receive often the touch of our hands.



The Inner Voice, by Lucy Perkins Ripley

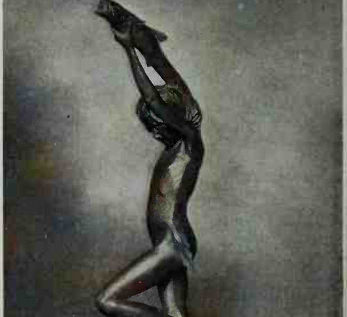


Sitting Girl, by Enid Foster

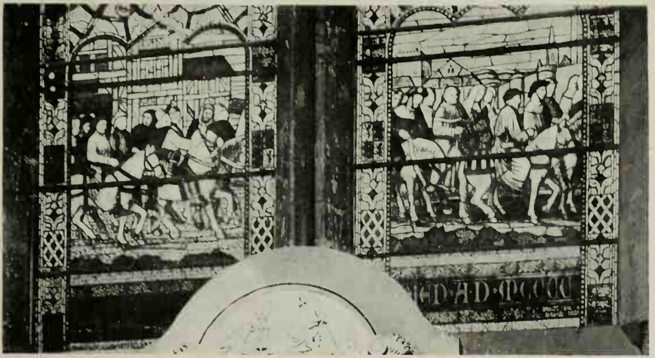
A desk, a generous flat-topped desk, is an ideal place to beautify by using the small bronze in a practical way. Nor should the artist who executed it feel offense if this is done. We know of a recumbent tiger of Anna V. Hyatt's that displays his yawning mouth and tense muscles on the desk of a man whose brain, crowded with business, needs just this fillip to his imagination to set him to relaxing also, and to thinking beyond his office walls. No harm is done to the work of art if under the covers of the slab of marble is slipped a memorandum or two.

It is not everyone who may own a Robert Louis Stevenson portrait by St. Gaudens, there being but three extant, but the fancy for small bronzes has caused this model to be cast in a size greatly reduced, which will become the companion of many lovers of two great artists. Again, the Girl with Golden Apples, that life-sized nude of almost pagan simplicity by Rudolph Evans, is reproduced in a size which makes it possible for her to stand upon

(*Continued on page* 64)



Boy with Fish, figure for fountain



Chaucer window of Westminster, The Canterbury Pilgrims

What America Is Doing With Silk

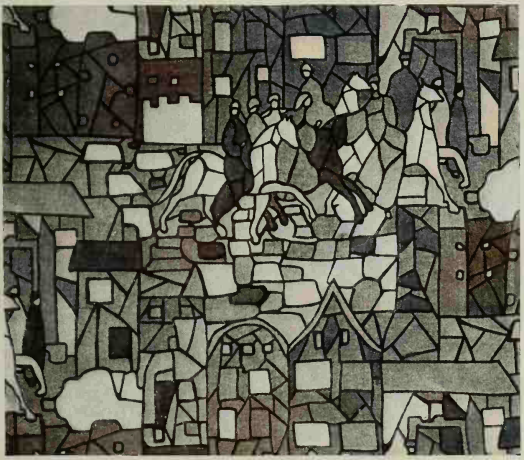
Silk and the Designer

Photograph supplied by Metropolitan Museum of Art

AMERICAN silks are marvelous. They used not to be, but the time has come in which to realize that most of the beautiful silks displayed in the shops are made in our own country and not in France. Perhaps the war pushed on the silk makers to a perfection that should supplant the imported fabrics, but the matter was well begun before that. The big mills at South Manchester had been producing for the Cheneys for two generations. Their upholstery and decorative fabrics have long occupied a place beside those of France.

But perhaps it is in the department of dress silks that the greatest advance has been made of late, an advance much needed, for except in plain fabrics America has done little.

Now originality seems to be the watchword, and invention treads fast on its heels. We have in our country an eager mass of young designers who are not only anxious to pass each other, but who are filled with enthusiasm for the work itself. First fitting themselves with the technique of weaving, and learning the limitations of expression as applied to fabrics, they work with an inspired devotion to achieve beauty.

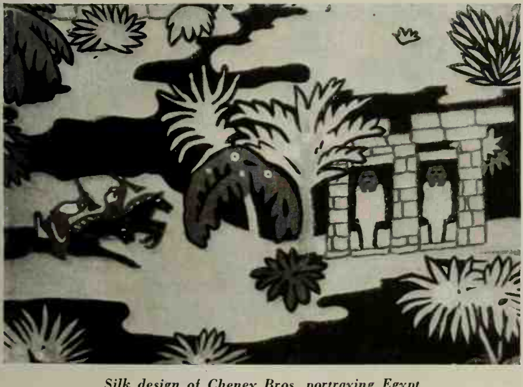


Silk of Canterbury Pilgrims, design adapted by H. R. Mallinson Company, from Chaucer window

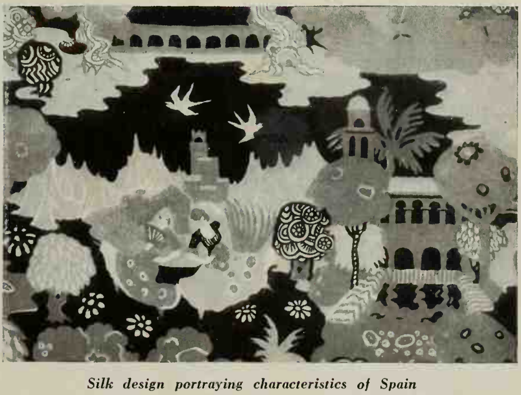
The two fields in which their work flowers are those of woven designs and printed designs. To the designers of pattern in weaving we owe the lustrous colored crepes, the figured satins, the sport silks of all kinds.

Printed designs depend less on the weaver's skill. Given an honest background of sincere workmanship and pure material, the printed pattern is pre-eminent. Those manufacturers who, like H. R. Mallinson & Co., conduct their own designing room, are ever seeking motifs from which

(*Continued on page* 56)



Silk design of Cheney Bros. portraying Egypt



Silk design portraying characteristics of Spain

The Profession and Business of Decorating

The Status of the Profession as Advanced by the Society of Interior Decorators

ALTHOUGH the Society of Interior Decorators of New York formally decided some months ago that its members should call their vocation a business and not a profession, it was the art idea and not business that was emphasized at their first annual dinner in the University Club.

The guests included Robert W. DeForest, President of the Metropolitan Museum of Art; Royal Cortissoz, art critic; Lloyd Warren, Director of the Beaux Arts Institute of Design; Howard Greenley, of the Architectural League, and it was these speakers who struck the keynote.

Frank Wood Richardson

President DeForest was especially cordial, and he even went so far as to offer his personal assistance to those of the society who desired to make use of the great riches of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The importance of the work of the members of the society, because in the art of interior decorating New York has established a world leadership, made this first dinner an event.

The chief speaker for the society was Emile Baumgarten, its first president, whose family has long occupied a leading position in decoration in New York. Among the significant things he said were:

"A cheap piece of furniture may be turned out of any factory in a few days—and it lasts but a few days; but the real work of art, that which is to last through all ages, must be fashioned by the artisan with care, and takes exceedingly long. Thus it has been with our organization. Our progress has been slow, because we have endeavored to build for all time, and have made it our effort to avoid making mistakes which would make it necessary to retrace our steps. Notwithstanding this, however, we have accomplished a great deal in a very short period. We should be at all times more jealous of our artistic success than of our financial gain.

"The scourge of our profession has been the fly-by-night decorators—most of them without knowledge, ability or much capital. Their only excuse for doing business is a social connection or some other form of influence, and they rely almost solely upon an over-developed sense of their own ability.

"Due to the excellent work done by the members of this society, as well as the increasing discernment of our clientele, these fly-by-night people have been discouraged. Any work undertaken upon the basis of what, in common parlance, is known as a 'drag'—when not backed up by real artistic ability—has been doomed to failure.

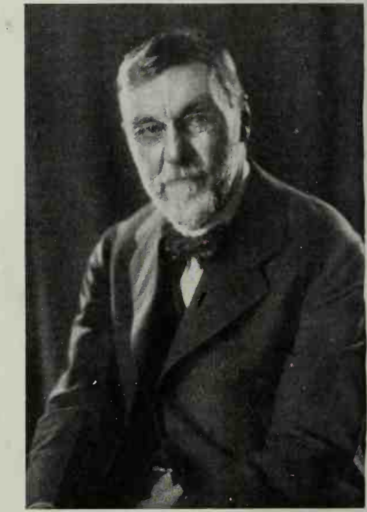
"It is true that this is one of the greatest menaces that confronts our business, and the only ray of light in the situation is that ability and good sound business practices must eventually win out. It is the old question of the survival of the fittest. Of course, this thought is poor compensation where a large contract may be lost to some one of us who has given his entire life to the best in interior decorating. But the public usually pays dearly for its experience in dealing with the untrained people."

Mr. Baumgarten's central thought was the idea of unity, not rivalry, to the benefit of all. "I have just returned from abroad," he said, "and one of the things that struck me particularly over there was the spirit of co-operation existing between the architect and the decorator. The architect, when he has interior work to be done, usually calls in his decorator; and together they discuss, develop and work out the scheme. And it is the general rule that these combined efforts bring about a much better result, not alone for the client, but they also result in greater satisfaction to the architect and the decorator. There is no reason why there should not be the utmost co-operation between the splendid body of men composing the architects of this city and the members of our society. It cannot but result in mutual advantage, for each is a specialist in his line.

Emile Baumgarten

"I saw the same thing abroad with regard to the decorator and the art dealer. From years of practice, they have come to understand the value of working together, each one getting his due credit for his share of the work—work performed in perfect harmony—and there is no reason why this same spirit should not prevail here."

The presence of untrained, uncultivated decorators in the field accounts for the low average of taste in some of the homes of Americans of wealth. Thorough knowledge of historic ornaments, of furniture and of fabrics is positively essential, as well as a familiarity with design in architecture. Years of study alone can give this to the decorator. Where this study is to be obtained is at present a problem to the decorator, notwithstanding the existence of three or four schools; but hope for the future lies in Mr. Baumgarten's suggestion: "As we expand in influence, I hope to see my dream realized of having a studio, under the control of our society, for the purpose of educating students in the art of decorating. Steps in this direction have already been taken by the Society of Beaux Arts Architects, and the closest co-operation on our part with these gentlemen should bring about good results in the near future."



Robert W. DeForest

More and more what has been known as the business of decorating shall be recognized as one of the fine arts, and to this end the decorator should devote his thought and energy.

It is plain that, so far as Mr. Baumgarten is concerned, he feels that his activities are professional rather than commercial, and probably no one will disagree with him.

Professor James once said that when distinctions are drawn the causes of a dispute will disappear. A famous after-dinner speaker, who is really a philosopher as well as frankly a shopkeeper, Patrick Francis Murphy, has

(*Continued on page 62*)

Some Facts About Industrial Art

As a Present Industrial and Commercial Necessity and a Great National Asset

W. FRANK PURDY

AMERICA is today a great industrial nation without a national industrial art, a condition which, if it continues, will seriously handicap our economic progress as a nation, as well as our cultural advancement as a people. In this particular we are, conservatively speaking, two generations behind the countries of Europe. But just what does this mean? While in certain circles these are, of course, familiar and portentous facts, for the matter has been very much on the minds and in the hearts of our educators for the past several years, and, more recently, many of our foremost business men of vision are showing evidence of interest and understanding, to most of us, however, the phrase, "a great industrial nation without a national industrial art," has little significance, and we are as a whole ignorant of the possible consequences to us as a nation of this condition.

It is my purpose at the moment, therefore, and in response to many queries, to try to clarify the matter, if I can, for those who seek understanding, and, with their understanding, can help solve the problem implied, and so lend inestimable service to our country, its industries and commerce at a time when understanding service in this particular matter is most vital.

In the first place, why a national industrial art? What is its reason and its value? What does it claim for a nation? The claims of industrial art are twofold: (1), that the art element introduced into manufactured products can increase their value indefinitely, and is, therefore, a possible boundless source of economic wealth, thus aiding the material progress of a country; and, (2), that through industrial art the artistic energy and creative talent of a country is developed and directed into useful channels, and as a result public taste is cultivated, the fine in art is more universally appreciated, a nation grows in culture and refinement, and its spiritual side is strengthened.

History proves these claims. Trade has always come to that country that has had the most beautiful, most artistically sound wares to offer, and material prosperity and cultural advancement have as surely followed—the East at first, then Italy, later France, and so on up to the present moment. Ever since 1850 the struggle for commercial supremacy has been keen between France, England and Germany, and a nationally supervised industrial art education for the people has, in each case, been the chief means of advance. More and better art schools has invariably meant more and better trade, and whenever commercial impetus was needed, these countries looked to their art schools.

ONE of the most significant steps in the development of education in industrial art as a national concern was made by England in 1851, when an international exposition of manufactured products, held in that year and planned by Great Britain, proved the inferiority of English goods to those of France in point of design. This was, of course, an unexpected blow to England and her manufacturers, and as an immediate result the great museum and schools at South Kensington, comprising a scheme for art education that covered all the industrial centres of England, were established. This system of schools was maintained in different ways, both municipal and private, but always with definite support from the central government. This has since been recognized as no doubt the greatest of all national schools of industrial art.

But greater than the establishment of this school, and the impetus it gave to a great international movement in art education, was the open concession that industrial art education was not merely a desirable national asset, but an industrial necessity where commercial supremacy was at stake, and similar schools of almost equal import were accordingly established in France and Germany, the whole movement gaining and growing in Europe until the date of the Great War. Even then, during the cruelest days of this period, art training for industry was not neglected, its national value never once lost sight of. Today Great Britain again steps forward. Drained by the war believing that her economic recovery can only come through world supremacy in commerce, the British Ministry of Reconstruction has officially pronounced that the art element in industry must be still further developed and emphasized.

During all these years, except in a few rare instances, our own country—America—has completely overlooked the economic value of art as applied to industry, and consistently neglected education in art as a great national asset. Perhaps because, in a sense, we have not needed it, our wealth of raw materials, so constantly demanded by Europe, making trade competition in completed manufactured products almost unnecessary. Whenever the art element was needed, it seemed the simpler and the surer course to import it ready-made—in the form of design, artists and craftsmen, or finished products—from Europe, although we have paid dearly for this privilege.

BUT the tide is now turning. Our natural resources must be conserved. Our raw materials cannot be sold as lavishly as formerly. We must increase their value by converting them into finished products ourselves, and we must be prepared to meet the coming expanded and intensified world trade competition on a more equal basis. Moreover it is now essential that we look to home talent for whatever art may be needed in our industry, or for the greater percentage of it at least, for trained craftsmen from Europe are no longer so easily available, and, in view of changed world conditions, it is questionable whether the best in foreign design would be offered us for competitive use. To hold whatever commercial success we have had in the past, and to continue to advance, we must recognize the value of the art element in industry. That is where we stand today. Trade will follow where the wares are finest. We cannot check it. Art added to a bit of raw material can increase its value many thousand per cent. Our neglected, creative talent developed, art added to our own every-day goods and life, will bring culture and refinement to us all. We must recognize these facts, not as individuals, but as a nation.

But how shall we go about it? What is the plan? And has anything yet been done? Whatever is accomplished must be done through city, state and federal agencies. Much as individual help may be needed, the ideal end cannot be reached by individual effort alone. We need organized instruction and well-equipped industrial art schools to train our art talent, and here every educational, political and patriotic influence should be brought to bear. We need, at the same time, the championship of the trade to make use of American trained talent in their productions, and here every industrial and trade interest should be pressed into service. We need, in addition, an understanding, a sympathetic, and a supporting public, which is, perhaps, the most important of all, and the most difficult to secure, for no definite headway can be made until public sentiment is thoroughly aroused. Schools we may have, and trade interest to back them up, but unless the buying public will have confidence in American talent we cannot reach our end. We must prove to the world that American art is as good as any other art, and quite as good as its raw materials. In any campaign for furthering a national industrial art, these three clearly defined factors must be taken into account and everything possible done to bring about their cooperation.

All effort so far made toward the establishment of a national school of industrial art has been made by the individual, or a group of individuals—a handful of educators, a few art organizations, and some business men of vision. As yet there has been little or no general public response, and no support at all from our central government. Unless all interests required will cooperate, and are in turn supported by our national government, little or no progress can be made. We have the raw material, a great industrial machinery, a marvelous ability for organization, talent, ambition, money—attainment is within our grasp; we lack only official recognition.

As one of the wide-visioned pioneers of this cause bids us to remember, "It was in a democracy, and as the champion of democratic ideals, that Pericles won his fight for an artistic Athens, and I believe that American statesmanship will some day rise to that situation and achieve results comparable to those which constitute not only the 'glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome,' but the only memories of the Middle Ages and the Italy of the Renaissance that the world cares to preserve. Meantime in the absence of official encouragement and support, enlightened private initiative can do a good deal, and is in fact to be credited with having done much excellent work already in blazing the trails and indicating the lines which the state or nation-wide movement will ultimately follow."

Self-preservation demands that recognition.

THESE are the facts I am asked for over and over again. For the benefit of those who want to know, have every right to know, must know, I have endeavored to state them in as concise a manner as possible. As outlined, this is the condition that confronts us today in American industry—the case for industrial art. Can we afford to ignore our needs and neglect our opportunity? That we cannot, must and will be granted. But how are we to proceed? It is not a matter for individual concern. It is a city, state and federal matter. Some clearly defined action with concerted, intelligent effort behind it must be made, and that as speedily as possible. Delay is costly. No more important task lies before us.

The Importance of Being Earnest

Childe Hassam

ANY statistical biography of Childe Hassam will state that he was born at Boston, October 17, 1859, and that he studied art in Paris under Boulanger and Lafebvre. Anyone not knowing these facts but knowing Mr. Hassam's work would say, without hesitation, that he was a pupil of the French Impressionists, and especially of Monet—and be nearer, not to the facts, of course, but to the truth. Indeed, no literal reproduction of the facts of Mr. Hassam's career will render in any sense the nature of his work. He has won too many prizes for that, so many that one might deduce at once from the length of the list of them that he was a very docile pupil of those masters who were not his masters. Besides, he is reputed to have sold more pictures in recent years than any other American painter.

Henry Edward Krehbiel

FOR over forty years Henry Edward Krehbiel has been prominent as a music critic. And during all that time, except when, after abandoning law for journalism, he contributed to the Cincinnati *Gazette* and later edited a New York musical review, he has been identified in that capacity with the New York *Tribune*. His face and figure, with their suggestions of a mature Lohengrin, are known to thousands. He has lectured for long years on music, published valuable works of reference ("Chapters and More Chapters of Opera"), translated a life of Beethoven, and made excellent English versions of librettos, notably of "The Impresario" and "Parsifal."

Florence Easton

OF all the artists in the Metropolitan Opera Company, none has won fame more quickly or deservedly than Florence Easton, the popular soprano. By birth an Englishwoman, in antebellum days she had studied abroad and made an enviable position for herself by the beauty of her voice, the clearness of her enunciation and the intelligence with which, at the Berlin Opera House, she had interpreted the heroines of Wagner.

By her marriage with an American singer (Mr. Maclennan) she had changed her nationality before, in December, 1917, she made her début at the Metropolitan in "Cavalleria Rusticana." She was pronounced by the Italian manager of that institution the finest Santuzza he had ever heard. Soon after, she achieved new fame by her finely spiritual rendering of the title-rôle in an English version of Liszt's "St. Elizabette."

Since then she has delighted many operagoers by her remarkable and interesting work in widely varied parts. She has appeared in "Oberon," "L'Oracolo," "Gianni Schicchi," "Lodoletta," "Trovatore," "Pagliacci," "Madama Butterfly," "L'Amore dei Tre Re," "Le Prophète," "The Temple Dancer," and, more recently, in "L'Oiseau Bleu" ("The Blue Bird") and in the English version of "Parsifal."

Her repertory is amazing in its diversity. She sings with equal ease and charm the leading rôles in Wagner's music-dramas, and in the operas of the French and Italian schools. More especially of late she has come to be recognized as a great hope of those who think that opera should be sung here in our vernacular.

Besides a pleasing and graceful presence and expressive features, she has distinction and the gift of making even a poor part seem full of interest. Her *Kundry* had not the power which marked its rendering by some other singers. But it delighted by the qualities which cling to Mme. Easton, whether she be the forsaken heroine of "Cavalleria," the pure-minded *Elizabeth* of Liszt, or the romantic *Fiord* of "L'Amore dei Tre Re."

Paul W. Bartlett

IT is one thing to make good sculpture, another to sell it. Mr. Bartlett is famous for the equestrian statue of Lafayette, which he modelled twice for Paris. He is described in art circles as the antithesis of Daniel Chester French. Politics and sculpture are inseparable. Mr. French's political force—he is said to have a great deal—is veiled. He has no enemies. Mr. Bartlett was in charge of the sculpture done for the victory arch, which he surmounted with a triumphant design of his own. At present he serves as chairman of the Art and Executive Committee of the Mayor's Committee on Permanent War Memorial. He is an indubitable chairman. Something may be deduced from the fact that his beard is red—or was. He was born in New Haven, Connecticut, in 1865.

Clive Bell

THOUGH painting and sculpture may not be said to be English fortes, literature is. In art Englishmen stand between two fires. One of these is the Royal Academy, which they are inclined to like. The other is Clive Bell, who tells them, without mincing rather melodious strings of words, that the Royal Academy and the kind of art that is produced under its wing are worthless. It is difficult to know which they take more seriously. The one who plays to their weakness or the one who objects to it. Anyway, Mr. Bell's championship of quite another kind of art, of modern art, has reached our shores. Mr. Bell is a regular contributor to ARTS & DECORATION.

Can Musical Talents Be Measured?

Professor Seashore's Tests

DANIEL GREGORY MASON

VIOLA and Jean were two school girls. Viola, daughter of one of the best known families in the city, had had every opportunity to develop her musical abilities, and though only twelve years old had already played in public. Jean, on the contrary, was very poor, had had no music lessons, had been irregular in her school work, and was rated by her teachers as decidedly inferior to Viola in general intelligence. Yet when Professor Seashore came along, in the course of making psychological tests on twenty-five hundred school children,[1] and examined the two girls for certain fundamental specific musical gifts, such as the sense of pitch, intensity, time, and consonance, it was Jean who carried off the palm. While Viola's chart amply revealed the unusual abilities she had already shown, and was thus, as Professor Seashore says, "from every point of view cheering and reassuring," Jean's record showed between 90 and 100 per cent for every capacity measured. On the strength of it a local women's club offered her a musical education. Although she is "not notably bright, her organism is so decidedly musical that she is likely to distinguish herself if given the right opportunities."

The first question that parents, teachers and music lovers generally will be inclined to ask about this new application of science to a subject that it has heretofore left pretty much alone, is what the practical results would be of its use in public schools and in private music teaching, and perhaps later in conservatories and colleges. A reading of the final chapter of the book, in which the author discusses this larger aspect of his work with remarkable penetration, common sense and modesty, will incline one to answer such a question most hopefully. "The doctrine of democracy," he says, "often results in great educational corruption. From certain universally admitted declarations of equality we derive the maxim: Treat all alike. From this the educator takes his cue and imposes upon the community the education doctrine: Make all alike. This doctrine finds great following because it can be administered by smooth and conventional machinery. But it is vicious because it results in decadence and suppression of the best forces in society. . . . Have no mercy on the educator who prides himself that he has made all alike, because it has not been done by making the unmusical musical, but by the suppression of the fit and most promising. Community singing has a place in school. Raising of the common level is worth while. Our appeal, however, is not for the lessening of instruction to the mediocre, but for the freeing of the musically talented into a musical atmosphere in which they can grow and grow with joy in the comradeship of art. Who is the retarded child? Strayer well says it is the bright child. The retarded child in public school music is the musically brilliant child who is entitled to instruction and association with those who are musical, but who is being held back and deprived of the stimulus which comes from the keenest social competition."

TO this every experienced teacher and every earnest musician will give heartiest assent. Nothing is more insidiously degrading to quality in every department of our civilization than the pseudo-democratic doctrine of levelling down. The antidote to it is the doctrine of true democracy—the utmost opportunity for the best traits of each individual. "Stop this prating about the masses," cried Emerson, and went on to explain that the masses are the calamity, and that the problem is to draw the individual out of the masses. If Professor Seashore's tests can serve as a "dragnet" thus to draw out the gifted individuals, they will amply prove their usefulness. But there is another aspect of the procedure which he expounds with equal eloquence, and which will appeal to all conscientious teachers quite as much, in some ways more, since it promises help in an even more difficult discrimination—the elimination of the unfit. The student of limited capacity is a problem both on account of his effect on his more gifted fellow, and on his own account. It is in discussing the latter aspect that the author is especially illuminating. He points out that it is no kindness, but the reverse, to "force" such a student by associating him with others more gifted. It gives him a sense of inferiority and failure deeply demoralizing and quite unnecessary. Here we now have the explanation of a paradox probably familiar to all teachers—the frequent conceit of the slightly gifted. It is doubtless explicable as an instinctive, unconscious effort of the normal self-respect to compensate for a painful sense of inferiority. It is not only highly unfortunate in its direct effect on its victim (since conceit always stultifies by closing paths to experience), but it complicates the problem of dissuading him from a pursuit to which he is little fitted. Comparisons with more gifted students in such cases, however tactfully impersonalized, usually have precisely the opposite of the effect intended; by stimulating to morbid activity the perfectly normal self-feeling they increase resistance and may induce obstinate continuance in a path that can lead only to disappointment. But if a teacher, in such a case, can point to objective scientific data, can say for instance: "Your chart shows that nature has given you so little faculty of this and this specific sort that you would be wiser to turn to such and such a specialty, for which it shows you to be well endowed"—in this case it seems as if the morbid self-feeling might be short-circuited, and there might result greater efficiency and happiness all round.

THE greater part of Professor Seashore's book is taken up with detailed description of the apparatus and methods used in giving the tests and in reducing their result to "percentile rank" so that different individual talents may be compared. The order of procedure is from the four "simple forms of impression" (sense of pitch, intensity, time, and extensity), susceptible of highly accurate measurement and conceived as fundamental to all musical activity through the more "complex forms of appreciation" (sense of rhythm, timbre, consonance, and volume) to the study of musical actions (dependent, of course, on the foregoing), such as control of pitch, intensity, time, rhythm, timbre, and volume, and ending with the higher faculties of musical imagery and imagination, musical intellect and musical feeling. While much that is said about such higher traits is admirably penetrating and suggestive, the author recognizes that they are not susceptible of the rigorous quantitative analysis he applies to the elemental sensitivities on which they rest, and insists that what must be measured is not the result of musical training, but the innate talents as they exist before training. "The fundamental capacities of the senses," he says, "are early developed to their maximum. Further development takes place not in the fundamental capacities but in the use of these capacities in more complex forms."

But the philosophical conclusions he reaches will be quite as interesting to most music-lovers as the psychological ones which form his immediate business. Especially valuable is his insistence that the higher and more complex forms (auditory imagery, the sense of rhythm, and musical emotion, for instance), though as higher syntheses they cannot be accounted for or described in purely psychological terms, are nevertheless in all cases limited by the simpler innate faculties. This conclusion ought to be as corrective of rhapsodical, sentimental criticism and mystical æsthetics as his demonstration of innate differences in faculty will doubtless gradually prove to be to pseudo-democratic educational formulæ. Thus for example he shows that "the sense of time is basic for all perception of rhythm and for rhythmic action. A limitation in this capacity sets a corresponding limitation upon feeling, thought, and action." Nevertheless, "a person may have a keen sense of time and intensity and still not have a pronounced sense of rhythm." A rigorous application of such findings as this would do much to expose such popular current fallacies as that form of the program music theory which tries to account for purely musical effects in terms other than musical.

THE chief, perhaps the only defect of the book that seems to call for adverse criticism is the impression it may give to superficial readers of the relation between the basic and the higher faculties of the musical mind. And this criticism would deal not so much with the essential truth of the author's conception or presentation of this relation as with his failure sometimes to emphasize certain qualifications highly necessary, at least to the thoughtless or inexperienced reader. Such an one might get from the preoccupation of the author with psychological tests necessarily dealing with basic faculties rather than higher syntheses, and with necessarily quantitative rather than qualitative measures, a misleading notion of the relative importance of the two sets of faculties. In some respects the two sets may even tend to be inverse in any given individual, since richness of associations and large imaginative power tend to make one slow in the simpler reactions. Any exaggeration of the importance of these would, therefore, tend to discredit the rich and ruminative mind in comparison with the shallow and quick. It gives one pause to consider how two such temperaments as Schumann's and Mendelssohn's, say, would have recorded themselves in many of the tests. Can there be any doubt that Schumann, whose auditory imagery was so vivid that it wore him out prematurely, and whose imagination was so bewilderingly rich that as a conductor he sometimes forgot, in following his thoughts, to beat time, would make a poor showing beside the facile but conventional Mendelssohn, whose sense of timbre was so much keener, as shown

(*Continued on page* 56)

---

[1] The Psychology of Musical Talent, by Carl Emil Seashore. Silver, Burdett, and Co.

The Periscope of Fall Fashions

CONSTANTIN GUYS, Fils

HEREWITH Arts & Decoration presents a new department, not only to the magazine, but to all magazines—a notable advance directed to those who perceive a just relationship between dress and the allied arts.

Edited by an expert whose specialty has not deprived him of the synthetic vision which unites the arts, it will treat of the important subject of dress from the viewpoint of the creative designer, not from the interested angle of the purveyor of fashions.

In other words, that, which for want of a better name, may be called fashions, will be presented at their source, in the atmosphere of the designer's inspiration, long before they become the common property of fashion journals and newspapers.

The culture and intelligence of well-dressed women will be reflected in this department. The smart women of Buenos Aires, Chicago, Paris, London, and New York meet on the common ground of good taste determined by artistic analysis.

Back of this original department speaks the designer of dress; through it the artistic aims of Arts & Decoration become more concrete, more eloquent; in it the discriminating women of America will find a forum to establish the relation between the tendencies of fashion and the stability of art.

Among the special subjects, subsequent, to be featured in this department are:

The Foundations of Correct Dress and the Principles of Line.
The Bridge Between Good Taste and Fashion.
American Creative Designs in the Art of Dress.
The Development of National Standards in Sport Clothes.
Where Paris Derives Its Inspiration.
Chats with Great Designers.
Difficult Dress Problems.

Authentic forecasts and notes, together with original illustrations, will form a standing part of this department. Inquiries, opinions, discussions are invited as a contribution to a national movement for the diffusion of poor taste.—Ed.

IN these articles we shall adopt a realistic attitude towards dress, not in any desire to strip all the masks from Fashion, but simply as a reaction to the excessive faith that the average reader of fashion articles places in the dogmas and dictates of "Style."

The style creator is not only fallible and limited, but relies on charlatanism rather than on art to maintain prestige. Charlatanism in the sense that he or she, like the magician, must call your attention with one hand to a novelty, while with the other hand is dexterously refashioned the style of a decade ago, a century ago, and, alas, a millennium ago. Thus he manipulates the warp of antiquity into the woof of feminine moods, and when his ideas have reached a deadlock, he ransacks museums, visits distant climes, forces the Empire, the Louis Quatorze, the Rococo, or the Oriental, to yield up new devices; he bestrides the Colossus of the dead past, jazzes with a mummy, and winds up in adulation before the tattooing designs of the Borneo tribes, from which he develops embroidery schemes.

We do not expect a masterpiece every time Kipling writes; nor a genuine creation every time the designer manipulates a fabric. We are so avaricious of the future that we consider today as senile before the sun goes down; but this day and all the days of the past are stitched into the pattern of our lives and will influence us, whether we will or no.

And so I present the not flattering picture of our designer in his atelier, his mind fringing the autumnal modes, but fingering the style themes of yesteryear, so that if the theme be old the variation may be new. In city and town Milady waits for the verdict, capricious Milady whose marvelous talent for shifting her moods drives our poor designer from principles of art to the dance of cinema reels. Milady, in fact, has much in common with the kaleidoscope. So does life, perhaps. So have you, perhaps, encountered young girls of the poorer classes who seem to you formed and illumined, heaven knows how, with a grand perfection of body, whose very finger nails are elegant. The philosophy of this let us pass by—it is the human angle that interests us.

Milady may be prim and puritanical, yet how doth she cast covetous eyes on smart and swagger styles. She may be staid and stout; see how she wrestles with slender fastenings and the lure of the thin! Milady may be discreet in all things, but how quickly she abandons reason in following a style unsuited to her personality, offending her own perceptions of good taste. The Minaret, the Basque, the Egyptian, the Indian, the Moroccan—how all these affectations of style shout and clamor at her, and respect for the conventions, if nothing else, leads her to join the motley, and forget all that beauty of simplicity which so many of us preach but seldom practice. It is not cynical to add that this Bedlam of Fashions adds zest to existence and helps to destroy boredom.

SAGACIOUS Saint-Beuve observed long ago of the French character: "We are not, above all, desirous of being amused or pleased by a work of art or intellect, nor even of being touched by it; we want to know if we are *right* in applauding and in being amused and touched. We fear to be compromised—to make ourselves ridiculous; we turn about, we question our neighbor; we like to meet an authority, to find some one before whom we can lay our doubts." In these words you have the secret of the autocracy of Fashion over every temperament, from the prosaic to the ardent. But this is a situation that retards the development of personality and self-expression. For every woman there remains the problem of reconciling Fashion with art, style with good taste, clothes with personality. If she imagines that she can gain substantial help from the comment in fashion articles of the common variety, she is mistaken. Nor can she derive assistance from the opinions of designers, no matter how original they may be. Her only source of genuine aid lies in the unchanging principles of Art.

As in drawing, architecture, interior decoration, and all of the fine and applied arts, dress has certain irreducible, minimum principles of line, color and decoration which constitute the ultimate arbiters of style. These principles I have not discovered, but reasserted, and the aim of these chats is to further illuminate them by reference to present fashion tendencies and forecasts of the future.

AN outspoken lady of my acquaintance, with a passion for the authentic and the human, confessed to me that for some years she, along with the dear public, had placed unlimited confidence in the average syndicated fashion story. Without desiring in any way to contest the excellence of many of these articles, it must be said, and said here for the first time, that, in the main, such articles are often misleading, ambiguous and vague; many are self-contradictory, and this systematic vagary is not the fault of any particular personality but is part of the general system of handling the important problems of dress. Let me cite a few cogent instances. In a recent issue of a prominent fashion journal there appeared on page 17 the report of a Paris correspondent announcing that Paris had adopted black—that at an imposing soirée this was the color worn by the smart women. On page 51 of the same issue appeared an equally eloquent report from another Paris correspondent that at a reception given by Madame X, who sets the style, only brilliant colors were worn! Which is which, and how is the poor, brow-beaten American to decide?

Moreover the larger phases of dress are ignored in the stereotyped reports and the development of the silhouette for the last five years has escaped intelligent comment. The silhouette, as the creator of dress knows, is becoming ever more plastic, ever more adaptive to the fundamental types of the human figure. Its basis ever remains the same—the line of the natural figure, but the forms it takes add romantic imagination to the classical basis.

Another issue not squarely met is the question of colors to be chosen by American women of taste. Constantly badgered by self-appointed foreign critics always to seek the restrained and the elegant, she is bewildered by the shifting color scale and the bizarre effects of these censors of style. Preaching simplicity, they go in for futuristic color schemes, taking their inspiration from the stage, from the ballet, from everything but nature and the principles of artistic harmony. As a result our women, still in the prime of life, affect black and sombre hues, suppressing our natural love for healthy color.

IT will be seen that the following forecast for the fall omits the brilliant guesswork of the lady journalist and adheres to the fundamentally valid style themes which have developed naturally in the last five years. The conjectures made are the result of study and analysis and represent the designer's viewpoint at the source of his work. They likewise illuminate the principles of line and color which constitute the true art of dress and relate it to the other arts of design. I do not play the rôle of prophet, preferring to follow the historical method and to arrive at conclusions by deduction instead of wish.

The costume in the fall of 1920 will achieve simplicity without becoming sombre; softly elegant materials will be in vogue, in colors that are more assertive, brighter, more dynamic. Thus materials will approach the imaginative shades. As a compensation, hats will be made of subdued materials.

The silhouette will pass through more plastic development than ever before, getting away from the basic lines of Greek drapery and encouraging the American lines of sport clothes. Sweep, chic, will be characteristic of the new silhouette.

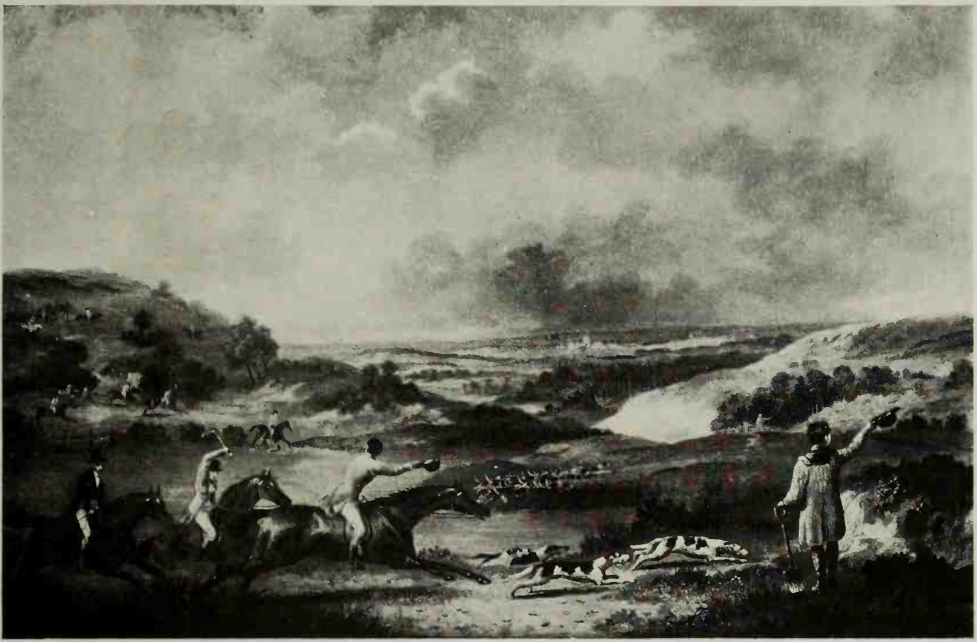
Sleeves will be shorter and wider; colors will be dominated by yellow, reds in infinite variety and the subdued brilliancy of Burgundy shades.

Tailored suits will have shorter coats and will avoid the economy of being used as a suit coat.

Finally, let it be said in all humility, the lines of the natural figure will remain the same.

ACKERMANN GALLERIES

(ESTABLISHED 1783)



"FULL CRY"

PAINTING BY DEAN WOLSTENHOLME

Charming
Old English Sporting Paintings
and Prints
For the Country Home

Selections sent on approval if desired

157 New Bond Street
LONDON

10 East 46th Street
NEW YORK

408 S. Michigan Ave.
CHICAGO

Stage setting from the production of "Kismet"

The Golden Orient on the Western Stage

Eastern Themes in the West Have Been Conventional

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

LONG before Kalidasa wrote his "Sakuntala," "Camille" had been foreshadowed by another Hindu. The Chinese had their plays, before the Greeks, though not such works as those of Æschylus.

What have we made of the resplendent East in Western drama and in Western opera? Too often we have missed its magic charm, and seen it only as grotesquely strange.

Racine? He gave us "Esther" and "Athalie." And—well, yes—we have heard of "Bajazet." Voltaire? His "Zaire" moulders on our bookshelves. But at the real, dead, living East, he hardly hinted.

It was the fashion in the classic days of France to clothe courtiers of the "Roi-Soleil" in veils and dolmans. But when they spoke and moved, they were mere Gallic puppets. Of Asia and the thought, the life of Asia, Voltaire knew little, Racine less than little. The East at best was a beguiling dream, a shadowy something far beyond the ken of men whose eyes were fixed upon Versailles. For the poet and the dramatist, India and Persia might have furnished themes of wondrous charm. Yet though Hovey told us that the East and West should blend, a man who knew the East as few have known it assured us that the twain should never meet, "Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat."

Kipling was right—so far, at all events, as drama is concerned. For few plays Western writers have produced, till now, have shown much insight into the vast, cryptic East. China has been regarded as a comic land, despite the fact that it is full of tragedy. India, a world of marvels and romance, has never yet been taken seriously, as it should be, by English playwrights. The French from time to time have had some inkling of the wealth of drama that the East reveals. But even they have not dug deeply in that field. In Germany they turned out "Sumurun," a fantasy of the "Arabian Nights" type. The Russians have evolved some Eastern ballets, "Scheherazade," "The Fire Bird," and the rest. As for America—well, in days past some may have seen a melodrama called "The Cherry Pickers." Besides this, we have had "Omar, the Tentmaker," suggested by the creator of the "Rubaiyat." We have had the "Yellow Jacket," and, yes, "Kismet," another parody of the "Arabian Nights" tales.

The most successful of all modern plays of which the East has been at least a background is, perhaps, "Jessie Brown, or The Relief of Lucknow." But when he wrote it Dion Boucicault cared little for the facts of Indian life. His one idea was to excite the crowd by a sensational and final episode. The hero and the heroine in the case were Westerners. The natives were, of course, at most a foil. Crude and old-fashioned as it now might seem, this "Jessie Brown" thrilled many thousands. When Boucicault conceived his famous play the Indian mutiny was fresh in every mind. And, to the British, Hindus were as devils.

The French, however, have their own views as to Hindus. Jean Richepin, for example, thought he saw a hero in the bloody and remorseless Nana Sahib. He made a play out of that worthy and his feats, which did quite well some thirty years ago in Paris. But Richepin was himself a lawless chap—half gypsy and entirely irresponsible. Armand Silvestre and Emile Moreau, on the other hand, looked at the East poetically. Between them they picked out the greatest theme that anyone, I think, could find in India. They dramatized Gautama Buddha. Unhappily, to suit Parisian taste, they gave the leading part in their "Izeyl" not to Gautama, but to the woman of the title, a beautiful courtesan. They set a Magdalene above the Master who had saved her soul. "Izeyl," despite this, was a lovely play and, as the heroine, Bernhardt charmed the public. It took us nearer to the heart of ancient India than any other drama by a Westerner. The backgrounds in two acts were exquisite. One framed the Buddha's "Great Renunciation." The other showed the old and hallowed tree beneath which the light at last came to Gautama. Music helped the spell already woven in the play. But even "Izeyl" was not quite Eastern. It had been fashioned for the purpose of an actress; the heroine meant more than India to Silvestre and Moreau; and Bernhardt, with her genius and her vogue, outweighed Gautama.

Our modern stage suits hurried playgoers. The Eastern way is much more leisurely. And scenery, stage scenery, as we know it here, to Eastern minds means less than truths and symbols. "The Yellow Jacket" did, to some extent, allow New York to understand such facts as these. But then came "Kismet," with its color riots, its cloth of gold and vulgar make-believe. A travesty of the romantic East. A bait, a lure to catch the ingenuous crowd.

Some day, maybe, a modern dramatist will try his hand at something more sincere than

(*Continued on page 60*)

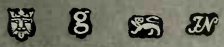
Setting from "Sumurun"

CRICHTON BROS.
of London
GOLDSMITHS and SILVERSMITHS

BY APPOINTMENT
TO THEIR MAJESTIES
THE KING AND QUEEN

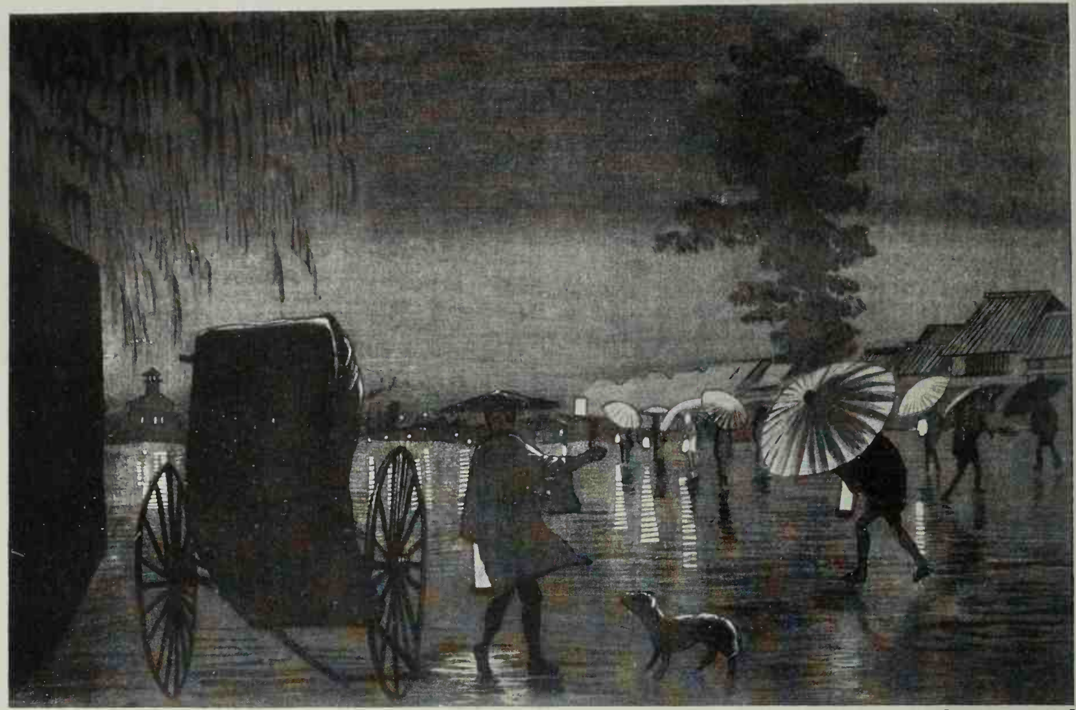
In New York: 636, Fifth Avenue
In Chicago: 622, S. Michigan Avenue
In London: 22, Old Bond Street

A SET OF OLD ENGLISH SILVER TEA CADDIES AND SUGAR BOWL IN THE ORIGINAL SHAGREEN CASE. THESE PIECES WERE MADE IN LONDON BY JOHN NEWTON IN 1742 AND ARE BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLES OF THE DELICATE FLAT CHASING OF THE MIDDLE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



THESE HALL MARKS APPEAR ON THE PIECES

OLD ENGLISH SILVER—a magnificent collection of pieces of the best periods always on view in our New York and Chicago Galleries.



Courtesy Fukushima Co.

Night scene from the series of "Views of Tokyo" by Kiyochika Kobayashi

Kiyochika Kobayashi

A Modern Master of the Japanese Color-Print

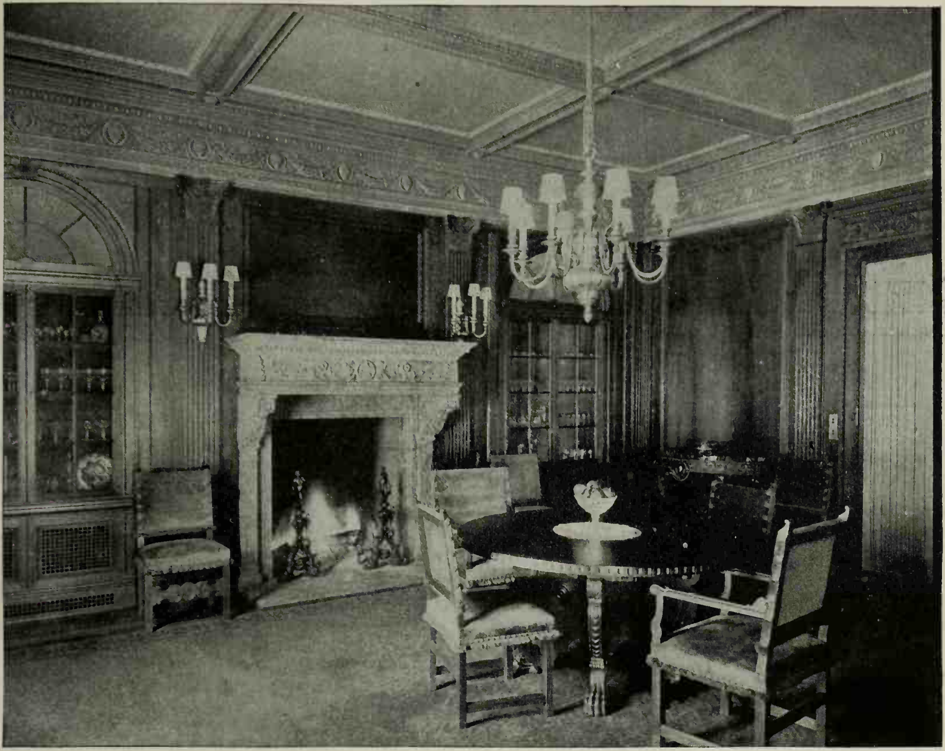
YONE NOGUCHI

KIYOCHIKA KOBAYASHI, who passed away quite recently, is interesting at least in the series of the "Views of Tokyo" (some one hundred in number), published between 1874 and 1879, because he was in truth like an impressive burst of dawn from a still night, the very first artistic voice of the new régime, awakening sudden and fresh from the old dreams; his attempt was to create his own special domain outside of the ever-sensitive languor of the women of Utamaro, or the prismatic irony of actors of Sharaku, or the fanciful jugglery of life of Hokusai, or the nocturnal melody of scenery of Hiroshige. When I say that his artistic lungs, although they were not so vigorous or big, were full of the new air of morning, I mean that he was interpreting the new, therefore highly bizarre, phases of suddenly awakened Tokyo, whose determined curiosity made her the first of all to shake off even the beauties of life in the Tokugawa feudalism; the telegraph poles in the "Snowy View of Ryogoku," or the Western dress in the "Tea-shed on the Atago Hill," or the glass windowed foreign building in the "Kiyobashi Bazaar," new Japan's first adoption from the West, must have been viewed by Kiyochika with the huge eyes of a barbarian whose admiration perhaps goes first to the wicked side of a new thing. Kiyochika's accidental realism of art, as I said before, corresponding to many a phase of new Tokyo characterized by an accidental leap rather than by a systematic advance, is indeed a song liberated from the fear and pain of old remembrance, as if a first note of a new bird awakened into the joy of sunlight; his imperfection in technique (he ever kept a certain amateurish wildness) sharpening or breaking the general music was, I might say, balanced by the flowing spirit of youthfulness whose peculiar pungency Tokyo of forty years ago alone understood. If you can imagine the sensation of a people facing the strange West after a thousand years' sleep, you would not, I am sure, laugh away his pictorial adventure introducing into a color-print the gesticulation of light on the water or the changing manner of clouds and shadows.

The color-print of the past was an artistic "extra territoriality" where the "carpe diem" romanticism enacted a temporary masquerade, was a temple, not altogether holy, even vulgar, where the artists or artizabs were innocent enough not to suspect their own artistic belief; when the color print was near its death with Hiroshige or Kuniyoshi, it was from being exhausted in strength and love; it was quite a natural death. But behold, out of the ruins leapt New Japan, at least New Tokyo. When the color-print seemed to revive, although merely temporarily, in the hand of Kiyochika Kobayashi, it was as if the room was suddenly brightened by a peeping light through a hole or chink; it was only natural that Kiyochika forgot all his artistic prudence, risking himself in the freedom that he was newly acquainted with. He was bizarre, because he had no time for reflection or rearrangement of himself; whatever the shortcomings of his art may be, his note of exultation after the feudal passivity, exultation in the liberated plebeianism, was distinguished and genuine. I defy the critic who inclines to call him prosaic.

One who has tasted enough of the poetical stillness of heavy snow or cross-barred rains will be surely glad to turn to Kiyochika, who lived from laugh to laugh, from song to song; he was a pictorial singer tantalized by the gleam of realism or reality. His joy of life and the world was not, I think, so sure and compact; how could it be when he lived in the age whose artistic charm was always pointed and sharpened by its own restlessness? He was the return of the warm blood that quickened and strengthened the art of the color-print, when the circulation, since the time of the First Hiroshige, had been arrested by stupid repetition; we Japanese should be thankful to Kiyochika for his red blood, which, although he was faulty, made him a living artist, not an artistic machine. Therefore, when he committed a fault, he had every chance for making a true confession; I believe that he should have been glad to live in his own days, challenging and ephemeral, those days of some forty years ago, and to breathe their mocking spirit. I may apply to him a phrase of an English poet that he "cherished every hour that strayed adown the cataract of days."

(*Continued on page 62*)



Panelled Room and Furniture by

C. VICTOR TWISS COMPANY

HENRY F. BULTITUDE, ASSOCIATE

14 EAST 50th STREET
NEW YORK

INTERIOR DECORATORS

CHICAGO—Fine Arts Building

Music and the Movies

Its Growth and a Prophecy

SIGMUND SPAETH

IF within the next fifty years America can pat itself on the back as a really musical nation, a situation which seems at present a distinct possibility, the chief recipient of congratulations will be, not the deliberate propagandists and pedagogues, not the concert-givers and lecturers, nor even the wonderfully beneficent phonograph and player-piano. The first prize may be awarded to the lowly moving picture. For it is through the motion picture theatre that young America is to-day acquiring its most solid and practical education in music.

Part of this education is consciously applied and imbibed, as when the orchestra or the organ plays a definite piece for itself alone, announcing its name on the program, perhaps with an explanatory note attached, and trusting for success in the inherent appeal of the composition plus the impracticability of immediate escape. But by far the greater part takes place unconsciously, by way of the musical accompaniment to the pictures themselves, and it is here that the permanent results are accomplished.

Music whose title would produce either inarticulate reverence or bored indifference if conventionally introduced, carries an intelligible message to ears insidiously opened through the parallel absorption of the eyes. What first sounds pleasing with the help of visible beauties attains through gradual familiarity a distinction of its own, and its acceptance is assured before the handicap of title, history or tradition can assert itself. Many a movie fan, confronted with the undeniable fact that he has just been listening with every evidence of pleasure to an excerpt from the "highbrow classics," answers defiantly, "Well, I like it just the same," and from that moment becomes a music-lover worth ten of those who never express an opinion until they have made sure that it is the conventionally correct one.

It is difficult to think of moving pictures without music, and from the earliest days of twitching and spotty films the followers of Saint Vitus have been accustomed to the accompaniment of at least a piano for their devotions. Primitive movie music ran parallel to primitive melodrama. For melodrama is properly the declamation of words to a musical accompaniment, and every stock melodramatic effect of the stage had its recognized and inevitable musical tag. Upon such custom was built the fame of "Hearts and Flowers," "Silver Threads Among the Gold" and the "Hoochee-Coochee."

WHEN motion pictures reached the stage of definite plots and wholly imaginary scenes (and they were not always thus) the melodrama of the legitimate stage was transferred bodily to the screen, and its traditional music went with it. The stealthy step of a burglar was glorified with as definite a rhythmic series of suppressed explosions as the fall of a comedian enjoyed in fuller measure from the undiluted bass drum. Love, Home, Mother, Virtue, and all the other estimable abstractions had their motifs as clearly assigned to them as did the heroes and heroines of Wagner himself.

Those were the days in which a skilled pianist would risk the improvisation of an entire film accompaniment at sight, a feat which few movie musicians would care to undertake nowadays, in the face of far higher standards of interpretation and greater complexity of plot and action. It could be done most readily, of course, by making use of familiar titles rather than obviously expressive music, the nature of whose meaning could not be mistaken. Thus "Teasing," "Please Go 'Way and Let Me Sleep," "There'll Be a Hot Time" and "Down Where the Wurzburger Flows" achieved both popularity and significance. Seascapes were easily illustrated by "Sailing" or "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean"; sleep invariably conjured up "Rockabye Baby"; "Jingle Bells" served for any winter scene and "The Good Old Summertime" did unflagging duty for the reverse season.

Patriotic pictures, and those of special historic occasions, were of course easy to accompany musically, and still are. As song-titles became more and more descriptive, more slangily expressive of one limited but definite thought, the movie musician acquired enough material to fit a phrase to every changing situation, every implied word or emotion on the screen. Rich were the possibilities of "Go 'Way Back and Sit Down," "I Love You," "I'd Leave My Happy Home for You," "All I Want is Fifteen Million Dollars," "Cuddle Up a Little Closer," "The Sidewalks of New York," "Moon Dear," and "Who Are You With To-night, To-night?"

Conditions have changed, however, since those delightfully empirical days. The movie music of the present is not only carefully prepared in advance, but has ceased almost entirely to depend for its effects upon a presupposed familiarity with stock titles. It represents in general a sincere attempt to express mood and atmosphere, rather than definite words or descriptions, and it therefore invokes a far higher art of interpretation, a more delicate eclectic sense, and eventually, on the part of the audience, a more intelligent and finely responsive appreciation. This is true, no matter whether the music is supplied by a full orchestra or a lone pianist or organist. It applies to slap-stick comedy as well as to tragedy or the imposing spectacles of modern technique.

THE well-trained musical director of the new temple of the motion picture is too wise to be misled by either titles or traditions. He has discovered by experience and careful experimenting just what the normal human reaction is likely to be to certain combinations of melody and harmony, and he is not worried over the possibilities of competition between Beethoven and Irving Berlin, nor by the fear that a symphonic Adagio may fail to create the mood of tranquillity that he knows to be inherent in its strains. It is an endlessly absorbing task, this of selecting, fitting, arranging and composing the music to the modern films, and some of the best musical instincts and equipments in America are being entirely devoted to this one end. No wonder that the chronic movie enthusiast is involuntarily turning into a musical amateur of the most discriminating type.

The chances are that he has unconsciously listened to all the gems of opera and touched the high spots of orchestral, pianistic and vocal literature as well, while holding down a self-rising seat and watching every detail of the silent drama of photography. Theda Bara may have vamped her victims to the music of "Tristan and Isolde" or the Tschaikowsky symphonies; Mary Pickford may have flitted across the screen, musically supported by the melodious simplicities of Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Schubert; Charlie Chaplin himself can throw his pies as accurately, even though the classic humor of the "Barber of Seville," a Haydn trio, or Verdi's "Falstaff" inspire his versatile arm.

WHEN "Les Miserables" was turned into an epoch-making film, the music of Grieg contributed most of the atmosphere of pathos, particularly those two perfect little mood-pictures known as "Heart Wounds" and "The Last Spring." Liszt's "Les Preludes" and "Liebestraum" have been the musical foundation for many a dramatic upheaval of the emotions on the screen, and practically all of his Hungarian Rhapsodies have served to express some phase of human conflict. Bach, Brahms, Wagner, Debussy and even Stravinsky have given of their treasures to enrich the expressive resources of the modern motion picture.

Probably the most active genius of such adaptation has been Hugo Riesenfeld, now director of the Rialto and Rivoli theatres in New York. Originally a violinist, and concert-master under Oscar Hammerstein, he developed into an orchestral conductor of superlative excellence, working out the musical schemes for all the films produced by S. R. Rothapfel, the man who placed the greatest and most successful emphasis on the necessary harmony of picture, color environment and music. Mr. Riesenfeld has enjoyed the assistance of such men as Edward Falck, himself a conductor of ability; W. H. Humiston, the associate conductor of the Philharmonic Society, and Erno Rapee, who took charge of the Rivoli orchestra when that theatre opened. He has had as his chief organist Alfred Robyn, a noted composer of light opera, and one of the cleverest of improvisers at the keyboard. Riesenfeld himself is a composer of sufficient inspiration to fit in any necessary links that will sustain a mood where borrowings run short, and he has turned out much good material whose authorship will probably never be recognized or admitted. The projection-room of the Rialto, as of every other big motion picture theatre, is each week the scene of a careful study of all the films whose production is contemplated, and the musical experts do not let a single foot go by without planning the exact nature and speed of its orchestral accompaniment.

A few established composers, notably Victor Herbert, have devoted themselves to the special creation of an entire film symphony, and there are others whose absorption in movie music of the best type has perhaps prevented a more general recognition of their talents. Among them are Joseph Carl Breil, who had an opera produced by the Metropolitan Company, but did far better work for "Intolerance" and "The Birth of a Nation," and Elliott Schenk, implicated in many a screen success whose pictorial impressiveness was allowed to outweigh the significance of the music in public estimation. D. W. Griffith is only one of the many directors of motion pictures who are thoroughly aware of the value of the musical accompaniment, as "Broken Blossoms," for example, sufficiently attested.

(Continued on page 64)

Brenda Putnam, Sc
© 1919

Pigeon Girl

Decorative Sculpture is again occupying the attention of Artist and Patron throughout our country. New examples of great beauty are on continual display at the Gorham Galleries.

Brochure — *Correspondence* — *Design*

THE GORHAM CO.

FIFTH AVENUE at 36th STREET

CHIPPENDALE TILT TOP TABLE WITH ANTIQUE CHINESE EMBROIDERED TOP. $275.00.

CHIPPENDALE ARM CHAIR, UPHOLSTERED WITH CRIMSON SILK DAMASK, $155.00.

Barton, Price & Willson
5 East 54th Street, New York

Personal Service Decorators

Reproductions — Antiques
Works of Art — Distinctive Interiors

All one wishes to know on the subject under one cover

The Practical Book
of
Interior Decoration

By HAROLD DONALDSON EBERLEIN, ABBOTT McCLURE *and* EDWARD STRATTON HOLLOWAY

7 plates in color, 283 in doubletone and a chart.
Quarto. Decorated cloth in a box, $7.50 net.

A thoroughly comprehensive and practical book for householders, decorators, libraries, and for manufacturers, dealers and salesmen in furniture and furnishings. Covering the furnishing of the small house or apartment as well as the palatial abode, it is of the highest value to the householder whether he is improving his own premises or if employing the services of a decorator.

The text is fully illuminated by the 300 illustrations to which references are given at every point, so that actual results are before the reader.

There is no other one work in which Period Decoration, British, Continental and American, and from 1500 to the present day is treated.

Practical Decoration and Furnishing of the house or apartment today are clearly and systematically covered in 12 chapters on Colour, Walls, Floors, Windows, Furniture and Arrangement; Textiles, Lighting, Mantels, Pictures and Decorative Accessories.

For the first time is given a logical synthesis of assembling styles in the right manner, avoiding its pitfalls of eclectic furnishing and securing interest and variety.

Another "Practical Book" which lives up to its title.

Write for Circulars of PRACTICAL BOOKS, 7 Titles

At All Bookstores

PUBLISHERS **J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY** PHILADELPHIA

The Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

THE most important feature of this celebration will be the special exhibition—made up of a combination of the treasures of the museum in all its departments with loans from private collections in this city. This was announced in February. At that time the announcement was put forward in a tentative way, as the expression of a hope rather than a promise. It was impossible to tell how far the private collectors of New York might be willing to cooperate with us in this manner, knowing that the objects lent by them were not to be segregated in an exhibition by themselves, but would be distributed through the building and shown side by side with objects of our own, according to the branches and periods of art to which they belonged. However, it was resolved to try the experiment. Circulars and letters of appeal were sent out and the responses received have been extremely gratifying. Up to the present time about eighty collectors have agreed to lend, and in the most cordial spirit, many of them offering practically anything and everything.

With the aid thus generously promised it is sure that there will be offered the greatest exhibition of the fine arts which has ever been held in New York, as rich in quality as New York can make it in every department represented in the Museum. It should be said that the Museum itself will do its share not only by showing its own collections as effectively as possible, but also by certain special features, such as the placing on view of new acquisitions not hitherto exhibited. In the department of Egyptian Art, for example, the new jewelry room will be opened and the fine collection of Egyptian jewelry and ornaments will be enriched by a most important loan of similar material. It is also hoped that the material for this department which has been accumulating in Egypt during the war years will be received in time to be displayed. For the department of Classical Art, New York unfortunately offers little that can be drawn upon, but several interesting things have been promised, among them Mr. Morgan's famous bronze statue of Eros from Boscoreale, and some, if not all, the purchases which have been made in Europe during the past five years and which only recently have begun to cross the ocean will be shown.

The collection of arms and armor will be increased by a number of fine specimens from private collections and the Department of Far Eastern Art will exhibit several important statues recently acquired, while its loans will include Chinese bronzes, a liberal selection of especially beautiful examples of Sung pottery and K'ang hsi porcelains, as well as other objects. The youngest department, that of Prints, will occupy the walls of its three galleries respectively with engravings, etchings, and woodcuts, and the floor-cases in each room will be filled with rare examples of illustrated books, much of the material thus shown testifying to the generous interest which private collectors take in this department, both by their loans and their gifts.

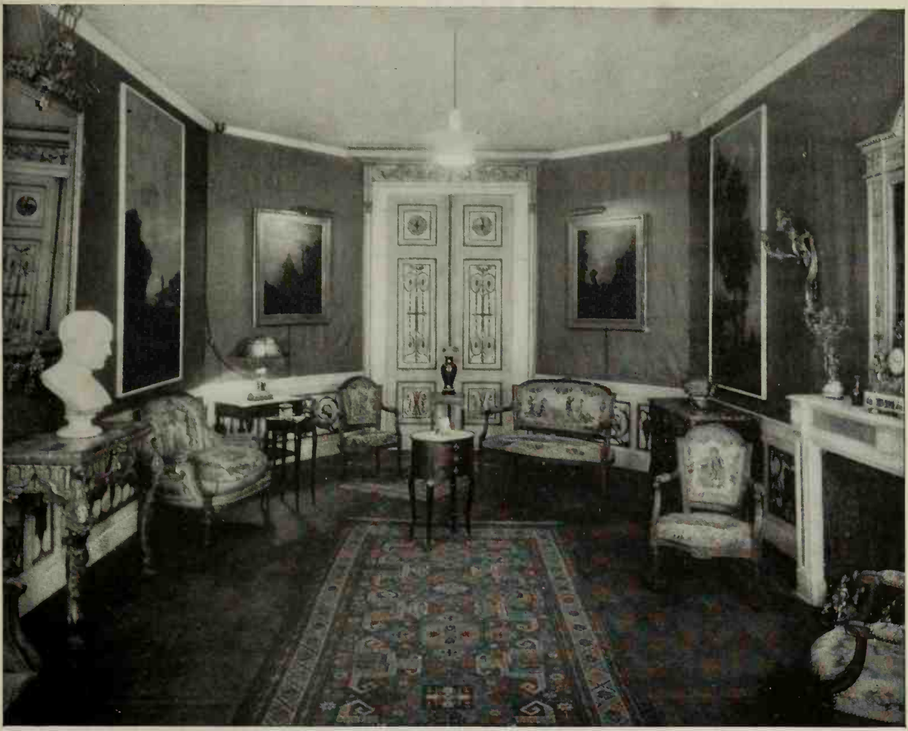
The Department of Decorative Arts covers so much ground that in this brief résumé it would be impossible to specify even the character of the various groups of loans it is to receive, but in a general way it may be said that they include tapestries, sculptures, furniture, European porcelains, glass, lace and silver. The large Gallery of Special Exhibitions is to be devoted to a display of French decorative art of the Eighteenth Century, the walls being hung with a set of ten large tapestries never before shown in this country, and the floor arranged with furniture and other kindred objects. Even the Morgan Collection is to be still further enriched by the loan of the marvelous bronze angel, one of the masterpieces of French Gothic sculpture, which formerly stood in Mr. Morgan's house at Prince's Gate, and has recently been brought over from London.

In no department, however, will the display of loans be more splendid or impressive than in that of Paintings. About sixty pictures have been secured thus far, embracing a wide range of schools and periods. In forming such an idea of these as may be gained from names, the following list of artists represented by them may be suggestive, though it is not yet complete.

ITALIAN. Cimabue, Botticelli, Gentile da Fabriano, Castagno, Vivarini, Mantegna, Bellini, Titian, Bartolommeo Vivarini, Piero della Francesca.
SPANISH. Velasquez, El Greco, Goya.
FLEMISH. Memling, Gerard David, Van der Weyden, Brouwer.
GERMAN. Holbein, Schongauer.
DUTCH. Rembrandt, Vermeer, Frans Hals.
FRENCH. Poussin, Chardin, Fragonard, Pater, Ricard, Corot, Manet, Monet, Gaugin, Renoir, Degas, Cézanne.
ENGLISH. Reynolds, Turner.

In addition to the loans, this department is installing, as a permanent accession to its collection, a wonderful ceiling decorated by Pintoricchio.

As a part of the exhibition, and to illustrate in a graphic manner the growth of the Museum and the development of its different lines of activity during its first fifty years, a collection of memorabilia, charts, photographs and plans will be arranged in Class Room B, and a group of similar material in Class Room C, showing the growth of its educational and cooperative work.



Wood paneling of the Directoire period with carved relief decorations of Griffins, Cupids and Vases in the original gilding of the period, originally purchased from the old Spanish Embassy in Paris, now re-assembled in our galleries. :: :: ::

NEW YORK PARIS

H. KOOPMAN & SON

Sixteen East Forty-sixth Street
Opposite the Ritz-Carlton Hotel

Wherever You Travel This Summer Carry American Express Travelers Cheques

In Europe carry the new Sterling and French Franc Travelers Cheques. For the protection of travelers in Europe against unscrupulous money changers and fluctuating exchange rates, the American Express Company has devised and issued Sterling and French Franc Travelers Cheques which can be cashed in Great Britain and France at face value less a nominal stamp tax.

Sterling Cheques are issued in five and ten-Pound amounts. French Franc Cheques are issued in denominations of 200 and 400 Francs.

You May Purchase These Cheques

At banks and express offices, paying for them in Dollars at the current rate of exchange plus the usual commission, and thus insure the value of your American money in foreign lands before you start overseas. Like the old Dollar Travelers Cheques, the new Sterling and French Franc Cheques are self-identifying.

In the United States, Canada, Alaska, Central and South America, the West Indies, and the Orient Carry American Express Dollar Travelers Cheques

This sky-blue international currency, which has withstood the severe test of thirty years, is readily accepted in every country in the world. For convenience and absolute safety against loss, these Cheques are superior to any other form of travel funds. You sign these Cheques when you buy them and again when you cash them. Identification such as is required to cash personal checks is not essential—your signature identifies you. They cost fifty cents for each one hundred dollars.

For Large Amounts Carry

American Express Letters of Credit, not as a substitute for Travelers Cheques, but rather to supplement them. American Express Travelers Letters of Credit are issued to travelers who wish to carry larger sums than they care to have in the form of Travelers Cheques.

The American Express Travel Department

With branch offices and connections around the world, can take care of all your travel requirements to any part of the world. Tours and Cruises in season.

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY

Music in America

THE following letters have been received in response to our article in the March number, "How Music Should Be Helped in America." This article emphasized the need for a Conservatory of Music in America, and recommended that such an institution should be national in character, endowed by the Government, and directed by the most capable musicians and teachers in the United States, such as Charles M. Loeffler, Frederick S. Converse, and Artur Bodanzky. Such a plan would bring us into line with most European countries, which have long maintained National Conservatories of Music, and would help music in America to reach the point of development that now exists in Europe.

John Alden Carpenter Says Amen

I have read with great interest Mr. Meltzer's article in the March number of ARTS & DECORATION. I am thoroughly in sympathy with Mr. Meltzer's basic idea, namely, the great need, at the present time, in this country for a conservatory of music, national in character, and conducted along the lines of the best models in France and Germany.

I am not yet clear in my mind as to whether such a conservatory could safely be entrusted to our Government or whether it would best be built up under influences entirely remote from political considerations. I am inclined to believe, also, that the geographic situation will prove to be more difficult than is suggested by the easy solution offered by Mr. Meltzer. There are sure to be many different views on this point. My own opinion, for instance, is that while New York is unquestionably the *commercial* centre of Art in this country, I am not at all sure that it is the *artistic* centre of Art. Furthermore, New York enjoys, as Ring Lardner says, "excellent cable communication with America," but, in spite of that, it is a long way removed from real American feeling and real American life.

JOHN A. CARPENTER.

F. S. Converse Advocates Conservatory

I think his main idea of having a National Conservatory is a very good one, provided it can be kept free from political influences.

It seems to me that his idea about financing it with an endowment of many millions of dollars is somewhat fantastical, judging from my own experience in raising money for musical projects. The idea of having the best musicians in various lines as teachers is of course highly commendable and should be carried out if any such scheme were to be of real value.

I hope that some time America will have such an institution.

F. S. CONVERSE.

Artur Bodanzky Approves

I always have been an enthusiastic supporter of the idea of an American National Conservatory. The article on the subject by Mr. Meltzer covers almost every point, and I only hope that the trustees of the Jaillard fund will take it into consideration.

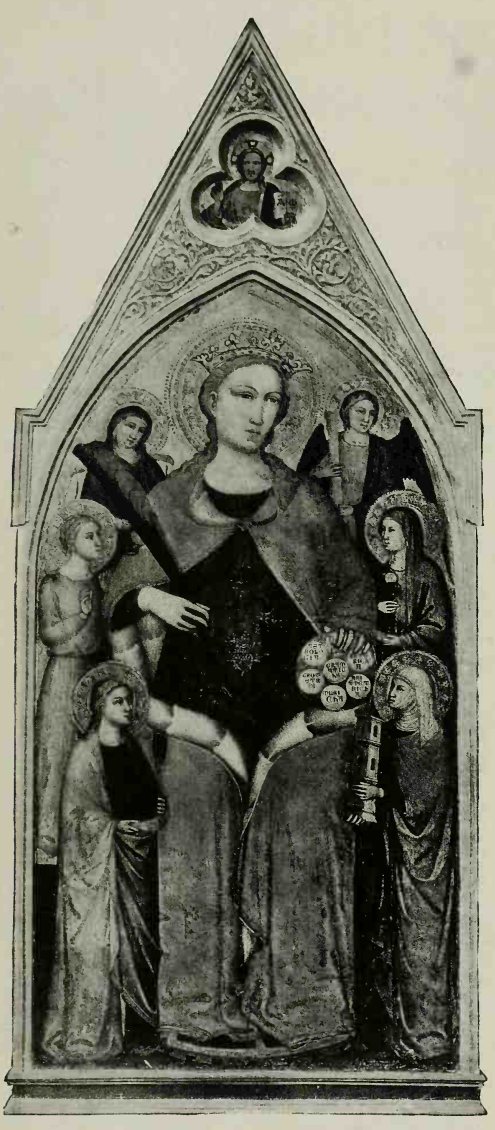
ARTUR BODANZKY.

Walter Damrosch on the Fence

Whether the time is ripe for a national conservatory of music is debatable. At present such institutions as the Institute of Musical Art in New York and the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston are doing as good work, in some respects even better, than the music schools of Europe.

WALTER DAMROSCH.

(*Continued on page* 70)



ST. CATHERINE SURROUNDED BY FEMALE SAINTS. 72" x 31" EARLY FLORENTINE SCHOOL

Fine examples of the Early Italian, Dutch XVIIth Century and English XVIIIth Century Schools.

ARTHUR RUCK,

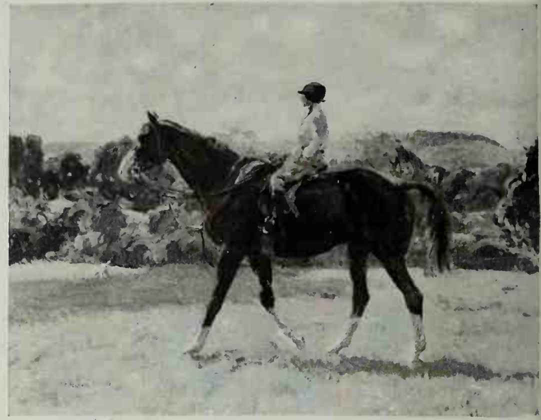
Galleries: 4, BERKELEY STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W. 1.

Early American Walnut tall case clock
Circa 1750
Maker—Joseph Hollinshead
Burlington, New Jersey

American Antiques

THE interests of our clients are served by the personal direction of Charles Woolsey Lyon, the son of the late Irving Whitall Lyon, M.D., author of "Colonial Furniture of New England." Mr. Lyon is a collector and recognized authority on early American antiques and works of art.

Charles Woolsey Lyon
INCORPORATED
416 Madison Avenue
near Forty-eighth Street
New York



"Young England," by T. C. Dugdale

Foreign and American Painting

(*Continued from page 9*)

at the Academies in New York and Philadelphia and at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington; and their realistic code (as plain and simple as themselves), inherited from the French Impressionists, forbids the illustration of "mere" ideas. This latter, with the coincident warping of the imaginative faculty, does away with the possible production of symbolic works, and with the possible semblance of versatility in any large general collection of canvases.

To the layman tired by the monotony of the usual American exhibition the Pittsburgh one must seem most unusually refreshing. In it there is less merging of literature and paint than at the Old Salon, or the Spring Salon, for that matter, and the Royal Academy, but enough so that when the pictures fail to give any artistic reaction they may still interest through the stories they tell and through the diversity of the patterns they make on the walls.

Ideas in the abstract do not impress the majority of our countrymen at all. It may be due to this fact that our painters deal so little in them or it may be as was remarked before here that they are slaves of the mandate of the French Impressionists. However, though this exhibition does not prove it and though most official exhibitions do not, there is in the ranks of the younger Americans a tendency to reach out beyond the literal copying of the posed model and the equally literal reproduction of a given landscape under a certain effect of light or sky. Indeed the natural effects of lighting and so forth which the Impressionists set us so busily copying are being disregardad by those younger men. They employ whatever means are suggested to them by the axiomatic inventive force of necessity: a necessity which in this instance demands an expression of life in its fullness, of life as it is lived rather than as painters of the last generation have depicted it. With them life was turned aside from its main stream and its progress stopped. It was set upon a strange chair or stood before a strange background and then in these unusual and unreal surroundings, in a pose which is to say a lie, copied.

THE Pittsburgh show makes no record of this element in American art or in any national art. With the exception of the enemy nations already mentioned and a negligible few others it presents the official art of the world. That is to say that it probably presents that section of art which has become familiar to the public with long association and which, by the same token, it is safe to present to the public. Experience in every walk of life has shown that the public will accept at once nothing with which it is unfamiliar, nothing new whether in art or science or society. Official art is familiar art, and as familiar art has a very definite place in a museum which seeks to retain the confidence of that part of its public which is incapable of receiving an æsthetic thrill. Of course that part of its public or, perhaps, of any public is the majority. The Salon and the Royal Academy have a far greater popularity than the National Academy of Design and the Pennsylvania Academy because they play to the majority as much as our museums and magazines do and because knowing their publics they deal in theses which reflect the thoughts and the sentimentalities of these and which will wring tears or shock laughter out of them.

Most Salon and most Royal Academy pictures do not last beyond the time of the duration of the exhibition. They are the sensational wonders of a day or a week or a month. After that, having told their story and having no other more permanent value or no value as works of art, they are no longer heard of. To the artist their greatest value must be in that they so often succeed in imprinting the painter's name upon the public

JEWELERS
SILVERSMITHS

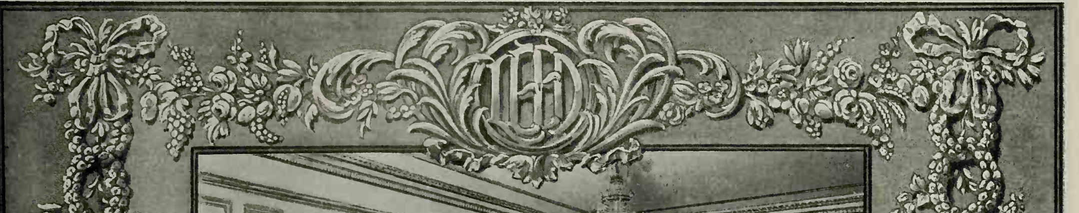
BIGELOW KENNARD & CO.
Corner West and Washington Streets BOSTON Inc.

DESIGNERS
IMPORTERS

VERDURE TAPESTRY
9 Ft. 6 In. x 15 Ft. 6 In.
$1500.00

ANTIQUE DOWER CHEST
6 Ft. Long
$500.00

OLD PROCESSIONAL LANTERNS
$500.00 Pr.


LEED
Complete Dec-
-orative Interiors.
LEED INC.
681 Fifth Avenue,
New York City.

Decorative Leather Screens

Charles R. Yandell & Co.

Leather Furniture Covering

M. J. Kilmartin
Tel. 1905 Bryant
" 1655 "

7 West 45th ſtreet

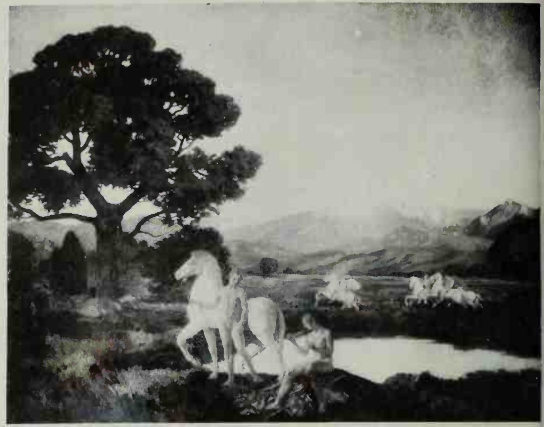
ESTABLISHED 1871

Paris and
New York

Yovin INC.

GOWNS
SUITS

2 West 57th Street
734 Fifth Avenue



"The Golden Age," by Emile René Ménard

mind, and having done this make for him a market for the disposal of the less sensational and usually more artistic canvases painted for his own pleasure.

THE departure from the rule with this season's exhibition in the Carnegie Institute is in the introduction of works in sculpture. To mark the departure thirteen things by Auguste Rodin are shown in the entrance hall of the exhibition floor, thirteen more or less familiar Rodins. If they had been thirteen things by Malliol, all artistic New York would have traveled to Pittsburgh, railway strike or none. But Museum directors must rest their fame rather upon hindsight than foresight, and Malliol, who has never been comprehensively shown here, is not thoroughly accepted here.

It is difficult to suppose that a review of the American things would have any real interest and value. With most of our painters one canvas will suffice to summarize their entire output. Indeed in the case of the New Hope painters, one picture, especially when it is by E. W. Redfield, may very well enable the economic reviewer to summarize the output of the entire group. No mathematician has ever had the patience to count the number of times that the Delaware River has been depicted by these lovers of it and none, probably, will ever be rapid enough to catch up with the continuously increasing volume. But though they as an exaggeration of it serve very well to show the normal trend of American art, all American art is not so singularly devoted. On the contrary, for the important part of American art is an exception to this rule.

One of these exceptions, a salient one, is Arthur B. Davies' "Do Reverence." There are no others of equal importance, none so readily discovered. Indeed, the collection as a whole, though not really rugged, gives no sign of that sensitiveness, sickly at times, which romantic writers generally ascribe to painters and musicians. A question of habit, this with them, or tradition or superstition. Even Arthur Symons has sinned. But then he is British, which is to say romantic. George Moore, who is Irish, slapped the face of precedent when he, in no confessional mood, declared that his hero, Manet, had big hands. Perhaps Courbet vulgarly, over Munich beer, roaring his democratic theory of the importance of the commonplace, showed the way to him. It is safe to deduce that all wide jumps out of the common have had a running start. And Courbet has had influence even upon his detractors. Generally this exhibition owes no small debt to him, though, generally again, it is even more banal than he could ever be. There was a real ruggedness beneath the veneer of his dictatorial roaring. And, also, he was too near the stylistic period to be devoid of style. Lucien Symon will never take his place nor, for the matter of that, will the pseudo-romantics of Renée Ménard. In twenty monotonously similar works the latter writes an ode to the saccharine. His ruddy tones are ruder than those of our own J. Francis Murphy but not less wasted. His nudes detestably academic. Why cannot artists remember that they are also men? Remembering they might manage to climb over the fences, rules, that make prisoners and slaves of them. Twenty Ménard's in one room—as well twenty Thaulow's or Ziem's or Henner's or Haig cathedrals.

ONE picture, R. J. Enraght Mooney's "Tell Us a Story," by an Irishman, will balance the lot of them, even tip them sky high on an unprejudiced scales. Here's a man comparatively free of preconceptions—though he's no superman of awesome importance. Far from that! He has timidity, plies a weak brush, with neither breadth nor boldness, draws matter without weight and composes without that organization to which the modernists, with the examples of trade unions and trust ever before their eyes, are devoted. But he has a heart and a weakness for life. The pretty romance of it if you like, not caught in the meshes of schools.

Objets d'Art
Antiques
Fabrics

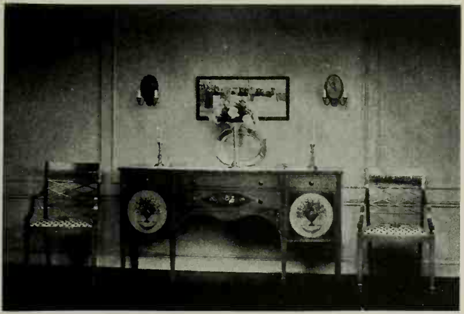
Reproductions of
Unusual Furniture

Lamps and Shades

J·C·Demarest and Company Inc.

Decoration and
Furnishing of Interiors

Plaza 6788 561 Madison Avenue, N.Y.



Danersk Decorative Furniture

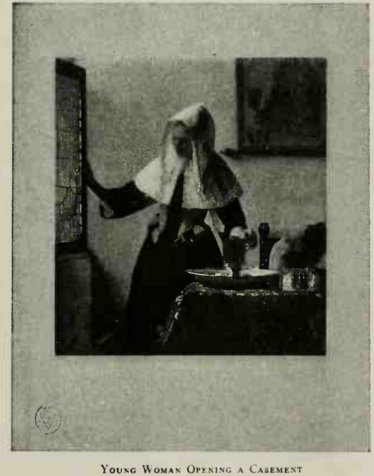
INTERESTING interiors can never be obtained with cheap furniture. The influence of an exquisite design is more permanent than mere material existence. Witness the delightful color harmonies in this Painted Sheraton Dining-room Set. Self tones of antique green and gold with medallions of parchment!

Let us help you plan your rooms so that they will show real imagination. Why do the dull conventional thing when you can express your own individual desires at no greater cost. Our catalog number of "The Danersk" will tell you how. Send for it, "K-5."

Buy through your decorator, dealer or direct.

Charming Sets on Exhibition at

ERSKINE-DANFORTH CORPORATION
2 West 47th Street, New York
First Door West of Fifth Avenue — 4th Floor



YOUNG WOMAN OPENING A CASEMENT
By Johannes Vermeer of Delft—(11x14)

THE VERMEER COLOUR PRINTS

Reproductions of Four Important Paintings in
The Metropolitan Museum of Art

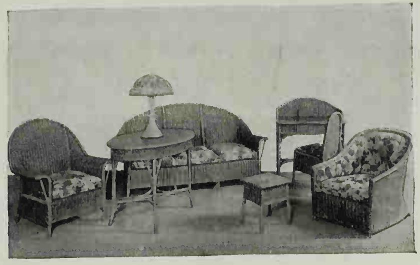
SCENE IN VENICE—"The Piazzetta"
By Canaletto—(12x12, square)

BOY WITH A SWORD—(10 x 15)
By Edouard Manet

MADONNA ADORING THE CHILD—(12x12, round)
By Lorenzo di Credi

Faithful in colour; suitable for study and framing. Mounted on boards 1'3¾" x 1'8" and with a description of each painting. Price, $2.00 apiece, and 10 cents postage.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
Fifth Avenue & 82nd Street



Genuine Reed Furniture

Unusual Designs Created Exclusively for
Homes of Refinement, Clubs and Yachts

HIGHEST QUALITY
BUT NOT HIGHEST PRICED

CRETONNES, CHINTZES, UPHOLSTERY FABRICS

Interior Decorating

The REED SHOP, Inc.
581 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

"Suggestions in Reed Furniture" forwarded on receipt of 25c postage

The
COLONY
SHOPS

ANTIQUES
THAT ARE ALSO
Objects of Art

UTILITY as well as BEAUTY
in these pieces from our French Floor.

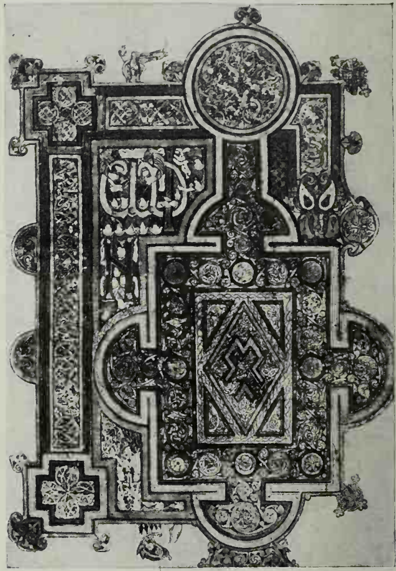
Regence Writing Table in Kingwood, with fine ormolu mounts. Louis-Quinze Clock, ormolu and bronze, Meissen figures and flowers. Pair of Louis-Seize Vases, ormolu and bronze.

GINSBURG & LEVY, 397 Madison Ave., New York

The Arts of Illuminating and Binding in the Middle Ages

ROBERT ALTON

THE march of invention has destroyed many beautiful arts which some amongst us would have been better pleased to see flourishing even in these days of worry and bustle. If these arts have not been utterly destroyed they have at least been degraded from their high purpose, and by merely serving the turn of trade have rapidly degenerated from arts to mere crafts, by which men earn a living. Architecture, one of the noblest of all, has become a lost art, and the serious student of the beautiful fabrics raised throughout Europe will doubt that our modern efforts in this direction are entirely wanting in that purity and seriousness of purpose which so richly bore its reward in the magnificent cathedrals, abbeys and monastic houses that are scattered throughout Britain and the Continent.



The First Word of the Gospel of St. Luke from the Book of Kells

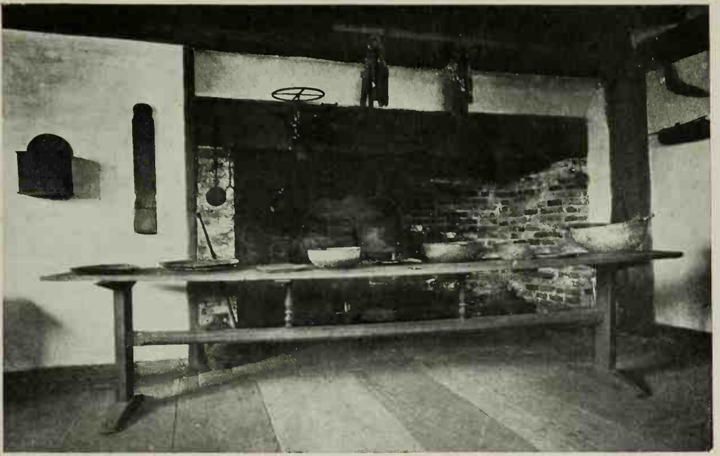
But architecture is only one of the arts which have fallen from their high estate. Two of the most beautiful of them—illuminating and bookbinding—are now indeed in poor case, especially the latter, and it is with some aspects of mediæval workmanship in these two arts that this article proposes to deal. It must not be supposed, however, that the fine workmanship of the Middle Ages is utterly and irretrievably lost. We are in a state of transition, and the time will no doubt come again when beautiful work will be created by the hands of men, who will fashion these gems of true craftsmanship for their own sake—not for pounds, shillings and pence, and, indeed, this is the only spirit which will enable man to create in its true sense.

The art of illuminating, or writing in colors and gold upon vellum or other material was practised throughout Europe and in some parts of the East from the Tenth to the Fifteenth Centuries. Of course, the invention and spread of printing rapidly superseded the slower work of the pen and the brush, although there was (and is) no comparison between the beautiful colored and gilded scripts and books of the Middle Ages, and even the finest workmanship of the typographer or lithographer. Most of the work was executed upon parchment, or vellum, and much of the best workmanship is to be seen either in connection with the Catholic Church or executed by the labor of its priests. Two of the most famous of these illuminated manuscripts—the Book of Kells and the Gospels of St. Chad—are, perhaps, to be numbered among the best specimens extant, especially the former, and they must have cost years of labor. The Gospels of St. Chad are to be seen in the Cathedral of Lichfield, the Book of Kells is in Ireland.

We see in this devotion to art something of the same spirit which erected Lichfield, York and Durham Cathedrals, the magnificent fabric of Melrose Abbey, and other poems in stone. Men dedi-

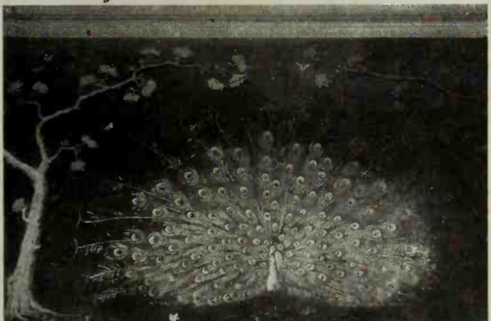
NOW EXHIBITING

Antique
Period
Furniture
and
Tapestries



THE RAREST KNOWN EXAMPLE OF AN EARLY AMERICAN TABLE
(FROM THE WALLACE NUTTING COLLECTION)

The
C. M. TRAVER CO., INC.
23 East 62nd Street *New York*



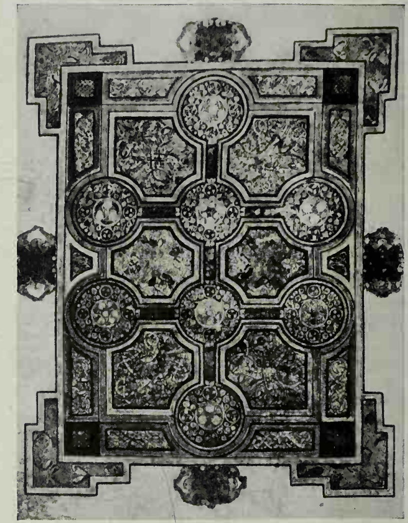
Robert W. Chanler

Individual

Rooms, Ceilings, Screens
and Leaded Glass Windows
of Original Design

147 East 19th Street
New York

cated themselves to the work in the spirit of true endeavor, and the result was the outcome of their thought, exactly in the same way that much of our modern work is the outcome of modern thought. No one who has seen the west front of Yorkminster (or, indeed, who has studied mediæval workmanship in any branch of art) will remain long in doubt as to the truth of these statements. The value and beauty of the result is commensurate with the purpose and earnestness of thought behind it. If we set out to make a few pounds profit through the work of our hands (whatever that work may be), irrespective of the work itself, so much the worse for the work. It may serve its purpose; probably it will do so, but the less said about its beauty the better.



The Eight-Circled Cross from the Book of Kells

And so we find in these beautiful manuscripts the colors clear and pure after four hundred years of exposure to the light—the despair of modern artists—standing as mute witnesses to the earnestness of purpose behind their creation. It has been stated that so minutely exact are some of these manuscripts that the lettering may be magnified considerably without any discrepancy being found in the size of one letter from another, and yet their natural size is just sufficient to read comfortably and no more. And this evenness of lettering is one of the characteristics of good work, even among modern illuminators.

There is a great deal of nonsense talked of secrets possessed by the early workers, secrets in connection with colors, preparation of varnishes, etc. There are no secrets, unless it be an earnest striving to produce the beautiful for its own sake, and that is secret enough for some moderns. The same thing has been said of most arts. Stradivarius, the master craftsman of Italy—the violin maker, whose work has never been equalled—has been credited with the possession of secrets in connection with varnish making, in preparation of wood, in methods of construction, in knowledge of air-space, in tone value, and in a hundred and one other directions, created only by the imagination of men who were not earnest enough to tread the road which Stradivarius and many another genius has trodden—the road of patient endeavor. They will not pay this price, and talk of secrets to explain that which they do not care to struggle sufficiently to find out for themselves. No doubt, so far as illuminating and binding are concerned, materials suffered less from adulteration in those far-off days, and this certainly was so as far as binding leather is concerned. But that only proves the case, for adulteration is only used as a means to over-reach for the sake of profit, and so we stand just where we did before. The mediæval illuminator—clerical or lay—did not adulterate his colors. The object for which he unceasingly strove was purity. And so we have the result of his striving, and many modern workmen wonder how it was arrived at.

When we take in hand the examination of mediæval bookbindings, we find still further evidence of the earnestness and thoroughness of these old craftsmen. For instance, in sewing the sections of the book together, the modern workman glues a piece of fancy cloth on each end of the back for a "head-banding." It has no strength and very little beauty, but it is cheap and easily executed. The books bound in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries were sewn right through and over the headbands, and this method strengthened the work immeasurably.

G. W. Richardson & Son
Established 1812

Interior Decorators

Antique Furniture and Reproductions

753 Fifth Avenue, at 58th Street
New York

Also at Auburn and Syracuse, N. Y.

Sketches submitted and estimates furnished to meet requirements

RIGHTER & KOLB, *Decorators*
420 Madison Avenue, NEW YORK

In the Galleries of Emil Feffercorn may be found furniture of wide variety in point of period style, accompanied by antiques of guaranteed authenticity and reproductions of the utmost faithfulness.

Rare tapestries, mirrors, sconces, porcelains and other decorative objects are here in subtle charm and profusion.

Mr. Feffercorn will be pleased to make appointments for consultation with out-of-town clients.

EMIL FEFFERCORN
128-130 East *58th* Street
NEW YORK CITY

NEW SHIPMENT

REAL ANTIQUE CHINTZ

just arrived from England, France and Portugal, including rich Brocades, Velvets and Silks and a few choice pieces of Antique

SPANISH FURNITURE

Your inspection is cordially invited

CARVALHO BROTHERS
of PORTUGAL
30 West 58th St., New York

Louis XIV Bookcase in Beechwood, patined. Reproduction of an original.
Width 3' 6". Height 7' 4". $1250.00

DUNCAN FRASER, Inc.

603 Fifth Avenue
New York

INTERIOR DECORATIONS AND FURNISHINGS

Originals and Reproductions of

Wood Panelled and Painted Rooms, Mantels, Furniture and Fabrics, Scenic Wallpapers, etc.

Again, modern leather—binding leather—is almost without exception useless for the purpose of heavy and long-continued wear. The old methods of tanning by the aid of sumac, alum and oak bark tended to give the leather additional toughness as it became older. Modern methods of tanning with sulphuric acid (employed to free the color) are ruinous to the fibre of the skins. The Society of Arts Committee, examining and reporting upon binders' leather, found that almost every variety of modern leather was severely damaged in the tanning process, and the best of them all, or at least one of the best, Niger morocco, was prepared for the English market by the natives of Nigeria, who, needless to state, used no sulphuric acid.

White pigskin (tanned by the aid of alum), sheepskins, red morocco (tanned with sumac) — all Fifteenth Century skins—were found to be in good condition. The Society's report upon the causes of decay states that bad tanning, the want of proper ventilation and the manipulation of leather to make it appear something different from its real nature, are among the chief causes of modern binding leathers.

In fact, it may be stated that our methods of binding, and especially our materials, are not in any way to be compared to those of the mediæval craftsmen. Neither in strength, quality of leather, nor even in the paper upon which the work is printed can we compete with these old craftsmen. So far as the best of the workmanship is concerned, it is very doubtful if there are half a dozen firms engaged in the trade today who can even approach it. Of course, here again we have the same story. Modern books are made for profit. They are cased into the covers (i.e., glued in) without any strength in the binding, gold blocked in a machine, often in execrable taste, and turned out by the thousand, nay, by the million. Perhaps this is good from the standpoint of trade, or of the spread of education, but so far as workmanship is concerned, it is deplorable.

There are books bound in leather, in the King's library of the British Museum, three or four hundred years old, and the colors of the binding, the texture and strength of the leather, are practically as good as the day they were bound. The same story is to tell—conscientious and painstaking labor—thought, care and skill, as opposed to the modern system of turning out the greatest possible quantity, at the least possible cost, in the shortest space of time. We have gained in commercialism at the cost of art and beauty; in fact, modern commercial binding is not binding at all in the sense of the work of the old craftsmen. Of course, modern work serves its purpose, and the average buyer cannot afford to pay for the better class work. It is a question of profit, pure and simple. But it is owing to this very system of profit that the fine touch of the artist, in almost every department of art, is lost.

Now, these may be somewhat partial statements of a wide subject, possessing many angles of view, of which only one is dealt with here, and a few words of explanation are necessary before concluding. Previous to the discovery and application of printing in Western Europe, there was no other means of communication (except, of course, that of speech) between communities. It is natural, therefore, that these arts, which bore directly upon this method of communication by means of written scrolls, should attain a high degree of excellence, and illuminating and binding were no doubt brought to their high state of perfection chiefly on this account. But apart from this aspect of the case, there was undoubtedly high endeavor behind the best work, combined with great skill. This especially applies to work such as that of the Book of Kells, where the finished manuscript was not intended for general handling at all, but was rather the result of the call of duty, the performance of a religious office.

As printing made its way forward, these twin arts of illuminating and binding gradually sank into comparative obscurity, and it is only in the salons of modern experts, or in the great religious houses, where any work equal in quality to the mediæval workmanship may be found, and so far as illuminating is concerned, not always there.

The march of commerce and the cheapening and adulteration of materials have also contributed in no small degree to the decay of this high purpose of art for the sake of art. The old Fourteenth and Fifteenth Century trade guilds were concerned chiefly with the production of the finest possible work (within the membership of their own bodies) and were very jealous of their reputation in this respect. There are evidences today that men are beginning to realize the loss we have sustained by the decay of this high spirit of craftsmanship. Several great souls, Morris, for example, have endeavored to show (successfully, it would appear) that it is possible to reach again the high level of art in conjunction with craft. The Kelmscott productions and the tapestries in the Birmingham Art Gallery, executed under the direction of William Morris, show what can be done by the genius of an earnest man with good ideals.

And perhaps, ere long, we may have others who will follow in the footsteps of Morris and give their aid towards the production of gems of binding and illumination—not in isolated cases, but in general craftsmanship, which will be worthy of comparison with the workmanship of the binders and illuminators of the Middle Ages.

$20.00 Reward

Run-away from the ſubſcriber, an apprentice boy, named James Lockwood, about 20 yearſ of age, by trade a cooper. Had on when he left hiſ maſter a blue & white broadcloth coat, white ſtriped waiſt, black nankeen pantaloonſ, & a black hat; he iſ about 5ft. high, pretty well ſet, ſhort black hair & dark eyeſ; he limpſ in walking owing to a ſtiffneſſ in one of hiſ kneeſ, haſ a ſimple look & iſ aſ ſimple aſ he lookſ. Any perſon who will take up ſaid boy & deliver him to the ſubſcriber at Oyſter-Bay, or hold him in any jail, ſo that hiſ maſter can have him again, ſhall be entitled to the above reward & to reaſonable chargeſ. All perſons are forbid harboring ſaid boy at their peril.

Samuel Bankſ.

Oyſter-Bay,
July 5th.

The above advertisement appeared in the *New York Evening Post* of July 13, 1804. The same issue carried a report of the duel between Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr.

A newspaper which has carried the news of every President's administration—save the first two—can truly be termed "A National Institution."

For 119 years, News Value and Journalistic Merit have been characteristic of articles appearing in the *New York Evening Post.*

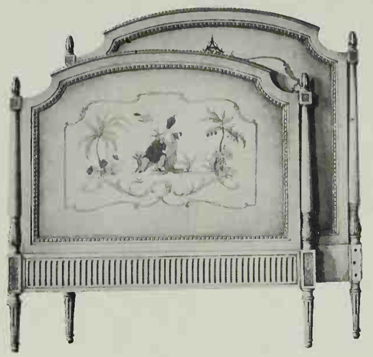
Since its establishment in 1801 successive generations of Americans have formed the habit of depending upon its columns for facts.

The *New York Evening Post* is an independent, not a partisan newspaper.

It consistently follows the course of presenting facts and its utmost endeavor is to see that these facts are fundamentally sound, uncolored by partisanship or personal feeling.

The *New York Evening Post* is published daily, except Sunday, at 20 Vesey Street, New York. Its *Saturday* issue (5c) includes Magazine, Artgravure Graphic and other sections.

Until June 15, subscriptions in the United States and Canada will be received at $10.00 per year; $5.50 for six months.



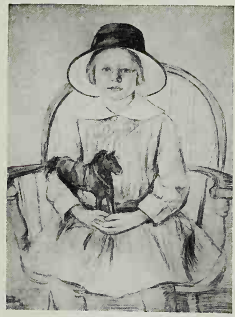
WARD & ROME

EIGHTEEN EAST FORTY-NINTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Painted Furniture specially designed and decorated to furnish particular rooms

Lamps and Parchment Lamp Shades

No Catalogues



Clover Boldt Miles, daughter of Mr and Mrs. A. Graham Miles.

Exhibition of Children's Portraits in Pastel

By Evelyn Enola Rockwell

AINSLIE GALLERIES

**Established 1885
by Geo. H. Ainslie**

**615 Fifth Avenue
New York**

MILCH *Galleries*

Dealers in

AMERICAN PAINTINGS
and SCULPTURE

ANNOUNCE *an* EXHIBITION *of*
AMERICAN SCULPTURE
for the TOWN *and*
COUNTRY HOUSE

UNTIL MAY 22

New illustrated booklet, "Art Notes," sent on request.

"Garden Sculpture," by E. McCartan

108 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York

The Russian Revolution and Her Artists

(*Continued from page* 13)

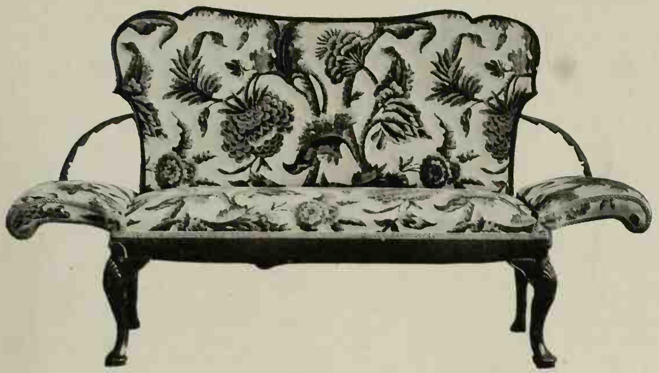
Schluesselburg, to be kept prisoner there all his life. After having been for six years in solitary confinement in this fortress he was exiled to Tomsk, whence, four years later, he escaped to Japan, America and finally to London. But a year thereafter he joined the Italian revolutionists and almost started a revolution in France, from which country he was compelled to flee to Switzerland. In 1864 he met Marx in London and discussed his theories of socialism. Though Bakunin considered himself a socialist, and organized the "International Union of Social Democracy" in Switzerland, he was never an orthodox socialist of Marx's type. Bakunin in his revolutionary essays declared that he considered himself an atheist and desired the absolute abolition of classes, and stood for the political, economic and social equality of all individuals of both sexes. He advocated that the land, factories, mills, railways and public utilities should become the collective property of the community. In the eyes of Wagner, Bakunin was the most wonderful spirit of the century, and he dedicated to him his opera "Rienzi."

PRINCE PETER KROPOTKIN was the next most interesting figure among the Russian Bohemians to devote himself to the cause of the people. A son of the most aristocratic family of Russia, educated with the grand dukes and a functionary of the court, he was more interested in literature and art than he was in his brilliant political or diplomatic career. At the age of thirty, in 1872, he resigned from all official functions and went to Switzerland to study the activity of Bakunin and observe the European social conditions. Upon his return to Petrograd he joined the *Narodniki,* organized by Tchaikowsky for the purpose of educating the peasants, and was deeply absorbed in the work for a year when in 1874 he was arrested and sent to the solitary cell of the fortress St. Peter and Paul. He escaped from the military hospital by the help of a group of artists and writers, and particularly of a celebrated violinist who gave him code-signals with his music, as he played at the open window of a house opposite the hospital. When the proper moment was indicated by the violinist, Kropotkin made a dash for the gates, outside of which his friends were waiting for him in a closed carriage, and fled to London. Here he began to write literary essays and revolutionary pamphlets, smuggling them into Russia with the help of sailors and business men. Like Bakunin, he participated in the European revolutionary movements on a larger scale. In 1882 he was asked to help the strike of the French weavers in Lyons, and he came to France to lecture for their cause The French Government arrested him and sentenced him to five years' imprisonment. An appeal signed by Victor Hugo, Zola, Herbert Spencer, Swinburne and other prominent artists of France and England had no influence. Ultimately he was released in 1886, and since then he has made London his headquarters. Prince Kropotkin has written a number of brilliant books, essays and the memoirs of his life, most of which are published in English.

Next to these two celebrated leaders of Russian revolution, we could name at least a hundred or more heroic figures, all of whom have been either journalists, artists, novelists, dramatists or scholars. Not one of them is a professional politician or leader of a labor organization. Take, for instance, Nicholas Morozoff, whose books on chemistry, physics and mathematics class him with the foremost scholars of Europe, and we find that he was kept for twenty-five years a prisoner in solitary confinement in the fortress of Schluesselburg, for his active part in the revolutionary propaganda with Nicholas Tschaikowsky. Morozoff was still alive in 1917.

The participants in the Russian revolution were not only men but also women-authors, women-writers and women-artists. Miss Vera Figner and Mme. Vera Sussulitch were the most popular figures. While Mme. Sussulitch published a remarkable book on the life of the exiles in Sibera, for which she was persecuted and arrested, Vera Figner was the sister of the most celebrated opera singer of Russia, and an artist herself of great talents. Young girls when they began their crusade, they were arrested and kept in solitary confinement, the former fifteen, the latter seventeen years—and then they were sent to Siberia, where they were kept until they were aged, gray-haired and broken in health. Mme. Catherine Breshkowskaya, the so-called Grandmother of Revolution, and Maria Spiridonova are the two next more or less conspicuous women figures of similar type.

TAKEN as a whole, Russia has been thrown into the prevailing agony and chaos by her artists and authors, students and dreamers, but not by any precalculated plans of politicians; thus she can be saved from further sufferings by the same kind of minds and efforts, as perhaps the immediate future may prove. Out of the ruins of the past traditions may yet rise new life and new art, as art has been always such a vital force of Russia's national culture for so many generations.



CREWELSTITCH SOFA WITH DROP ARMS

H. F. Huber & Co.
13 East 40th St.
New York

Decorations
Furniture
Draperies
Antiques

FACTORY:
18th to 19th Sts., Ave. C
WORKROOMS:
551 W. 42nd St.
PARIS:
18 Faubourg Poissonnière

MISS SWIFT

11 EAST 55TH STREET
NEW YORK

INTERIOR
DECORATIONS

FURNITURE, HANGINGS,
MATERIALS, WALL AND
FLOOR COVERINGS

MANTEL ORNAMENTS,
DECORATIVE PAINTINGS

SPECIALTIES IN BOUDOIR
FURNISHINGS, LAMPS,
SHADES AND MIRRORS

Decorative Screens

Rare and exclusive designs, antique and modern.

Exquisite Mirrors

Unusually smart incised and colored glass framed mirrors.

GEORGE ROETZEL

Antiques

PLAZA
8961

500 MADISON AVE.
Corner 52nd Street
NEW YORK

The

NEW SCHOOL
DESIGN • • • PAINTING
and ILLVSTRATION

Commercial Illustration, Poster Advertising, Lettering, Book Illustration and Decoration, Cartooning, Stage and Costume Design, Fashion Drawing, Interior Decoration, Wall Paper and Textile Design, Drawing and Painting.

Two Years' Diploma Course—Day and Evening Classes

Before Deciding Your Winter Plans Send for Illustrated Catalogue

DOUGLAS JOHN CONNAH, Director

248 BOYLSTON STREET
BOSTON MASSACHVSETTS

The Philadelphia Art Galleries
AND AUCTION ROOMS

So. E. Cor. 15th and Chestnut Sts. Philadelphia, Pa.

REED H. WALMER, Auctioneer

Weekly Public Sales of

Important Art, Furniture and Ceramics

Estates and Consignments Solicited

PERMANENT EXHIBITION

Appraisals of Art and Literary Property, Jewels and Personal Effects of every description for Inheritance Tax and other purposes.

Random Notes from the World of Art

The New Symphony Orchestra

ARTUR BODANZKY, in preparing for the rehearsals of American music with which he expects to stimulate the activities of native composers, has given recognition to the importance of feminine influence in orchestral and other musical circles by inviting three women to become members of the committee which will hear the compositions played. These women are Miss Katherine Wright of the music staff of the *Tribune;* Mrs. Sigmund Spaeth, of the *Evening Mail,* and Mrs. Grena Bennett, of the *New York American.*

Three rehearsals of the New Symphony Orchestra of the Musicians' New Orchestra Society, of which Mr. Bodanzky is conductor and which next season will be known as the National Symphony Orchestra, will be set aside for the hearing of works selected from the great number submitted. These rehearsals will be held in Carnegie Hall some time between April 16 and 25. It is said enough compositions worthy of a hearing are contained in those offered to occupy twenty rehearsals, but since only three were allotted to the purpose when the competition was announced, only selected compositions from this smaller number can be presented.

The masculine members of the committee are Fran Damrosch, Lawrence Gilman, Rubin Goldmark, Maurice Halperson, James Gibbons Huneker, Charles D. Isaacson, Fritz Kreisler, Frans Kneisel, Alexander Lambert, Leonard Liebling, Francis Macmillen, Daniel Gregory Mason, W. Percival Monger, H. V. Osgood, O. G. Sonneck, Jacques Thibaud, Albert Wolff and Edward Ziegler.

National Museum Exhibits of Value to Designers

THE United States National Museum at Washington contains many collections and exhibitions rich in interest and value for the designer working in textiles, costumes, arts and crafts, and in other phases of decorative art. The economic value of museums in this respect is coming to be realized more and more by designers as the demand increases for unique and unusual designs. In the National Museum the forms of decorative art shown cover geographically practically every part of the globe, and in point of time, from crude prehistoric beginnings of art down to the present.

Decorative designs of the Orient are beautifully shown in a collection of real Oriental rugs. Large collections showing native applications of decorative art in various parts of the world are full of suggestions of unusual and original designs, especially those from Scandinavia and the Balkans. In the latter region, where art is practically universal, we find preserved the designs of the ancient world.

A large display of laces, embroideries, brocades, silks, etc. show the widest range in color and design. These fabrics made up into costumes worn during the various periods of our country's history from the early days down to the present, make up another collection rich in interest to costume designers. Finally, the largest collections of all, and those which contain motives and designs of truly American origin, are the unexcelled exhibitions of American Indian weaving basketry, and pottery. There is an increasing demand for a native American art in decorative work, and this is furnished in the widest variety of form and color in the work of the native American Indian.

The Turkish Boudoir of the Palace of Fontainebleau

THIS charming room, which has rested almost unknown to the visitors and students of Fontainebleau, can be dated probably about 1768.

The author of the wood-carvings was Antoine Rousseau, who repeated some of the *motifs* ten years later at the Opera of Versailles. The decorative paintings were the work of François Vernet, while Gouthière executed the remarkable bronzes of the fireplace.

An English Author on the United States

HUGH WALPOLE, who has been lecturing for some months in this country, urges Americans to send their authors to England to lecture, as the English writers have been coming over here in large numbers during the last two or three years. He says that he has reaped three great rewards from his trip: "The first is a sense of America's size, the second an experience of America's kindness of heart, the third is a composite picture of the American. I shall never, until I die, get America out of my blood. Part of America is now in me; I can love her and hate her and be loved and hated in return, but I can never again be entirely a foreigner."

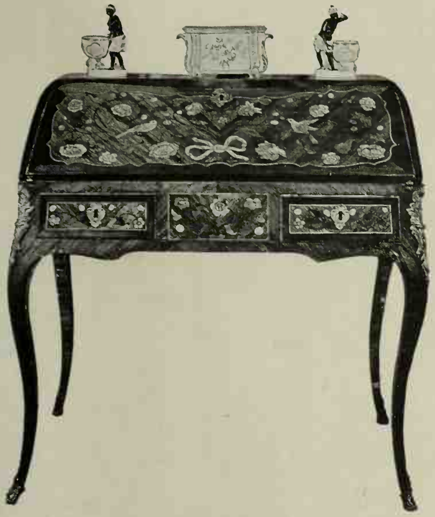
George Moore Again

WE have not yet received our two-guinea copy of Mr. George Moore's "Avowals," but we have the English *Review's* word that it deals neither with muslin, women, sculpture nor dogs. Under the heading, "Mr. George Moore Abdicates," the *Review* echoes the report already heralded widely in America that "now and hereafter Mr. Moore is a monk dwelling in the monastery of art."

ELSIE DE WOLFE

TWO WEST FORTY-SEVENTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Interior Decorations · Antique Furniture · Objets d'Art



Very fine old inlaid French Marquetry writing desk.
Height 34″ Width 33″ Depth 18″

THERE is being exhibited an interesting collection of Venetian Objects of Art, which has just been received from Miss de Wolfe, who is now in Europe.

LANS

ANTIQUES

From old England, a most interesting and unusual collection of Queen Anne and William and Mary Walnut Furniture. Old Oak Dressers, Gate Leg Tables, Joint Stools, Cupboards, Lead Garden Ornaments, Colored Glass, Fireplace Decorations.

From France comes a really magnificent collection of old needlework covered furniture of the periods of Louis XV and XVI, including armchairs, love seats and chaise longues. Also a group of commodes, tables and secretaires of unusual beauty and character. Lovers of old French furniture will be enchanted by this noteworthy exhibition.

The center of this charming group is a Louis XV commode, of the period, of tulip wood with ormolu mountings. On each side a distinguished Louis XV petit point armchair in walnut. A pair of Louis XVI crystal candelabras with amethyst-hued pendants.

554 Madison Ave. Corner 55th Street New York
Branch: 406 Madison Ave. Bet. 47th and 48th Sts.
PARIS: 32 FAUBOURG POISSONIERE

DARNLEY *Inc.*

DECORATIVE OBJECTS
FOR THE
TOWN OR COUNTRY HOUSE

34 EAST 48TH STREET NEW YORK

No. 53101 Window Box filled with Artificial Begonias, blooming Geranium Sprays and Drooping English Ivy Vines, 42 x 27 inches, complete, $12.50.

This Window Box can be used for Proscenium Arches, on top of Show Cases, Cashier Booths, Walls, etc. Ask for our catalogue No. 11, illustrated in colors, free for the asking.

FRANK NETSCHERT, 61 Barclay St., New York

DIXON'S ELDORADO is made in 17 leads—one for every need or preference.

SAMPLE OFFER
Write to us on your letterhead, tell us the kind of work you do, and we will mail you full-length free samples of the pencils best suited to your particular needs. Also write for interesting free booklet—"FINDING YOUR PENCIL."

The artist who uses DIXON'S ELDORADO need never worry about the plate. Its lines show up refreshingly clear and distinct even in high-light halftones.

DIXON'S ELDORADO

"the master drawing pencil"

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
PENCIL DEPT. 162-J, JERSEY CITY, N. J.
Canadian Distributors
A. R. MacDougall & Co., Ltd., Toronto

What America Is Doing With Silk

(*Continued from page 25*)

silk designs may be taken. To avoid a copy of the silks of other days is one of the ambitions, and to reflect instead the art movement of the day.

With this in mind, came the idea of copying the wonders of stained glass as a design for printed silks of the lighter kind and the gauzy fabric commonly called georgette. The inspiration came from the window of Chaucer in Westminster Abbey, from which was copied the procession of the Canterbury Pilgrims as they ride forth on their quest. The strong lines of the leading are all included, and therein lies the strength and daring of the adaptation. These eccentric lines of correction give character and keep the pictorial element from too great prominence, also they give a startlingly modern effect of futurism to the pattern.

Interesting it is to note that France is now beginning to use as motifs for silk designs the remains of glass from her shattered cathedrals. But we did it first, say the triumphant designers of America.

Upholstery velvets as made by the Cheneys are wonders of weaving. To the uninitiated, velvet is simply velvet and not a bewildering material of glossy lights and silken shadows, a material that can hang soft as wood nymphs' tresses or stand heavily alone, dignified as the Doges who wore it. It is a fabric of an infinite subtlety in weaving, all the more so when unmarked by any pattern. In the ancient velvets which are copied today there is the Sixteenth Century velvet, as luxurious and magnificent as the times in which it was made, the pale golden tint of the web glowing beneath the rich pile. As though to show better this golden tint, the pile is longer and sparser than that of more modern make, with a delightful irregularity of spacing that announces the fact that it is hand woven.

This is the velvet with which old palaces and cathedrals were hung, and which we associate with glowing shades of ruby and rose. Some of it had the fine irregular streaks of paler color, the weave which we call *strié*, with lines which seem to have been a fortunate accident rather than a deliberate intent. But that is where the cleverness of the ancient weaver was shown, in getting a play of light and shade on a plain surface. These things, as well as the short-piled Eighteenth Century velvets of close weave and delicious colors, are well imitated in our American mills.

The colorful style of the modernist painter has found its way into a series of printed designs which the Cheneys are producing. The scheme is a new one—to reproduce on a fabric a combination of scenes taken from a picturesque land and to print these scenes in colors appropriate to the art of that country. Spain is depicted with a gorgeous palette, in a succession of views including bullfighters in the ring, gay Mayas coquetting with fans, groups of ancient Moorish architecture. France displays scenes of a carnival in the Eighteenth Century, gay with garden scenes and pretty toilettes, while over all is sprinkled bright dots of flying confetti. Egypt shows natives of tropic suggestion, palm trees and the sphynx. India reveals the surpassing beauty of her temples and gardens.

Great originality is displayed by the artist, and the treatment has great charm as well as the daring vivacity of the modern school. That these patterns are for decorative purposes it is scarcely necessary to add.

Apart from the field of design, certain desirable qualities are being developed in silks for practical wear. The specialists who work at producing the ideal in the laboratories of the J. A. Migel Silk Company have turned their attention to wash silks for summer sport skirts. Every woman knows the charm of such a skirt; every woman knows the chagrin of seeing it soiled. Under the name of Fan-Ta-Si is to be found a white silk that washes like a handkerchief and can be thrown into the family wash for freshening. Even the achievement of Luther Burbank in making strawberries grow on raspberry bushes, pales before this accomplishment of making satin a silk for hard, practical use.

Can Musical Talents Be Measured?

(*Continued from page 29*)

in his orchestration? And how would Beethoven have acquitted himself, who, as his sketchbooks show, worked with painful slowness to an ultimate incomparable perfection? Doubtless the author would answer such criticism quite justly by saying that his tests were not intended for the higher faculties, but for the innate gifts, and that in these a Schumann and a Beethoven would be enough above the average to be caught in the dragnet. But one could wish that he had reiterated and emphasized the distinction as it deserves; for in these days, when all conditions make so fatally against the deeper and more thoughtful element in music, it would be a pity for science to add its weight in the same direction.

Nevertheless Professor Seashore has made a highly original contribution to both the psychology and the philosophy of musical art.

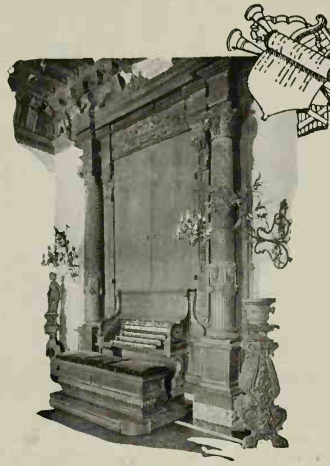
The WELTE Philharmonic Organ

The ONLY reproducing pipe-organ made

A SUPREME thought of beauty and of enjoyment for a fine residence. One which instantly finds favor with people of culture and of means sufficient to afford this luxury.

The Welte Philharmonic Organ delights the accomplished organist as well as the tyro; for the one finds perfect response in the Welte's tones and manipulation, while the other enjoys his own rendition of famous masters by means of a Roll and using the control devices, or he can enjoy the masterful playing of some of the greatest organists with the wonderful Welte Reproducing device and specially recorded Welte Reproducing Rolls.

Upon request, we will send a folio showing Welte installations.



Welte Philharmonic Organ installation in the residence of James Deering, Miami, Fla.

M. Welte & Sons
667 Fifth Avenue
New York

The Herter Looms, Inc.

841 Madison Avenue, New York City

INTERIOR DECORATIONS

ANTIQUE FURNITURE
REPRODUCTIONS
SPECIAL FURNITURE
DECORATIVE PAINTINGS
TAPESTRIES :: RUGS
LAMPS AND SHADES
PAINTED FURNITURE
HAND WOVEN TEXTILES

Also 251 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.

VALIANT
ESTABLISHED 1874

Interior Decorations and Furnishings

A Charming Decorative Sofa in Antique Jade and Mauve

We have a beautiful showing of chintz prints on cotton and linen and furnishings in the lighter vein, demanded this time of the year for the country house.

THE J. G. VALIANT COMPANY

J. W. Valiant, President
224 N. Charles Street

Wm. J. MacMullin, Phila. Director
1718 Chestnut Street

BALTIMORE PHILADELPHIA

Di Salvo
Brothers
Importers of
Antiques

Shakespearian Relic, Exhibited in the Poet's Birthplace from before 1793 to August, 1819. An Authentic Piece.

Madison Avenue at 50th Street
New York City

A Year's Additions to the Public Library's Print Collection

THE annual exhibition of "recent additions" to the Prints Division of the New York Public Library is of the usual and natural miscellaneous character. Its very variety emphasizes the inclusiveness of such a public print collection, the varied interests which it meets.

Important groups are formed by accessions to the Avery and the Cadwalader collections. The latter has been enriched notably by those wonderful woodcut illustrations to the Apocalypse, by Durer, that magnificent and impressive series, "abounding in vitality and dramatic invention," as Campbell Dodgson says. They form an effective centre around which are grouped Durer's engraving "Adam and Eve" and the woodcuts "Virgin and the Many Angels," "Martyrdom of Early Christians," and "Siege of a Town." Other additions to the collection of old prints are: Leyden's "Temptation of St. Anthony," Stimmer's "End of the Jewish Kingdom," J. Van Assen's "Christ on the Cross," A. Spingler's "Creation," a chiaroscuro ("Neptune") by Goltzius, Mantegna's "Scourging of Christ," one of the "Baldini" Dante illustrations, Rembrandt's "Amsterdam" and "Dessinateur d'après le modele," and Callot's "Tour de Nesle." A group of Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century engravers includes Pitau, Van Schuppen, Vorsterman, Hondius, J. Smith, J. Beckett and our own John Norman ("Battle of Bunker Hill"). A number of these are gifts from Cortlandt F. Bishop, Mrs. C. S. Fairchild, Mr. Herbert Adams Mrs. A. S. Sullivan and Mr George H. Sullivan.

To the Avery collection hav been added etchings by Steinle ("Les trois compagnons"), Pau Du Pont ("Workhorses") and F W. Benson ("The Alarm"); twenty-two etchings by various artist after Delacroix; two woodcuts b Ruzicka, and lithographs by Pryse Jones and Nevinson. America etching is represented by: J. T Arms, W. B. Closson, Paul Dougherty, Eugene Higgins, Thomas Moran, V. Pandolfi, C. A. Platt, J Reich, W. G. Reindel, R. Ruzicka H. B. Shope, J. C. Vondrous Emily B. Waite. American wood engraving by W. Bobett, Hele Hyde (seventeen pieces which forn a sort of memorial exhibition), J. J Lankes, J. J. A. Murphy, F. Treidler (linoleum cut). American lithography by Bolton Brown, W. M Hunt, Wm. Oberhardt.

One of E. D. French's elaborately fine certificate plates is here, an that famous wood-engraving in th steel-plate manner by Wm. Harve after B. R. Haydon, "Assassinatio of L. S. Dentatus." There ar book-plates by C. Bragdon, A. J. Brown, G. W. Edwards, W. E Fisher, E. H. Garrett, N. Hurd, A N. Macdonald, Ruzicke, W. F Schoonmaker, S. L. Smith. Othe specialties include a selection fro a lot of one hundred Eighteent Century line engravings, colored, o the kind used in the "peep-shows of old, of interest not artistic bu historical. The sporting lithograp of other days is also seen.

For the Music League of the People's Institute

UNDER the impetus given by the arrival of spring weather the Music League of the People's Institute and the committee associated with it have redoubled their efforts to prepare for the series of concerts to be given in the Lewisohn Stadium of the College of the City of New York by the National Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Walter Henry Rothwell. They will begin about June 15 and continue ten weeks. It is estimated that not less than 350,000 persons will hear the programmes, and the number may exceed half a million, basing figures on the growth of audiences there during the last two summer seasons.

Sub-committees of the genera committee have been formed an are meeting daily under the direc tion of their chairmen. The larg committee includes Mmes. Wir throp Chanler, Newbold LeRo Edgar, Charles Dana Gibsor Charles S. Guggenheimer, Arthu M. Reis, Francis Rogers, Arthu Sachs, Charles H. Senff and Wi lard D. Straight, Miss Helen Lov Miss Florence MacMillen, General T. Coleman du Pont, Artu Bodanzky, John W. Frothinghan Lawrence Gilman, Adolph Lewisohn, Clarence H. Mackay, Edwar F. Sanderson and Felix M. Wa burg.

Help in Decoration by Correspondence

THE editors of ARTS & DECORATION invite correspondence from any of their readers who may be in doubt concerning matters of furnishing and decoration. Little doubts as to color, fabrics and furniture often arise which our experts would be glad to discuss, if the matter is laid before them through correspondence. Such le ters would have the attention our experts. It must be understo that this relates to minor problem and that in the case of larger an more important matters we woul refer the writer to decorating firr of unquestioned ability.

John H. Hutaff · inc.

101 Park Ave at 40th St. · New York

Decorations
Furniture
Hangings
Antiques

S. JAY STIEBEL

Oriental Art

31 West 47th St. New York, N.Y.

Chinese Porcelains
Chinese Jades
Chinese Brocades
Chinese Rugs
Chinese Teakwood

Japanese Prints
Japanese Bronzes
Japanese Embroideries
Japanese Kimonos
Japanese Screens

ORIENTAL INTERIORS

Early English Cabinet in Oak, 2 chairs, Italian type, covered with embroidered red velvet.

A. Lowenbein's Sons, Inc.

581 MADISON AVE., Between 56th and 57th Sts.
NEW YORK

For Sixty Years this Firm has Designed and Executed

ORIGINAL DECORATIVE INTERIORS

meeting in distinctive forms, the social and home requirements of the most discriminating clientele. Especial designing of furniture, draperies, etc.

Here, indeed, is a unique enclosure treatment, as well as a happy use for a niche.

Radiator Obtrusiveness
Its Solution

HERE is one of at least twenty-one happy solutions for overcoming radiator obtrusiveness.

Solutions that insure you the comforts of radiator heats, without their objections.

This one above, and all the other ones, we are now showing in a delightful booklet, just from the press. Its title is: "About Radiator Enclosures, Especially the Radi-Grille."

It treats of everything from the simplest of enclosures to those of ingenious adaptations in special designs.

Fortunately for you, the suggestions are about divided for new houses and old.

Your request for this booklet would be most welcome.

TUTTLE & BAILEY MFG CO.
2 WEST 45TH STREET
NEW YORK

The Golden Orient on the Western Stage

(*Continued from page 32*)

Richepin, Boucicault, Silvestre and Moreau, Max Reinhardt, Knoblauch and the rest have yet achieved. There must be plays in "The Arabian Nights," in the grand legend of Gautama Buddha, and above all the amazing tale of the strange, bloody Indian mutiny. I know of two attempts, at least, to deal with Buddha which should appeal to Broadway managers. And "Jessie Brown" was but a fingerpost to point the way.

HEYSE and Maeterlinck, and many more, have written plays about the Magdalene. But they were hampered, like all modern authors, by being forced to keep Christ off the stage. Heyse dared more than most in "Mary of Magdala." "Ben Hur" referred to Christ, at various points. But one bright ray of light was all we saw. The prejudice against the use of Christ as a stage character is not, in the full sense, a Christian prejudice. Most Catholics find nothing odious or irreverent in the stage presentation of the "Saviour's Passion." While once, at least, Christ actually appeared in opera—and sang (or, to be accurate, intoned) one vital episode. This happened about twenty years ago, in a lyric drama known as "Il Battista." The composer (and librettist) was a priest (Dom Fino), and the late Pope (a good and pious soul) approved the work, which he would have much liked to see performed here.

The East in opera. It is "to laugh." If Western drama has distorted it, what crimes, what cheap and rank inanities, has opera not committed when it meets the East? From "Achebar, Roi de Mogol," the dull lyric tragedy of another priest, the Abbé Mailly, produced close onto three centuries ago, not in Rome or Paris, but at Carpentras, to the "Semiramide" of Rossini, the "Herodiade" and "Roi de Lahore" of Massenet, and the "Samson et Dalila" of Saint-Saëns, most operas "inspired" by Eastern themes have been conventional, theatric, meretricious, vain and shallow.

In Italy composers frankly used such dramatic figures as Semiramis and Mahomet as handy pretexts for their trills and florid airs. The Salome and Herodias, heard in Massenet's often sweet and pleasing opera, were vehicles for unblushing Western sensuousness. French Orientalism is, at most, conventional. Even Henry Hadley (whom we could not call a genius) caught the trick of it in his most recent work.

The choruses in "Samson et Dalila" were not really Eastern. Nor did the ballets in that effective composition more than suggest, in a most artificial way, the modes and rhythms of real Oriental dances. They were as far away from Palestine—from Asia—as the delightful songs of Sullivan's "Mikado," or the love duos of Puccini's "Madama Butterfly," are from Nippon. Saint-Saëns may know much about the East, for he has lived in Egypt. But what he knows he does not put into his scores—he is too wise for that. For, if he did, his music would be scouted. "Salome"? It is hot, and strange and sensual. But does it even hint at Orientalism? The Indra's Heaven disclosed in Massenet's Hindu opera might suit Parisians. But would Hindus not have scoffed at it?

The "Armide" of Gluck was equally absurd though very charming, with its pure suave tones, interpreting enchantments and romance. Gluck did not worry about Eastern modes. He wrote his music as his moods compelled. Nor is the India of our age or any earlier age suggested, even faintly, by Délibes in his engaging, although rather weakly, "Lakme."

At this moment, with the exception of an old *singspieloper* known to our fathers as "The Barber of Bagdad," I can remember only one important opera which had at certain points an Oriental flavor: Rabaud's "Marouf," produced with some success, two years ago, at the Metropolitan. In "Marouf" the composer cast away the conventions of French Orientalism. He turned his back on all the French musicians but Félicien David, who, in "Le Désert" (a cantata), had voiced the East.

LIKE many others, he had found a theme to suit him in "The Arabian Nights," in the tale of an extremely wicked cobbler who, though unfaithful to his wife and a sad liar, somehow contrives to hold one's sympathetic interest. The libretto was unquestionably Eastern, as to its substance and at times as to its form. Moreover before putting pen to paper, M. Rabaud had studied Eastern music closely. Though not a genius, he was a distinguished artist, intelligent and erudite, but never dry-as-dust. He had dug into the folk songs of Cairo and he had learned the color values of such instruments as Arab drums and hautboys. None who have ever heard those drums and hautboys can forget them. They haunt one.

And, as it is, he has all but attained the end he had in view when he sat down to woo his Oriental muse. In many episodes, his setting of his theme has genuine character. It is not, like the "Herodiade" of Massenet, all make-believe, or, like the "Aben Hamet" o Dubois, purely conventional. Bu it lacks unity. It harks back, in the last of its four acts, to Richard Wagner. We have not ye had one inspired musician to wed West with East.

Painted Satinwood Settee (circa 1770)

FRANK PARTRIDGE
INCORPORATED

OLD ENGLISH FURNITURE

CHINESE PORCELAINS and JADES
TAPESTRIES
WORKS OF ART

26 King Street, St. James's
LONDON

6 West Fifty-sixth Street
NEW YORK

Residence of Francis A. Nelson, Architect, Upper Montclair, New Jersey. On the exterior, hand-hewn cypress shingles are used, stained with Old Virginia White. Roof stained with Cabot's Creosote Stains.

Cabot's Old Virginia White
The Clean, Brilliant "Whitewash-white"

Old Virginia White has real distinction. It is a softer but brighter white than paint, and its texture is essentially different. It is as handsome as new whitewash and as lasting as paint—though cheaper. It has the genuine old Colonial effect and when combined with

Cabot's Creosote Stains

on the roof the result is so thoroughly harmonious and distinguished that the house is sure to represent the latest and best in exterior decoration.

You can get Cabot's goods all over the country. Send for our color-chart of 64 color-combinations, stained wood samples and name of nearest agent.

SAMUEL CABOT, Inc., *Mfg. Chemists*
14 Oliver Street Boston
525 Market St., San Francisco 24 W. Kinzie St., Chicago

5-2

VENUS PENCILS

The Largest Selling Quality Pencil in the World

Free from all mechanical defects, **VENUS** Pencils are perfect tools for easy, quick, soul-satisfying work. Their superb unvarying quality has made their name synonymous with Pencil Perfection in every corner of the civilized world.

17 black degrees, 3 copying

For bold heavy lines, **6B-5B-4B-3B**
For general writing and sketching, **2B-B-HB-F-H**
For clean fine lines, **2H-3H-4H-5H-6H**
For delicate thin lines, **7H-8H-9H**

Plain ends, per doz.	**$1.00**
Rubber ends, per doz.	**1.20**

At stationers and stores throughout the world.

American Lead Pencil Co.
234 Fifth Avenue
New York
and London, Eng.

Tudor-stone
Roofing Slate

AS USED ON RESIDENCE OF MR. B. F. HERMAN,
TARRYTOWN, N. Y.
MR. EUGENE J. LANG, ARCHITECT

RISING & NELSON SLATE CO.
WEST PAWLET, VERMONT
Architects' Service Dept., 101 Park Ave., N. Y. City
Since 1869 Miners and Makers of Roofing Slate
CHICAGO :: BOSTON

M. DE ZAYAS
549 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

PAINTINGS BY

COURBET RENOIR MATISSE
MANET CEZANNE PICASSO
DEGAS GAUGUIN DAVIES

ASIATIC ARTS

MRS. MUCHMORE
CONSULTING DECORATOR
TWENTY EAST FIFTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

CALIFORNIA STUDIO
THE CHATEAU
TWO THOUSAND FOUR
HUNDRED AND TWO
HIGHLAND AVENUE.
HOLLYWOOD

Kiyochika Kobayashi

(Continued from page 34)

It seems that his artistic mind was nursed wisely or foolishly, sometimes by Chingaku, sometimes by Zeshin, and sometimes by Kyosai; but his artistically irresponsible roguishness soon made him adopt a vagabond life, now in the snowy North, then on the singing billows with uncouth naked fishermen, when the death of his father obliged him to experience, as the legal heir, official tyranny from the disagreeable contact with his superiors. He was of a Samurai family of some lower class, like the First Hiroshige. When he was wandering in the Northern wilderness, his reckless spirit made him join at once with the feudal army who were fighting against the Imperial flag, only to hasten the Restoration; he followed the last Shogun to Shizuoka. Being called again by a wanderer's freedom, it is said that he formed a troup of fencers for public performance, with whom he led a lawless life till he arrived at Nagoya by the Tokaido road famous in Hiroshige's color-prints. He was alone in his wandering in Ise Province as his troup had already disbanded; and it is said that it was somewhere in this province that he saw for the first time a Western picture of a landscape, perhaps a steel engraving or color reproduction, whose extraordinarily strong impression upon his mind inspired him later on to issue the series of the "Views of Tokyo."

WHEN he returned to Tokyo in 1871 or 1872, he found the new Capital with a strange and curious aspect from its sudden surrender to the West; it seems that his artistic curiosity, ever so hungry for a new sensation, must have been well satisfied by those striking changes that the Western winds brought. His sensitive temperament that had been growing mor sensitive from his long wanderin made him grasp the flexible minut ness of the Western art which h studied under a certain Wagma for two years; but when he returne again to his original Japanese ar the Western technique which h had learned from his foreign teach er helped it to gesticulate mor freely and impressively.

HE called his newly invented a the "Sunlight Picture"; he dul persuaded in 1874 Ohira, then well-known color-print publisher a Ryogoku, and later on Gusokuy another publisher in Ningyocho, t issue the said series of the "View of Tokyo." The prints that wer published by Ohira between 187 and 1876, small in number, nov quite rare, show a far more marke Western influence than his late productions, in their coy prudenc with the matter of light an shadow, in a suspicious particularit of observation and in youthful am bition; most of them are pictur of daylight. He gradually lost h Western affection in the work h published after 1876 or 1877; seems that his poetical audacity i using the material limitations of th color-print made him successful, a in the case of the First Hiroshig in many nocturnal sketches whe his art and technique gladly blend ed in one music. As I said befor the manner of the light's reflectio on the ground or river, the variou forms of clouds, sometimes wit spilled gleam, are an artistic exper ence that the First Hiroshige neve dreamed of; what I want to empha size about Kiyochika's work is hi pictorial expression of the new feel ing of the city people of forty year ago, wildly eager for wonder an excitement, therefore restless an sometimes treacherous.

The Profession and Business of Decorating

(Continued from page 26)

said: "An artist, whether in music, painting or literature, is a shopkeeper in disguise. He hides his shop, and pretends it does not exist, but he is essentially a shopkeeper, and none the worse for that trade alloy. In like manner the professed shopkeeper has often a touch of the artist in him, which he tries to conceal in his turn. Today the artist and the business man are like matter and mind. In each there is an alloy of the other."

There is no more reason why sound business capacity should be foreign to the artist, whether he is a painter or an interior decorator, than that artistic ideals should be foreign to the business man.

Perhaps it is the ignoring of business principles which permits the pseudo-decorator with "drag" to place those of high accomplish ments and standing at a disadvan tage.

The attitude of the Metropoli tan Museum of Art was the sub ject on which its president, Mr Robert W. DeForest, dwelt in ad dressing the decorators. To de scribe the cordial intent of the Mu seum staff, he said that decorator would always find everything ope to their use, and that could the not find what they sought, the were to ask help from the Directo of the Museum; failing there, the were to apply to Mr. Kent; fail ing there, they might seek him, Mr DeForest. In other words, the So ciety of Decorators was to feel tha the Museum stood with them, t co-operate in all matters.

Ventilator Cooling Porch

The Only Shade Made With A Ventilator

Self-Hanging
Vudor
Ventilating
Porch Shades

ENCLOSED with Vudor Ventilating Porch Shades, your porch becomes a delightful place in which to enjoy the out-of-doors all summer long. They give you a sleeping-porch also without added expense. You can see passers-by but they cannot see you.

Vudor Porch Shades are made of wood slats beautifully stained in permanent colors. Ventilator woven in the top—an exclusive Vudor feature—gives perfect ventilation. Write for color illustrations and the name of your local dealer.

HOUGH SHADE CORPORATION
274 Mills Street Janesville, Wisconsin

SELF-HANGING
Vudor
VENTILATING PORCH SHADES

Hand-Made Morocco Carpets

BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS
DAZZLING VARIETIES

Straight from the Arabian Looms

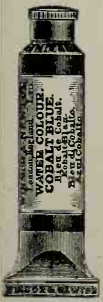
Carefully selected for the American taste by our experts at

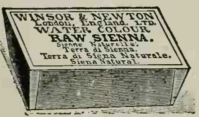
Rabat, Saleh, Fez, Marakech, etc.

Shipped direct by

G. V. BOLAND, Tangier

Telegraphic Address: BOLAND, Tangier
A B C, Fifth Edition, Code used Terms 50% cash with orders


WINSOR & NEWTON
London England
WATER COLOUR
COBALT BLUE.
Bleu de Cobalt.
Kobaltblau.
Bleu di Cobalto.
Azul Cobalto.
WINSOR & NEWTON


WINSOR & NEWTON
London, England. LTD.
WATER COLOUR
RAW SIENNA.
Sienne Naturelle.
Terra di Sienna.
Terra di Siena Naturale.
Siena Natural.

WINSOR & NEWTON'S *Prepared*
Moist Water Colours

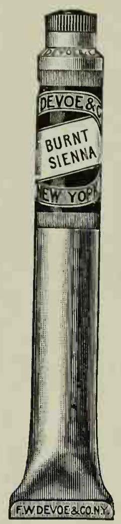
Artistic conception and permanence of colour is only possible by using Winsor & Newton colours—
It's a lasting satisfaction!

Studio & Artists' Oil Colours
If colours could be made any better, we would make them.

Artists' Canvas, Oils and Varnishes, Lexington Sketch Boxes, Artists' Smocks, Mandarin Drawing Inks.

Everything for the artist, but only the best
Ask your dealer or write for Art Catalog "A"

WINSOR & NEWTON INC.
TRADE MARK
"ARS PROBAT ARTIFICEM"
31 East 17th St.
NEW YORK, N.Y.


DEVOE & Co
BURNT SIENNA
NEW YORK
F.W. DEVOE & CO. N.Y.

ARTISTS
Your Achievements—

Remain permanent records, only so long as the pigments you employ remain constant.

It is significant that the name DEVOE has gained renown along with the many artists who secured their first artists' materials of DEVOE.

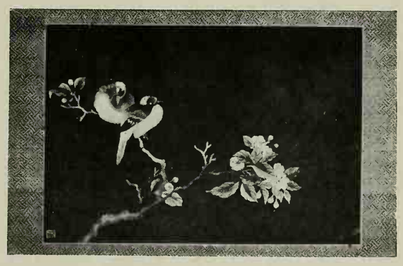
Scientific research and thorough attention to the most minute detail have always attended the production of our "Artists' Oil Colors." There is a close unity of consistency in DEVOE pigments, permitting of greater freedom of application. Many years of color making have taught us how.

Write us freely for expert information on our colors, whether it be theoretical, chemical or pertaining to the practical application of color.

Manufacturers of
Oil and Water Colors, Canvas, Brushes, and other materials required by the profession.

The Oldest Color Makers in America
Established 1754

DEVOE & RAYNOLDS CO., Inc.
NEW YORK
CHICAGO KANSAS CITY NEW ORLEANS



南
通

EXAMPLES OF THE EMBROIDERER'S ART
FROM CHINA

EXECUTED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF MADAME YU, ONE-TIME INSTRUCTRESS OF EMBROIDERY TO THE IMPERIAL FAMILY

Screens Mandarin Coats Cushions
Hangings Wall Panels Coverlets
Pictorial Embroideries

If you cannot call, send for details to

THE NANTOON EMBROIDERY AND LACE WORKS
721A FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

NANTOON

AT THE SIGN OF LEONARDO
For Votaries of the Distinguished and Princely in Life. Lovers of the Rich and Rare
Leonardo da Vinci 1452-1519

The SĀVŌ Steel
ALL-YEAR-ROUND
FLOWER and PLANT BOX

SELF-WATERING
and SUB-IRRIGATING
Leak Proof and Rust Proof

Move Savo boxes indoors or out and have beautiful flowers and plants the year around.

Write for Free Booklet

SĀVŌ MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. K, 39 S. LaSalle St., Chicago

Lillian Lawrence Interior Decorator
TEL.5281 CIRCLE
50 WEST 56th ST
New York

LAMP SHADES
PAINTED FURNITURE
SCREENS, TRAYS
SCRAP BASKETS
DESK SETS

The Louis XIV Antique Co.

Curiosities, Objets d'Art
Interior Decorations
Laces, Paintings, Porcelains
Draperies, Old Chintzes
Antique Jewels
Chinese Carvings

Nine East Fifty-fifth St.
New York

GENUINE NAVAJO RUGS
Direct from the Indians to you

I am in the heart of the Indian country. Have been trading with the Navajo Indians for sixteen years. Can buy the best rugs direct from the Indians

EACH RUG ACCOMPANIED BY THE U. S. INDIAN AGENT'S GUARANTEE THAT IT IS A GENUINE NAVAJO INDIAN RUG

Send for descriptive booklet and price list

W. S. DALTON
Lock Box 277 Gallup, New Mexico

Removal Announcement

LOWER Fifth Avenue and the firm of Gilman Collamore & Co. are synonymous in the development of this great thoroughfare, in that they have grown together from the early days of New York. Following the progressive and up-town trend of the town, we will in the near future leave 30th St. and 5th Ave. and move to our

New Building, 15 East 56th St.

Preparatory to Removal we have made Special Reductions on the larger part of our stock of

CHINA and GLASSWARE

including many choice pieces of Porcelain (English, French, and Chinese makes).

While present stocks are complete, we would urge early selections. Purchases made now can be held for delivery up to July 15.

Gilman Collamore & Co. Inc.

Fifth Avenue cor. 30th Street
New York City

The Small Bronze

(*Continued from page 24*)

an Italian table beside the reader in a shadowy library.

It is interesting to know that many of the useful, ornamental pieces are made by student assistants in studios where big work is going on. They are the sculptors of the future trying what the prentice hand can do. It is they who supply the slighter things, the book-ends, fire-dogs, flower holders, and tiny figures which enliven some empty space with their dancing frolic.

The re-discovery of the fountain as a necessity of the garden has brought out a series of gaily inspired figures. Something of the playful side of nature is sure to be shown in them, and much of imagination. This latter quality is evident in the whimsy which sets fins quite naturally upon the pliant sides of the little figure of a cousin to the mermaid, who holds aloft a companion fish, just at the moment of plunging. It is a charming conceit, and need not be always in a garden with its fickle weathers, but would poise with special grace in the small conservatory that finishes one end of a living-room.

Another matter for the garden is the sun-dial. Enid Yandell is sculptor of one with a standard full of sentiment. Dials for walls make one think of spring walks in London's Temple Gardens, or of old country houses with brick façades, yet that which is set on a standard ornaments the lawn or garden, and that is a matter for consideration.

Lucy Perkins Ripley exhibited recently at the Milch Gallery a half archaic figure which she has named The Inner Voice. It is frankly modern, yet it carries the mind back to very early plastic art in Greece. Such a figure would be a charming addition to a well-drawn fountain.

Looking through the Museum, where much antique bronze is gathered to tell of life in Rome's golden days, one sees that the sculptor felt it a part of his mission to beautify the necessities of living. Our sculptors of today emulate them to the end that the homely things about us shall keep us in constant touch with art, and that the straight line of duty may be embroidered with the curved line of beauty.

Music and the Movies

(*Continued from page 36*)

WITH the steady advance in artistic photography, the screening of "grand opera" in general must be considered a development of the very near future. Already we have had "Carmen" and "Thais," each with its most famous operatic interpreter in the leading role, Geraldine Farrar and Mary Garden. The film possibilities of "Pagliacci," "Madama Butterfly," "La Bohême," "Tosca" and "Louise" cannot long be overlooked. As for Wagner, many of his stupendous dramas might actually be made more impressive on the screen than on the operatic stage. One can imagine a highly realistic "Siegfried," "Valkyrie," "Rheingold" or "Goetterdaemmerung" in celluloid, without the necessity of seeing physically distorted gods and heroes, or of listening to explosive voices of the guttural Teutonic type, with a great orchestra and magnificent natural scenery supplying an inspirational interpretation that no operatic conventions could possibly equal. It has already been suggested, and with reason, that some sort of motion pictures could well be utilized for those portions of "Parsifal" that demand extraordinary scenic effects, but are actually devoid of singing.

Will the motion picture eventually offer a field for composers more fertile than that of opera or absolute music, and can the great musicians of the world be expected in future to develop seriously a form of art whose significance is not yet universally appreciated? It seems more than probable. The operatic composer has always been hampered by the necessity of writing within the limits of the human voice, and of keeping his orchestra subdued whenever important words had to be projected over the footlights (not that this made much difference to the perpetrators of operatic enunciation). The creator of symphonies and chamber music has perpetually faced the handicap of having to express abstract ideas without the concrete help of words, colors or forms to make them inevitably clear to his audience. With the motion picture all such barriers are automatically removed. The composer may write as high or as low, as loud or as complexly as he pleases. He may put skyscrapers and railroad stations and the Stock Exchange into his music, with the knowledge that the pictorial accompaniment will make his meaning clear.

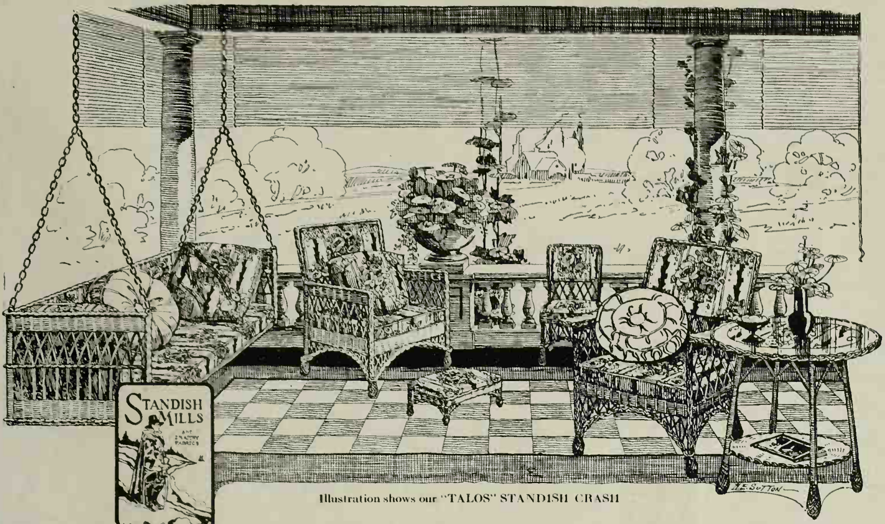


Illustration shows our "TALOS" STANDISH CRASH

TRADE-MARK REGISTERED

STANDISH MILLS

CRETONNES, ART DRAPERY AND UPHOLSTERY FABRICS

The modern home is a development in art along lines of simplicity.

The Standish Mills line of scrims, voiles, marquisettes, cretonnes and draperies is conceived to meet this requirement in detail, beauty and by a wealth of assortment.

Standish Mills designs possess an appreciation of decorative principles, a sense of utility, and a comprehension of color relations—designs that infuse a spirit of ease and grace suggestive of classic ideals when well arranged.

ELMS & SELLON
NEW YORK—906 BROADWAY

Philadelphia: 2 North Eleventh St.
Boston: 52 Chauncy St.

Chicago: 309 W. Adams St.
San Francisco: 821 Market St.

IRVING & CASSON-A·H DAVENPORT CO

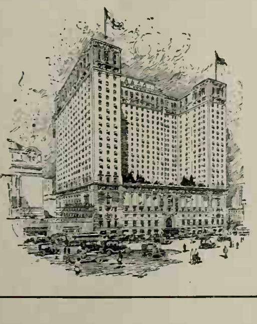
INTERIOR DECORATORS and MANUFACTURERS of Fine Furniture Woodwork & Carvings

New York
601 FIFTH AVENUE

Boston
575 BOYLSTON ST.

HOTEL COMMODORE

Adjoining Grand Central Terminal, New York City



MOST DISTINCTIVE OF ALL HOTELS

2000 Rooms
2000 Baths

JOHN McE. BOWMAN
President

GEORGE W. SWEENEY
V. P. and Managing Director

V-Bar Greenhouse, Built for Chas. E. McInnes, Rydall, Pa.

Start Your Greenhouse Now

To have your greenhouse ready for next fall, it is none too soon to start planning it now. It takes time and thought to plan and build a good greenhouse, just as *you* want it, for your own particular needs.

V-Bar Greenhouses are to be found on the finest estates in the country, producing wonderful results at a minimum of expense, as their owners will tell you.

It will be a pleasure to show you plans and photographs, and to work out for you a scheme that will make your greenhouse fit in harmoniously with its surroundings.

And the best time to start is right now.

Advance sheets of our catalog sent on request.

W. H. Lutton Company, Inc.

B V R GREEN HOUSES

512 Fifth Avenue
New York City

Hunt Diedrich's Art

(Continued from page 22)

ment, and on these he places a tracery of vines and birds in marvellous grace, as on the jardinières owned by Mrs. John Sanford.

Thus the case is proved, that Hunt Diedrich, consciously or unconsciously, is an apostle of beauty where it meets human intimacy. It is this constant touch of beauty that ultimately builds in the public mind that elusive quality called taste.

The serious side of plastic art was shown in Mr. Diedrich's recent exhibition at the Kingore Galleries. Two or three words will not suffice to define his subtleties, but sinuosity and strength are dominant. He sees everything in the attenuated lines of youth, almost of adolescence, and both men and animals share this vision. Clean, slim limbs and lithe bodies associate themselves with breeding, and thus the objects have a patrician air.

The larger group of two hounds gambolling has had a sufficient career to be now a celebrated effort, with the name of the Autumn Salon in Paris affixed, in addition to the fame of its too brief pause in Central Park. The same hand and the same mind formed the "Hounds in Leash," that brilliant impression owned by Mrs. Ralph Pulitzer. Here abound both sinuosity and strength.

Never wearied, always vital and fresh, Hunt Diedrich is one of our most individual artists. He expresses the present, he is original to boldness. Yet in this work one finds a happy flash of the long-ago youth of art, the days of Cnossus and Mycenæ. Truly, then as now, this makes for an aristocratic art.

A Book of Clocks

GLEANINGS for the curious abound in E. J. Britten's book, "Old Clocks and Their Makers," but the volume is a serious one, especially compiled for the collector of clocks and watches. It is not only a history of time-keepers from times almost prehistoric up to recent days, but it is a book of reference whose value cannot be overestimated. In this connection a list of eleven thousand makers of clocks and watches is appended, none of whom are now living, all of whom attained some fame.

Odd bits of information come to one who turns over the pages, such as the fact that the earliest clocks, large public time-pieces appropriately lodged in towers, had no dials. The passing commuter could not glance nervously up to see the minutes, but must await the tolling or the tinkling of a bell which the clock's machinery caused to strike on the hour and on the quarter-hour. Human figures in bronze were arranged to strike a large bell, after the engaging manner of the men with hammers on the Herald Building in New York.

Those who escape London to wander amid the intricate delights of Hampton Court, and find always the great clock of the first courtyard warning them that tourists' time is fleeting, can learn all about that aristocratic and haughty monitor in the book of clocks. Here also is information about the great clock at Venice near which one browses at book shops, and watches the pigeons of a sunny morning on the big Piazza San Marco. And the great clock at Westminster also has its story told in this valuable book.

French clock and watch makers are exhaustively treated, and students of the J. P. Morgan collection will find here much valuable matter. The great makers of clock cases in France are given a place, such men as Marot, Boulle, Caffieri and Gouthière, whose work on furnishings and bibelots is gathered into museums and collections, together with their hall-marks.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of ARTS & DECORATION, published monthly at New York, N.Y., for April 1, 1920, State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Joseph A. Judd, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of ARTS & DECORATION, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Joseph A. Judd Publishing Co., Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y.; Editor, Guy Pene Du Bois, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Joseph A. Judd, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) The Joseph A. Judd Publishing Co., Inc., 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y.; Joseph A. Judd, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given: also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Joseph A. Judd, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1920. E. De Haven, Notary Public Kings Co. Certificate filed in N. Y. Co. (My commission expires March 30, 1922.)

Speaking of
CONCRETE GARAGES

Is your car protected in a weatherproof, fireproof, permanent garage? Is your other property protected because your car is thus housed?

You want a garage like that—one that is reasonable in cost and requires practically no repairs.

You can have it if you use Concrete in any one of several ways. You'll be interested in knowing how a concrete block garage will meet your needs.

Ask for our free booklet
"Concrete Block Garages"

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

ATLANTA
CHICAGO
DALLAS
DENVER
DES MOINES
DETROIT
HELENA
INDIANAPOLIS
KANSAS CITY
LOS ANGELES
MILWAUKEE
MINNEAPOLIS
NEW YORK
PARKERSBURG
PITTSBURGH
PORTLAND, OREG.
SALK LAKE CITY
SAN FRANCISCO
SEATTLE
ST. LOUIS
WASHINGTON

The Broadmoor Art Academy
of Colorado Springs, Colorado

Announces the opening of its Summer School of Landscape and Figure Painting from June 15th to Sept. 15th under the instruction of Mr. **John F. Carlson** and **Robert Reid**, respectively. For terms and accommodations, address Mr. **R. L. Boutwell**, Director, 27 Pike's Peak Ave., Colorado Springs, Colorado.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue

ARTHUR UPHAM POPE
ANTIQUE ORIENTAL RUGS
PERSIAN FINE ARTS
DIRECT IMPORTATIONS
CONSULTING EXPERT
LECTURES : APPRAISALS : CATALOGING
A SERVICE FOR THOSE WHO APPRECIATE
THE HIGHEST PROFESSIONAL STANDARDS
ANDERSON GALLERIES
Park Ave. and 59th St. New York City
TELEPHONE PLAZA 9356

MILLER LIGHTING FIXTURES

ARTISTIC lighting fixtures lend an atmosphere of luxury to any home. And they are becoming increasingly popular.

These handsome Miller Fixtures are charming in their graceful simplicity and will delight the most exacting student of interior decoration.

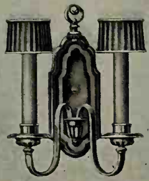
Their sturdy, dependable construction makes them enduringly useful. Their low cost — due to Miller facilities of production and distribution — makes them accessible to the modest income.

Write us and we will gladly put you in touch with a Miller distributor near you.

EDWARD MILLER & COMPANY

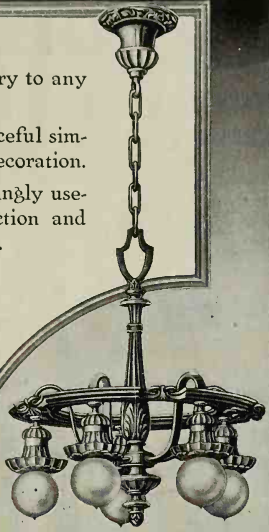
Established 1844

MERIDEN - CONN.



No. 68. 5-LIGHT FIXTURE		No. 618. 2-LIGHT BRACKET	
Antique Gold finish,	$39.00	Antique Gold finish,	$13.20
West of Rockies.	40.00	*West of Rockies.*	13.70
Colonial Silver finish,	$43.00	Colonial Silver finish,	$15.95
West of Rockies.	44.00	*West of Rockies.*	16.45

Prices do not include shades or bulbs.



Weber Artists' Materials

Tempera Colors
Tempera Canvases and Academy Boards
Students' Tempera Colors
Finely Prepared Artists' Oil and Water Colors
Pastels and Pastel Painting Materials
Fine Quality Brushes

Catalogue on Request

F. WEBER & COMPANY

Manufacturing Artists' Colormen Since 1854

Factories and Main House
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Branches: St. Louis, Mo.; Baltimore, Md.

Garden
Decorations
Cast Stone
and Marble

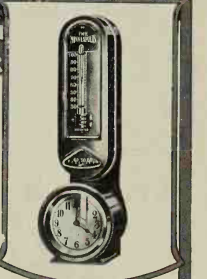
J. C. KRAUS CAST STONE WORKS
Inc.

OFFICE AND SHOWROOM
373 LEXINGTON AVENUE (AT 41ST STREET) NEW YORK

The Home Complete

If you are planning to build a home or have some remodeling in mind, give comfort and convenience a first consideration. Make the new house a real home, complete with the service secured by the installation of

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR



No other single item of home equipment affords so large a degree of comfort, convenience, economy and safety at so reasonable a cost.

Its operation is entirely automatic, maintaining exactly the temperature desired at all hours of the day and night.

Works perfectly with any style of heating plant, burning coal or gas, and lasts a lifetime—many devices installed 35 years ago still giving good service.

Sold by dealers everywhere and guaranteed satisfactory. Prices range from $50.00 to $125.00, according to model selected.

We will gladly acknowledge your request for our Booklet showing all our Models with complete information.

Minneapolis Heat Regulator Co.
Main Offices, 2789 Fourth Ave., So. Minneapolis, Minn.

For Every Kind of Water-color, Wash and Line Drawing—

J WHATMAN

GENUINE HAND-MADE

DRAWING PAPERS

AND

"AA" QUALITY BOARDS

Artists, Illustrators, Architects, Engineers, etc., pronounce them without equal. The regular use of them by the Student tends towards an improved standard of work.

Stocked by Dealers in High-grade Artists' Materials.

If any difficulty in obtaining Whatman Papers or Boards, write direct to

H. REEVE ANGEL & CO.

INCORPORATED

7-11 Spruce Street **New York**

Sole Mill Representatives for the Continent of North America

CHALFONTE

ATLANTIC CITY

N. J.

ON THE BEACH AND THE BOARDWALK

When you want to rest, refresh body and spirit—Atlantic City! Laughter, gayety, life—along the world-famous Beach and Boardwalk. Eight miles of Boardwalk, lined with a thousand shops and amusements; and eight miles of frolic in the rolling surf. Or you may go yachting, fishing or play golf—with the most interesting of companions.

Then sit back and repose on the broad deck porch of Chalfonte. Relax mind and muscles. Be soothed by sight and sound of the sea, refreshed by its tonic fragrance Chalfonte is hospitable, quiet, homelike. Its guests return year after year and like it more.

Once to Chalfonte, always to Chalfonte.

American Plan
Always Open

THE LEEDS COMPANY

Architectural Impressions

(*Continued from page* 15)

gates to be opened and of having their credentials inspected by some perhaps untactful lodge keeper. The lodge, however, may sometimes serve to keep out the unwelcome as a scarecrow does in a corn field. There is at least a sense of guardianship conveyed by the lodge even though it is an empty threat.

WHERE no lodge exists the owner will doubtless wish to indicate the entrance of his property by a gateway of some sort. One of the difficult problems which confronts the architect is how to build a gateway without any gates and which is not between walls and which does not look ridiculous. Of course if we have a wall all around a place a gateway is sensible and readily susceptible of proper architectural treatment, but the expense of building a wall around a country place of any size is almost prohibitive and the average American proprietor generally contents himself with a hedge or natural hedge row, reinforced perhaps by a wire fence. Masonry gates in a place of this kind tend to appear somewhat forced and unnatural. It is too bad that walls are such expensive things because there is probably nothing which adds more to the interest of a roadway than a long masonry wall naturally diversified by the changes of grade and by the trees and undergrowth which must occur along a wall of some length. The very great part of the charm of the English and French countryside is due to these long walls built at various times of several materials, of a variety of heights and to fulfill different conditions, but they of course have had many more years in which to build walls than have we. I remember having been told that the small commune of Moret-sur-Loing near Fontainebleau, had over three thousand miles of wall of which at least a hundred miles had been built in the times of the Romans and which had been added to continuously during the succeeding nineteen centuries. And we have had at most but a couple of hundred years in which to build walls, and many of these years were occupied by a struggle to open up fields for cultivation and to build habitations for the settlers.

The treatment of the entrance gates themselves, which are of very great importance because they will determine the whole character of the approach, will depend upon two things—the exterior boundary of the property and the house itself. The materials need not necessarily be similar to those of the house, although it is desirable that they should recall them, so that no sense of incongruity will be apparent. Further, if the approach itself is to be a rather informal drive through woodland, the gates should not be of a character too severely formal.

In general the driveway forming the approach should not resemble a public road. Very many places are somewhat injured, in my opinion, by overdevelopment, technically, of the road. It is, of course, true that a road should be properly drained and graded so that the surface will not become soft through continuous use, but it is equally true that concrete or brick gutters will probably be more attractive than a level walk. There are, however, places where the straight entrance walk is a very difficult thing to manage properly; as, for example, where the entrance road terminates in a gravel forecourt or where there is a loop directly in front of the door. It is obviously impossible to cross a loop by a path twice, as would have to be the case, and preserve the continuous feeling of a path. In such a case it is probably better to omit the path altogether. Where the distance from the street is great and a foot path is necessary, one preferably not parallel to the entrance driveway, but terminating perhaps at the side of the same entrance reached by the driveway, is about the only possible solution, since where the footpath parallels the entrance roadway, exactly the effect of a public highway with a sidewalk is produced and while this is sometimes admissible, in general it will be found unsatisfactory. In the case of the horseshoe drive before mentioned, a straight walk in the centre of the horseshoe may be very effectively employed, bnt naturally the footpath will be of minor importance or entirely omitted in all cases where the house is placed far distant from the entrance gateway. The materials for the path should recall those of the house, and while our paths used to be almost invariably of blue stone, they are now usually of cement. Of the two, blue stone is preferable as being the less regular and artificial. A blue stone walk bordered with brick is often an agreeable method of constructing the surface. A brick walk is attractive, especially when fairly rough bricks are used and they are not laid in cement. A gravel path, not of crushed blue stone, but of native material, is cheap and attractive and a path of any type in which a narrow raised border is used is more effective than one without the border.

I HAVE taken up this question of the approach, not so much with the idea that I would be able to prescribe a remedy which would fit every case, as I have with the intention of pointing out the very many considerations which are necessary before the proper approach can be determined. It is hard, however, to lay down any general conditions for the average country house, since we really have no "average" in a thing so variable, but when it comes to determining the approach, the problem is still more difficult because the country house may be of any size and of any type, and on a piece of land of any size and of any proportions.

Play House

Garage

Bird House

HODGSON *Portable* HOUSES

Forestall The Rise In Prices

The first signs of spring usher in new activities in the building world—and a corresponding rise in cost of labor and materials. Be prepared.

An order, if sent at once, will bring you your Hodgson Portable House in ample time for moving day. It will come in ready painted sections of seasoned Oregon pine and red cedar. In a surprisingly short time it will be complete from lintel to roof-tree.

There can be no mistakes. You simply bolt the plainly marked sections together. No skilled workmen are needed.

Hodgson Portable houses can be supplied in all sizes from one to ten rooms. Send for our catalog of descriptive lists ranging from houses, offices and garages, to dog kennels and bird houses.

E. F. HODGSON COMPANY

Room 270, 71-73 Federal St., Boston, Mass. 6 East 39th St., New York City

Cottage

Feed Box

Screen House

Dog Kennel

DUBLIN SCHOOL *of* PAINTING

DUBLIN, N. H.

Classes in Drawing & Painting

From Models, the Landscape and the Antique

JUNE 21st to AUGUST 21st

Conducted by RICHARD S. MERYMAN and ALEXANDER R. JAMES

For circular, address A. R. JAMES
DUBLIN, N. H.

☞ Clocks of Excellence—all others are comparative—ask any user

For Your RESIDENCE, CLUB, AUTOMOBILE, YACHT and for GENERAL PRESENTATION PURPOSES

"Chelsea" 8-DAY HIGH-GRADE Clocks

☞ FOR YEARS THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD OF QUALITY
☞ ON SALE BY LEADING HIGH CLASS JEWELLERS

CLELSEA CLOCK CO. Makers of high grade clocks. 10 State St., Boston, Mass.

Teachers and Professional Workers

Send for our new summer circular

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF FINE and APPLIED ART

FRANK ALVAH PARSONS, Pres.

BEGINS JULY SIXTH - 10 COURSES

Landscape Architecture; Interior Decoration; Poster Advertising.

Costume Design; Industrial and Textile Design; Life, Illustration, etc.

SUSAN F. BISSELL, Sec'y.
2239 Broadway New York

BERKSKIRE HILLS

Homes LENOX Estates

Furnished Rentals

R. C. Robertson Pittsfield, Mass.

HOWARD STUDIOS

Francis Howard, *Pres.*
7 W. 47th St. New York

Garden Furniture
Decorations

Catalogue $1.00

CUNARD ANCHOR

FAST REGULAR EXPRESS SERVICES by

IMPERATOR	AQUITANIA
MAURETANIA	K. A. VICTORIA
CARMANIA	CARONIA
ROYALGEORGE	PANNONIA
SAXONIA	COLUMBIA

ITALIA

To British Isles, Continent, Mediterranean and Levant

Schedules on Application

21-24 State St., New York City

or Branches and Agencies

TO EUROPE

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts

The Oldest Art School in America

SUMMER SCHOOL *at* CHESTER SPRINGS, CHESTER COUNTY, PA.

Open-air instruction. High, rolling land, beautiful and historic scenery. Tennis courts, croquet grounds, etc. Board (including tuition), $12.50 per week and upwards. Open now. No student, without special permission, will be accepted for less than two weeks. Send for circular. Reference required.

Resident Manager, D. ROY MILLER,
Box G, Chester Springs, Chester County, Pa.

MARTINI TEMPERA COLORS

MADE OF AMERICAN MATERIALS, IN AMERICA, BY AMERICANS

THE GREEN LAKE FOR THE SESSER GREEN WE NOW ARE MAKING IS PERMANENT. IT IS A STRONGER, FINER PIGMENT—IT HAS MORE COLORING POWER—AN ECONOMICAL ADVANTAGE FOR THE USER. IT IS MORE INDISPENSABLE THAN EVER FOR THE ARTIST TO OBTAIN WARM, BRILLIANT GREENS WITH YELLOWS OR COOL, BLUISH GREENS WITH WHITE.

U.S DISTRIBUTORS: FAVOR, RUHL & CO. NEW YORK, BOSTON AND CHICAGO, USA

He just struck oil

MOST men are happy when they strike oil. But an artist is driven to profanity.

Wash, water color and ink simply won't "take" on an oil-spot.

When you strike oil in your paper, change to

STRATHMORE
ARTISTS' PAPERS and BOARDS

Strathmore hasn't an oil-spot in an acre. It hasn't any mottles, bumps, nicks, hairs or other imperfections.

You can do perfect work upon it.

Your engraver can get perfect reproductions from it.

Look for the Strathmore Mark—the thistle, stamped on every sheet.

Samples Sent Free

STRATHMORE PAPER
COMPANY
Mittineague Mass. U.S.A

TEL. GREELEY 68

STANDARD ART CO.

Photographers

INTERIORS
EXTERIORS
and PORTRAITS

At your Home, or at our Studio, by Appointment.

243 W. 34th Street
NEW YORK

Register for Summer Session

CALIFORNIA SCHOOL of ARTS and CRAFTS

THE INDUSTRIAL ART SCHOOL OF
BERKELEY THE PACIFIC COAST CALIFORNIA

HIGGINS'
DRAWING INKS
ETERNAL WRITING INK
ENGROSSING INK
TAURINE MUCILAGE
PHOTO-MOUNTER PASTE
DRAWING-BOARD PASTE
LIQUID PASTE
OFFICE PASTE
VEGETABLE GLUE, ETC.
ARE THE FINEST AND BEST
INKS AND ADHESIVES

Emancipate yourself from the use of corrosive and ill-smelling inks and adhesives and adopt the Higgins Inks and Adhesives. They will be a revelation to you, they are so sweet, clean and well put up.

At Dealers Generally
Chas. M. Higgins & Co., Mfrs.
271 Ninth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Branches: Chicago, London

The Tobey Furniture Co.
Interior Decorations

Our aim is to assist the client, developing his individual ideas in harmonious form.

Tobey-Made Furniture

—the original designs of our studios, executed by hand in our own shops.

NEW YORK: Fifth Avenue at Fifty-third Street
CHICAGO: Wabash Avenue and Washington St.

GALLOWAY
POTTERY
GIVES ENDURING CHARM

Bird Baths, Fonts, Sun-Dials, Gazing Globes, Flower Vases, Boxes and other beautiful and useful pieces of Garden and Home Decorations are made in our Everlasting Stony Gray Terra Cotta.

Catalogue will be sent upon request

GALLOWAY TERRA COTTA CO.
3122 WALNUT ST. PHILADELPHIA.

Established 1790

T. H. PARKER
12a Berkeley St.
PICCADILLY
LONDON
W. 1

Old Engravings
BOUGHT and FOR SALE

Specialty:
Naval, Military
and
Historical Subjects

Catalogues Issued

(*Continued from page 40*)

Henry Hadley Warmly in Sympathy

I am heartily in sympathy with Mr. Meltzer's views on the subject, and until the Americans wake up to the seriousness of starting such a propaganda we will undoubtedly find ourselves in the same position as we are now twenty years hence.

A movement of this kind has been started and supported by various individuals and societies, but until our Government gets behind such a movement and gives it its undivided support, it is doubtful if any National Conservatory can be put on the firm financial basis it deserves. While it may not be possible to raise such an enormous sum as Mr. Meltzer suggests, the idea is there and with proper enthusiasm could be developed and a lasting monument would be the result.

HENRY HADLEY.

W. J. Henderson Likes the Idea

The subject of a National Conservatory is by no means new. For years lovers of the art of music have sought for some means by which the national Government might be brought into some official relation with it. There has been, and indeed still is, a feeling that the dignity of music and its importance in the æsthetic life of the people should receive some recognition in this Republic, similar to that which is accorded to them in France.

W. J. HENDERSON.

Josef Stransky Endorses Mr. Meltzer

Mr. Charles Henry Meltzer has always been a pioneer for artistic ideals in America, and I think his article, "How Music Should be Helped in America," a splendid contribution to the advance of the arts in this country.

JOSEF STRANSKY.

Charles M. Loeffler Warns Against Foreigners

I have read Mr. Meltzer's article with great interest. Could a school such as he proposes be kept out of politics, away from politicians and grafters? However, I am hardly prepared at this time to express an opinion on the project of founding a National Conservatory of Music.. Should the American Government take up this matter seriously, I should like to say this, which I have at heart: Exclude from the directorate (of such a school) all foreigners and foreign-born naturalized Americans.

Among the American-born musicians there are men of lofty aims, of great talent and accomplishments, culture and experience, and catholic appreciation. Let only such men with American ideals become the leaders of the coming generations of our land.

CHARLES LOEFFLER.

Victor Herbert Enthusiastic

Years ago Mrs. Jeanette Thurber made most strenuous efforts to make the powers in Washington understand that we ought to have a National Conservatory of Music. *Of course we ought to have it!* And we ought to have a National Grand Opera House, and a National Theatre, like any other civilized nation.

I am glad Mr. Meltzer has taken the matter up again, and I hope his efforts will be crowned with success.

VICTOR HERBERT.

W. W. Hinshaw Favors More Than a Conservatory

I believe that music in America would be helped greatly by a National Conservatory of Music run on the proper lines, but I think that there are other ways in which music could be helped to a greater extent than by the establishment of such an institution. If in establishing a National Conservatory of Music the Government could institute in connection with it a department for the control and development of music throughout the country that would work under the direction and control of the Secretary of the Interior under the head of education, then a great benefit and uplift could be given to the music of the nation. The greatest need for the help of music in America, to my mind, is to put music into the regular curriculum of study in all schools and colleges and to put it in the curriculum on an equality with other studies, such as mathematics, history, grammar, etc.

The study of music has never been given the proper consideration as a factor in education. Musicianship has been considered merely as a desirable accomplishment for those who are talented and its salutary effects upon the mind and nervous system in the development of the child has never been given serious consideration. To my mind the study of music is quite as good as the study of mathematics for the development of the mind and ability to think.

It is true that only a few possess great genius for music. These few should make a profession of music just the same as those few who possess great genius for mathematics should make a profession of something that requires the working out of mathematical problems, such as finance, engineering.

Now, while I thoroughly believe in the benefits of a National Conservatory of Music, I am quite convinced that this will not bring the *greatest good for the amount of money spent* that can be brought to the music of America; and I am convinced that the same amount of money spent in the development of music in the public schools under the most expert guidance and superintendence would bring about the greatest help to music in America that could possibly be accomplished.

WILLIAM WADE HINSHAW.

KELSEY HEALTH HEAT

KELSEY HEALTH HEAT

Furthermore, It Not Only Heats, But Ventilates and Humidifies

The Kelsey Health Heat does three distinct things. Any one of the three is generally done with three distinct equipments, at three distinct costs.

The Kelsey combines all three, at but little more than the cost of one.

First—It heats. Not only heats, but heats any room in any weather with the wind in any direction. We guarantee that.

Second—It ventilates. It completely changes the air in every room every 15 minutes. Supplants the poor air with fresh oxygen filled air, fresh from outside.

Third—It humidifies. It automatically mixes the air with just the right healthful amount of moisture. Furniture does not dry out. Plants thrive luxuriantly. The air has a delightful agreeableness.

The Kelsey not only does all these three things at once, but does the three on *less coal* than any other heating system, bar none.

Which sweeping statement we are prepared to prove. In fact, we invite challenges. Send for Saving Sense Booklet.

NEW YORK
103-T Park Avenue

BOSTON
405-T P. O. Sq. Bldg.

THE KELSEY
WARM AIR GENERATOR
241 James Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

Art Pilgrimage to Europe,
SUMMER 1920

Leader, Henry Turner Bailey, Director Cleveland School of Art. Superb route: Italy (37 days), Switzerland, France, Belgium, England. The great Masters inspiringly interpreted. INTERCOLLEGIATE TOURS, 1026 Little Building, Boston, Mass.

"HOME and the FIREPLACE"
Let us send you this Booklet gratis. A Mint of Information pertaining to Fireplaces and Hearth Furniture. Write today.
Colonial Fireplace Company
4620 Roosevelt Road
CHICAGO

P. JACKSON HIGGS
CONSULTING SPECIALIST
in
Interior Decoration
Period Furnishing
Antiques and Reproductions
Rare Specimens on Exhibition
15 EAST 54th STREET NEW YORK
Write for Particulars

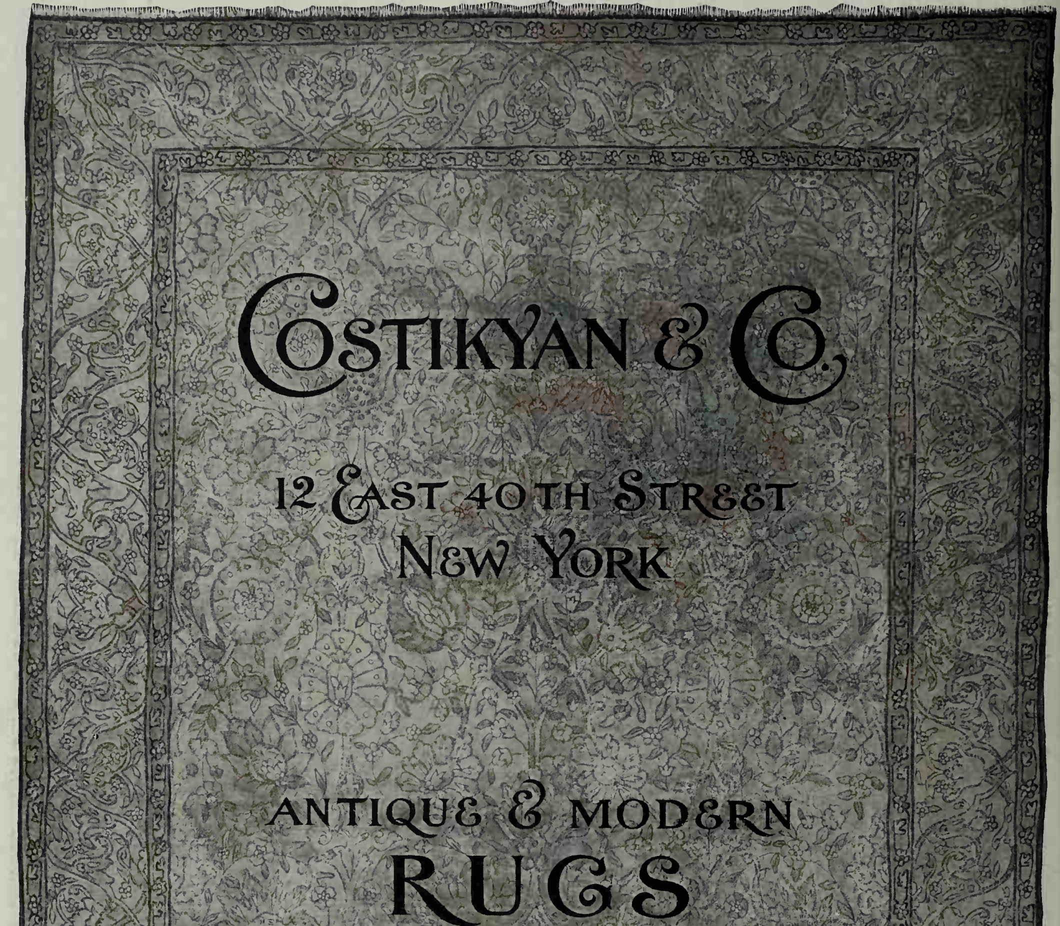
YALE SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS
YALE UNIVERSITY, NEW HAVEN, CONN.
SERGEANT KENDALL, Director
Departments of Drawing and Painting, Sculpture, Architecture
CLASSES IN COMPOSITION, ANATOMY, PERSPECTIVE

FACULTY—*Painting*—Sergeant Kendall. *Drawing*—Edwin C. Taylor, G.H Langzettel, T. Diedricksen. *Sculpture*—Robert G. Eberhard. *Architecture*—Everett V. Meeks, Franklin J. Walls. *History of Art*—Henry Davenport. *Composition*—Edwin C. Taylor. *Perspective*—Theodore Diedricksen. *Anatomy*—Raynham Townshend, M. D.

DEGREE—The degree of Bachelor of Fine Arts (B. F. A.) is awarded for advanced work of distinction. The Winchester Fellowship for one year's study of art in Europe, the English Scholarship for study of art and travel in Europe during the summer vacation, and School Scholarships are awarded annually.

Illustrated Catalogue A

Address G. H. LANGZETTEL, Secretary



COSTIKYAN & CO.

12 EAST 40TH STREET
NEW YORK

ANTIQUE & MODERN
RUGS
FROM THE ORIENT

LARGEST ASSORTMENT
IN THE WORLD

BLANCHARD PRESS, N. Y.

ESTEY PIANOS

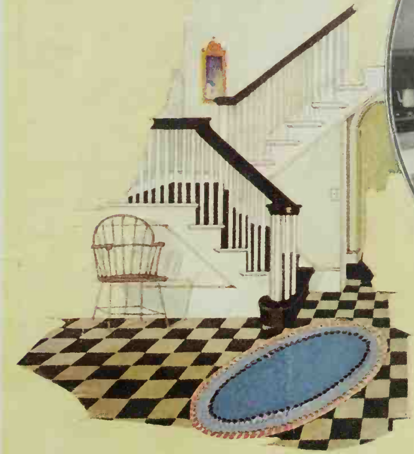
Art Catalog on Request

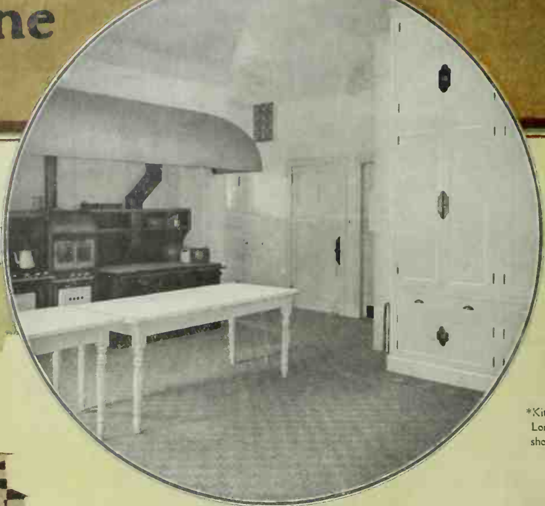
ESTEY PIANO COMPANY
NEW YORK

RETAIL SHOWROOMS: THE WELTE STUDIOS
665 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

NAIRN *Linoleum*

Straight-Line Inlaid





*Kitchen in residence at Long Branch, N. J., showing Nairn in use.

A Good Linoleum is More Than a Floor Covering

THE pattern and color of a floor covering may either enhance or ruin the entire decorative scheme of a room. And it is such a simple matter to select a pleasing linoleum with the infinite variety of pleasing patterns that are found in Nairn Straight-line Inlaids. Nairn gives you a wealth of harmonious floor coverings that will fit the decorative scheme of any room.

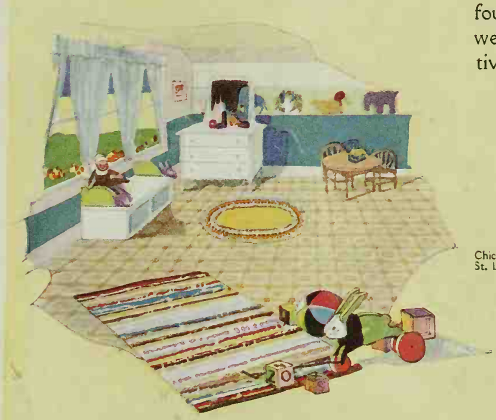
NAIRN LINOLEUM COMPANY, NEWARK, N. J.

W. & J. Sloane

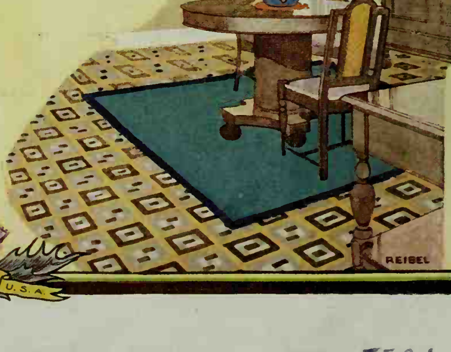
Sole Selling Agents

575 Fifth Avenue, New York
216-223 Sutter Street, San Francisco

Chicago St. Louis	Los Angeles Denver	Seattle Galveston	Kansas City Portland, Oregon



Booklet "A" of designs in full color will be promptly mailed you upon request. Write for your copy today.



Name on request.

MADE IN NAIRN'S U.S.A.
REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFF.